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for

VOLUME 231

JULY 1965 DECEMBER 1965



HARPER'S MAGAZINE, INC. 2 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

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A PROFESSIONAL RADICAL MOVES IN ON ROCHESTER



JULY 1965 75 CENTS

Harper's

magazine
JUL 1965

The New American Female: Demi-feminism Takes Over

BY MARION K. SANDERS



History by the Ounce BY BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen A STORY BY MURIEL SPARK

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy; \$7.00 one year; \$18.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please allow six weeks' advance notice, including old address as well as new address. Write to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
C/O FULFILLMENT CORP. OF AMERICA
381 WEST CENTER STREET
MARION, OHIO 43302

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
Telephone Area Code 212 YUkon 6-3344

PRODUCTION MANAGER: KIM SMITH
TWO PARK AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10016
Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Publisher: DANIEL J. BROOKS

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer and Controller.

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Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Composed and printed in the U.S.A. by union labor at the Williams Press, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N.Y. Second class postage paid at Albany, N.Y. and New York, N.Y.

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No. 1382

Harper's®

magazine

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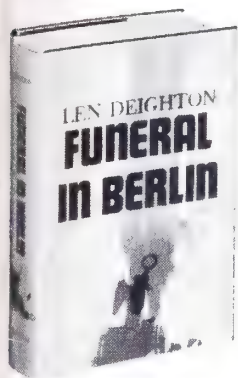
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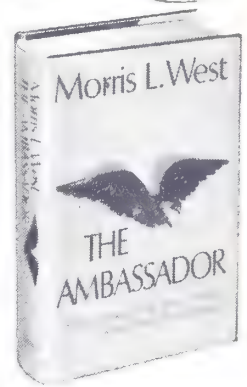
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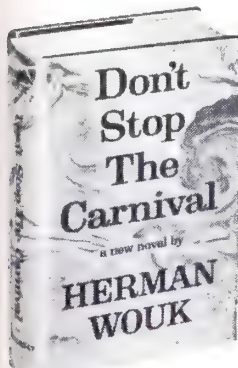
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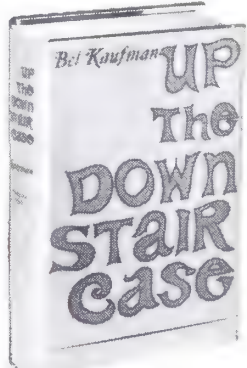
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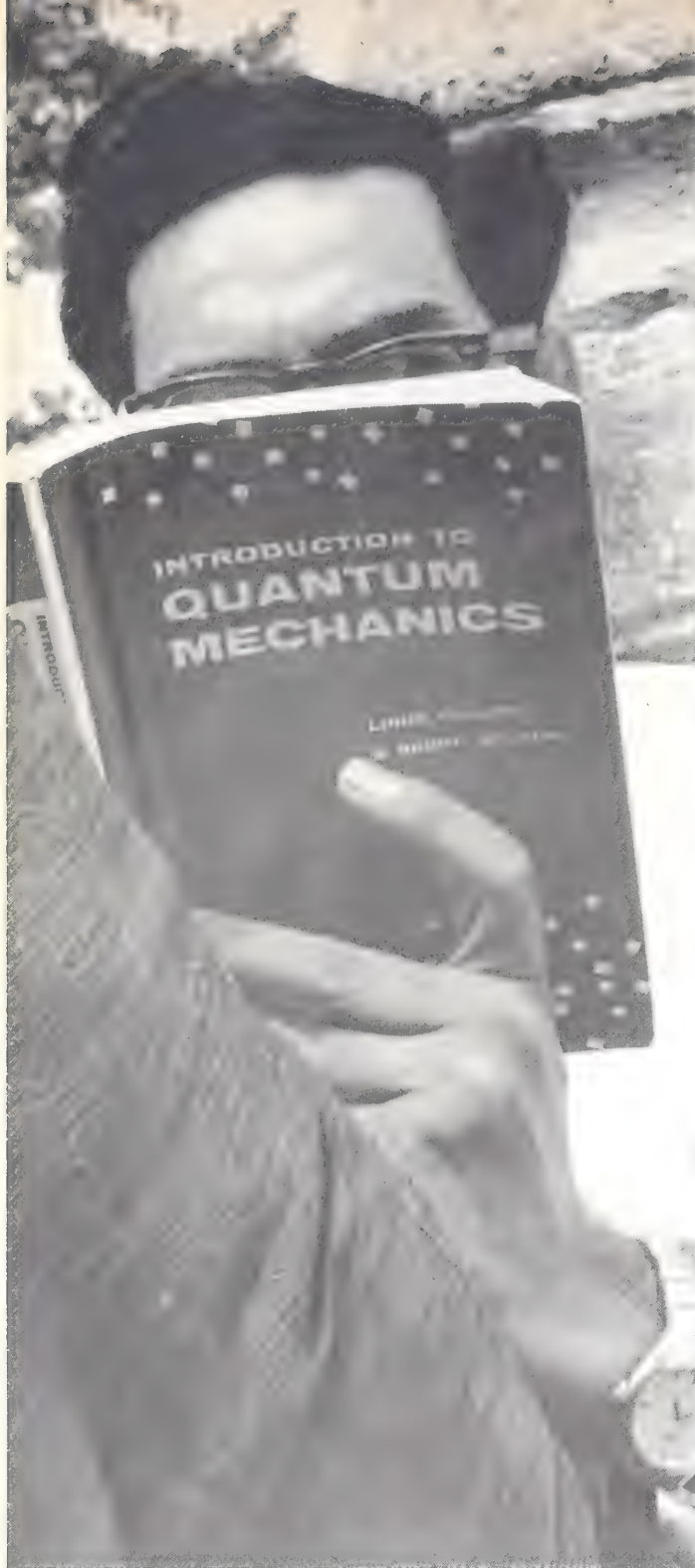
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A Walk on the Wild Side

The cup of acid goes to Nelson Algren! His words on Simone de Beauvoir's new book constituted the most savage attack I have ever seen in print ["The Question of Simone de Beauvoir," May]. Mme. de Beauvoir, take note: the girl who kisses and tells does so at her peril.

NANCY W. OSIUS
Annapolis, Md.

I was shocked to see that you entrusted to Mr. Algren the task of reviewing *Force of Circumstance* by Simone de Beauvoir. You may recall that in the book *My Day in Court* Louis Nizer stresses that in no matter of law is so much hatred and viciousness engendered as in the relationship of former lovers or spouses. Surely you should have shown more respect for a woman writer who, despite all her weaknesses, stands in the forefront of women's struggles to find a mode of living which will take them beyond being the mere carriers of ova. Mme. de Beauvoir's work deserves a more impartial judge.

I know the terrible difficulty faced by a woman in today's world who has refused to suppress her own intellectual development and still searches to fulfill her femininity. . . . She may very well find that her feeling of independence, her strength of personality, and her insight will make it easy for her to shed a shopworn lover or play the game of light-hearted affairs. . . . If, in spite of this, she can maintain a fundamental attachment with one man (and how many of us would not envy Simone de Beauvoir for the intellectual unity she has found in her relationship with Sartre?) she has made a step forward in woman's struggles to become a full human being. If men still wish to assert their superiority in the face of such women, they can achieve this only by accepting the challenge and surpassing themselves in every way. . . . Perhaps Mr. Algren should have spent more time in the public library and less at the horse races to win out against his rival. . . .

PROF. MIRIAM L. YEVICK
Dept. of Mathematics
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J.

Letters



Video News Beat

The dismaying distortion of the facts about the Berlin tunnel situation in Robert E. Kintner's article, "Television and the World of Politics" [May], cannot be allowed to stand. At no time, in no way did the Department of State apply "pressure" or otherwise attempt to block the showing of NBC's documentary "The Tunnel" and Mr. Kintner is personally aware that such is the case.

The Department did dissuade CBS from participating in a tunnel-building plot and it similarly advised NBC that the participation of American television personnel in such tunnel plots was risky, dangerous, and likely to endanger U.S. interests as well as human beings. NBC did not confide in the government that it was at that moment engaged in a tunnel project different from the CBS venture and it chose to continue. Once its film was made, NBC was never directly or indirectly the subject of any pressure against its showing. On the contrary, the Department of State said on more than one occasion: "The Department's concern was explicitly directed at the risks involved during preparation of the tunnel and the escape. . . . It is not the intention of the Department to ask NBC to refrain from showing the film or to make any recommendations as to its content or its handling. This is a matter for NBC to decide."

Why does the president of NBC choose to disregard this vital fact and to maintain the opposite? More than once since their great success with "The Tunnel," NBC officers

have found it convenient to apply pancake makeup and foreshortening to the real facts and convert them into one of those "Look, Ma, it's me Sebastian—full of arrows! Canonize me quick!" promotions that are becoming all too common in journalism. . . .

In contrast to Mr. Kintner's story of evil pressure and governmental machinations to thwart enterprising TV journalism, I have in my files two letters received at the Department of State in December 1962. One addressed to Secretary of State Dean Rusk said in part: "Your response of November 28 was a highly gratifying appreciation of your courtesy and consideration." This was in reply to a letter from Mr. Rusk that re-emphasized the government's intention to interfere in no way with the showing of the tunnel film. The second letter was addressed to the then Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, who was responsible for the State Department's role in the TV tunnel situation. The letter says, "I feel that we at NBC should be very grateful to you as well for the good will and helpfulness you have shown us and for your effective role in representing to the Secretary in this matter some of the journalistic considerations you understand as a professional. Particularly since this seems to be open season on government information officers, it is only fair to salute one for functioning very well indeed." The signature on both those letters is that of Robert E. Kintner, President of NBC.

It is all too easy for citizens to play field hockey with the reputations and the morale of decent public servants who cannot easily talk back in their own defense. So it is not without gusto that I hasten to enter Mr. Kintner's earlier comments on this matter into the record. If they are the comments of a man who felt at the time that his network had been wronged or abused by the Department of State's handling of this matter, then I am Guglielmo Marconi. But I am not Guglielmo Marconi.

ROBERT MANNING
Executive Editor, *The Atlantic*
Boston, Mass.
(Former Assistant Secretary
of State for Public Affairs)



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LETTERS

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

I don't care to engage in a letter-writing contest with Mr. Manning, and we may differ on the definition of the word "pressure." However, on October 19, 1962, Lincoln White, then a spokesman for the State Department, told his daily news conference: "The State Department feels the National Broadcasting Company's involvement in tunnel operations under the Berlin Wall was 'risky, irresponsible, undesirable' and contrary to America's best interest." The pressure from Mr. Manning himself, Assistant Secretary of State at the time, was unmistakable, but he always chose his words with care in applying it.

ROBERT E. KINTNER
New York, N. Y.

Robert "Slugger" Kintner's triple in *Harper's* ["Broadcasting and the News," April, May, June] was a formidable hit, but it missed being a home run. Knowing his ability, I am certain he will eventually make home plate if he will carry his argument to its logical terminus.

There is no doubt, as Mr. Kintner asserts, that television does an extraordinary job in reporting events as they happen. And I do not underestimate Mr. Kintner's role in that achievement. . . .

Yet there is a huge *but* in the Kintner presentation. It is found in these two sentences:

In a survey taken by Elmo Roper's organization, more people answered "television" than anything else to a question on "where you get most of your news about what's going on in the world."

No amount of broadcasting makes up for the absence of the daily paper.

The two statements in juxtaposition emphasize the conclusion Mr. Kintner does not draw—a deeply disturbing conclusion because: (A) There is implicit in Mr. Kintner's argument a recognition of the need [for] . . . an informed public opinion, without which democracy—particularly American democracy—cannot effectively function. (B) Nevertheless Mr. Kintner does not ask or attempt to answer this compelling question: Can that informed opinion be achieved if people depend upon television more than they depend



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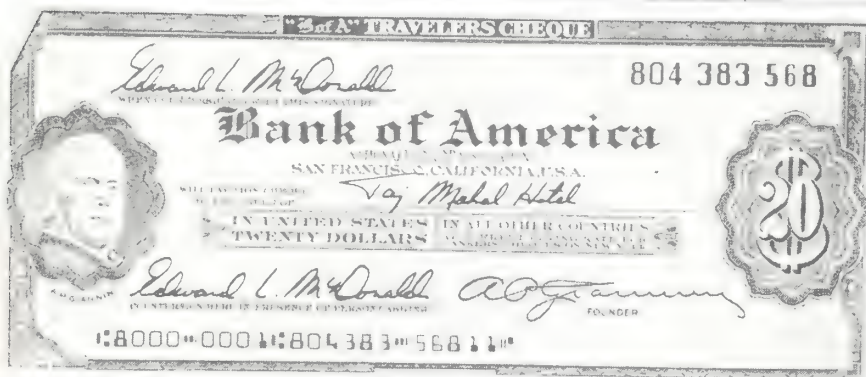
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LETTERS

upon the newspaper even though television cannot do the job of the newspaper? . . .

Television can have a tremendous influence, as we proved in the McCarthy hearings, in the Kennedy campaign, and in the civil-rights crusade. But the impact . . . is often made through deep feeling rather than calm reason.

Television can provide spot news and excellent documentaries, but it cannot supply the perspective and the detailed coverage that the newspaper supplies—or should supply.

Commentary—designed to correct the eye with the mind—could help to provide the balance that is needed. Mr. Kintner holds that editorializing is both difficult and undesirable in television. (I do not agree but I shall not argue the point here.) As for adequate interpretation, this obviously is a job for the newspaper. As I am sure Mr. Kintner will agree, in this area the spoken word can never take the place of the written word.

Thus, if television has importantly superseded the newspaper as a news source, this may be an achievement for television, but it is more a failure of newspapers. There must be improvement in both media and a closer link between the two—possibly some sort of cross-reference. . . .

LESTER MARKEL
Associate Editor
New York Times
New York, N.Y.

Japan in our Eyes

I read with enthusiasm Masataka Kosaka's brilliant article, "A Japanese View of America" [Easy Chair, May], particularly because I have great admiration for Japanese architecture, art, and literature. . . . But I was struck by the phrase, "Once Americans become aware that my countrymen have a great deal more on their minds than lotus blossoms and teahouses . . ." Perhaps what America does today in Japan and Okinawa has something to do with December 7, 1941. Unfortunately I am neither too old to have forgotten nor too young not to have lived through that day and the many long days that followed.

BOYNTON S. KAISER
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

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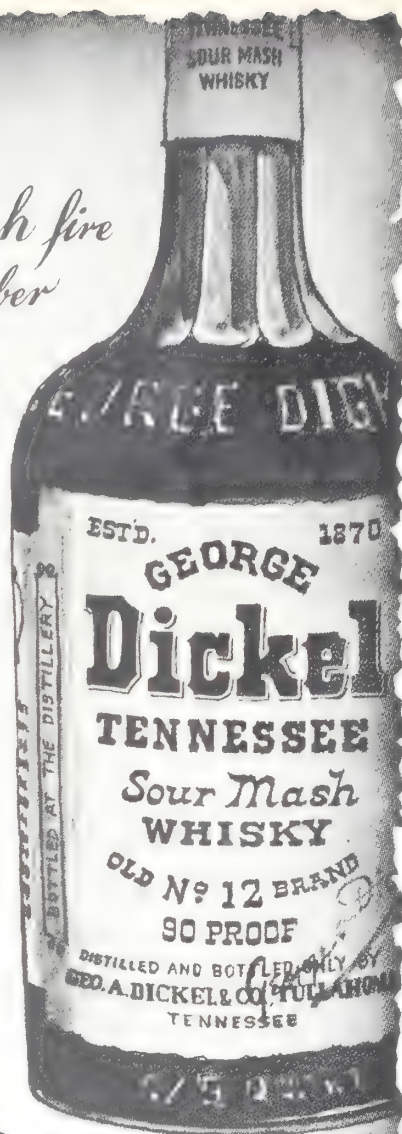
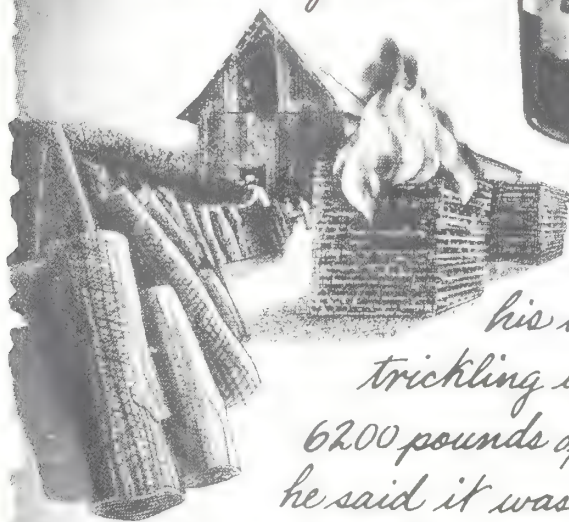


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very first wagon-
load of highland
maple and fired it
into charcoal granules.*



*When he
mellowed up
his whisky by
trickling it through
6200 pounds of this charcoal,
he said it was "born through
fire." Because the charcoal
granules and the barreling took out
the wild-fire, folks said Mr. Dickel's
Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky
was "cool as a cucumber."*

Still is.

LETTERS

Being or Nonbeing?

Professor J. Glenn Gray's chief concern is for the choices of "views of human destiny" open to our more reflective students ["Salvation on the Campus: Why Existentialism Is Capturing the Students," May]. He suggests that Existentialism historically admits of a choice between "absurdity" and "tragedy." . . .

I do not see that many . . . students are, or are likely to become, red-hot proponents of the view that life is at bottom "absurd." . . . Most of them recognize that these days one cannot afford the luxury of the opinion that the human condition is meaningless. There is simply much to be done which clearly needs doing.

But Professor Gray's alternative concept of the tragedian seems internally ambiguous. We must distinguish among kinds of tragedy, . . . whether life is essentially tragic or only accidentally so. The view that life *must* be tragic, like the view that existence is absurd, provides no immediate motive for social action. . . . But the premise that life *need not* be tragic . . . provides incentive for constructive action. . . .

I believe today's students are, very many of them, tragedian in the second of these ways—which is not very tragic at all. They are likely to get mad at injustice, and then channel their anger into often ingenious forms of protest. But their protest is for reform, and certainly not for kicks. . . . Reform requires not only hope but optimism about the human condition. The stance of the reformer is . . . plausibly recommended by those remaining members of the academic profession concerned enough to wonder about the presuppositions of their students' actions.

NORMAN S. CARE
Instructor in Philosophy
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Although I am a Seminary student, I blame the church more than the professors for failing the present-day student. Before he gets to college, the student is given no help in developing a mature faith, and at college the situation is no better. The campus ministries of the various religious bodies seem to get the rejects. They are expected to guide, but they do not know the way them-

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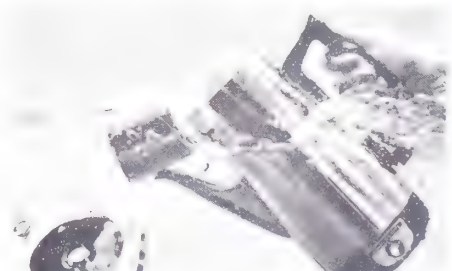
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LETTERS

selves. . . . I blame no student for rejecting the answer of religion because there is none.

JOHN D. MILLER
Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary
Mequon, Wis.

Professor Gray's article touches a very tender nerve—one that is painful to many adults as well as students. I am not a student. I am just an adult who is finally facing up to the challenge of personal authenticity. So much so that I have abandoned twenty-four years in the advertising and public-relations field and am trying to establish a new basis for my existence.

Less than a year ago my wife and I and our three children lived in Miami, Florida. My wife was creative director for an advertising agency; I was public-relations manager for a national association. We lived in the usual four-bedroom ranch house, maintained two cars, belonged to professional and civic organizations, etc. Now we occupy an ancient flat in the North Beach section of San Francisco and live on beans and baloney. . . .

Why did we do it? . . . We found it necessary to leave home and security in order to take that long hard look at ourselves.

What is it like living this new way? Difficult, I admit. It is not easy to abandon the expense-account life, dine on hamburger when you're accustomed to roast beef rare. . . . We certainly do not recommend the spartan life as a permanent practice; the beatnik world is neither rewarding nor meaningful. But we are beginning to come to grips with the need to be ourselves despite the demands of our strictly patterned, conformist society. . . .

BERNARD HOCHBERG
San Francisco, Calif.

. . . The place for the treatment of "alienation" is not the professor's office, but the psychiatrist's couch. I can think of nothing more ludicrous than Gray's suggestion that the student is propelled toward the abyss of despair by the commitment of his professor to research. What of that "authority" to which Gray alludes? I suggest that the very authority of the university depends on research; it is knowledge that the university dis-

penses and knowledge that the student seeks, barring emotional and therefore nonacademic considerations. I bandy half-baked philosophical terms about in a professor's office is not an act of intellectual cowardice, it is also an act laden with dangers for the student who is in real need of emotional help.

STANLEY STEWART
Asst. Prof. of English
University of California
Riverside, Calif.

Having recently been a college student, I can attest that this "search for meaning" is a most vital issue for a large percentage of college students. Adapting to our technological society without compromise is often impossible, and often only happens when accompanied by a real feeling of frustration.

JUDITH ANDERSON GARDNER
Boston, Mass.

For the Record

I was astonished and deeply distressed to read the ill-informed and unfair statements about me in your May issue ["The Remarkable Mr. Gordon and His Quiet Power Center," Washington Insight, Joseph Kraft].

I have been "the," not "an" Information Officer of the Bureau of the Budget under four Presidents and nine Directors, a civil servant who has tried to give the taxpayers more than they paid for. At no time did I "rebuken the head of the Military Division for making a speech without previous clearance." The reason for this is obvious: My responsibilities do not include the authorization and clearance of speeches. . . .

At no time did the author of the article discuss his apocryphal "joke" with Mr. Veatch or me, the obvious persons who could establish the fact that it was without substance. Nor did the author make any attempt to ascertain from me the duties of the Information Officer. I feel that I have been gravely injured by being made a subject of public ridicule through your magazine. . . .

VIRGINIA M. DE PURY
Washington, D. C.

The Editors of Harper's wish to emphasize that no ridicule whatsoever was intended in the reference to Mrs. de Pury in our May issue.



Growing These is Now half the Job it Used To Be.

Sixty percent of the cost of raising an orange, like most fruits, is spent on spraying to prevent crop damage.

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Because the average sprayer is as big as a fire engine, requires three men and tons of water to spray the heavy chemicals. It runs only 20 minutes before it's empty. No wonder it's costly.

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The Editor's Trade

by John Fischer

So far as I can discover, nobody has yet written a good book on editing. And, for reasons to be noted in a moment, it is quite possible that nobody ever will.

This may seem odd, since how-to-do-it books on everything from golf to sex pour out of the printing plants in an ever-swelling stream. Moreover, in fields closely related to editing, the supply of books is copious. At least once a week somebody turns out a new meditation on writing; and a few of them—for example, E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel* or Eudora Welty on the short story—are indispensable to anyone interested in learning the craft. About once a month we get another book on advertising. Some—such as David Ogilvy's *Confessions of an Advertising Man*—make excellent reading, while others—notably Rosser Reeves's *Reality in Advertising*—offer a useful, if rather chilling, glimpse of the way a supersalesman stalks his prey. Perhaps once in five years somebody produces an illuminating book about publishing, such as William Jovanovich's recent *Now, Barabbas*.

Yet it is extremely rare for anyone even to try to write intelligibly about the editor's trade. Although there are plenty of manuals on the technical details, such as copy editing and English usage, I don't know of any that attempts to explain its essentials. When James Thurber sat down to record what he knew about the founding editor of *The New Yorker*, he turned out an entertaining memoir, a postmortem on a complex personality and a treasure vault of anecdotes. But he never told us what Harold Ross actually did. When you finish reading *The Years with*

Ross you know all about his drinking habits, views on sex, and contempt for Alexander Woollcott; you have no idea how Ross handled his job. Somehow he managed to make *The New Yorker* monumentally successful, while scores of other editorial ventures—often started more auspiciously and with stronger financing—failed. Why? Thurber can't tell us. Nor does he give us a clue for distinguishing a good editor from a bad one. (I don't think Thurber knew. Like most writers, he had only the dimmest notion about what editors are up to, and really didn't care. Which probably is a good thing; the world is poorer for every minute Thurber devoted to thinking about anything except his own writing.)

Similarly, W. A. Swanberg's recent biography of Theodore Dreiser gives us every significant fact except one: How could a man who lived such a messy and disorganized life, and whose mind was so muddled that he could cheer for the Communists and the Nazis at the same time, contrive to edit the Butterick fashion magazines with reasonable competence? Autobiographies aren't much help either. Few editors have written them, and I know of only one—William Allen White of the *Emporia, Kansas, Gazette*—who conveyed a little useful information about his operating methods. Even that is fragmentary and scattered through several books.

Since I've been trying to edit something—newspapers, books, or magazines—most of the time since my teens, the subject is one of pointed interest to me. Because I couldn't learn much about it from books, and since trial and error is a suicidally ex-

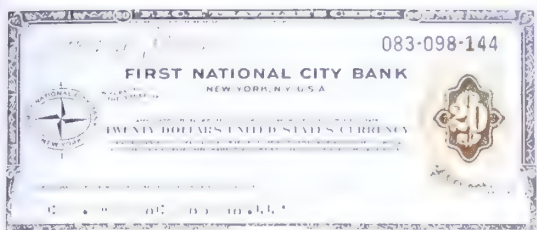
pensive method of education (one bad error and you are out of business), I tried to pick up what I could by watching veteran editors. I've had the good luck to work under three superb ones, two who were abysmally bad, and a dozen or so in between; and naturally I spend many an evening talking shop with other editors of all sorts.

The main conclusion I've reached from some thirty years of such tuition is that most editors are utterly incapable of explaining what they do, or why. This doesn't mean that they don't know; it is simply that they can't put it into words which will convey much to outsiders—just as my old friend Wiley Post could not have told anyone how to pilot an airplane. Like the early aviators, editors generally seem to fly by the seat of their pants.

To put it another way, the primary piece of equipment for a good editor probably is an instinct, or hunch, which tells him what people will want to read a month, a year, or a decade from now. (Books often are contracted for years ahead of publication, and even daily newspapers have to plan their major projects months in advance.) In addition to this hunchability, a trait always hard to explain, an editor needs to persuade the right authors to produce the copy he wants—on time. Equally important, and often harder, he has to keep out of print those things which in his judgment don't belong there.

Is there a recipe for developing these rather specialized skills? I am not at all sure; and if there is, I'm not confident that I understand it. Certainly I no longer have much faith in certain formulae that I accepted

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

as gospel some ten or fifteen years ago. Nevertheless I do think it is possible at least to spot some of the ingredients that go into the making of an editor; perhaps I am especially conscious of those I know I lack.

An obvious one is curiosity, in abnormal quantity. (I don't know whether people are born with this characteristic, or whether it can be developed, like a biceps.) All of the good editors I have known have been intensely inquisitive about almost everything, from oceanography to Hollywood starlets. Once I worked with a night editor in the Washington bureau of the Associated Press who would spend the quiet hours before dawn reading the encyclopedia—not dutifully, but with avidity. Another man on the same staff used his spare time in preparing a commentary on James Joyce, simply because he was curious about both the way Joyce's mind worked and the Dublin of his day.

Such an inflamed curiosity no doubt contributes a lot to the Essential Instinct. If an editor is passionately eager to know all about, say, birth control in India, then there is a good possibility that a lot of readers may feel the same way. But wait a minute . . . Six months from now, when an article might conceivably be ready for the press, will potential readers still be interested? Maybe by that time they will have heard all they want about India's population problems? Maybe the subject will have been covered, to the point of boredom, by the newspapers and TV documentaries? Or, horrid thought, maybe nobody else ever was anything like as curious about it as the editor himself. (In the latter case,

he had better become a demographer or go to work for the Planned Parenthood Federation.)

This knack for projecting into the future, for estimating what people will be eager to read at some remote date, seems to be associated with three characteristics.

One of them is a certain ordinariness. A good editor reacts, in his bones and belly, the same way as most of the people in his audience—whether it is large or small, general or specialized. He will have much the same range of interests, the same values, the same kind of enthusiasms, a capacity for indignation at the outrages which stir them. A prime example is DeWitt Wallace, the founder and still the presiding genius of *The Reader's Digest*. Because he is a sort of human litmus paper, anything that interests him is almost certain to interest at least thirty million other Americans, plus millions overseas. Anyone who knows him realizes that he has gathered the biggest readership of any periodical in history, not by cold-blooded analysis of mass tastes, but simply because he is himself the quintessential middle-class American citizen.

For even the most specialized publications, the same rule holds. The editors of *Seventeen*, *Scientific American*, and *Partisan Review* must each be tuned to vibrate to the chords which will stir his particular audience. A really great editor is one who vibrates a little ahead of time. As they turn his pages, the readers' reaction will be "How true! Why didn't I think of that myself?" or "That's what I've always believed, really, but I could never put it into words." Such an editor becomes a

Leader of Opinion. But he dare not take too long a lead, for once he gets out of sight his following is likely to trail off after some other Pied Piper who is not quite so avant-garde. Publishing history is littered with the dead logotypes of brilliant periodicals which were too far in advance of their times.

Also with those which lagged behind. H.L. Mencken presents a classic case history. During the 'twenties his raucous cynicism expressed a mood which was widespread but which had remained latent until *The American Mercury* gave it a voice. Almost immediately Mencken rallied an astonishing following of disenchanted intellectuals, rebellious youngsters, and dissenters from the smug crassness of Boom-time America. But in the 'thirties the Depression and the approach of war brought a change of mood. Mencken failed to sense it. (He predicted that even a Chinaman could beat Roosevelt in 1936—the year FDR carried every state but two.) In any case he would have scorned to refocus his *Weltanschauung* to accommodate a mere shift in popular temper. So by 1933 his editorial career was finished.

In addition to curiosity and an intellectual companionship with his constituents, a good editor usually has the enthusiasm of an adolescent in the spasms of first love. Often he actually is young; a surprising number of editors—including Henry Luce, Harold Ross, Horace Live-right, and Frank Harris—made their marks before thirty. Others have just been emotionally retarded, like Horace Greeley, who all his life chased fads with childlike eagerness, his





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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

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There is no substitute for this kind of enthusiasm, to fetch the best authors (who usually value appreciation as much as money), to attract a vigorous staff, to make the printed page twitch with life... and to keep the editor himself (as Thurber tells of Ross) tinkering away on recalcitrant manuscripts till all hours, to the neglect of family, friends, and blonde actresses. It can't be faked. A reader will become passionately concerned with a publication only when its editors believe, truly and passionately, that they are trying to do something important. If they don't, their lack of enthusiasm will show on every page—in the uncombed syntax, the jaded idea, the unweeded cliché, the routine caption, the perfunctory proofreading.

Such dispirited editing has become commonplace among American newspapers during the past generation, as competition has disappeared from one city after another. When all the papers in town, plus the broadcasting stations, are owned by one firm—and especially when that firm is dominated by businessmen who have no vocation for journalism and regard their media simply as money-machines—then most of the incentive for good editing and writing is likely to evaporate.

This has happened to two newspapers where I once worked: the Amarillo, Texas, *Globe* and the Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*. They used to be edited, respectively, by Gene Howe and Walter Harrison—both skilled journalists with a fanatic devotion to their trade—and when I was learning the rudiments of reporting under their harsh direction, both were up against rough competition. Howe and Harrison saw to it that no reporter could turn in a sloppy paragraph without rebuke, or produce a better-than-ordinary piece of copy without praise. The result was two newspapers full of bounce and human juices. In addition, Harrison (who was the better teacher) trained scores of men who moved on to become editors and writers of some distinction for wire services, magazines, and metropolitan dailies. Today the two papers, having absorbed their competitors, are plump but plodding; they still deliver a fair

amount of news with routine competence, but (to my nostalgic eye, at least) most of the old zing is gone.

Perhaps it is no coincidence that the old-fashioned 110-proof Mars Henry Watterson editorial zeal show up most often nowadays in the ferociously competitive worlds of book and magazine publishing. A current instance is *The New York Review of Books*, edited by Robert Silvers, formerly of this magazine. Armed with nothing except enthusiasm, youthful energy, taste, overconfidence, and the absolute minimum of financing, he and a few associates (mostly unpaid) launched their venture two years ago in a field which everybody knew was already hopelessly overcrowded. Its odds for survival were about those of a twelve-foot sloop in a hurricane. Yet it not only has survived, but has established a national reputation for thoughtfulness (if sometimes a mite overearnest) literary criticism.

At the other extreme, *Playboy* seems to demonstrate the same point. Whatever you may think of it in other respects, its editors' enthusiasm for girlies has been established beyond all doubt.

A third trait common to most successful editors is simple ruthlessness. Happy is he who is born cruel, for if not he will have to school himself in cruelty. Without it, he is unfit for his job; because the kindly editor soon finds his columns filled with junk.

"I know too many people," Harold Ross once remarked—and every editor knows just what he meant. Hardly ever does an editor go to a dinner party without acquiring a manuscript, thrust into his hands by some sweet old lady who was always sure she could write—"I feel it *here!*"—if only someone would give her a little encouragement. It happens on the street, too. A London cab driver once produced four hundred pages of a novel from under his seat the moment I asked him to drive me to the office of a well-known publisher. And just last summer I came away from a college commencement with three manuscripts, slipped to me by a pretty undergraduate, a professor, and a parent. All are nice people, and only a brute could refuse to publish their work.

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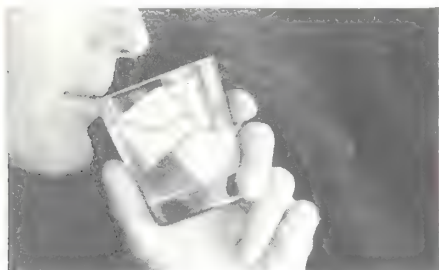
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

typical magazine office will get through the mail at least twenty thousand manuscripts a year. It can publish perhaps one per cent of them. Among the rest will be many articles and stories which are entirely publishable—but not quite as good as something else in sight. Each of them represents a heavy investment of the author's efforts and emotions. A surprising number will be accompanied by a note or phone call from one of the editor's friends, or a valued contributor, or an advertising executive, or a dear old aunt. With or without such endorsement, every manuscript has to be examined carefully—because it just might disclose a fresh talent, which is the lifeblood of any publication.

But in the end, at least 19,800 of the year's inflow will have to be rejected heartlessly, regardless of broken friendships, crushed ambitions, and the tears of charming poetesses just out of Vassar. This is the hardest lesson of all, and one I have not yet mastered. I still waste far too much time salving bruised egos and writing what I hope are comforting notes explaining why this piece won't quite do. But I'm learning; I get meaner every day.

Yet somehow the indispensable ruthlessness must be combined with a genuine liking for writers, a wide acquaintanceship among them and their agents, a sympathy for their problems and respect for their work. The best editors—Frederick Lewis Allen, for example, and Maxwell Perkins—seemed to blend the two qualities effortlessly and unconsciously. They couldn't have told you how they did it because (I suspect) it was not a learned skill but a part of their character. Lesser editors suffer from recurrent schizophrenia.

During the last sad months of *Collier's* magazine, a series of miracle workers was brought in to save it. One of them told his friends confidently that he hoped to do it within six months by building a new staff and a new stable of writers. He didn't last six months, but if he had his methods probably wouldn't have worked.

For, so far as I can observe, a wise editor doesn't try to "build" anything. He doesn't think of writers or

the members of his staff as so many chunks of masonry, to be chipped and hammered into his design. Instead he thinks rather in the manner of a Japanese gardener.

This can be most easily understood by contrast with Italian gardening. For 2,500 years the Italians have been preeminent builders, and they don't really like nature—for reasons explained by Luigi Barzini in his recent, splendid book, *The Italians*. So when they want to build a garden, they begin by shoving nature around. They lay out geometrical paths, align the flowers and shrubs into formal patterns, clip the trees into topiary shapes, channel the water into cascades and fountains.

All of which would horrify a Japanese. His object is to make a garden look as natural as possible—but better than nature could manage without his help. His method is not to construct an artificial design, but to guide and encourage natural growth. To this end, he places a clump of bamboo where it will thrive best, sites an azalea bush to complement it, plants moss between them, and then tries to make sure that everything gets just the right amount of water, food, and sunshine. He may move a rock, redirect a stream, or by gentle weights and pressures encourage a pine branch to develop into a more graceful shape. But in each case he is striving, not to make the rock or the pine into something different, but to make the most of its own essential nature.

In much the same way the editors I admire most have worked both with writers and with their junior associates. They don't try to change a novelist into a reporter, or to push a sociologist into the style of a poet; nor do they attempt to "build" a natural-born fiction editor into an economist. Instead—if I understand their methods correctly—they seek to bring together talents of many sorts, place them into harmonious relationships with each other, and then provide the conditions under which each can flourish best. It is a slow process—but in the end it may produce a well-balanced publisher's list or a periodical of character.

Yes, I know this sounds pretty high-flown. But then I told you to begin with that nobody finds it easy to explain the editor's trade. []



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After Hours



Who Wants Art?

by Russell Lynes

LAST March the Rockefeller Foundation's report on *The Performing Arts: Problems and Prospects* was published to delighted wails of dismay. Finally the deplorable financial state of the theater, the opera, the symphony, the dance, and other interpretive arts had been documented, and it was just as terrible as the most morose critics of our culture had said it was. The documented starvation of the arts came as a relief if not as a surprise to theatrical critics and music reviewers and balletomanes; the truth was out and it was supported by a panel of businessmen, foundation executives, academics, and editors. The gloom was official. Finally it had been said out loud that the serious performing arts could never be self-supporting, nor should they try to be. They need subsidy, and on this occasion it was not the federal government that was named as the niggardly party but the members of the business community who were said to fall far behind in their proper cultural payments.

On February 10, a few weeks before the publication of the Rocke-

feller report, Southern Methodist University in Dallas received a gift, from the chairman of Texas Instruments and his wife, of \$200,000 for the establishment of a theater. (Among Dallas's principal cultural ornaments is its repertory theater housed in one of Frank Lloyd Wright's last buildings.) On February 24 President Johnson announced the composition of the National Council on the Arts with a real-estate man, Roger L. Stevens, as its chairman. There was some murmuring at the time that the names on the Council's roster were more ornamental than useful. (August Heckscher, President Kennedy's adviser on cultural matters, was strangely missing from the list.) Two weeks after the Rockefeller report was issued, Los Angeles opened a spanking new \$11,500,000 art museum, which followed by just four months the opening of a \$33,500,000 music center. Not to be outdone (at least not by much) a San Franciscan proposed a bond issue of \$24,000,000 for a cultural center "that will be the envy of every city in the world." This project surely dwarfed the cul-

tural center that Governor Hughes of New Jersey had proposed a month before for his own state. His was to be a mere \$1,500,000 building to be designed by Edward Durrell Stone and financed by Jersey road tolls.

If the performing arts are starving, they are certainly not being ignored in high places. The climate of the arts is a curiously mixed dapppling of official sunshine and private shadow. For all the sun that shines on the arts today (and a good deal does), there is a kind of smog in the atmosphere. Some of the smog, to stretch the metaphor, comes from industrial smoke—the results of our concern with material and creature comforts at the expense of spiritual comforts. Some of it, however, is an excess of goodwill, which produces inevitably an intellectual and sentimental fog. It appears that the arts have too many well-meaning acquaintances and friends and too few lovers.

It is characteristic not only of artists but of many of the friends and supporters of the arts to think that the age and society in which they live are somehow less friendly to the arts than earlier ages and societies. There seems to be a perpetual nostalgia in the world of the arts that harks back to "golden ages" of patronage which, it seems to be generally believed, treated the arts with awesome respect, when artists were revered and pampered and quarreled over by the wealthy and well-placed and were looked up to as demigods by the lowly. Such ages placed garlands on the brow of Sophocles and lined the coffers of Leonardo and Titian with gold. They lavished commissions on the Brunelleschis and the Bramantes and Berninis. Presumably, the golden glow of such patronage vanished with the twilight of the aristocratic society and the end of the eighteenth century, though opera and theater, the darlings of the *haute bourgeoisie* and the polite monarchies, thrived in the nineteenth.

People who harbor this romantic notion of what patronage was like are very apt to cherish an equally romantic notion which is largely of nineteenth-century origin. This is the conviction that it is the fate of the serious artist to suffer the scorn or at least the indifference of all

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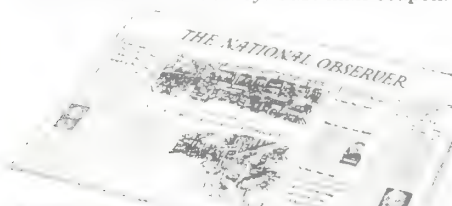
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but a few of his contemporaries, that he is far ahead of his time and therefore misunderstood and either vilified or ignored. It is a curious characteristic of our attitude toward the arts today (it is evident in the Rockefeller report) to harbor both of these contradictory notions—the golden-age notion and the overlooked-and-misunderstood notion and, what is more interesting, to want to perpetuate them both. We want to have our cake and be hungry too.

The artist today wants to combine the status that he is presumed to have enjoyed under aristocratic patronage with the freedom that was forced upon him and the way of life that he assumed with the disappearance of the old princes and prelates. He wants the best of two worlds—and who can blame him? He wants to live comfortably and give the effect of sleeping on a pad; he wants to be well paid by a society whose wealth and values he castigates, and he wants to be pampered and left strictly alone—as who doesn't?

But oddly, it is this exact romantic concept that the artist has come closer to achieving in our society than in any society that has preceded it.

One runs the risk of being labeled a Philistine (I run it now) if he contends that the serious artist has almost never before had it so good, never been more free, never had more devoted followers, more people wanting to understand and help him. Patronage, in other words, has achieved a kind of open-handedness which is equaled only by its open-mindedness. There are aspects of today's climate of patronage that are crisp and exacting and invigorating both to the patron and to the artist; they are not common, but especially in the world of architecture and of design they seem to be increasing. There are aspects of the climate that are dreary and discouraging, and they are largely, I gather from the Rockefeller report, where the arts are interpretive rather than creative.

The climate of patronage—sometimes docile, sometimes vigorous, sometimes hazy—is, of course, a social phenomenon, not an aesthetic one. Patronage is people. It is individuals, it is committees, and it is governments—municipalities, states, and nations. These are the people

who want art. They are the source of the artist's livelihood and to some extent of his inspiration. What do they look like?

First the individual patron—presumably the one who knows what he likes, is willing to pay for it, and can take the consequences of his opinion...

In our time the man who patronizes an artist usually does so through an intermediary of some sort—an agent, a gallery, an expert. It is the exception rather than the rule that a first-quality collection of painting represents solely the taste of the person who pays for them. Private collections are not today amassed on quite the same scale as they were in the days when Frick and Havemeyer and Widener and Altman were being coached and cajoled by such dealers as Duveen and covering the walls of their massive houses with what are now the principal treasures of our museums. But these collectors (except the Havemeyers) were not concerned with works by their contemporaries. Today the collector of old masters is the exception. It is true that a Rembrandt, like the "Titus" sold at auction in London last spring, can command upward of two million dollars from a private collector, but the fashionable collector now—the one who spends considerable sums on the arts—is a collector of his contemporaries or of the recent past. He pays \$375,000 for a Gauguin and \$75,000 for a work by Chagall, who is still vigorously painting, or more than that for one by Andrew Wyeth, who is a relatively young man. The fashionable collector buys partly on the advice of a dealer or agent or several dealers, and partly on the example or advice of museums and their knowing, exploring, and sophisticated experts.

The era in which the individual patron ordered up a work of art for a specific place and purpose seems, except in the case of architects and of the corporate patron, to have ended. Individual patrons buy what the artists make, and the artists make their objects with no knowledge of how or where they will be used. To many artists no situation could be more delightful. Henry Moore was quoted in this magazine a few months ago as saying, "I hate com-



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missions," and yet he is one of the most frequently and richly commissioned sculptors of this century. The ideal patron in his terms is an invisible one.

Possibly the ideal patron has always been invisible. When he is recognizable he is likely to be demanding. Michelangelo found it advisable to have an agent stand between him and his patron, Giulio de' Medici who became Pope Clement VII. After a good deal of haggling over the tomb sculptures in San Lorenzo in Florence, Michelangelo wrote to his friend and agent, Fatucci, and told him that "... after eight or nine months the Pope changed his mind and refused to go with it. Since I was faced with large expense, and since his Holiness refused to give me money for the work, one day I complained to him about this; he became angry, and had me expelled from his chamber." This was in one of the "golden ages" of patronage, as they are called. Michelangelo added, "I felt insulted and immediately left Rome."

If the situation between the patron and the artist in the golden ages had been as amiable as we like to think, there would not have had to be contractual safeguards to protect the interest of one against the other. Contracts between patrons and artists spelled out to the last detail the grade of colors to be used and the number of figures and their disposition, as in the famous contract for the "Coronation of the Virgin" by Charenton, now in Villeneuve-Les-Avignon. "Item: the vestments should be rich, and that of the Virgin of white Damask," the contract read. It covered several pages and included stipulations about the number of seraphim and cherubim, the use of a special ultramarine from the city of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, except on the frame where "a fine German azure" would do.

It would be unthinkable for a painter who takes himself seriously today to permit such a minute spelling out of his intentions. There is, furthermore, no common mythology that binds patron and artist together. It has been some time since a mythology or religion and its familiar visual vocabulary have afforded a common language understood by both patron and artist—an under-



WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

The job of Robert Hewett, Minneapolis Tribune Far East correspondent, is getting news out of South Viet Nam that goes beyond regular daily coverage.

The job can be dangerous—as it was the time Hewett boarded a U.S. Army helicopter for a bird's-eye view of guerrilla fighting near Saigon. The next day Tribune readers read how the 'copter was shot down and how Hewett and the crew were rescued under Viet Cong rifle fire.

The job can be unpleasant. It was during a night Hewett spent at an

isolated outpost with an anti-guerrilla strike force—bogged down in mud and harassed both by mortar-equipped Reds and hungry rats.

The job can be tiring. It was when Hewett accompanied a Special Forces combat patrol looking for guerrillas in rain-drenched mountain jungles near the border of Laos.

But the job is important, and Hewett has given Tribune readers reliable and significant answers to how the war in Viet Nam is going. In mid-December, 1963, for example, he reported the war was not going in our

favor, some six weeks before the fact was officially acknowledged.

He's the same correspondent who, early in 1960, proposed sending young people to work in foreign countries as "our best ambassadors." The Peace Corps founded by John F. Kennedy was the result.

Robert Hewett's penetrating dispatches add up to one more reason the Minneapolis Tribune and Minneapolis Star continue to be the most influential medium in our nation's 15th market.

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standing that is no longer possible or at least no longer desirable except in some cases of church and temple decoration. The artist has achieved his complete freedom, and there is no better evidence of it than the fact that he dictates the terms on which he will be met and the language in which he will speak. It is hardly the language used between lovers.

Art is fashionable today and in many respects the newer it is, and the more experimental, the more fashionable it is. This is a situation rare in the annals of art where styles have evolved slowly and lasted long. It is true that great experimenters have sometimes led great patrons down unfamiliar paths that both were eager to explore (I think of the Duke of Urbino and Piero della Francesca, and Caravaggio and the Cardinal del Monte), but I cannot think of another time when artists

have had to keep running in order to stay ahead of their patrons. Fashion is the enemy of art, not its friend, and artists know this.

It is difficult to define the ideal individual patron of the artist today. He should be respectful, acquisitive, patient, and above all, rich. It is assumed that if he likes an artist's work, the artist finds him perceptive and intelligent and sensitive. If he encourages others to buy, then in addition to his other virtues he is credited with generosity; he is not a hoarder. The same qualities are equally admirable in the patron (read, "client") of the architect. But the architectural patron must be something more; he must be malleable, like clay, and his convictions must be able to be bent in the direction of sensibility without breaking. One has often heard the phrase that an architect should carry his client along with him; in

other words, the ideal client is intellectually and aesthetically portable. Even the beginning art collector is more acquaintance than lover. He is all too often more concerned with the future of what he buys than with its (and his) immediate present. So, more understandably, is the client of the architect, for other reasons.

The big patrons today are almost inevitably committees. Unlike the individual patron who knows, presumably, what he likes, the committee doesn't know what it likes but presumably knows what it wants.

This may sound like a contradiction; it isn't. Architecture demonstrates this better than painting. The vestry of a church, for example, wants a new church building; it knows that much. It may even want a church in the modern idiom . . . or some members of the vestry want a "modern" church and some want a Georgian church and some a Gothic church. So they appoint from among their number a subcommittee whose function is merely to "investigate and report." This committee is likely to inquire of other committees of other institutions about the names of architects and go to look at examples of their work. Possibly in the process of examining the work of a number of men they may begin to discover what they like as well as what they want, or, more likely, to get themselves into the hands of an architect who sells them on his brand of design.

Who are the members of the committee who must be convinced?

There is the chairman of the finance committee or the treasurer, the money man. There is the member of the vestry who is thought to have what are only half-disparagingly called "artistic" interests. Perhaps he is in the so-called "creative" department of an advertising firm, or he has evinced an uncommon interest in architecture by bringing back colored slides of Chartres and the Parthenon from last summer's trip abroad. Maybe he paints rather than plays golf on Sunday afternoons. So much for the artistic member. There is one member to represent the "feminine point of view," perhaps the chairman of the altar guild whose arrangements of flowers on Sunday are also very artistic. She



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by Larry L. King

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An eminent director tells the part comic, part tragic story of how Raymond Chandler nearly killed himself to complete the scenario of "The Blue Dahlia."

by John Houseman

Doing Business with a Frenchman

Twelve rules for controlling the spice when cooking up a deal in Paris . . . by an American economist who spent five years in France as consultant and branch manager for a major New York bank.

by E. Russell Eggers

The American Nun: Poor, Chaste, and Restless

When the nuns sang "We Shall Overcome" in Selma, the spirit belonged to Susan B. Anthony as well as Martin Luther King, for a struggle for emancipation has begun in the convent.

by Edward Wakin and Fr. Joseph F. Scheuer

is a presumed aesthete. And there is a fourth member of known common sense and stability to act as a brake on the somewhat suspect enthusiasms of the artistic members.

This may be an exaggeration, but I have served on a good many committees which are supposed to represent "cross sections" of opinion. It is unlikely that there is any worse patron of the arts than a cross section, and yet it is the prevailing type of patronage, at least where large sums of money are involved. Large sums are usually spent by institutions, not by individuals, in our time, so that the best (that is, the most important) patrons are the best committees. The performing arts suffer at least as severely as the creative arts from committee control.

Committee patronage assumes many shapes, for the artist today has not only many friends but many kinds of friends. The art museum as a patron is a relatively new form of support but many of today's artists paint with museums in mind as their ultimate customers. They hope to appeal to a curator or a director, who in turn must appeal for approval to a purchasing committee of the institution, a segment of its board. The board is made up largely of what are disparagingly referred to as "bonds," a term defined by the author of a recent book on the Guggenheim family as "men and women from the business world [who] insofar as art is concerned are amateurs." Another part of the board is composed of socially prominent or socially aspiring women. This committee—or board, a veritable bank vault of goodwill for the arts—is of inestimable importance in today's patronage. It controls a great deal of money; it exerts a considerable influence on taste. The Museum of Modern Art in New York is the most influential committee patron in America, indeed perhaps in the world. It is the taste clinic for masses of aspiring seekers-after-truth and its out-patient department gives generous transfusions to smaller museums and art centers far and wide.

Who else wants art? Corporations want it and governments say they want it.

There's no need to dwell on the business corporation as a patron of

AFTER HOURS

the arts and especially of architecture; it is by now an old story that many enlightened corporations have patronized distinguished architects. It is also an old story that many corporations have actively supported contemporary painters and sculptors. The most important corporations from the point of view of today's patronage are the nonprofit corporations—educational institutions, art centers, and foundations.

However many millions (perhaps billions) all such institutions distribute each year to the arts, performing and creative, they do not satisfy the artists' hunger or, evidently, what is assumed to be the public hunger for art. There is a belief in America, shared by the Rockefeller panel, that anyone who wants to be an artist of whatever sort ought to have the opportunity to become one and that anyone with more than a modicum of talent should be able to support himself by his art. I don't know that this has ever been true in any society other than ours. It can be argued (and indeed frequently is) that the broader the support of the artist, the better the arts will be. There are others, to be sure, who argue that the money, the time, and the trouble should be concentrated on those who have genuine gifts and that the rest be urged to go into other callings. There is also the valid argument that the economy can support a great many more serious artists than it now does if only more people could be taught to love the arts, or at least like them.

And this is one reason why government has been called upon to lend its prestige even more than its financial aid to the arts.

City governments have been supporting the arts for a long time in various, sometimes almost invisible, ways—by tax abatements, by direct contributions to maintenance of museums and civic centers and school auditoriums used for concerts. Now the states are moving in where they might well have been a long time ago, as in New York, where an Arts Council supports traveling opera and ballet and exhibitions. Twenty-four other states have recently established similar programs: and now, the National Council on the Arts, at this writing distributing more wind than manna, penniless but proud.

There is scarcely a kind of patronage—private, ecclesiastical, aristocratic, corporate, governmental, or popular—that has ever existed that does not exist in America today. This is a "golden age" of patronage by any standard. There are also those who argue that it is a golden age of architecture and of painting and sculpture. (I have heard no one argue that it is a golden age of theater or music, though the dance is in full international bloom.) There are also those who are appalled, some privately, some officially, some, one suspects venally, at the declining level of the public sensibilities, at the damage done to taste by commercialism and by the mass media that proliferate mass culture.

There is nothing new about this. One hundred and thirty years ago, the very successful American painter Thomas Cole wrote in his diary: "There are few persons of real taste, and no opportunity for the true artist to develop his powers. The tide of utility sets against the fine arts." The tide of utility, of course, has risen constantly since Cole's day, but so also has our literacy, our support of cultural institutions, our external concern with the arts, and our patronage of the artist.

Our concern, however, has become less personal and more public and therefore it seems less passionate. We have come from the age of the drawing-room musicale by way of the recital hall to the age of the mammoth cultural center; from the individually loved painting to the private collection to the massive museum; from the individual patron to the local committee of art lovers to the corporate board and to the National Council on the Arts. And somewhere along the line, as the patronage and the money have vastly increased and the arts have become a matter of public policy and corporate public relations, the small voice of private passion has been drowned out by the brouhaha of cultural fashion. The small voice, however, is never entirely stilled, nor the passionate believer ever diverted, and it will be he, not foundation panelists, who with the artist can change this era of unparalleled artistic prosperity from one of reckless cultural overkill to an age that may one day be called "golden."

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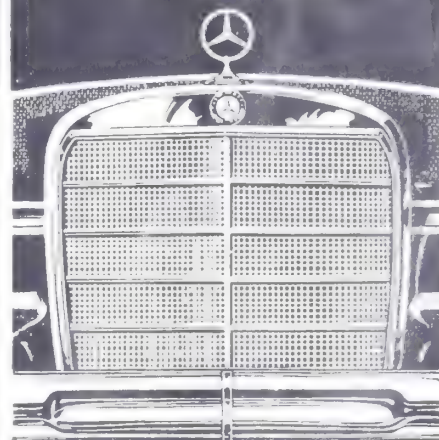
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Harper's

magazine

The New American Female *Demi-feminism Takes Over*

By Marion K. Sanders

Why an unoppressed minority of the most discussed sex do not feel sorry for themselves—and wish their self-appointed champions would find something else to fret about.

Like the Vice President, the First Lady tailors her job to suit herself—and the President. She is not, however, a free agent, for the Chief Executive's wife is the sole source of copy for the industrious lady reporters who cover the White House. Even if she loafes on the job, they work hard to make her a symbol of contemporary female-ness. Often they succeed. Thus Mamie Eisenhower, in her pink inaugural gown and little-girl bangs, was a kind of corn-fed Queen Victoria beaming upon the bland domesticity that engulfed the nation's postwar brides. Jacqueline Kennedy—an eighteenth-century type

like all the Kennedy ladies—was a latter-day Great Whig Hostess. She satisfied an affluent generation's craving for gorgeous entertainments, court hairdressers, riding to hounds, and salons filled with fashionable wits and dandies.

"John Kennedy just didn't understand career women," a warm admirer of the late President said recently. This was natural enough since he scarcely knew any.

Lyndon B. Johnson, on the other hand, is married to one. Miz Johnson—as he and her staff are apt to call her—has, among other things, managed a TV station and parlayed a modest inheritance into a hefty fortune. "Women doers" are high style in Washington and the President has declared war on "male curmudgeonism" in the federal service.

To be sure, Ladybird has turned in her uniform in the pro league. "She works for nothing," the President confessed to a gathering of female eminences. Her amateur standing does not seem

to oppress the First Lady. Some weeks ago I trailed her on a dawn-to-dusk safari that started at 6:00 A.M. in the company of a planeload of news-hungry reporters. En route, she chatted individually with each of them. As the day wore on, she made three speeches, presented diplomas to domestic Peace Corps trainees, visited a remedial reading class and toured a rural slum, pausing on the way to accommodate the whims of a rabble of TV cameramen, indigenous small fry, deserving Democrats, and surprised matrons in mink who had never seen anything quite like this before. It was a virtuoso performance, sustained for seventeen hours. When it was over, she flew off to the ranch for "a walk under the sky"—as she put it—and a domestic weekend with a husband whose idea of relaxation is a two-hundred-guest barbecue.

I don't know what the Johnsons talk about in their private moments, if any. But I can vouch that at the White House breakfast table or on the banks of the Pedernales there are no debates about whether or not it is "feminine" for a woman to make political speeches, drive a tractor, or head a government agency.

Perhaps these issues never came up in Texas, which in bygone years was known as fine country for men and dogs but hell on women and horses. Frontiersmen respected the wives and steeds who survived these rigors. It was from Texas in 1875 that Mrs. Sarah W. Hiatt reported to the National Women's party: "There is a great liberality here of sentiment concerning the avocations of women. Though the right of women to the ballot seems to be a new idea to our people. I have never lived in a community where the women are more nearly abreast of men in all the activities of life. . . ."

This "liberality of sentiment" is in the air of Washington today. It is felt particularly by the women who have long toiled in drab obscurity in the old-line government agencies. They have new hairdos and a new gleam in their eyes. The President has given some two thousand of them a long-overdue boost up the civil-service ladder, and is still looking the field over. It is a heady

atmosphere according to Ruth Van Cleve, recently appointed director of the Interior Department's Office of Territories. "For years I was just a government lawyer in sensible shoes," she said. "Now I'm a national asset. You should have heard my children cheering the President—and the Virgin Islands—at the Inaugural Parade."

Any Number Can Play

In some instances, the new renown has fallen on already overburdened shoulders. Topflight Negro professional women are in such high demand that the meager available supply is worked overtime. For example, Patricia Harris, a one-time Howard law professor, has been snowed under with speaking engagements, TV appearances, and interracial conferences. In May the President plucked her out of her post on the Commission on the Status of Puerto Rico to make her Ambassador to Luxembourg. Similarly, the Administration robbed Cardozo High School in the District of a highly effective principal to make Bennetta Washington head of the Women's Job Corps. Mrs. Washington is an imaginative administrator who plans to use women volunteers on a scale unprecedented in a government program and has induced the country's leading Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, and Negro women's organizations to work together in this effort.

She believes, she told me recently, that the woman who does responsible community work is quite as much of a national asset as the one who works for pay, if her potentialities are taken seriously and her time and talents are put to rational uses.

On a different level Mrs. Johnson is making the same point when, for example, she takes a trowel in hand to plant a clump of hyacinths on the Mall. The purpose is to lure the garden-club ladies away from their own petunias to discuss perennial borders and window boxes with the inhabitants of a scruffy housing development. Quite a few are actually doing just that.

"It's a good time to be a woman," said Katie Louchheim who is now a State Department official but has also been—simultaneously and seriatim—a wife, mother, poet, and volunteer in politics and civic affairs.

This sanguine view is not shared by the ladies who habitually write about what one man I know calls "The Woman Bit." Indeed the consensus among them seems to be that the Woman problem has reached crisis proportions, comparable to air pollution and urban sprawl. To distinguish

Marion K. Sanders, who has been an editor of "Harper's" since 1959, drew up the ground plan for this article when she spoke to the Business and Professional Women's Clubs of New York last spring. Her career (in addition to motherhood) has included being chief editor of "America" (the U.S. magazine for Russia), politics, and writing. Recently she was the listening ear in the tape-recorded conversations with Saul Alinsky which appear this month on page 52.

these specialists from the experts who write about fashion, home economics, and child rearing, an enterprising New York newspaper has christened this newer art form Feminology. Journalistically, the field is crowded. But so far as I know, Feminology has not yet been exploited as a parlor game. The possibilities are spectacular.

The object, of course, is to solve the Woman problem, and any number can play. Readers of the women's magazines have been well drilled in the basic gambits. For example: If you live in the city, move to the suburbs; if you live in the suburbs, move to the city; if you are a housewife, get a job; if you have a job, have a baby. And so forth.

Drawing up the rules may prove a bit sticky, since our leading Feminologists are at odds about The Solution. On one side is Phyllis McGinley whose sermons in praise of domesticity, or "nesting" as she calls it, have been packaged in a book called *Sixpence in Her Shoe*. Much as she loves her kitchen, I suspect Miss McGinley (in private life Mrs. Charles Hayden) might be willing to compromise. She is a witty and reasonable woman who writes excellent verse when she finishes her ironing. Indeed, her tone is more soothing than evangelical. She seems less eager to win converts to housewifery than to restore a modicum of tranquillity and better cooking to the homes unsettled by her chief adversary. This is Betty Friedan, high priestess of the Salvation Through Job gospel. In the style of Carrie Nation, she flails about at a villain—not the demon rum, but something called *The Feminine Mystique*. This is the title of her book, a shrill, humorless polemic, packed with data mined from the works of psychiatrists, anthropologists and other Feminologists, and interviews with women who are as gabby as they are unhappy.

Naturally, a certain process of self-selection has taken place. Just as an arthritis specialist sees few people who do not have arthritis, Mrs. Friedan specializes in sufferers from what she calls "the problem without a name." (I have not figured out just what this is but believe it has



something to do with having so much time on your hands that you enjoy being "depth-interviewed" by Mrs. Friedan.)

Leaving no tome unturned, Mrs. Friedan has come up with the discovery that "*women have outgrown the housewife role*" (italics hers). She has even dug up evidence that career women have better sex lives than homebodies. Such talk would have stunned Susan B. Anthony. But in fact this is simply old-fashioned, hard-line feminism in modern pseudosociological dress.

Mesdames McGinley and Friedan have both made best-sellers of their conflicting theses,* which suggests a certain schizophrenia among female book buyers. On the other hand, this odd ambivalence may mean that a good many women are trying to plot a middle course between the two extreme positions, that they are seeking—in the style of Ladybird Johnson—to combine the functions of wife and mother with purposeful work outside their homes, which may or may not involve a professional job.

This posture—which might be called demi-feminism—is by no means a mass movement. The vast majority of American women are not even fractionally feminists and never were. This is why the Suffragists of yore had trouble recruiting doorbell ringers to circulate their petitions and marchers for their parades.

The average woman was otherwise occupied—chiefly in finding a man to support her and thereafter in keeping him reasonably content with his usually tedious job by baking pies and darning his socks when he came home. Such are still the average female's prime concerns.

This fact has been disguised by the tidings that some twenty-three million American women are currently in the "work force" and that three out of five of them are married. This much-touted statistic creates the illusion of a nation of brisk career women who stack the breakfast dishes,

*As of late spring 65,000 hardcover copies of *Mystique* had been sold and 700,000 in paperback. *Sixpence* was in its eighth hardcover printing, heading toward the 100,000 mark with a paperback edition still to come.

park their children in nursery schools, and charge off each morning to "challenging" jobs.

But what is the case? Of the married women I know in city and suburb, not one in ten has paid employment outside her home, and few are job-hunting. On the business air routes—such as the early-morning flights between New York, Washington, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles—the stewardesses are often the only women aboard. It would seem that most of the nation's work is being done by men, at least the kind of work that involves traveling by air and carrying an attaché case.

Who then are the twenty-three million? Footnotes to the statistical tables disclose—to those who trouble to read them—that a mere three million are in occupations classed as "technical or professional." Another six million work only intermittently. And most of the remaining fourteen million are in lowly, ill-paid clerical, factory, sales, or service jobs. Of those who are also mothers of young children a dismaying proportion are Negro women.

Undoubtedly they would like to earn more. And they desperately need decent day-care facilities for their young. But above all they yearn for fully employed husbands and a chance to tend their own children and kitchens instead of another woman's. The status of women is a far less burning question in these circles than the status of men.

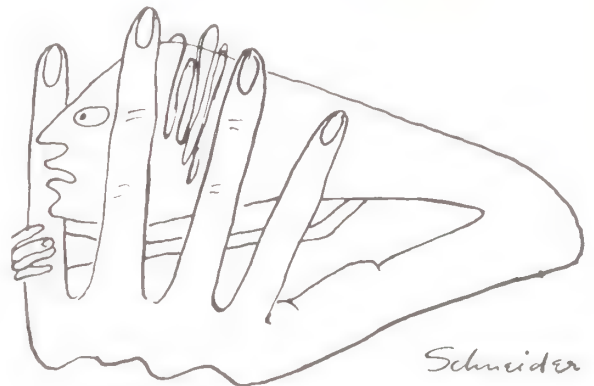
The Feminologists do not worry much about this female *Lumpenproletariat* who, like their male equivalents, are not much given to buying books. Few of them even see the glossy women's magazines in the beauty parlor. On their days off they put their hair in rollers and head for the supermarket where they can sneak a free peek at *Woman's Day* while waiting at the check-out counter.

The Feminologists' concern is for the Educated Woman, also known as the Trapped Housewife. They find her tormented by doubts as to her worth, plagued by a choice of values and lifestyles, each with its own built-in frustrations.

Bigots and Apple Cake

To update my own impressions—which are somewhat different—I decided to confront the Educated Woman in a place where she is currently offered a bewildering variety of choices—Washington, D. C. and its environs. There is, for one thing, no easier spot for a woman to go job-hunting if she has an A.B. degree and a year

or two of "experience." Thirty-two likely vocations—ranging from biological scientist to occupational therapist to systems analyst—are listed in the Labor Department's pamphlet *Job Horizons for College Women*. Virtually all these careers can be pursued within the federal Civil Service, at starting salaries of from five to six thousand a year. Usually too, there are also openings in nearby private foundations, research organizations, and sophisticated industries. In addition, the area is a beehive of energetic volunteer organizations which have been moving into high gear as a result of the civil-rights movement and the anti-poverty programs.



The Trapped Housewife

Eight well-schooled young matrons who live in this area agreed not long ago to spend an evening with me discussing the Woman problem. All were in their early or mid-thirties, mothers of two or more children and married to the same husbands they had started out with. Four were professional women—a doctor, an economist, a teacher, and a biochemist. The rest are listed in the census as "housewives." We spent three delightful hours talking about politics, science, segregation, schools, zoning, mental health, and books. As the last one left to relieve her babysitter I realized to my chagrin that we had not gotten around to the Woman problem though I had made several conscientious attempts to steer the talk in that direction. Apparently no one was greatly interested.

Realizing that such delicate territory perhaps cannot be probed in a group session, I called next day on one of the housewives who seemed to have a worried look about her. I will call her Jane Jones. "Are you afflicted with the Friedan Syndrome?" I asked.

"I am terribly sorry," she said. "But I don't have time to do much reading outside of my field, which is urban planning. So I have not kept up with all this Feminine Mystique jazz. I have

plenty of problems but they all have names. For instance, I am chairman of this committee against discrimination in housing. Some of my best neighbors are bigots. They are also good Democrats and I am Democratic Precinct Chairman. So I have a conflict of roles. What is worse, my husband says I am beginning to talk like one of those girls in the Feiffer cartoons. So what do I do? Escape mechanism. I bake this absolutely divine Viennese apple cake which the children adore—would you care for a piece?"

The telephone rang at this point and I eavesdropped on a dialogue about setting up a nursery school for culturally deprived children and how to go about getting a subsidy from Operation Head Start (a Poverty War project) to enable their culturally deprived mothers to spend a day a week at the school.

Two Jobs, One Ambition

Apologizing for the interruption, Jane returned to our conference and launched into a discourse on what might be called the value system of a demi-feminist. Economically, it has a strong patriarchal base. Jane is convinced that when a man stops bringing home the bacon, marriage collapses. She believes also that marriage—with all its flaws—is the best arrangement yet invented for the rearing of a family.

Since her husband's job is arduous, she feels he is entitled to something better than a TV dinner when he gets home. Besides, she likes cooking. As for his duties as a father? "I don't go for this business of demanding that he change the baby and wash dishes," she said. "I think that's *sick* feminism. Why shouldn't he do something pleasant with the children? And I'd rather have him put up shelves in the basement than putter around my kitchen when he's in a domestic mood. Of course, he baby-sits for me when I'm out working."

The Jones family manages nicely on one salary. So Jane is calm about the fact that she is not paid for her "work."

"I used to laugh at all the Worthy Groups my mother belonged to," she said. "But you know if it weren't for the League of Women Voters our school budget would have been hacked to pieces last year. Honestly, this community would fall apart without us do-gooders and the political parties would collapse."

This is equally true in many other sections of the country where decaying political machines have been replaced by lively citizens' organiza-

tions. It is strikingly evident in the environs of Washington where many husbands work for the government and are kept out of the partisan fray by the Hatch Act. The grass-roots political work of the area has long been done mainly by women. Nowadays they are not merely stuffing envelopes. They are running for office and often winning.

Jane might be elected to the school board or town council herself next year. But she probably won't try since her husband has had a tempting job offer in the Midwest and may accept. Like the other demi-feminists of her generation she has adapted to the harsh realities of our mobile society. Many factors, of course, are weighed in deciding where the family tent will be pitched—including the quality of schools, the cost of living, and the social and political climate. But in the end what tips the scale is the economic or professional prospect offered the chief breadwinner. Accordingly, Jane has concluded that while the two-job family can work very well (whether or not the wife is paid for her extramural labors), the two-ambition family cannot. Apart from the emotional tension that may be involved, it is not physically feasible for a family to follow two different sets of career opportunities.

Mobile Widows

Thus it is probably geography more than any other factor that accounts for the meager showing of American women in national affairs. What after all, do you do with your husband and family if you are elected to Congress? This handicap is bipartisan. This spring, for example, Patricia Hutar, the capable assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee, gave notice because of what she called her "home situation." The "situation" consisted of a husband and three-year-old daughter in Chicago. She has been replaced by Mary Brooks, a mobile Idaho widow.

Similarly, the Johnson Administration ran into geographic troubles more than a year ago when the President first started looking for women to place in high federal posts. Lists of likely candidates poured in from local political organizations, women's bar associations, and other professional societies.

"But as we started trying to pin individuals down, the lists evaporated," one of the talent scouts told me. "Most women just don't have movable husbands."

Eventually, the search zeroed in on the reservoir of female talent already resident in and around the capital. And in due course some

seventy-five executive appointments were made.

But even in Washington the Important Job did not prove an irresistible lure. There was for example a young woman I will call Doris Smith—another demi-feminist. She is a psychologist, the mother of three, and has a part-time job with a private foundation. Why did she turn down the prestige and higher pay the Administration offered her?

"I don't want to be away from home eight hours a day while the children are so young," she said. "And I don't want the kind of high-pressure work that will be on my mind all the time, even when I'm home."

Doris is the daughter of a married career woman of my vintage. She feels she can do a better job with her children than the nannies and *fräuleins* to whom we entrusted our young. Whether or not this is so, these spinster mercenaries are a vanished breed. And Doris, in any event, says she produced children because she wanted—and enjoys—the experience of rearing them.

So she has opted for the career of limited ambitions. She has equipped herself with a portable vocation that can be practiced wherever her husband (another peripatetic type) decides to hang his professional hat. She is, of course, well aware that a woman who has to

pick up the threads of her professional life in a new community every six or seven years—or who withdraws from her field for a decade or more to be a full-time mother—is not going to climb as high as the man who follows his own star or the woman who does not marry.

"But look at the advantages," Doris said. "A husband is insurance against failure—I mean both financial disaster and social stigma. Men are in a much more exposed position. They have to make irrevocable career decisions before they leave college. And if they fail, who will pay off the mortgage?"

As to her own professional prospects, Doris feels rather like a distinguished woman historian I know who was offered a college presidency a few years ago and turned it down because she did not wish to be parted from her husband, a business executive based in a different part of the country. "I can teach or write where we live," she said. "And I really get more fun out of being Jim's wife than I would out of presiding at a faculty council."

Demi-feminism, of course, makes sense only in a society where it is fun to be a wife. This takes a special and highly adaptable kind of husband—a breed produced in far greater abundance in this country than in most parts of the world. In nations afflicted with socially underdeveloped and

How to Put a Man in a Woman's Place

I remember when the corset and bustle brigade clogged the Broadways of America seeking a hand in the election of men to public office. Now the most novel sight is a woman at the polls exercising her prerogative. Even more novel is finding one who knows who her present Congressman is, and not one in a hundred can tell you who's running. Once women suffered the tortures of childbirth elbowing their way into a jury box because they regarded themselves as the sole repository of virtue and justice. Now any sheriff will tell you they'd rather try to pull a horse out of a burning barn than shove a heavy-rumped female into a courtroom, unless she's there as a plaintiff. If I owned 75 per cent of the nation's wealth and outlived the other sex by twenty years, damned if I wouldn't retire from the lists before my pedestal stopped getting polished regularly. Only last week the *Andrews County News* was complaining that only four women had died since the first of the year, to sixteen men. None of the women were buried in the Andrews cemetery, which proves that even in death they are hell-bent on taking their business out of town. On the other hand, nine of the sixteen men were locally buried, and six men who died outside Andrews County were brought there for burial. Which proves, I hope, that a man can and will fill a woman's place (in Andrews, at least), but he has got to be pretty dead to do it.

—*The Ralls (Texas) Banner*, November 6, 1959.

spiritually overbearing males, such as Japan, wives badly need a Lucretia Mott to rescue them from their dreary housemaid-concubine status. This is true not only in Asian countries, but also in many parts of Europe where husbands tend to be tightfisted about money and demanding in the home, despite the political "emancipation" of women. Even in Sweden—where because of a labor shortage women are exhorted to take up plumbing, bus driving, and TV repairing—there is a great deal of discussion about "sex roles." This debate does not revolve around the films of Ingmar Bergman or the movie *To Bed or Not to Bed*. The argument is about the extent of the male's as well as the female's parental responsibilities. Much quoted is a report by a Norwegian sociologist (published in a book called *Woman, Her Life and Work*) who has studied sailors' families and found that the father's prolonged absence has an adverse effect on the children, particularly sons.

On a visit to Stockholm last spring, I found bright young women hotly insisting that men should share more in "the work of the home." I was puzzled at first as to why such an obvious point should be so belabored. The reason became clearer after I dined in a middle-class Swedish home where the daughters of the family waited on table and ate in the kitchen while the sons—and of course the hostess and paterfamilias—graced the festive board. Perhaps our most useful export to Scandinavia would be a consignment of dear old American "togetherness."

In this country, in contrast, demi-feminism seems to express the established relationship between the sexes, except in those marginal groups where idleness is fashionable or back-breaking toil a necessity.

Who Needs Engineers?

This pragmatic philosophy will make increasingly good sense as wider opportunities are opened for women to train and perform as full- and part-time professionals and as volunteers, at a pace and on terms suited to their multiple responsibilities. This requires, in the first instance, a realistic assessment of the unfinished business of our society and the role which women could play in getting it done. Little is accomplished toward that end by much of the cant regularly published about women "as a great wasted national resource." These laments are often coupled with dour comparisons between the 379,000 women engineers in the U. S. S. R. and the 6,000



in this country. In fact, there is little evidence that our slow-growing economy could provide jobs for more engineers of either sex than are currently being produced. Similarly, there is a labor surplus rather than a shortage in several other fields that women are urged to enter. Thus, for example, a data-processing firm in New York acknowledged that it is oversupplied with qualified applicants for programming jobs—an understandable reason for its reluctance to hire part-time workers.*

At the same time, administrators and professionals stubbornly resist the large-scale use of women, either as part-time paid workers or effective volunteers in the very fields where their services are desperately needed—notably the schools, hospitals, social agencies, and libraries.

The programs to which Ladybird Johnson is giving energetic support presage change in this situation. This summer, for example, twenty thousand professional, neighborhood, and volunteer workers are to be mobilized to work with preschool children in some three hundred areas. Most of them will be women, and many of them, like Mrs. Johnson, will be chiefly concerned with getting on with the job, cheerfully willing to assume—as the need and circumstances change—the role of wife, mother, professional, or volunteer. These demi-feminists find it possible, as David Riesman observed in a recent essay, "to lead full multidimensional lives without mounting the barricades at home or abroad." May their tribe increase.

* These and other illuminating findings are reported by Jane Schwartz in a study of part-time employment published by the Alumnae Advisory Council, 541 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Negro, Jewish, and Italian Hair

by Milton Mayer

A slightly bristly reply to the American barber's most barbarous complaint

I left my *Britannica* in my other suit, but it says here in the *Columbia Encyclopedia* that "age, illness, or worry lessens the pigmentary secretion and the hair becomes gray or white." That is not what I wanted to know. (And I'll bet that the worry part is spurious.) What I wanted to know is why the barber in Madison, New Jersey, finds it so difficult to cut a Negro's hair or, as the barber puts it, Negro hair. Maybe the *Britannica* defines Negro hair, or even Italian hair; the barber's name is Mr. Gatti.

Mr. Gatti says he doesn't have the necessary special tools. Besides, he says, he doesn't know how.

I have heard tell of several other barbers in the North—where we wag our heads over the barbarousness of the Mississippians—who confess the same melancholy lack of equipment and know-how. Is the Madison barber barbarous, or do you need a tinsnips or a combine to cut a Negro's hair, plus an M.A. in Negro Hair-Cutting from a Barber University?

I don't really want to know, to be perfectly frank and tell you the honest truth. The reason I don't really want to know is that my own hair is a little kinky (besides being gray or white from age, illness, or worry). More than a little.

Ma used to say, "I declare, that boy's hair is like sofa-stuffing." Then she would turn fondly, and with fond reproach, to my big brother Howard and say, "I don't know why you have to

put that awful grease on that nice *straight* hair of yours."

My very own big brother, same genes and jeans as I; why was his hair straight and mine kinky?

By the time I was working at Mandel Brothers on Saturdays, and reading the works of their grandfather Gregor the rest of the week and learning about dominants and recessives in the common or garden variety of pea, I was thinking about other things. I still am. Other things are kinky, too, but they're no reflection on me or my ancestry.

My ancestry is Jewish. I am, or would be, ashamed to say so, if my big brother's weren't, too; I don't mind making it rough for him, him and his nice straight hair.

Most of the Jews I know have kinky tendencies—and not just in the hair. But my mother didn't and my big brother didn't. Why, my mother was President of Lincoln Lodge, United Order of True Sisters, and my big brother was Student Colonel of the Chicago ROTC. Can you get any uninkier than that?

I even know some Jewesses (as the *goyim* call Jews of the female persuasion) whose hair is so miserably straight and *goyish* that they cry into their pillows.

Nearly all of the Negroes I know have hair like mine, or like (or as) mine used to be. More so. And the Negro press is full of ads for hair straighteners and empty of ads for hair curlers.

So, while I'm willing to concede nothing against the Jews, I think I'd have to plead the Negroes guilty to kinky hair on the whole. I just don't see Old Black Joe with a ducktail cut, and though I hesitate, with Burke, to draw an indictment against an entire people, I'm afraid that the grizzled poll is a characteristic trait of the Negroes, as *Kadavergehorsamkeit** is of the Germans.

I don't know why Negroes' hair is like that, or why mine is. I know why Negroes are supposed to have dark skins and wide nostrils (and why they perspire freely, if they do), because I'm an old Equatorialist and I know that a dark skin and a wide nostril or two (and a well-developed set of sweat glands) stand a man in good stead at the Equator and would play hob with him at the Pole; a physiological adaptation. I savvy the white pith helmet, too, and would not be found dead (by the British) without one. But why the hair? What's it an adaptation to? Maybe it's simply that kinky hair has a proclivity to mat and provide a salubrious air space between the hair and the head; but thermodynamics is not my Equatorial line.

Funny: the barber at Fifty-first and Calumet never boggled at cutting my hair when Pa took me in and sat me on the board the barber put over the arms of the common man's throne. The barber did say he couldn't cut my hair and, what was more, he threatened to cut my ear off, but not because it (or I) was Jewish but because I wouldn't stop squirming. (The reason I wouldn't stop squirming was that I was afraid he'd cut my ear off. You can't do anything with grown-ups.)

Now I'm a grown-up myself, and as grown as I shall ever be, and the price of a store-bought haircut has risen in inverse proportion to the quantity of hair I bring to the barber, and Pa is no longer here to pay the two dollars or two-and-a-quarter (plus a stiletto in the back if you don't leave a tip). The barbers have priced me out of the market. And themselves; the one special tool they do have is the petard. The one special tool I don't have is the money.

So along about fifteen or twenty years ago I impressed my darling Little Julie into child labor. I got a mail-order clippers which was advertised for hair generically; I couldn't find an advertisement for a special tool for Negro, Italian, or Jewish hair. Little Julie charged me what the traffic would bear, which was a quarter. Every

so often, as she whisked the clippers, she'd say, "Oops—nicked ya." There was blood on the saddle and blood on the ground and a great big puddle of blood all around. But the price was right.

Then Little Julie took off—as don't they all?—and a neighbor lady undertook to shear me for half-a-dollar and no contusions and abrasions. That was the best deal I ever had, except for Germany after the war (one DM, or twenty-four cents). And the German barber had been taught by the Nazis to keep his mouth shut. (Under the Nazis the Germans even learned to keep their mouths shut at the dentist's.) The next-best deal was, and is, Prague, where for five Kčs (or thirty-five cents) you get the full treatment plus the lowdown on conditions, Czech barbers being slower to learn than German barbers.

The full treatment in my case consists of plenty short all around, and bone dry. It's been years since I've used a comb and/or brush. And you can't tell whether my hair is—or in places was—kinky or straight. The saving on time and money, and on overt anti-Semitism, is considerable. Sometimes I'd scrounge an extra half-dollar's worth out of the neighbor lady by letting it go for a couple of months and getting two haircuts for the price of one. On those long-haired occasions she'd say, "Why, you're almost shaggy," and then, "You know, your hair's really kinky, what there is of it." But she never said it was hard to cut.

The neighbor lady died a little while back. She was a very dear friend, and I remembered that my ancestors let their hair grow in mourning for the dead; but I knew that the neighbor lady, who wouldn't stand for any such antics in life, would resist them even in death. I dismissed the temptation. But I was then confronted by the appalling vision of the words above the portal of the barber shop: "Abandon All Hope of Getting Out for Under Two-Fifty, Ye Who Enter Here."

I submitted myself, as laboratory material, to a Barber College. Short and snappy all around, and the kind of rough work you expect of graduate students these days. It's a clip joint—I have to pay *them* seventy-five cents—but what can a man do?

Milton Mayer's most recent book, "What Can a Man Do?" (University of Chicago Press) includes his "Harper's" article called "A Man with a Country," in which he argued his refusal to take the Communist disclaimer oath required for a U.S. passport. He won his case, and the State Department has dropped the requirement. He is a visiting professor at the University of Massachusetts.

* "Dead man's obedience."—The Editors

There's an inner conflict besides. A man of a certain age or condition *doesn't* want to have to get a haircut and *does* want to have a little more hair grow on top. A fellow I met in Europe told me to rub Pantene for the Hair into my hair to make it grow "just a little." There is plain Pantene and Pantene *gras* (or greasy); he recommended the greasy. Putting great store, as I do, by the ancient wisdom of the East, I now rub Pantene into my hair (or scalp). It does not reduce the total area of my tonsure, but it makes me feel that I'm doing something to offset age, illness, and worry, and once in a while a hair comes out. Kinky.

Why do Jews tend to be bald? Why do Negroes tend not to be, except for Old Black Joe who had no hair on the top of his head in the place where the hair ought to be?

What is there about Negroes?

There must be something wrong with them.

Don't tell me there's something wrong with Jews and nothing wrong with Negroes.

And if the *Columbia Encyclopedia* can get away with saying that worry lessens the pigmentary secretion, why can't I get away with saying that the pigmentary secretion keeps the hair straight? I think that my hair is kinky from worry. I worried a great deal as a very small child. Jews are worriers. Italians aren't worriers and their hair is straight; I'll bet that Mr. Gatti's hair is straight. But why should Negroes' hair be kinky? What have *they* got to worry about?

The American Indian, now—there's a man with worries, as any man would be who was disappearing altogether. But his hair is straight. And black. At Mandel Brothers we'd have called him a Mandelian sport and sent him to the Sports-wear Section.

Why are Negroes such good barbers?

(And where do they go for haircuts?)

The hair line recedes, the color line abides. I'm glad I'm at least white, but I wish I were a white Aryan gentile Protestant native-born red-blooded American. With a hood to cover my hair.

St. Thomas: January

by Judson Jerome

No glass on the windows: all Winter the air tickled our torsos, tactile as talcum, or moaned in the jalousies, maniacally gusting as the East emptied its air on our islands, whipping our palm fronds, whirling my papers, obliterating thought, blowing it westward.

Our porch, like a prow, imperiously eastward, is seared by the sunshine, receives the full wind from the Atlantic which lashes low Anegada, flattens the Fat Virgin, furrows Tortola, scours St. John in sun-wash and wind-wash, to ream St. Thomas as it tumbles westward, building on the golfcourse, galing down the airstrip (we receive all the earsplit of aircraft on takeoff), to pummel our porch. Then Puerto Rico gets it.

Our metal chairs screechingly skid down the concrete in this buffet of weather, the wailing of January. I stand out there naked, needled by gold sun, slapped by the blue beat of sky and of sea, of endless Caribbean, achingly empty, seeing St. Croix shadowy to the South, westward the low loaves of larger Antilles, sailing my boxkite (which snaps on its cord), in the vortex (I think), vacantly brilliant, of world winds, of tempests, equatorial eddies, standing white in the blaze of the banging blue Winter, standing skinny and timid in time's torrid zone.

College-bred Fish for Man's Delight

by Murray Morgan

The University of Washington is producing—for sport and food—mightier salmon, fifteen-pound trout, and some brand-new hybrids.

A half-dozen giant salmon swimming in a pond beside the Fisheries Center at the University of Washington in the fall of 1953 were the first of a remarkable breed. Some day their descendants and their myriad hybrid cousins may vastly increase man's supply of protein from the sea—and, incidentally, the fun of millions of sports fishermen.

To Dr. Lauren Donaldson, who stood watching them slowly circle under the rain-dimpled surface of the water, these healthy Chinooks—their backs a deep blue-green, their bellies silver—were the climax of a delicate and hazardous long-range experiment.

Four years earlier, Donaldson had selected some of the deepest-chested female Chinooks among those returning that autumn to Soos Creek, southeast of Seattle, in search of sex and death. He and his students stripped 40,000 eggs from the females and fertilized them with sperm milked from the biggest, healthiest males in the run.* The eggs matured under running water in wooden trays in the basement laboratory of the Fisheries Center. After they had hatched and used up the food in their yolk sacs, the tiny fish were trans-

ferred to rearing ponds, where the professor fed them by scattering finely ground fish food on the water.

Then the Donaldson crew marked the fingerlings by amputating a fin from each, carried the little fish in buckets to the shore of Lake Union which borders the campus, and dumped them in—to die and float, or to sink and swim.

Chinooks—also known to fishermen as Kings or Tyees, and to scientists as *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*—are the largest of five species of Pacific Coast salmon native to the larger rivers from California's Sacramento to Alaska's Yukon. Professor Donaldson's experiment was to determine, first, whether a run of these magnificent fish could be established in an artificial environment, close to salt water, and second, to see whether the strain could be improved by selective breeding. He sought to develop salmon that would resist pollution and disease, would migrate when young, and mature early.

The odds were long—under the best of natural circumstances, only about one fingerling in a thousand survives to spawn. Members of Donaldson's finny class of '49 faced extra hazards. Their initiation was Union—an industrial lake with heavy pollution. To reach salt water the "fry," or schools of young, had to find their way to the government locks opening onto Puget Sound five miles away through water hot with raw sewage from houseboats, suffocating with waste from a gasworks, from marinas and small factories. At the locks they hitchhiked a ride down with the boats.

* A "run" is a spawning migration and the fish that make it—both the journey and the fish.

Once in Puget Sound, the fish would migrate north and west to the Pacific, then follow the coast to the cold waters off Alaska. There they would live until at the age of four instinct called them to start back across more than a thousand miles of open ocean, past the nets of the commercial fishermen and the lures of the sportsmen, again to wait their turn at the locks, again to risk the dirty waters of the lake, to smell out their native stream.

But these Chinooks had no native stream. They had been reared in ponds and carried overland in buckets to Lake Union. So a few weeks before the class of '49 could be expected to return, the professor and some students improvised a stream. They dug a ditch about two feet wide, a foot deep, one hundred feet long, from the lake to the rearing pond, and lined it with planks to prevent blockage by cave-ins. "Donaldson's Folly" the flume was called on campus—until the miracle happened and the Chinooks did return, big, beautiful, and healthy, and in numbers 20 per cent greater than for natural runs.

An even more significant homecoming took place in 1955, when a few salmon from the class of fingerlings released in 1952 returned, fully grown, a year ahead of schedule. This event made possible the development of a strain of Chinooks that reach full growth in three years. Such early maturation reduces exposure to natural risks at sea and increases the quantity of fish in the return run. Now instead of getting back one tenth of one per cent of the fingerlings released, Donaldson has been harvesting from one to two per cent. He has more fish returning than he knows what to do with. And some Chinooks are now coming home at the age of two.

Fisheries experts are hesitant to prophesy or even to announce successes. Many promising hatchery programs in the past have produced more frustration than fish; when successful, they have prompted various interested parties to argue that fish conservation is unnecessary—dam builders, logging companies, Indians with special treaty rights, distributors of pesticides, cities with inadequate sewage-treatment facilities, over-eager sportsmen. Nevertheless many scientists concede that the wild salmon has been redesigned to accept a man-made environment. Most experts

will admit that the evidence is overwhelming that half of the Chinooks caught this year in Washington waters are from artificial runs.

Supertrout for Sport

Although man throughout history has been trying to improve the plants and animals he uses for food, few experiments have been carried out with fish. (Only the goldfish has a long history of purposeful breeding: it has been profoundly modified in color and bony structure, though it has not been made palatable.) Professor Donaldson's genetic experiments are among the first with salmon.

Dr. Donaldson, a native of Minnesota, is an intense, angular man now in his late fifties. He took his bachelor's degree in chemistry and biology, then taught high-school science, coached athletics, and served as principal in a Shelby, Montana, high school. When he decided to get a doctorate he switched to fisheries "because I found creatures more interesting than chemicals."

A dedicated sports fisherman, Donaldson set about improving trout. Over a period of thirty years he has developed a select brood stock of rainbows which show, in the cautious words of a statement released by the University of Washington, "an increase in rate of growth, survival, and egg production approximately ten times that of the usual good rainbow brook stock." Some of his rainbows weigh three pounds when a year old—250 times the weight of ordinary yearlings. They range from seven to eleven pounds after two years, and up to 17.5 pounds in three years. Donaldson loves to sneak a few into trout lakes before the start of a season and watch the opening-day excitement when an unsuspecting sportsman ties into a supertrout. "All of a sudden, someone will yell like hell," he says with a wide grin.

Success with rainbows led him to start his experiments with salmon. When I asked Donaldson not long ago whether it would be fair to describe him as the Luther Burbank of fish, he said, "We are now about where the corn people were a generation or so ago when they began to experiment with hybrids."

Much of Donaldson's current work is with hybrid fish: crossing his giant rainbows with steelhead trout. ("We have to be able to sense when they are ready," Donaldson says.) The steelheads, like the salmon but unlike the stay-at-home rainbows, migrate to sea but return to spawn in fresh water. They survive spawning and come back to the rivers year after year—a great game fish,

Murray Morgan, who grew up in Tacoma, now lives in a house made out of a former open-air dance hall on Trout Lake. He took his A.B. at the University of Washington and an M.S. at Columbia in New York; he has written eleven books, most of them about the Northwest.

strong and mean and full of fight, but slow to mature. Hybrid fish—like hybrid corn—are both hardy and fast-growing. This spring Donaldson led me out to the rearing pools and scattered some food on the surface. The water roiled with leaping fish ranging in length from nine to eighteen inches, shaped like steelheads, colored like rainbows. They looked to me like fully grown rainbows.

"They're less than a year old," Dr. Donaldson told me. At that age the fry are usually a hundred or so to the pound, but the new hybrids grow a hundred times faster than wild fish.

"How big will they get?" I asked.

"We don't know yet. They haven't stopped growing."

Donaldson has raised 12,000 of the overgrown hybrids to migratory age. Early this year he started releasing them in small lots in Lake Union and adjoining Lake Washington. Fishermen who have caught some of the college-bred babies report them to be ferocious fighters, and good eating, too. If things work out as their godfather hopes, the hybrids will migrate to sea, then return in two years so big and strong that only the adventurous would hope to hook them. Seattle fishermen dream of a whole new sports fishery based on the hybrid, right within the city limits.

Selective breeding, not the hatchery, is what is new in Donaldson's work. The first salmon hatchery on the Pacific was built nearly a hundred years ago by the United States Fisheries Commission on the McCloud River in California. In 1875, the Oregon and Washington Fish Propagating Company, a private enterprise, started a hatchery on the Clackamas, a tributary to the Columbia. By the turn of the century, Oregon and Washington state governments were supporting hatchery programs. Some hatcheries have done well, many poorly. Even the best have not fulfilled expectations, chiefly because hatchery-bred fish have proved susceptible to disease. Part of the trouble has been traced to diet.

Cannibals Live Dangerously

Although the idea of feeding fish goes back at least to the Romans, who on occasion tossed a slave to the imperial carp, it was not until recently that any systematic study was made of the proper diet for baby salmon. The operators of Pacific hatcheries chose food by three simple criteria: Would the fish eat it? Was it available? Was it cheap? Horsemeat, or beef and liver that had been condemned for human consumption,

were staples until postwar inflation made them too expensive. Beef lips, udders, and stomachs were utilized but had less nutritive value.

Salmon are carnivores and cannibals. Many hatcheries froze the carcasses of the salmon from which they had stripped the eggs and milt, then fed them—along with salmon viscera purchased from canneries—to the fry. But feeding the flesh of an older generation to the young of the same species is a classic way of transmitting disease. In the late 1940s a virus carried in the viscera of adult sockeye (red) salmon touched off an epidemic that killed millions of the young. Then salmon kidney disease and salmon tuberculosis appeared among Chinook and silver salmon in epidemic proportions. The kidney disease killed the young in the hatcheries; the tuberculosis (which is not transmissible to humans) was more insidious. It struck after the fish were released from the hatchery. The adults that survived failed to mature sexually, but their bodies were alive with transmissible TB bacilli.

In 1948 the Oregon Fish Commission asked a team of scientists at the Astoria Seafoods Laboratory on the Columbia River to develop a cheap, healthy food for baby fish. There had been extensive studies of diets, but no one had worked out a formula for mass production. The Astoria group, under the leadership of Dr. R. O. Sinnhuber of the Oregon State University department of food science and technology, was already doing research on ways of utilizing scrap fish and the waste from salmon and tuna canneries. Sparsely financed, and housed in an ancient waterfront building, the Astorians found themselves spending nearly as much time rebuilding their lab and improvising equipment as in straight research. But they persevered—and triumphed.

First, Sinnhuber's team went over the records of diets fed young salmon at hatcheries that had achieved high rates of returning fish. From these they worked out a balanced—but expensive—ration composed of casein, dextrin, corn oil, binders, minerals, and vitamins. They found that the fingerlings like their fare in the form of tiny pellets. To make the pellets they ran the mixture through a meat grinder which extruded the meal in thin, moist strings. Then they dropped the strings onto a revolving fan.

"It was all right for a pilot operation but hardly the technique for mass production," Duncan K. Law, who was Sinnhuber's second-in-command during the early years of the project, recalled recently. Law, a stumpy, exuberant, third-generation American Chinese of erudition and charm, has been director of the laboratory since



JAMES O. SNEDDON—UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON NEWS SERVICES

Dr. Lauren Donaldson and a group of fisheries students welcome a twenty-pound Chinook salmon returning to the University of Washington campus. The group is in the "holding basin," which traps the fish as they work toward the rearing ponds a hundred feet away.

Dr. Sinnhuber returned to the Oregon State University campus. "The fan scattered the pellets—lots of times we had wall-to-wall fish food."

Eventually the laboratory acquired an overage spaghetti machine from the Peter Scarpelli Noodle Factory in Portland. Charles Jow, another member of the team, devised an intricate box to shield the cutting blades, catch the flying pellets, and feed them into a blower for sacking. This device, known in the lab as the Chinese Puzzle, solved the basic problem of mass production.

Jow and Law also collaborated on the research that redeemed salmon viscera as food for the fingerlings. Since viscera from the canneries were immensely available, inexpensive, and attractive to the baby fish, the problem was to find a way to make them wholesome. This was a matter of special interest to Dunc Law, who had paid his way through the university with money earned on the salmon-gutting line of the Bumble Bee Cannery in Astoria.

An obvious solution was to kill the dangerous bacteria by pasteurization. This was tried. The fingerlings wouldn't eat their kin cooked. Law suspected that the method used in pasteurizing viscera precipitated an acid offensive to the baby fish. He spent his off-duty hours in local dairies,

studying their processes, and eventually proposed a system for circulating the ground salmon material through suitable heat exchanges. Jow modified some borrowed dairy pasteurizing equipment to handle the heavier liquids. The fingerlings accepted the product.

Tests were run with variations of the Oregon Pellet at several hatcheries from 1955 through 1958. Various vitamins were added. Fingerlings fed on the pellets gained more weight on less food than those offered the regular hatchery diet. Ernest Jeffries, the Oregon Fish Commission's director of fish culture, reported that it cost slightly less than thirty cents to raise a pound of fingerlings on moist pellets, up to fifty cents if they were fed the usual ground food. Tuberculosis and kidney disease faded toward the vanishing point. And when the returns from the runs were counted three years later, the pellet-fed silver salmon adults outnumbered the standard feeders six to one.

The Oregon Fish Commissioners were convinced. They released the pellet formula for commercial production and announced that, beginning in 1959, all sixteen Oregon hatcheries would use the new food exclusively. By 1963 the egg take had nearly tripled, and last year every record for

returns was broken. More fish climbed the ladders—a series of pools built for the convenience of migrating fish—at the Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River than at any time since they opened in 1938.

“We don’t claim that the pellet is exclusively or even primarily responsible for what has happened,” Dunc Law remarked to me as we drove up to the Fish Commissioner’s lovely hatchery on the Klaskanine, a few miles above Astoria, early this year. “It is conceivable there are other factors, but we can’t help being intrigued by the resurgence of the salmon runs that has coincided with the use of the pellets.”

George Smalley, the superintendent of the Klaskanine hatchery, does not try to conceal his satisfaction. He is a lank, sandy-haired man who drifted into hatchery work after a career of shipyard welding. One of his improvisations for improving hatchery operations consists of a sixteen-horsepower motor from a garden machine which he has attached to a furnace fan and a hopper. Mounted on the rear of a rowboat, this blows the boat across the rearing pond at five knots while scattering pellets evenly across the water. “Saves time and we don’t chew up any fish in propellers,” Smalley told me. His eyes swept over the hatchery site with severe approval—the rearing pond, the curving river gentle until it plunged over a low waterfall; a small fish ladder; a barnlike building where the eggs are incubated.

“This is good work,” Smalley conceded. “At least it is when the fish come back. I can remember times, not so long ago, when we’d meet fifteen, twenty fish, all season. You wanted to shake each one of them by the hand, like at a funeral. But you should have seen it here during the fall run, this season. The fishermen were taking them in record catches out in the river and the bay, and still enough got through so that the river here was black with them. We pulled fish out of the river until our backs gave out. The neighbors along here—the people who live up and down the river—they came and helped until they couldn’t stand up straight either. I felt bad about all the fish we couldn’t harvest, but it sure beats not getting back enough to keep the run going.”

Ninety Pounds an Acre?

The pellets developed by the Astoria Seafood Laboratory under the sponsorship of Oregon State University and the Oregon Fish Commission, and the selective breeding program carried

on by Lauren Donaldson at the University of Washington point the way to a salmon ranching program that might help meet man’s desperate need for increased supplies of protein for food.

A salmon ranch would compare to present hatcheries as today’s Texas cattle ranch does to a pioneer “spread” of the longhorn era. What these scientific pioneers contemplate is a natural lake, cleared of predators and fertilized with fish foods, where improved strains of salmon and steelhead would be bred and reared to migratory size; then they would depart to the pastures of the open sea, there to forage and grow until sexual instinct brought them home in a self-motivated roundup.

A significant forecast of such a run can be found at Fern Lake, about fifty miles southwest of Seattle. The twenty-acre lake lies west of Puget Sound on the Kitsap Peninsula in a depression where the soil is thin and rain-leached. Fires have swept the area about twice a century and it was logged clean of the native Douglas firs by 1928.

In 1957 the Washington Department of Game turned the lake and its watershed over to Dr. Donaldson for experiments to be carried out under the direction of the University’s Laboratory of Radiation Biology with grants from the Atomic Energy Commission. The study is to determine whether such a lake—“a miserably poor body of water” in Donaldson’s estimate—can be made suitable for rearing fish. When the program started, Fern was producing three pounds of fish per acre. Cleared of scrap fish and stocked with steelhead, it produced twenty-two. Since the U. S. is rapidly losing most of its natural watershed to human development, Donaldson is impressed with our need to make what’s left go farther. “If we can make a lake like Fern produce ninety pounds of fish per acre, we’ll have something.”

At present his team is using radioisotope tracers to follow nutrients moving through the plants and animals of the watershed and into the lake. In time modest additions of plant foods to the watershed may increase, by natural means, the fish capacity of the water. Donaldson said recently, “We haven’t even scratched the surface of what we can do to rebuild salmon runs. If they will return in numbers to an essentially artificial environment, like the ponds on the campus, think what they should be able to do in a perfected natural environment.

“Maybe this will work, maybe it won’t. But we’ll keep trying. The important thing is that we Americans should treat our fish like turkeys, not like the buffalo.”

A Professional Radical Moves In on Rochester



Conversations with Saul Alinsky, Part II

As the impact of the civil-rights revolution hits Northern cities, many of them are turning for help to Saul Alinsky, a militant, tough-minded community organizer. Trained in sociology at the University of Chicago, he early forsook the academic approach to social problems. More than two decades ago he tested out his controversial theories of grass-roots democracy in the stockyard district of his native Chicago. Subsequently, with the help of Marshall Field and a few other bold philanthropists, he set up the Industrial Areas Foundation, a kind of training school for agitators. During the coming year Alinsky and his IAF staff expect to be working in a number of cities including Rochester, Buffalo, and Kansas City, Missouri.

Last month Mr. Alinsky discussed his own apprenticeship as a professional radical. In this concluding installment—which, like the previous one, is excerpted from a tape-recorded conversation—he turns his attention to the current and future problems of troubled American communities.

Marion K. Sanders

The biggest change I've seen in the twenty years or so that I've been involved in social action is in the role the churches are playing. Back in the 1930s and '40s an organizer might expect to get some help from the CIO or from a few progressive AFL unions. There wasn't a church in sight. But today they have really

moved into the social arena, the political arena. They have taken over the position organized labor had a generation ago. They are the big dominant force in civil rights.

For instance, in Kansas City, Missouri, where we are starting to work now, the whole project was financed, sponsored, and underwritten by the Episcopal Church, the Catholic Church, the Presbyterian Church. There wasn't a union in sight.

The same way in Rochester, New York. The Area Council of Churches has raised the money we will need to do a job there.

Let me tell you about Rochester, which is probably the most extreme example of benevolent paternalism in this country. In an interview this spring I called it "a Southern plantation transplanted to the North." Their press—which consists of two newspapers that are both owned by one chain—let out howls of provincial, self-righteous indignation. "Smugtown U. S. A." is a good name for the place.

But the race riots last summer gave them a bad shock. A race riot is an ugly, terrifying mass madness. It's an unreasoning, hysterical stampede of hate and violence which leads to looting and killing and leaves both sides numbed, shamed, guilty, and scared. A riot can happen wherever a mass of people feel utterly trapped, where they have no hope, no future. So they explode almost in a death agony.

Before the long hot summer of '64, the *Wall Street Journal* predicted that Woodlawn, in Chicago, would be one Negro community where there would be no race riots. They were right. This is not because the Negroes in Woodlawn don't have grievances. They have plenty. But they also have a mass organization—which the IAF helped set up—so that the people have achieved an identity. They have unity and power and they have been able to score victories.

Of course, this is why the churches and the Negro leaders in Rochester asked us to come there. The power structure wasn't happy about the idea. In fact they tried every possible dodge to forestall it. They suddenly brought in the Urban League, which was an unfair decoy move. It put the Urban League in what was almost an Uncle Tom position. The City Fathers seized upon an inexplicable—but very timely for them—statement by Roy Wilkins from the head office of the NAACP saying that Rochester had made great strides in correcting discriminatory practices. Thirty-five thousand Negroes in Rochester don't seem to agree with Mr. Wilkins. It's peculiar too that the local NAACP decided by unanimous vote to join in asking the IAF to come to Rochester this summer.

Then some of the neighborhood houses and social agencies started denouncing us. This reminded me of the days in the late 1930s when the CIO was organizing steel companies in upstate New York. The Wagner Act had forbidden employers to interfere with union organization. So instead they invented something that got to be known as the Mohawk Valley Formula. They would get the YMCA and the settlement houses and other little agencies to set up a so-called community council. When the CIO hit town they would start screaming "Reds, foreigners, agitators!" Of course the employers were supporting these outfits but they could say piously, "We're not violating the Wagner Act. We're not doing anything." Rochester in 1965 isn't too different. Some of their social agencies have denounced me and their papers pulled this phony "outsider" stuff on me. The IAF is more of an "insider" than any agency in the town. The Negro community actually invited us in. That's more than any other agency can say.

Of course, from the standpoint of an organizer, this kind of reaction from the status quo was the best "cooperation" I could have asked for. What I mean is this. A Bull Connor with his police dogs and fire hoses down in Birmingham

did more to advance civil rights than the civil-rights fighters themselves. The same thing goes with the march from Selma to Montgomery. Imagine what would have happened if instead of stopping the marchers that first day with clubs and tear gas, chief state trooper Lingo had courteously offered to provide protection and let them proceed. By night the TV cameras would have gone back to New York and there would have been no national crisis to bring religious leaders, liberals,

and civil-rights fighters from the North into Selma. I've always thought that just as King got the Nobel Prize there should be an IgNoble prize for people like Sheriff Rainey of Philadelphia, Mississippi, Governor Wallace, and Governor Barnett.

You need characters like that for a very important organizing tactic which I call mass jiu-jitsu. Here's how it works. Last year various Chicago civil-rights groups decided to stage a public-school boycott, but TWO (The Woodlawn Organization) was undecided about joining it. They knew they could shut up every school in their neighborhood tighter than a drum. They could do this overnight, and City Hall knew it. It had taken two years of sweat and fighting and a lot of heartbreak to build this kind of organization and power. Now the question was whether TWO should join a lot of small civil-rights groups that had very little membership and no power. If they couldn't deliver, they had nothing to lose. But if TWO was mixed up in an action which didn't deliver they had plenty to lose. After all, you only have power so long as the opposition knows that you can and will do what you say you're going to do.

Now, keeping kids out of school isn't much of a trick. As far as I know, kids have never opposed a school holiday. But to make a school boycott effective you need organization and avenues of communication. Well, TWO had a long strategy session. They knew most of these little civil-rights groups didn't have any avenues of com-



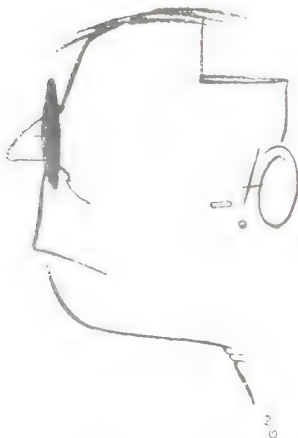
Candidate for the IgNoble prize

munication and practically nobody to communicate with. But in the end, TWO decided to join the school boycott. The reason was their faith that the status quo would come to the rescue—that they would provide the communications and the incentives. Sure enough. They did. The press and TV really publicized it. Every white “civic leader” that was hated by the Negroes gave out statements denouncing the boycott. The night before, the *Bulldog* edition of the *Chicago Tribune* carried a front-page banner headline, “SCHOOL BOYCOTT TODAY.” It appeared again in the morning. You couldn’t buy that kind of publicity for a million dollars. So the school boycott was a success because the status quo lived up to our expectations.

To go back a bit further, it was really the status quo that helped us organize Woodlawn in the first place. Because of the way they had been handling their urban-renewal program the University of Chicago was bitterly hated by nearly every leader in Woodlawn. So the University of Chicago could have ruined us by simply issuing a statement endorsing me as one of their “illustrious” alumni. In that case nobody in Woodlawn would have had anything to do with me. But when the University is concerned about its real estate, or when professors are concerned about their status—they are just pieces of the status quo and they act that way. So they attacked me and all the papers blasted the hell out of me. This was wonderful for a lot of reasons. One of my problems in Woodlawn was my white skin, but after the papers attacked me a lot of Woodlawn people began saying, “If those big fat-cat downtown white papers are calling Alinsky a dangerous, no-good son of a bitch, then he must be all right.”

We’ve been going through the same kind of experience with the “enlightened” press of Rochester.

The city of Rochester has a lot to learn. The most important lesson is that people don’t get opportunity or freedom or equality or dignity as a gift or an act of charity. They only get these things in the act of taking them through their own efforts. Nearly every American city still needs to learn the same thing.



A piece of status quo

That’s why the Poverty Program is turning into a prize piece of political pornography. It’s a huge political pork barrel, and a feeding trough for the welfare industry, surrounded by sanctimonious, hypocritical, phony, moralistic crap. For instance, in Chicago one of our top Poverty officials is dragging down \$22,500 and before that he was making 14 grand. That’s what I call really helping the poor. Directors of the Baby City Halls which are called “Urban Progress Centers” are getting about \$12,400. Before that they were averaging between \$8,000 and \$9,000. A police detective who was making \$7,000 is now a Credit Education Consultant (you figure out what that means) and he is getting \$10,000. People like that really know right down to the guts of their billfold what Johnson means by The Great Society. Across the country, City Halls have their Committees on Economic Opportunity to identify what they call positive and negative programs and leaders. Positive means you do whatever City Hall tells you to do and negative means you are so subversive that you think for yourself.

On top of that, with all that dough they go in and suffocate the opposition with payoffs, rentals, jobs, and other kinds of legalistic bribery. For instance, they’ll go into a church where there’s a Negro minister with some good potential for leadership. But he’s having a hard struggle with his monthly budget, his mortgage payments, with this and that. They’ll walk in and say, “Look, Reverend, we’re going to operate a reading class, or preschool tutoring, and we’d like to rent your premises, if you can spare them”—the damn thing’s empty most of the time anyway—“for two or three hundred dollars a month rent.” This is really manna from heaven. Well, the minute he makes that rental deal, bye-bye Reverend. From now on he’s out of the picture as far as the movement goes.

In one Eastern city there’s a Poverty Mobility Project. You want to know what that is? A settlement house gets \$83,000 out of the poverty program. So they take two social workers who were making about \$7,000 apiece and kick them up to \$8,000. That immediately saves the settlement’s budget \$14,000. You know, graft has many faces and the most nauseous of all is the “dedicated one.” Then, of course, when you get two social workers together you have to have a coordinator. He gets about \$12,500. That leaves you \$54,500 for the Mobility Project. Now, we get down to the bone. The Mobility Project is for any poor slob in a slum neighborhood who wants to go to City Hall to register a beef, or to the County Hospital, or somewhere else. So they send

out one of these high-salaried human Seeing Eye dogs, to escort him there. It would be much too simple to have the party get into a taxicab and say, "Take me to City Hall"—taxi drivers know where things are, including a lot of places social workers wouldn't know about.

Do you know what being poor means? It's not very complicated. It means not having any money. One of the best poverty programs I ever heard of was in a little Italian village. One of the natives came to America and made a lot of money. He outlived all his relatives. So when he died he left all his money to his hometown. Well the mayor and the priest and a lot of their other wise men got together and tried to figure out what to do with this inheritance. In the end they decided just to divide it up and distribute it equally to everyone in the village. It came to about six or seven hundred dollars apiece. That was twenty years ago, or more. The last time I was in Europe I made a special trip to that village to find out what happened afterward. I talked to the priest and the mayor and a lot of local people. They used that money to open up little shops, or to move north to Milan or Bologna—to get away from southern Italy, which makes Appalachia look like the Gold Coast. Their lives were changed by the simple fact that they stopped being poor.

Now I'm not suggesting that the American poor sit around waiting for somebody like that Italian Santa Claus. Things don't happen that way very often in real life. The only way the poor are going to get what they need is through strong, militant organizations of their own.

This kind of organization can be built only if people are working together for real, attainable objectives. For instance, in Woodlawn, when we organized our first school boycotts three years ago, they were for very concrete objectives—for toilet paper in the schools, for better books and so forth. Basically people aren't concerned with abstract ideals. Sure Negro parents are for a desegregated school system but, damn it, what they primarily want is to have a better-quality school right now, whether it is around the corner, whether it is segregated or not. Now it's true that they are also very much opposed to segregation in any form. But this is a more remote objective, which is probably not going to be achieved during the school lifetime of their children, who may be in the fifth or sixth grade. They'll lend moral support to the idea of desegregation. But the issue that will bring them out into meetings and into vigorous action, is to have

something done about the schools which their children go to right now. Of course, this kind of approach presents a danger. One can unwittingly fall into the trap of separate-but-equal. As a matter of fact today, many white communities would be glad to make Negro schools more than equal—of better quality than their own—if only the Negroes would stay in their own communities and stop this constant pressure. This struggle has to be fought on two fronts at once.

A mass organization must be built on many different issues—housing, jobs, schools, consumer prices, representation and power at the decision-making centers, health, crime and every other aspect of life that affects the welfare and future of the local people and their children.

When there are many different objectives there is constant daily activity and a sense of purpose and action and victory. People begin trading for each other's support, and alliances are formed between groups. One says to the other, "My number-one interest is desegregation of the schools, and your number-one interest is getting rid of the dope pushers, and you over there, your number-one interest is that you're sick and tired of being bulldozed out of neighborhood after neighborhood on this urban renewal which doesn't benefit you. Well, I need your help to desegregate the schools, and you need my help to get rid of the dope pushers, and to make urban renewal a decent program for the poor as well as the others. So, let's make a deal. I'll support each one of you, and you support me." This is the stuff of which organization is made.

A big problem of the civil-rights movement is that it has been built on just one issue, so it has enlisted only people to whom civil rights is the paramount value. This is why there have been periods of inactivity and times when the leaders became the captives of the issue and its tactics rather than the masters of power strategy on a broad front. Civil-rights groups have repeatedly found themselves compelled to demonstrate, not so much because a particular situation demanded



"Take me to City Hall!"

action but because action, *any* action, was essential to keep the organizations alive. Now voting rights is a big thing in Mississippi and an organization could stay alive on it. But CORE, for instance, was just a minor stockholder in Mississippi, and that's the reason CORE was demonstrating up North last summer. They had to. But you cannot build a movement on just one issue.

It requires a certain degree of sophistication in terms of tactics to organize a community and some of the younger civil-rights leaders don't have it. It's like putting kids into a lion's cage. They know about as much as a social worker who's taken a couple of courses in what they call CO or Community Org. Every time I hear that phrase it evokes a huge Freudian fantasy.

The problem with those kids is that they always want the third act—the resolution, the big drama. They want to skip the first act, the second act, the tediousness, the listening. Actually you do more organizing with your ears than with your tongue.

Any social surgery requires the scalpel of a strong, disciplined, vital organization, which will maintain its form and force over an extended period of time.

The Achilles' Heel of the civil-rights movement is the fact that it has not developed into a stable, disciplined, mass-based power organization. This needs to be said out loud. Many of the significant victories that have been won in civil rights were not the result of mass power strategy. They were caused by the impact of world political pressures, the incredibly stupid blunders of the status quo in the South and elsewhere and the supporting climate created particularly by the churches. Without the ministers, priests, rabbis, and nuns I wonder who would have been in the Selma march. The tragedy is that the gains that have been made have given many civil-rights spokesmen the illusion that they have the kind of organization and power they need. Self-deception like this is easy to under-

stand. But the truth is that the civil-rights organizations today are minuscule in actual size and power. Periodic mass euphoria around a charismatic leader is not an organization. It's just the initial stages of agitation.

Belatedly many civil-rights leaders have been rudely awakened to this situation. It remains to be seen whether they have the skill, sensitivity, and above all the infinite patience they will need.

I think the civil-rights people are moving faster and deeper in the South than in the North even though it doesn't seem that way. The segregated practices in the South are a kind of public butchery. It's visible. There's bleeding all over the place. Up here we use a stiletto, it's internal bleeding, it's not visible, but it's just as deadly. Here, however, we have courts, we can operate within the law. Down South, Dr. King is using the only possible tactic. In Mississippi and Alabama the law is a mockery; it's the closest thing to what it was under the Nazis. When you can commit murder with impunity, and you can't get a conviction, there's no law.

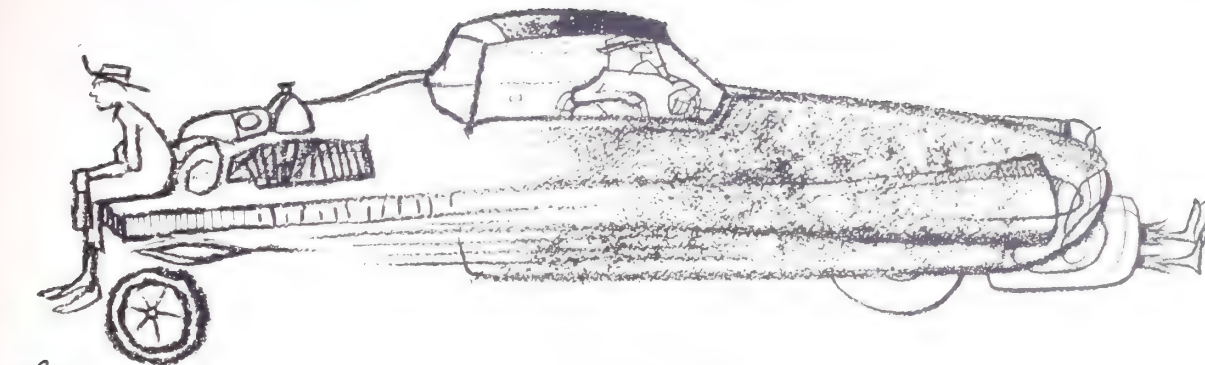
In the North you need more sophisticated tactics. Take a thing like the Christmas boycott of department stores they tried last year. Now the public today has developed a degree of immunity to picket lines—they make you a little uncomfortable but that's about all. So instead of picketing all the stores, they should have chosen just one. Now, say you're out shopping. You look at the picket line and don't even consciously think about it. But it's so much easier to cross the street where there's another store, with the same merchandise, the same prices, and no picket line. So you go across the street. What compels the first store to come to terms is not the picket line, but the increasing volume of business of its competitor. Competition is a wonderful thing.

This winter I attended an Aspen seminar, where one guy from IBM was talking about automation. All I could think of as I was listening to him was: These computers are going to put our society in a beautiful, vulnerable spot. Just equip all the people in a community with little punchers that make the same mark that Con Edison's bills have on them. Then you can say either you desegregate or we punch a hole in your cards. Those things are up for grabs, the more mechanized a society becomes.

I want to get one thing very clear. I do not do what a lot of liberals and a lot of civil-rights crusaders do. I do not in any way glorify the poor. I do not think that people are specially just

Far from the scene of conflict





Osborn

... When the have-nots turn into the haves ...

or charitable or noble because they're unemployed and live in crummy housing and see their kids without any kind of future and feel the weight of every indignity that society can throw at them, sophisticatedly or nakedly. Too often I've seen the have-nots turn into haves and become just as crummy as the haves they used to envy. Some of the fruit ranchers in California steam around in Cadillacs and treat the Mexican-American field hands like vermin. Know who those bastards are? They're the characters who rode West in Steinbeck's trucks, in *The Grapes of Wrath*.

I also want to say that even though I sound antiliberal I'm really not. The trouble with my liberal friends—and I have a lot of them—is that their moral indignation and sense of commitment vary inversely with their distance from the scene of conflict. It's like poker. You'll never find them staying till the deal's called; they'll drop out after the second card.

But I don't mean to minimize their function. I really don't. I think the agitation of the white liberals through the years prepared the climate for the reformation which you have to have before you can have a revolution. You understand I don't consider revolution a nasty bloody word.* To me evolution is a chronological term for a time-span in which general changes have occurred. But the changes were caused by a series of revolutions. There is no evolution without revolutions. And there are no revolutions without conflict. And this is the line which separates liberals from radicals. A liberal is a guy who walks out of the room when a discussion turns into a fight. Of course I have to admit a lot of radicals are ex-liberals.

I can sit down and talk with sophisticated leaders in business, religion, politics, and labor without any trouble. But I have an enormous

problem communicating with the academic liberals—particularly the social scientists. I'm not talking about the sociologists who have creative, seminal minds like Riesman or Robert Ezra Park. I'm talking about the ones who are just sort of electronic breathing accessories to computers. They suffer from verbal diarrhea and mental constipation—I don't know any other way to describe it politely.

The trouble with most academicians is that if you're not down in the arena you make grave errors of judgment. So many tactics on the scene of action aren't planned or engineered. Often they're irrational. They just happen. I train our people to be comfortable and rational in dealing with irrational circumstances. I tell them, "You never have the best course of action. You always have to pick the least bad."

This is a strange new world to the academician. He is used to talking about dualism and singularity and the ethics of ends and means. Actually there's no issue on which there has been less reflective thinking than this business of means and ends. The real question has never been: Does the end justify the means? The real question is and always has been: *Does this particular end justify these particular means?* For instance, I'm not justified in getting into a car and violating the traffic laws and maybe killing someone to keep an appointment with a guy downtown on whom a hundred thousand dollars is riding, maybe my own economic survival. But if somebody next to me has a coronary, then I am justified in rolling at eighty miles an hour to a hospital. And if a cop stops me and I tell him what's what, he is going to get in front of the car with his motorcycle and turn on his siren and help me get there.

Mark Twain once said that an ethical man was a Christian holding four aces. If you've got that you can afford to be ethical. The ethics of means involves a lot of things, such as who is the judge, the times, and whether you're winning or losing.

* Mr. Alinsky's next book will be *Rules for Revolution*, to be published by Random House in 1966.

*Ethical man*

Let's take the bomb. Let's go back to December 10, 1941, three days after Pearl Harbor, when we were completely disarmed, we had no Navy, we were worried about an invasion and bombing on the West Coast. Suppose FDR had gone on the air to say, "We have just developed a nuclear weapon and we propose to use it on Japan. Truth and justice will triumph." The people would have cheered. There wouldn't have been any ethical arguments. But by 1945, it was all over but the

shouting. It was just a question of do we kill them this way or that way. We were holding four aces, we were holding twenty aces. We hadn't even started moving our troops and Air Force over from the Atlantic theater yet, because we didn't have to. Then the bomb became an ethical question.

The position you're holding has a lot to do with ethics. I remember one time I was standing in front of a tomb in Westminster Abbey. And the inscription is about a great hero of the Empire, Major André. So I think, "For godsake, that guy was a rotten spy son of a bitch." Suddenly I realized: I'm in England. He may have been this to me, but in England he was a great hero. This is not a simple deal.

I've never treated anyone with reverence. And that goes for top business magnates and top figures in the church. Some people call my irreverence rudeness and they think it's a deliberate technique. This isn't so. I believe irreverence should be part of the democratic faith because in a free society everyone should be questioning and challenging. If I had to put up a religious symbol the way some people have crucifixes, or stars of David, my symbol would be the question mark. A question mark is a plowshare turned upside down. It plows your mind so that thoughts and ideas grow.

So-called power institutions get away with a lot because they're not challenged. You see, power is not just what the status quo has, it is more in what we may think it has. It may have ten soldiers but if we think it has a thousand soldiers, then for all practical purposes the status quo has a thousand soldiers. Rarely do they have the power we think they have and it's amazing what happens when you just suddenly stand up and say, "Who do you think you are?" I had a showdown on this once in Los Angeles with Cardinal McIntyre.

This was in '49 or '50 and an organization

that I'd worked with—Mexican-Americans—had elected a city councilman who refused to take the loyalty oath. McIntyre was newly arrived in Los Angeles then, and he indicated ominous times for anybody who opposed the loyalty oath. I went in to see him. In substance I said, "Look, I've been around a long time, and I'm not one of these liberals who sees the Catholic Church as a big, powerful, monolithic operation. I know what you can do and I know what you can't do. If you want to go to the mat on this, okay, let's go. We'll be glad to take you on."

The upshot was that McIntyre backed off completely.

Sometimes I'm asked about the danger of a demagogue—a dictator, a Huey Long—taking over one of our organizations. Isn't this a big risk? Actually it isn't. It's never happened in all our experience—going back twenty-five years. There are several reasons. For one thing a demagogue can only flourish in a vacuum—like Hitler. But when people are actively involved in an organization that is moving, that gives them hope for the future, a Hitler has no chance. Then too, when there is really wide participation, there is a lot of jealousy about status, everyone is watching everyone else, it's hard for anyone to push out in front—he'd be pulled back by the others. We used to be quite concerned about the danger of a demagogue but we don't worry about it anymore.

What I do worry about these days is the Radical Right—specifically the John Birch Society. I've gotten into some situations where these people have really let their hair down and they are as viciously anti-Semitic and anti-Negro as the Nazis. One of their top organizers on the West Coast told me the only thing wrong with Hitler was that he let some of the Jews get away.

Now let's not underestimate this operation. It's growing. In a way this is a consequence of the bomb. But the problem isn't what the liberals are talking about or what the peace-movement people are talking about. I'm not really worried that somebody will push a button tomorrow. What we're up against is this:

Very few people, relatively speaking, grow up—mature. They live in the kind of world they would like it to be rather than the world as it is. Now the chief difference between these two worlds is that in the one we would like it to be problems get solved. The Prince and Princess get married and live happily ever after. But the real world isn't like this. Every time you resolve a

problem, you create others in the process of resolution. Even in the most successful individual psychotherapy, the analyst doesn't remove your problems; you learn how to live with them, how to handle them.

Now ever since the world began, war has provided people with the illusion of solving problems. Of course six or eight months afterward someone will say, "For God's sake, I thought we fought a war to settle that one." But while the war was happening there always seemed to be a winner and a loser.

The one big thing the bomb has done is to take away war as a solution. And it's hard for people who are not very mature to accept the kind of world where problems no longer get solved. That's what the Goldwater business was about. People can't stand this kind of world.

Let's not kid ourselves because of what happened in the last election. They couldn't have gotten themselves a more inept jerk than Goldwater as the candidate. But imagine if they'd had somebody with some finesse, with some ability, who didn't provide Johnson with a lot of issues (defoliation, dropping the bomb, and all the rest of that stuff), saying one thing and then denying it.

This ever-deepening frustration provides a huge tinderbox for the Radical Right. I think this mood is what causes incidents like the thirty—or more—New Yorkers who didn't bother to call the police while a girl was murdered within earshot. We had a situation like that in Los Angeles, too. This is withdrawal—the world's gotten to be too damn much; we don't know what the hell to do with it. So what do you do? You've got all these escape mechanisms, you've got a twenty-two-inch cell in a TV set to crawl into. But even there you're hit by the difference between the world as you'd like it to be and as it is. All evening on

TV you can watch plays where all the good guys win and the bad guys get killed. Then you come to the ten o'clock newscast and you're punched right into the real world where the good guys get killed.

We've got a little house near Carmel, which is really a Brigadoon fantasy place where people go to get away from everything. Well, for years radio station KRML gave Carmel a special morning news report called the sunshine news, only the good news! And boy, they had to stretch to get it.

This middle-class, Madison Avenue hygienic approach to life is frightening. We're in danger of being chloroformed out of the American way of life because we're afraid of controversy. Nobody wants to be different. It's a worse threat than the bomb. We'll do it our way, with huge sleeping tablets. So we'll all die peacefully in bed. But what the hell difference does it make? When you die, you die, you know.

One thing we instill in all our organizations is that old Spanish Civil War slogan: "Better to die on your feet than to live on your knees."

Social scientists don't like to think in these terms. They would rather talk about politics being a matter of accommodation; a cooperative search for the common good; negative self-interest versus public-regarding ethos; consensus—and not this conflict business. This is typical academic drivel. How do you have consensus before you have conflict? There has to be a rearrangement of power and then you get consensus.

My liberal academic friends also like to talk about automation and millions of school dropouts who are unemployable and a contracting economy and the uncertainties of the international situation, and so forth. Now I don't know what the consequences of all these things will be and nobody else seems to. But I do know one simple thing—regardless of what the situation is, people will not be able to do anything constructive, anything in the true democratic spirit for themselves, unless they have the power to cope with the situation whatever it may be and whenever it occurs. So I'm just holding at that point. Just build the organization and cross each bridge as we come to it.

If man has opportunity and the power to use that opportunity, then I'll bet on him to cross any bridge, no matter how tough or seemingly hopeless it may look. As a matter of fact, I've already bet my life on it.





Ladies and Gentlemen

A story by Muriel Spark

Past the Cathedral, past the "Fighting Cocks" which will not be open till six, past the ice-cream stand, past the mill-race, past the lake which was once a monastic fish-pond, they come. June Flinders is her name, Bill Dobson his. St. Albans on the ancient site of Verulam is the place. Arm in arm they advance toward us.

In reality, it happened a year ago. I am glad it is in the past.

Miss Flinders was still a student at a university in the north of England. Mr. Dobson was a teacher of domestic science at a technical college in the midlands. They had met at a holiday course. Yes, there was a Mrs. Dobson but she was as far from their thoughts as the end of this tale is from yours.

They dallied awhile by the mill-race, leaning over the bridge. A cow came down and stepped daintily into the water farther up where the river was calm. Silent and patient as a tree standing in its own shadow, she stood and accepted the cool water about her feet. Where the stream broke up noisily at the mill-race a few barefoot boys were playing. Neither June nor Bill were fond of children, but they felt pleasantly inclined towards these boys. Because they were two together, illicitly, and in secret, a

sentiment of indulgence entered their hearts and caused them to buy five threepenny cones at the kiosk, and distribute them among the children.

The boys took the ice-creams and deserted the mill-stream right away. Either they did not want to be watched or they felt that the cones were a hint for them to move off.

"Don't go, boys," said Bill. But that finished it. They recognised the teacher in him, and went.

"It must be funny," said June, "suddenly inheriting a fortune."

He was glad she had opened the subject. There was something he wanted to tell her.

"I couldn't believe it," he said, "at first."

"I'm sure," said June.

"I showed Maisie the letter. Maisie couldn't believe it," he said, "at first."

A look of sad reflection overcame June's face. Maisie was Bill's wife and June felt sad and reflective whenever she was mentioned. Moreover, this expression was one to which June was adapted by nature. She wore her light hair parted in the middle and drawn back in a bun, and she had rather a long white nose, and you will understand how the dolorous look fitted in with the whole.

She pursued the subject, however.

"It will make it easier when we break the news," said June.

"Yes," he replied eagerly, "that's the important thing about the money. Maisie won't be dependent upon me, now or later."

"As a matter of fact, June," he said, "I have left her the lot in my will. I'm sure you will agree, that's the best thing in the circumstances. But of course we shall have enough to live on, June. Only, I thought it only right, June, to leave her the lot in my will. It will make it easier when we break the news."

"The lot?" said June.

"Yes," said Bill. "It will make it easier for us, you see."

"It's a great deal of money," said June.

"The tax would come off it, the death duties," he said pacifically. "But we've got our life ahead of us, and who knows who will die first?"

"Don't let's talk about it," he added.

"Let's live and make the most of it," he added.

Bill was forty-two. To June, who was eighteen, he did not seem to have his life ahead of him. But then, she was in love with Bill, surely that was all that mattered. His ways were almost exactly like the ways of the Professor of Botany, with this exception, that Bill had run away with her and the Professor of Botany had not and never would.

It worried June that Bill had not made a clean break with his wife. Indeed, Maisie knew nothing about her husband's romance, and fancied he was gone to give a series of lectures.

"I wish you had made a clean break with Maisie," said June. "I always hate deception in cases like this."

"Why," said Bill, "have you done it before?"

"Oh no," said June swiftly, "I just meant that I always hate deception."

June had not done it before. This worried her. They had left their luggage in the hotel bedroom. Bill had signed "Mr. and Mrs. Dobson" in the book. Suppose he ceased to want to live with her always? Suppose he only wanted her for one thing? If he only wanted her for *that*, it would explain why he had not told Maisie. It would be too late afterwards. What a muddle!

"I always hate deception," June repeated.

"I thought we should see how we get on together before doing anything final," Bill was careless enough to say.

"So you are not going to leave her in any case!" said June.

"You said it was all over between you in any case," said June.

"It is," said Bill. "It is."

"Bill," she said, "will you do something for me?"

"Of course," he said.

"Just for tonight," she said, "I'd rather we didn't—I'd prefer not to—I mean let's not—"

June sought round in her mind for the correct phrase. She was anxious to convey her meaning without seeming either coarse or prim. With relief she lit on the words she had read in the papers.

"I would rather intimacy did not take place tonight," she said.

Bill looked put out. There were some very surprising elements in June.

"Don't you want to stop at the hotel?" he said.

"Oh yes," said June impatiently, "but I'd rather we *waited*. Don't you see. It's a very important and big thing for me."

"Tomorrow night, though," she added, with a searching look at Bill.

"That's all right," said Bill, who was still a bit bewildered. "If you don't want to come across with it—"

"I mean," he said, checking himself, "if you would rather wait, my dear, then naturally I will respect your wishes."

"I hope," he said, warming to the idea, "I hope that I am man enough for that. And I love you very dearly, June."

June felt relieved. She would have liked to go on about the final break with Maisie, but she thought it wiser to wait.

"Let's go and see the old Roman wall," she suggested.

She had thought it wiser to wait before mentioning Maisie again. However, she was only eighteen and very excited.

"I'm only eighteen and very excited, what with it all," she told herself.

In a few seconds she was back on the subject of Maisie.

"Have you made a settlement on Maisie?" she enquired. "Because I hope you will make her a small income. Have you done that?"

"Yes," said Bill.

"Sufficient for her needs?" said June. "They can't be much, she hasn't any children."

"Yes," said Bill.

The most recent of Muriel Spark's seven novels is "The Girls of Slender Means." Born in Edinburgh, Miss Spark lives in London but spends the winter months in New York. She also writes poetry, criticism, and plays and has been editor of "The Poetry Review."

June was longing to ask "How much?" She was thinking of the best way to frame this question when Bill spoke again.

"I must remember to send a fiver to my old cousin Leonard. He lives near this place, in fact. At Bricket Wood."

"Who is he?" said June. "Oh, I hope we shan't meet him."

"Don't worry." Bill laughed. "He wouldn't recognise me. He's been simple all his life. He lives all alone, poor old chap."

"I daresay he gets the old-age pension now," Bill mused on. "Still, I must get Maisie to send him a fiver, now I can afford it."

"Why Maisie?" said June. "Can't you do it yourself?"

"I don't know his address," said Bill. "Maisie knows it. She has kept up with him. Out of charity, you know."

"Maisie has got her better side," Bill said, stopping in the pathway to stress his point. "I'll say that for her, darling."

"Oh, everyone's got their good side," said June, looking at him anxiously. "But she sounds a terror otherwise."

"Yes," said Bill. "I'm afraid she is a terror. But I'm going to buy my freedom now, at last."

"Come on," he said, "let's go and look at the Roman wall."

He took a few paces forward and stopped.

"Stop," he said.

About fifty yards ahead, on the left side of the path facing the lake, was a bench. It was placed on a small raised bank under a hawthorn. A man and a woman were seated on the bench. Owing to the bending sprays of hawthorn, it was impossible to see their faces properly.

"That looks like Maisie," he said.

"I'm not sure," he said. "Don't move, dear. Let's wait a moment."

"Oh, no!" she said. "Oh, Bill!" she said, "I'm going back to the town."

"Don't be silly," he said. "I'm not at all certain it is Maisie. It just looks a bit like her. I can't quite see the face. But I'm certain she never comes here."

"Maybe she has come to see your old cousin," said June. "Oh, let me get back, quick."

"That's possible," said Bill. "It might be old Leonard with her there. But I'm sure she would have told me she was coming."

"I'm going," said June.

"No. Wait here. Don't panic," said Bill. "I'll find out."



"It might all get into the papers," said June.
"My name and all."

"It won't get into the papers," said Bill.

Alas, however, it got into the papers.

But I anticipate. In their present predicament, Bill kept his head.

"Wait here," he repeated. "I'll skirt round that wooden hut and get a look at their faces. I'll soon see if the woman is Maisie or not."

I daresay that even if you know the place you will not remember the wooden hut. It is a modest building situated on the lake side of the path, about halfway between the mill-race and the bench where the couple were seated. It is a building less crude than it looks. Perhaps it was built to look rustic, with its rough overlaid planks. It is lined with brick.

All round this simple structure is a narrow space fenced off with wavy wire. You may enter this enclosure at either end, accordingly as you are a Gentleman or a Lady. These two ends are separated by a shaky fence.

It is doubtful if Bill noticed this. In any case, he went in at the right end, and passing the wooden door marked Gentlemen, began to skirt round the building with his eyes fixed on the bench.

He could not make out their faces. Keeping close to the wooden walls he passed under the Gentlemen's windows. Still he could not see the couple on the bench. The hawthorn tree was still in the way. If, at first, he had observed what the building was, he had by now forgotten it. He was intent on seeing the occupants of that bench.

It took him three movements to climb over the wire separating the two ends of the enclosure. A second, and he was under the windows of the Ladies.

Nearer, nearer, he creeps. Yes—it is Maisie! But, is it? No. She has no hat on. Maisie always wears a hat. It is not Maisie. But look—she is holding her hat! Yes, and isn't that old Leonard there beside her, with his mouth wide open?

To make quite certain, Bill started to heave himself up onto the sagging wire. He gripped the ledge of one of the Ladies' windows; he placed his hand on the ledge of another Ladies' window. Thus poised, he turned and got a clear view of the bench. It *was* Maisie! It occurred to him how like June she looked; older of course. Yes, and that was Leonard sitting all slack and silly beside her!

Thus poised, he surveyed them, calculating his retreat with June. They had better leave the town. No one would see them. Thus poised, he

signalled to June; and thus it was that they caught him.

Advance warning of the ensuing disturbance came with a fanfare of outraged shrieks from inside the building. There was a splash followed by a child's loud yell.

"Hold him!" said a thin wiry woman, rushing out of the Ladies, "the dirty Peeping Tom, the swine!"

She got hold of Bill's feet, and with the aid of two passing girls who laid down their bicycles for the purpose, floored him.

June turned and started to run for it.

"Wait here, you!" shouted the wiry woman.
"Stop her, someone. She's a witness."

A middle-aged couple caught at June, who did not resist.

"I know nothing about it," she said.

"I saw nothing," she said.

"Didn't you?" said the thin woman. "Well, I did."

"So did I," said one of the girls. "He was peeping into the Ladies. Broad daylight, too."

"Low!" said the middle-aged man. "I call it low. You hold him down while I get a policeman."

Three more women had emerged from the Ladies, a-tremble with the fuss. One woman held a little girl under her arm, and with her other arm she wielded her handbag, landing it on Bill's upturned face.

"Let me get up," cried Bill, "I can explain!"

"Yes, you sneaky peeper," said the mother of the wailing child. "You'll explain all right. You wait till my hubby hears of this."

"Ask my friend there," gasped Bill, pointing to June.

"Your friend!" said a pretty young girl in riding clothes who had been inside the Ladies. "If she's your friend, she's for it too. Part of the game, she is, I'll bet."

"With a face like hers," added the girl inconsequently.

"I didn't see anything," said June helplessly.

Bill managed to lean up on his elbows. The thin woman was sitting firmly on his legs. His feet were being secured by the child's mother.

As Bill saw the policeman approach, so also did he see Maisie arise from the bench. Curious about the little crowd which had gathered, Maisie ambled in her familiar casual way, over to where he was lying. Behind her shuffled Leonard, shaking his head a little.

Suddenly, Maisie's nonchalant stride ceased, as if brakes had been jammed on inside her.

"Bill!" she said.

"This," she informed the crowd haughtily, "is



my husband. Is he ill? Make way for me if you please."

"Oh, is he?" said the wiry woman. "Well, he's been up to his tricks, the back-door squinter."

June made one more attempt to retreat.

"You stop right there," said the girl in riding clothes.

The policeman arrived. "Stand up," he said to Bill.

It was a very distressing case. The mother of the small girl was the chief witness for the Prosecution.

"I was out for a walk with my little girl," she said in the witness-box, "and she wanted to go. I was holding her out when suddenly I saw the face of the accused at the window."

"I am afraid," she added, "that the shock was too much for me. I let go of Betty and poor little thing, she went right in."

"Was the child hurt?" enquired the magistrate.

"Well, there's nothing to actually see," said the mother. "But it can't be good for a child, a thing like that."

If it had been left to the other witnesses, the Prosecution might perhaps have lost the case.

The girl in riding clothes let them down by saying she had only gone in to tidy up when she saw Bill at the window.

The thin woman had only been putting her stockings straight when she saw Bill at the window.

No one would say what they were really doing when they saw Bill at the window. Not that it made much difference. Peeping is peeping, no matter what you see. Still, they were glad of the mother of Betty to make a clear case of it.

The magistrate spoke severely to Maisie, being under the impression that she was June. This was not surprising, because with her fair hair parted in the middle and pulled back into a bun, Maisie looked remarkably like her rival, as do so many women whose men cannot really escape from them, but seek the same person in other arms.

When the magistrate was put right as to the mistaken identity, he spoke severely to June.

"You come to this town with another woman's husband and condone his offence," he said.

"You even attempted to impersonate," he added, "this good, this honest woman."

Bill was fined £10 with an option of three weeks.

June emigrated to Australia to forget. Maisie went to the hairdresser without telling a soul, and had her hair style changed in favour of something softer. Bill went to his lawyer without telling a soul and had his will changed in favour of his simple cousin Leonard.

History by the Ounce

by Barbara W. Tuchman

The author of "The Guns of August" gives some clues on the writing of history—an art combining the fascination of a treasure hunt with the hazards of a minefield.

At a party given for its reopening last year, the Museum of Modern Art in New York served champagne to five thousand guests. An alert reporter for the *Times*, Charlotte Curtis, noted that there were eighty cases which, she informed her readers, amounted to 960 bottles or 7,680 three-ounce drinks. Somehow through this detail the Museum's party at once becomes alive; a fashionable New York occasion. One sees the crush, the women eyeing each other's clothes, the exchange of greetings, and feels the gratifying sense of elegance and importance imparted by champagne—even if, at one and a half drinks per person, it was not on an exactly riotous scale. All this is conveyed by Miss Curtis' detail. It is, I think, the way history as well as journalism should be written. It is what Pooh-Bah, in *The Mikado*, meant when, telling how the victim's head stood on its neck and bowed three times to him at the execution of Nanki-poo, he added that this was "corroborative detail intended to give artistic

verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Not that Miss Curtis' narrative was either bald or unconvincing; on the contrary, it was precise, factual, and a model in every way. But what made it excel, made it vivid and memorable, was her use of corroborative detail.

Pooh-Bah's statement of the case establishes him in my estimate as a major historian or, at least, as the formulator of a major principle of historiography. True, he invented his corroborative detail, which is cheating if you are a historian and fiction if you are not; nevertheless what counts is his recognition of its importance. He knew that it supplies verisimilitude, that without it a narrative is bald and unconvincing. Neither he nor I, of course, discovered the principle; historians have for long made use of it beginning with Thucydides, who insisted on details of topography, "the appearance of cities and localities, the description of rivers and harbors, the peculiar features of seas and countries and their relative distances." I know exactly what he means by that reference to relative distances; it was the need to acquire a feel of them that led me to drive through Belgium and northern France before attempting to write about battles that took place there.

Corroborative detail is the great corrective. Without it historical narrative and interpretation, both, may slip easily into the invalid. It is a disciplinarian. It forces the historian who uses and respects it to cleave to the truth, or as much as he can find out of the truth. It keeps him from soaring off the ground into theories of his own invention. On those Toynbee heights the air is stimulating and the view is vast but people and houses down below are too small to be seen. However persuaded the historian may be of the validity of the theories he conceives, if they are not supported and illustrated by corroborative detail they are of no more value as history than Pooh-Bah's report of the imagined execution.

It is wiser, I believe, to arrive at theory by way of the evidence rather than the other way around, like Hegel and all the later Hegels; it saves one from being waylaid by that masked highwayman, the categorical imperative. It is more rewarding, in any case, to assemble the facts first and, in the process of arranging them in narrative form, to discover a theory or a historical generalization emerging of its own accord. This to me is the excitement, the built-in treasure hunt, of writing history. In the book I am working on now, which deals with the twenty-year period before 1914 (and the reader must

forgive me if all my examples are drawn from my own work but that, after all, is the thing one knows best), I have been writing about a moment during the Dreyfus Affair in France when on the day of the reopening of Parliament, everyone expected the Army to attempt a coup d'état. English observers predicted it, troops were brought into the capital, the Royalist pretender was summoned to the frontier, mobs hooted and rioted in the streets, but when the day had passed, nothing had happened; the Republic still stood. By this time I had assembled so much corroborative detail pointing to a coup d'état that I had to explain why it had not occurred. Suddenly I had to stop and think. After a while I found myself writing, "The Right lacked that necessary chemical of a coup—a leader. It had its small, if loud, fanatics but to upset the established government in a democratic country requires either foreign help or the stuff of a dictator." That is a historical generalization, I believe; a modest one to be sure, but my size. I had arrived at it out of the necessity of the material and felt immensely pleased and proud. These moments do not occur every day; sometimes no more than one a chapter, if that, but when they do they leave one with a lovely sense of achievement.

I am a disciple of the ounce because I mistrust history in gallon jugs whose purveyors are more concerned with establishing the meaning and purpose of history than with what happened. Is it necessary to insist on a purpose? No one asks the novelist why he writes novels or the poet what is his purpose in writing poems. The lilies of the field, as I remember, were not required to have a demonstrable purpose. Why cannot history be studied and written and read for its own sake, as the record of human behavior, the most fascinating subject of all? Insistence on a purpose turns the historian into a prophet—and that is another profession.

To return to my own: corroborative detail will not produce a generalization every time but it will often reveal a historical truth, besides keeping one grounded in historical reality. When I was investigating General Mercier, the Minister of War who was responsible for the original

condemnation of Dreyfus and who in the course of the Affair became the hero of the Right, I discovered that at parties of the *haut monde* ladies rose to their feet when General Mercier entered the room. That is the kind of detail which to me is worth a week of research. It illustrates the society, the people, the state of feeling at the time more vividly than anything I could write and in shorter space, too, which is an additional advantage. It epitomizes, it crystallizes, it visualizes. The reader can see it; moreover it sticks in his mind; it is memorable.

The same is true, verbally though not visually, of a statement by President Eliot of Harvard in 1896 in a speech on international arbitration, a great issue of the time. In this chapter I was writing about the founding tradition of the United States as an anti-militarist, anti-imperialist nation, secure within its own shores, having nothing to do with the wicked armaments and standing armies of Europe, setting an example of unarmed strength and righteousness. Looking for material to illustrate the tradition, I found in a newspaper report these words of Eliot, which I have not seen quoted by anyone else: "The building of a navy," he said, "and the presence of a large standing army mean the abandonment of what is characteristically American. . . . The building of a navy and particularly of battleships is English and French policy. It should never be ours."

How superb that is! Its assurance, its conviction, its Olympian authority—what does it not reveal of the man, the time, the idea? In those words I saw clearly for the first time the nature and quality of the American anti-militarist tradition, of what has been called the American dream—it was a case of detail not merely corroborating but revealing an aspect of history.

"Bald and Unconvincing"

The absence of corroborative detail when one is looking for it can be very irritating. Describing William Howard Taft, Governor General of the Philippines at that time, I did not want merely to write that he was a very large, very fat man, a general statement which could apply to any oversize person. I wanted to be able to write specifically that he was six foot so-many inches tall and weighed 280 or 290—or whatever it was—pounds. Stated in figures a weight becomes visible and besides would give more impact to the story about Taft's telegram to Elihu Root after an illness, saying that he had been out

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horseback riding and was feeling fine, to which Root wired back, "How is the horse feeling?" Nowhere, however, in Taft's biography, a large two-volume work by Henry Pringle, who won the Pulitzer Prize for his life of Theodore Roosevelt, could I find any statement of Taft's weight. It may appear that I am making a fuss here over nothing but the point is that a weight of over 300 pounds (a figure that I found eventually in a magazine article after a prolonged hunt) is surely a major factor in a man's life, affecting his character, prospects, health, career, and personal relations. It is a fact which, it seems to me, a reader has a right to know.

Failing to know such details, one can be led astray. In 1890 Congress authorized the building of the first three American battleships, and, two years later, a fourth. Shortly thereafter, in 1895, this country plunged into a major quarrel with Great Britain, known as the Venezuelan crisis, in which there was much shaking of fists and chauvinist shrieking for war. Three years later we were at war with Spain. She was no longer a naval power equal to Britain, of course, but still not negligible. One would like to know what exactly was American naval strength at the time of both these crises. How many, if any, of the battleships authorized in 1890 were actually at sea five years later? When the jingoes were howling for war in 1895, what ships did we have to protect our coasts, much less to take the offensive? It seemed to me this was a piece of information worth knowing.

To my astonishment, on looking for the answer in textbooks on the period, I could not find it. The historians of America's rise to world power, of the era of expansion, of American foreign policy, or even of the Navy have not concerned themselves with what evidently seems to them an irrelevant detail. It was hardly irrelevant to policy makers of the time who bore the responsibility for decisions of peace or war. Text after text in American history is published every year, each repeating on this question more or less what his predecessor has said before, with no further enlightenment. To find the facts I finally had to write to the Director of Naval History at the Navy Department in Washington.

My point is not how many battleships we had on hand in 1895 and '98 (which I now know) but why this hard, physical fact was missing from the professional historians' treatment. "Bald and unconvincing," said Pooh-Bah of narrative without fact, a judgment in which I join.

When I come across a generalization or a general statement in history unsupported by

illustration I am instantly on guard; my reaction is, "Show me." If a historian writes that it was raining heavily on the day war was declared, that is a detail corroborating a statement, let us say, that the day was gloomy. But if he writes merely that it was a gloomy day without mentioning the rain, I want to know what is his evidence; what made it gloomy. Or if he writes, "The population was in a belligerent mood," or, "It was a period of great anxiety," he is indulging in general statements which carry no conviction to me if they are not illustrated by some evidence. I write for example that fashionable French society in the 1890s imitated the English in manners and habits. Imagining myself to be my own reader—a complicated fugue that goes on all the time at my desk—my reaction is of course, "Show me." The next sentence does. I write "*Le Grand Steeple* was held at Auteuil, *le Derby* at Long-champs, unwanted members were *blackboulé* at the Jockey Club, Charles Swann had 'Mr' engraved on his calling cards."

What the Kaiser Gave His Wife

Even if corroborative detail did not serve a valid historical purpose, its use makes a narrative more graphic and intelligible, more pleasurable to read, in short more readable. It assists communication, and communication is after all the major purpose. History written in abstract terms communicates nothing to me. I cannot comprehend the abstract and, since a writer tends to create the reader in his own image, I assume my reader cannot comprehend it either. No doubt I underestimate him. Certainly many serious thinkers write in the abstract and many people read them with interest and profit and even, I suppose, pleasure. I respect this ability but I am unable to emulate it.

My favorite visible detail in *The Guns of August*, for some inexplicable reason, is the one about the Grand Duke Nicholas who was so tall (six foot six) that when he established headquarters in a railroad car his aide pinned up a fringe of white paper over the doorway to remind him to duck his head. Why this insignificant item, after several years' work and cut of all the material crammed into a book of 450 pages, should be the particular one to stick most sharply in my mind I cannot explain, but it is. I was so charmed by the white paper fringe that I constructed a whole paragraph describing Russian headquarters at Baranovici in order to slip it in logically.

In another case the process failed. I had read that the Kaiser's birthday gift to his wife was the same every year: twelve hats selected by himself which she was obliged to wear. There you see the value of corroborative detail in revealing personality; this one is worth a whole book about the Kaiser—or even about Germany. It represents, however, a minor tragedy of *The Guns*, for I never succeeded in working it in at all. I keep my notes on cards and the card about the hats started out with those for the first chapter. Not having been used, it was moved forward to a likely place in Chapter 2, missed again, and continued on down through all the chapters until it emerged to a final resting place in a packet marked "Unused."

A detail about General Haig, equally revealing of personality or at any rate of contemporary customs and conditions in the British officer corps, did find a place. This was the fact that during the campaign in the Sudan in the 'nineties he had "a camel laden with claret" in the personal pack train that followed him across the desert. Besides being a vivid bit of social history the phrase itself, "a camel laden with claret," is a thing of beauty, a marvel of double and inner alliteration. That, however, brings up another whole subject, the subject of language, which needs an article of its own for adequate discussion.

Betrayed by Words

HAVING inadvertently reached it, I will only mention that the independent power of words to affect the writing of history is a thing to be watched out for. They have an almost frightening autonomous power to produce in the mind of the reader an image or idea that was not in the mind of the writer. Obviously, they operate this way in all forms of writing but history is particularly sensitive because one has a duty to be accurate, and careless use of words can leave a false impression one had not intended. Fifty per cent at least of the critics of *The Guns* commented on what they said was my exposé of the stupidity of the generals. Nothing of the kind was in my mind when I wrote. What I meant to convey was that the generals were in the trap of the circumstances, training, ideas, and national impulses of their time and their individual countries; that there but for the grace of God go we. I was not trying to convey stupidity but tragedy, fatality. Many reviewers understood this, clearly intelligent perceptive

persons (those who understand one always are), but too many kept coming up with that word "stupidity" to my increasing dismay.

This power of words to escape from a writer's control is a fascinating problem which, since it was not what I started out to discuss, I can only hint at here. One more hint before I leave it: for me the problem lies in the fact that the art of writing interests me as much as the art of history (and I hope it is not provocative to say that I think of history as an art, not a science). In writing I am seduced by the sound of words and by the interaction of their sound and sense. Recently, at the start of a paragraph I wrote, "Then occurred the intervention which irretrievably bent the twig of events." It was intended as a kind of signal to the reader. (Every now and then, in a historical narrative after one has been explaining a rather complicated background, one feels the need of waving a small red flag that says, "Wake up, Reader; something is going to happen.") Unhappily, after finishing the paragraph, I was forced to admit that the incident in question had *not* irretrievably bent the twig of events. Yet I hated to give up such a well-made phrase. Should I leave it in because it was good writing or take it out because it was not good history? History governed and it was lost to posterity (although, you notice, I have rescued it here). Words are seductive and dangerous material, to be used with caution. Am I writer first or am I historian? The old argument starts inside my head. Yet there need not always be dichotomy or dispute. The two functions need not be, in fact should not be, at war. The goal is fusion. In the long run the best writer is the best historian.

In quest of that goal I come back to the ounce. The most effective ounce of visual detail is that which indicates something of character or circumstance in addition to appearance. Careless clothes finished off by drooping white socks corroborate a description of Jean Jaurès as looking like the expected image of a labor leader. To convey both the choleric looks and temper and the cavalry officer's snobbism of Sir John French, it helps to write that he affected a cavalryman's stock in place of collar and tie, which gave him the appearance of being perpetually on the verge of choking.

The best corroborative detail I ever found concerned Lord Shaftesbury, the eminent Victorian social reformer, author of the Factory Act and child-labor laws, who appeared in my first book, *Bible and Sword*. He was a man, wrote a contemporary, of the purest, palest, stateliest exterior



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in Westminster, on whose classic head "every separate dark lock of hair seemed to curl from a sense of duty." For conveying both appearance and character of a man and the aura of his times, all in one, that line is unequaled.

Novelists have the advantage that they can invent corroborative detail. Wishing to portray, let us say, a melancholy introspective character, they make up physical qualities to suit. The historian must make do with what he can find, though he may sometimes point up what he finds by calling on a familiar image in the mental baggage of the reader. To say that General Joffre looked like Santa Claus instantly conveys a picture which struck me as peculiarly apt when I wrote it. I was thinking of Joffre's massive paunch, fleshy face, white moustache, and bland and benevolent appearance, and I forgot that Santa Claus wears a beard, which Joffre, of course, did not. Still, the spirit was right. One must take care to choose a recognizable image for this purpose. In my current book I have a melancholy and introspective character, Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister in 1895, a supreme, if far from typical, product of the British aristocracy, a heavy man with a curly beard and big, bald forehead of whom I wrote that he was called the Hamlet of English politics and looked like Karl Marx. I must say that I was really rather pleased with that phrase but my editor was merely puzzled. It developed that he did not know what Karl Marx looked like, so the comparison conveyed no image. If it failed its first test it would certainly not succeed with the average reader and so, sadly, I cut it out.

Rowboat Under Niagara

Sources of corroborative detail must of course be contemporary with the subject. Besides the usual memoirs, letters, and autobiographies, do not overlook novelists and newspapers. The inspired bit about the ladies rising to their feet for General Mercier comes from Proust as do many other brilliant details; for instance, that during the Affair ladies had "*A bas les juifs*" printed on their parasols. Proust is invaluable not only because there is so much of him but because it is all confined to a narrow segment of society which he knew personally and intimately; it is like a woman describing her own living room. On the other hand, another novel set in the same period, *Jean Barois* by Roger Martin du Gard, considered a major work of fiction on the Affair, gave me nothing I could use, perhaps because visual detail

—at least the striking and memorable detail—was missing. It was all talk and ideas, interesting, of course, but for source material I want something I can *see*. When you have read Proust you can see Paris of the 'nineties, horsecabs and lamplight, the clubman making his calls in white gloves stitched in black and a gray top hat lined in green leather.

Perhaps this illustrates the distinction between a major and a less gifted novelist which should hold equally true, I believe, for historians. Ideas alone are not flesh and blood. Too often, scholarly history is written in terms of ideas rather than acts; it tells what people wrote instead of what they performed. To write, say, a history of progressivism in America or of socialism in the era of the Second International by quoting the editorials, books, articles, speeches, and so forth of the leading figures is easy. They were the wordiest people in history. If, however, one checks what they said and wrote against what actually was happening, a rather different picture emerges. At present I am writing a chapter on the Socialists and I feel like someone in a small rowboat under Niagara. To find and hold onto anything hard and factual under their torrent of words is an epic struggle. I suspect the reason is that people out of power always talk more than those who have power. The historian must be careful to guard against this phenomenon—weight it, as the statisticians say—lest his result be unbalanced.

Returning to novels as source material, I should mention *The Edwardians* by V. Sackville-West, which gave me precise and authoritative information on matters on which the writers of memoirs remain discreet. Like Proust, this author was writing of a world she knew. At the great house parties, one learns, the hostess took into consideration established liaisons in assigning the bedrooms and each guest had his name on a card slipped into a small brass frame outside his door. The poets too serve. Referring in this chapter on Edwardian England to the central role of the horse in the life of the British aristocracy, and describing the exhilaration of the hunt, I used a line from a sonnet by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, "My horse a thing of wings, myself a god." Anatole France supplied, through the mouth of a character in *M. Bergeret*, the words to describe a Frenchman's feeling about the Army at the time of the Affair, that it was "all that is left of our glorious past. It consoles us for the present and gives us hope for the future." Zola expressed the fear of the bourgeoisie for the working class through the manager's wife in *Germinal*, who,

watching the march of the striking miners, saw "the red vision of revolution . . . when on some somber evening at the end of the century the people, unbridled at last, would make the blood of the middle class flow." In *The Guns* there is a description of the retreating French Army after the Battle of the Frontiers with their red trousers faded to the color of the pale brick, coats ragged and torn, cavernous eyes sunk in unshaven faces, gun carriages with once-new gray paint now blistered and caked with mud. This came from Blasco Ibáñez's novel, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. From H. G. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* I took the feeling in England at the outbreak of war that it contained an "enormous hope" of something better afterward, a chance to end war, a "tremendous opportunity" to remake the world.

I do not know if the professors would allow the use of such sources in a graduate dissertation but I see no reason why a novelist should not supply as authentic material as a journalist or a general. To determine what may justifiably be used from a novel, one applies the same criterion as for any nonfictional account: if a particular item fits with what one knows of the time, the place, the circumstances, and the people it is acceptable; otherwise not. For myself, I would rather quote Proust or Sackville-West or Zola than a professional colleague as is the academic habit. I could never see any sense whatever in referring to one's neighbor in the next university as a source. To me that is no source at all; I want to know where a given fact came from originally, not who used it last. As for referring to an earlier book of one's own as a source, this seems to me the ultimate absurdity. I am told that graduate students are required to cite the secondary historians in order to show they are familiar with the literature but if I were granting degrees I would demand primary familiarity with primary sources. The secondary histories are necessary when one starts out ignorant of a subject and I am greatly in their debt for guidance, suggestion, bibliography, and outline of events, but once they have put me on the path I like to go the rest of the way myself. If I were a teacher I would disqualify anyone who was content to cite a secondary source as his reference for a fact. To trace it back oneself to its origin means to discover all manner of fresh material from which to make one's own selection instead of being content to re-use something already selected by someone else.

Though it is far from novels I would like to say a special word for *Who's Who*. For one thing,

it is likely to be accurate because its entries are written by the subjects themselves. For another, it shows them as they wish to appear and thus often reveals character and even something of the times. H. H. Rogers, a Standard Oil partner and business tycoon of the 1890s, listed himself simply and succinctly as "Capitalist," obviously in his own eyes a proud and desirable thing to be. The social history of a period is contained in that self-description. Who would call himself by that word today?

"Spared Not But Slew"

As to newspapers, I like them for period flavor perhaps more than for factual information. One must be wary in using them for facts, because an event reported one day in a newspaper is usually modified or denied or turns out to be rumor on the next. It is absolutely essential to take nothing from a newspaper without following the story through for several days or until it disappears from the news. For period flavor, however, newspapers are unsurpassed. In the *New York Times* for August 10, 1914, I read an account of the attempt by German officers disguised in British uniforms to kidnap General Leman at Liège. The reporter wrote that the General's staff, "maddened by this dastardly violation of the rules of civilized warfare, spared not but slew."

This sentence had a tremendous effect on me. In it I saw all the difference between the world before 1914 and the world since. No reporter could write like that today, could use the word "dastardly," could take as a matter of course the concept of "civilized warfare," could write unashamedly, "spared not but slew." Today the sentence is embarrassing; in 1914 it reflected how people thought and the values they believed in. It was this sentence that led me back to do a book on the world before the war.

Women are a particularly good source for physical detail. They seem to notice it more than men or at any rate to consider it more worth reporting. The contents of the German soldier's knapsack in 1914, including thread, needles, bandages, matches, chocolate, tobacco, I found in the memoirs of an American woman living in Germany. The Russian moose who wandered over the frontier to be shot by the Kaiser at Rominten came from a book by the English woman who was governess to the Kaiser's daughter. Lady Warwick, mistress for a time of the Prince of Wales until she regrettably espoused

socialism, is indispensable for Edwardian society, less for gossip than for habits and behavior. Princess Daisy of Press prattles endlessly about the endless social rounds of the nobility but every now and then supplies a dazzling nugget of information. One, which I used in *The Zimmermann Telegram*, was her description of how the Kaiser complained to her at dinner of the ill-treatment he had received over the *Daily Telegraph* affair and of how, in the excess of his emotion, "a tear fell on his cigar." In the memoirs of Edith O'Shaughnessy, wife of the First Secretary of the American Embassy in Mexico, is the description of the German Ambassador, Von Hintze, who dressed and behaved in all things like an Englishman except that he wore a large sapphire ring on his little finger which gave him away. No man would have remarked on that.

In the end, of course, the best place to find corroborative detail is on the spot itself, if it can be visited, as Herodotus did in Asia Minor or Parkman on the Oregon Trail. Take the question of German atrocities in 1914. Nothing requires more careful handling because, owing to postwar disillusion, atrocity came to be a word one did not believe in. It was supposed because the Germans had not, after all, cut off the hands of Belgian babies, neither had they shot hostages nor burned Louvain. The results of this disbelief were dangerous because when the Germans became Nazis people were disinclined to believe

they were as bad as they seemed and appeasement became the order of the day. (It strikes me that here is a place to put history to use and that a certain wariness might be in order today.) In writing of German terrorism in Belgium in 1914 I was at pains to use only accounts by Germans themselves or in a few cases by Americans, then neutral. The most telling evidence, however, was that which I saw forty-five years later: the rows of gravestones in the churchyard of a little Belgian village on the Meuse, each inscribed with a name and a date and the legend "*fusillé par les Allemands.*" Or the stone marker on the road outside Senlis, twenty-five miles from Paris, engraved with the date September 2, 1914, and the names of the Mayor and six other civilian hostages shot by the Germans. Somehow the occupations engraved opposite the names—baker's apprentice, stone mason, *garçon de café*—carried extra conviction. This is the verisimilitude Pooh-Bah and I too have been trying for.

The desire to find the significant detail plus the readiness to open his mind to it and let it report to him are half the historian's equipment. The other half, concerned with idea, point of view, the reason for writing, the "Why" of history, has been left out of this discussion although I am not unconscious that it looms in the background. The art of writing is the third half. If that list does not add up, it is because history is human behavior, not arithmetic.

Shiloh: The Bloody Pond

by Thomas Whitbread

At Shiloh, Tennessee, a finite number
Of days after the first day's bloody fighting,
To be exact, thirty-six thousand, nine hundred
And forty-nine, two, three, or four generations
As parents and children go, I mourned the dead
And the unsown seed of those who left no orphans,
And mystically felt, in a time foreshortened
By the triangular presence in that Park
Of a National Cemetery, of covered trenches
For Southern dead, and of Indian burial mounds
From a million days before our Union shivered,
That if I knelt and drank from the Bloody Pond
I would taste the intermingled corpuscles
Of the thirsting Federal and Confederate dead.

Nehru: A View from the Embassy

by Catherine A. Galbraith



A personal and affectionate report on his unofficial life—including his weaknesses for a good joke, a pretty woman, dashing horsemen, and the British public school tradition.

I first saw Prime Minister Nehru in March 1956, at the residence of the then United States Ambassador to India, John Sherman Cooper. We had been invited to a reception for Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who was in New Delhi on one of his frequent trips. Standing alone in a corner of the garden in the shadow of a giant asoka tree, deep in thought, was a slender man of aristocratic bearing, not much taller than I, in long brown coat, white jodhpurs, and white cap, with an unforgettable face—a face beautifully formed, quiet, strong, a little sad, with dark eyes and a skin remarkably unlined despite the fringe of white hair which showed below his cap. He looked familiar; I realized then that I was looking at someone whose face was familiar to all the world. I could not know that in another five years I would be living in that residence and that we would be friends.

A few days later I saw the Prime Minister again, in quite a different mood. It was in his own garden amidst the throngs who had come to greet him on Holi, the spring festival of colors. He was almost hidden by eager outstretched hands which, in the Hindu custom, were daubing his face, partly bald head and white hair with bright pigments. At the insistence of my Indian friends I too pressed some red powder on his forehead. I remember worrying that he should be so jostled by the crowds, but if he minded he certainly did not show it.

In April 1961, when we returned to India officially, Jawaharlal Nehru was already in his seventies. He was still amidst the crowds. It forever amazed me that one man could do so many things in so many parts of the country and still run the government. He had been doing them ever since he assumed office as independent India's first Prime Minister. He continued, with little respite, until the day he died.

Nehru normally worked fourteen to eighteen hours a day. In addition to being Prime Minister and head of the Congress party and his own Foreign Secretary, he was Chairman of the Planning Commission and also of the Atomic Energy Commission. These latter posts were of great importance to him, for he shared the intellectual and scientific excitement of the twentieth century and was deeply devoted to bringing India with its age-old customs into the modern world. He was concerned with education, health, village life, better methods of agriculture, and the new industries. He wanted escape from Indian poverty and he wanted it promptly; impatient of inefficiency and apathy, he was always pushing to get things done.

National integration—welding together regions of diverse languages and traditions—was another problem which occupied him in Delhi and outside. Parliament was a further concern. Mr. Nehru was determined that before he died India would be firmly established as a parliamentary democracy. He went almost every day to Parliament for the Question Hour, to encourage debate and to deal vigorously with the Opposition and occasionally with members of his own party as well. From the Lok Sabha—the Parliament—he might go briefly to the airport to welcome an important visitor, or to dedicate a children's park, to inspect an agricultural project, or to give out prizes at an art show. And this was in between the meetings, conferences, and paperwork.

For a short time each morning when he was in Delhi the Prime Minister was at home to anyone who wished to call on him. He would walk among the visitors, often poor villagers, and listen to their troubles and requests. Foreigners also came, among them students whom we would later see in a state of high excitement because Mr. Nehru had stopped to talk with them. The callers included American tourists; like the Taj Mahal he was one of the great sights of India.

All this would have been a formidable load even for a much younger man; yet for a long time he was able to carry it. One evening the wife of a previous American Ambassador remarked on how well he looked in spite of his strenuous life. He explained to her that doing exercises, including standing on his head, helped him keep fit. She was so impressed that she resolved in strict privacy to follow his example. A doctor had to be summoned quietly to the residence early next morning to repair a dislocated neck.

Large Dinners, Long Speeches

I was first introduced formally to Mr. Nehru at a luncheon at the Prime Minister's House the day after my husband presented his credentials as Ambassador. There were about a dozen guests, nearly all members of the Nehru family, to welcome us to our post. When the Prime Minister came in, he walked over to me and said, "I have heard you are shy." He then set out to put me at my ease, even to cutting my mango at dessert, for he knew that a mango, a very squishy fruit, can be exceedingly awkward until one learns to manage it. The conversation ranged from the new personalities in Washington to tribal customs in Outer Mongolia (I looked up Outer Mongolia on the map as soon as I got home). It

tactfully omitted the Bay of Pigs which was currently in progress. I always looked forward to an invitation to the PM's, where the hospitality was warm, the company attractive, and even the food a pleasure. Good food was not inevitable when dining out in India.

After that we saw him often—most frequently at receptions, inaugurations, ceremonies, and dinners where duty took us. The most formal of the dinners were at the Rashtrapati Bhavan, the palace of more than three hundred rooms built by the British for their Viceroy and now occupied by the President of India. They were in honor of a visiting head of state or other high official. The first we attended was for Vice President Lyndon Johnson in May of 1961. Diplomats, cabinet ministers, and others assemble in the large reception hall, are offered a glass of fruit juice, and soon line up in order of precedence around three sides of the room. At the appointed moment, exactly, there is a blaring of trumpets and the President enters with the guest of honor to greet the other guests. Then everyone takes his place in the long, high-ceilinged dining hall with its single table which can comfortably seat 175. Larger-than-life portraits of former Viceroy in bemedaled splendor look down upon the diners.

At the end of the meal are the toasts (in orange juice spiced with ginger) and the speeches. Only then did weariness occasionally overtake the Prime Minister. One evening, Arturo Frondizi, at that time President of Argentina, spoke on the history of international trade, in Spanish. He listed, I believe, all of the commodities that had ever been traded, and all that had not, and then there was an English translation. Toward the center of the table I could see Krishna Menon (as often) sound asleep. So was the Prime Minister, his head on his hand. Later he shook his finger at us good-naturedly as he caught us sliding away before the "cultural program" of Indian music and dancing which followed the dinner.

I also recall a small lunch which took place after we had been in India several months. I was seated beside the Prime Minister. Suddenly his daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, who was opposite us, switched from English to Hindi to speak to

Mrs. John Kenneth Galbraith considers the two and a half years she spent in India as wife of the U.S. Ambassador the most exciting job of her life. Now back in Cambridge, where her husband is a professor at Harvard, she looks after her two younger sons (another is at the Michigan Law School) and works at her typewriter.

her father. I had been studying Hindi and I might have guessed from her gestures that she was telling him he had a crumb on his cheek. When I laughed they knew I had intercepted their private conversation. The Prime Minister told me I had broken their code and that he would have to so inform the foreign office. Someone did, for a friend in the Ministry of External Affairs told us at the time of Mrs. Kennedy's visit that in the briefing there was a reminder that "Mrs. Galbraith now understands Hindi."

We became, after a fashion, neighbors. In the spring Mrs. Gandhi sent us tulips flown from Holland; they were a treat, for, though other flowers bloom the year round, Delhi is too hot for bulbs. We sent over books we thought the Prime Minister would like. One he told us he particularly enjoyed was Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah*. Once shortly before his birthday (he would have been seventy-five on November 14, 1964), his sister, Mrs. Pandit, called to ask for some Aunt Jemima pancake flour because pancakes and syrup were her brother's favorite breakfast. I got some and a can of Vermont maple syrup to go with it.

What Amused Him

The best time of day for a call on the Prime Minister, we learned, was in the late afternoon or early evening. Then, with the urgent business disposed of, he liked to talk. It was his way to relax. My husband would usually come back from these sessions with a bit of conversation (not top secret) to relate to me. Sometimes I would be asked too. The last time was the day the American Everest expedition of 1963 came to Delhi from Kathmandu on their way home. They flew in two planes and were due at the Prime Minister's House at seven-thirty. One plane was almost an hour late but the Prime Minister delayed his dinner so that he could meet the whole group. He asked in detail about their adventures and addressed himself especially to the sherpas in the party, who were about to go to the United States for the first time. Another evening, not long after we arrived in India, we had taken our sons to call. Mr. Nehru quickly found out that James, who was nine, liked science and they discussed the Echo satellite. He then told Peter, who preferred animals, of his pandas and of the tiger cubs he had just moved from his garden to the Delhi zoo.

Shortly thereafter the zoo gave our boys a leopard cub. She was young, blue-eyed, and subdued; the first few days we had her she refused

to eat. Mr. Nehru warned that the children should not be allowed to keep her because leopards are not trustworthy and make bad pets. However he was amused to hear that they proposed naming her after the Sikh leader, Tara Singh, who was then also on a fast, his to promote an autonomous state for the Sikhs.

The Prime Minister was invariably punctual in his appointments. This time he apologized for being five minutes late—he had been involved all afternoon with Tara Singh's representatives in negotiations which he had not been able to leave.

"These Sikhs are difficult people," he remarked. My husband pointed to a dispatch from Washington in that day's newspaper which by great coincidence told how provision for long-term borrowing, which would help India, was being blocked by Congressman Saund of California, who was born in India and a Sikh. Mr. Nehru was delighted to think that one lone Sikh could tie up the government of the United States. He had made a statement which had been reported in the press as implying that Tara Singh was secretly taking food during his fast. My husband asked him if he had really meant to say that. He replied, "I am not sure I intended to say it but some such thought was certainly in the back of my mind."

The Prime Minister was quick to respond to humor. His eyes would light when a phrase or thought appealed to him. He favored understatement. Stuffy people bored him, especially those who felt compelled to stress their own importance or to tell him how to run India.

During one of the numerous crises over Laos, the State Department asked my husband to enlist Mr. Nehru's help in persuading the Russians to support proposals for a neutral solution. He was understandably skeptical of our motives; the previous Administration was suspected with justification of undermining the last neutral government in Laos. He asked, "How can I be sure of your bona fides?" My husband noted that the Laotians were not useful allies: "They cannot be counted upon to get themselves killed like the civilized races." The response so pleased the Prime Minister that he promised to help with the Russians and to get in touch with Ho Chi Minh as well.

In the fall of 1962, on the day the Chinese reached the foothills of the Brahmaputra Valley and people were frightened that they might not stop before Calcutta, the ranking Republican of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee visited the Prime Minister. He expounded for about twenty minutes on the menace of international communism. After he had gone, Mr. Nehru

mused, "I wonder why the Senator thought I needed that lecture today."

When he learned that we planned to leave India to return to academic life, the Prime Minister asked why. My husband told him, among other reasons, that as Ambassador he had to waste too much time with tedious people. The PM said sadly, "How about me?"

Mr. Nehru liked the company of good-looking and intelligent women, a category which included his daughter, sisters, and nieces who were often part of his household. In 1962, when he was recovering from what he insisted was his first illness in thirty-five years and was very busy catching up with the work he had missed, we were visited by Angie Dickinson from Hollywood. Like most visitors she wanted very much to meet Mr. Nehru. My husband hesitated to bother him but in the end sent over a note also describing the visitor. His answer came back immediately; he would see Miss Dickinson at six o'clock: "I can always make time in real emergencies."

His gayer interests were not confined to Hollywood. During our first February in Delhi a spectacular horse show was held in front of the Red Fort, with tent pegging, intricate jumping, and a thundering race by the Camel Corps. There was also a competition for children under twelve in which our youngest placed third. The Prime Minister awarded the prizes. When my husband next saw him he said, "I didn't realize your son was a horseman. I like horsemanship; it reminds me of mythology. To me a man and horse combined are far better than either separately."

The wisdom and restraint shown by India toward the former British rulers constantly impressed me. Those portraits of the Viceroy in the President's palace are a minor example—they could have been torn out but they are good portraits, they have a stately grandeur, and, as an Indian dinner partner remarked, "What would go in their place?" Much of this accommodation was due to Nehru who did not bear rancor but remembered his years in Britain with warmth, and who respected the civilized values the British had brought to India. He has described himself as belonging to both cultures. One day in conversation he mentioned his time in jail. My husband asked if he had seen a minute reproduced by Winston Churchill in his memoirs, in which Churchill told the Home Secretary to find out how Nehru was being treated, with the injunction that he be handled considerately. Mr. Nehru replied that he had not seen it but that he had always expected good treatment from Churchill: "We were both at Harrow."

With all his other duties, the Prime Minister still found time for some of the activities of the American community. For instance, the American Pavilion at the Delhi Industrial Fair, which was the big event of the 1961 winter season, featured machinery which would be useful for Indian economic progress. Mr. Nehru spent almost two hours one evening inspecting earth-moving equipment and small tractors; at one point he had himself picked up on a fork lift.

When the Robert Joffrey Ballet was in Delhi, the Prime Minister, hearing it was good, dropped in for part of a performance and went backstage to greet the young dancers, who were of course delighted. He came to see them again the next day when they performed at the ceremonial opening of the Roosevelt House, our new ambassadorial residence in Delhi. A stage was set up beyond the swimming pool in the rose garden. As the sun went down on a crisp winter afternoon the dancers were reflected in the water amid deep-hued dahlias. While we were waiting for the performance, as it must have happened to him many times before, Mr. Nehru was subjected to zealous hospitality. I offered him a cup of fruit punch which he refused. Then a well-trained member of the Embassy staff and then another and yet another brought him a cup. Finally he took one, saying, "It is easier to accept."

No One Wanted to Leave

The Prime Minister had had a great interest in President and Mrs. Kennedy and he took a personal hand in arrangements for Mrs. Kennedy's trip to India in March of 1962. At the Prime Minister's House a suite of rooms was redecorated for her in natural raw silk, with rare paintings, bits of sculpture, and books on art.

Her travels outside Delhi were planned to include the most colorful countryside and courts where schools of painting had flourished. One noon in the Prime Minister's garden an informal reception was held so that she could meet a few of India's artists. A baby elephant was also invited; he drank from a bottle and let Mrs. Kennedy bedeck him with garlands. There was a fashion show of Western clothes made from Indian fabrics, and, at the Prime Minister's special urging, a ride with the President's bodyguard at the polo grounds. The dinners included the bright decorative people the Prime Minister liked—actors, dancers, writers, artists, architects, his own young relatives; also the Yuvraj (Young Maharaja) of Jammu and Kashmir who is not

only the governor of his state but also a poet, art collector, and a Ph.D. in political science; and the towering, turbaned Maharaja of Patiala. After one of the dinners, musicians and dancers entertained out under the trees. Mrs. Kennedy remembered this and when the President of India came to Washington in June of 1963 she planned a performance of *The Magic Flute* on the White House lawn. But Washington weather is not as predictable as Delhi's; it poured and the opera had to be held in the East Room instead.

The day Mrs. Kennedy left India was again Holi. She and the Prime Minister exchanged the colored powder, great care being taken not to mark her dress since she was flying on to Pakistan. Then they went once more to the garden to inspect two small tigers, Mr. Nehru's favorite breed of pet, which he was sending to Caroline and John. They would have been a novelty at the White House and the children would no doubt have been enchanted. But they never arrived. Mr. Nehru thought the cubs seemed very listless. It soon turned out that they had picked up an infection on their way to Delhi from the jungle. Great efforts were made to revive them but they died.

The night before Mrs. Kennedy's departure it had been our turn to give a dinner. The Roosevelt House was still unfinished. The residence was too small. We finally decided, in spite of the hazards of preparing a banquet in an office building with only a canteen for a kitchen, to have it in the Edward Stone Chancery. (To reduce the risk we held a complete dress rehearsal a few days before.) Champagne and fruit juice were served in the patio beside the pool; dinner was on the balcony above where the guests could look out at the fountains and a small group of Indian musicians playing stringed instruments on one of the islands in the pool. The press agreed to stay away so there were no flashing cameras.

One notable picture stays in my memory, of Mrs. Kennedy sitting beside Prime Minister Nehru on the lower step of the stairway leading to the balcony. She wore a full white skirt and American Beauty red bodice; he was also in white with a rose of matching red in his buttonhole. Both were talking and laughing like children. After dinner we gathered again by the pool for coffee. Usually in Delhi formal dinners then end immediately with the departure of the ranking guest. This evening, to our pleasure, no one wanted to go. Mrs. Kennedy was once more in delighted conversation with the Prime Minister. When someone finally reminded her of the hour, she and Mr. Nehru professed grave uncertainty as to who should leave first. He suggested they

might refer the problem to the Chief of Protocol who was conveniently nearby. Having put the matter in channels, they continued their conversation until Dr. Radhakrishnan, then acting President, rose to go.

A few days later in Parliament, Mr. Nehru noted that Mrs. Kennedy had been an especially charming visitor.

Almost the last time that we saw Prime Minister Nehru was in the summer of 1963 when we joined him in the Punjab for the opening of an agricultural university for which the United States had given substantial help. It was less than a year before his death. He sometimes looked very tired. There were reports that he was losing his hold. Criticism was voiced in Parliament, and speculation on his successor was rife. That day as we drove along the dusty roads in the pre-monsoon heat, crowds of villagers lined the way. They had waited for hours in the sun with their garlands and flowers to pay their respects. Welcome arches they had built covered the route. More crowds had gathered outside the guest house where we had lunch. They stayed until late afternoon to see him depart. Whatever was being said, there could be no doubt that these people still held "Panditji" dear in their hearts.

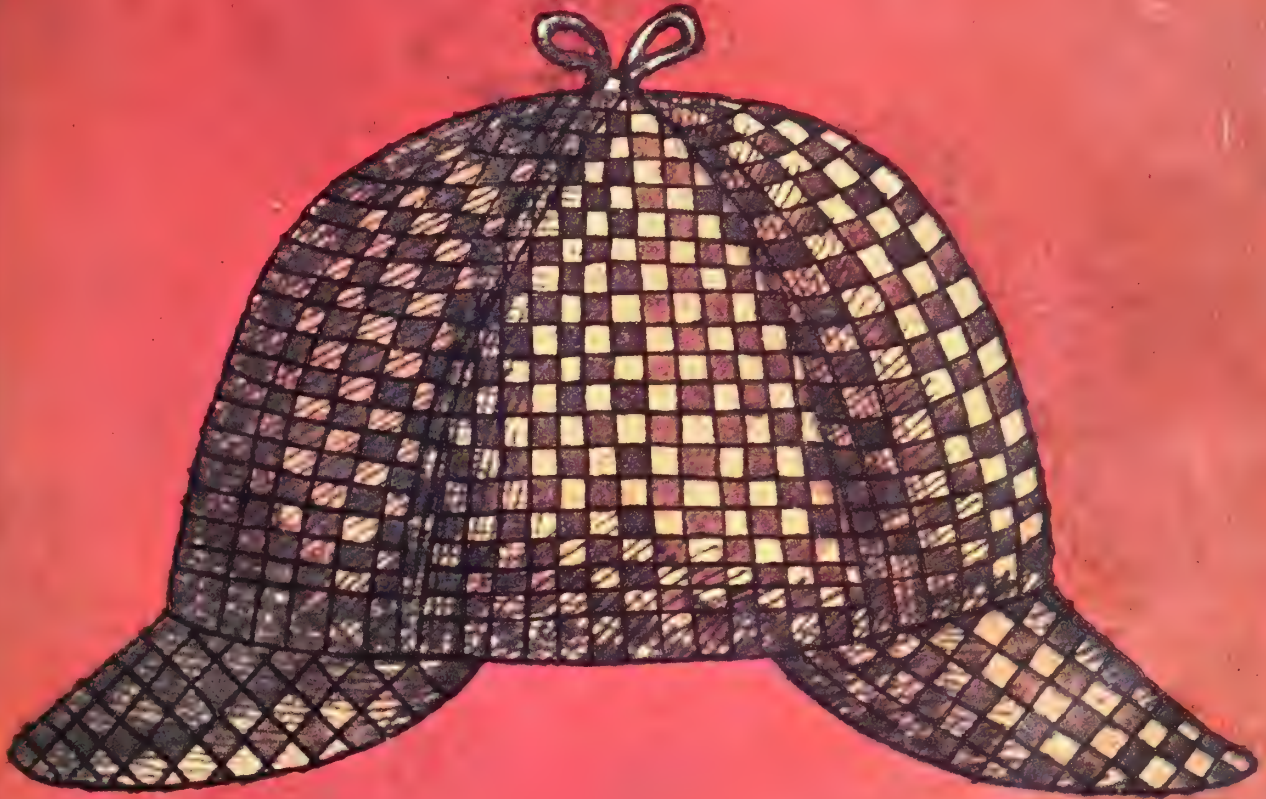
At Ahmadnagar Fort Prison in 1944, during his ninth term of imprisonment, Nehru wrote *The Discovery of India*. In the conclusion he has this to say of India and of his generation:

We have a long way to go and much leeway to make up before we can take our proper station with others in the van of human civilization and progress. And we have to hurry, for the time at our disposal is limited and the pace of the world grows ever swifter. It was India's way in the past to welcome and absorb other cultures. That is much more necessary today, for we march to the one world of tomorrow where national cultures will be intermingled with the international culture of the human race. . . .

My generation has been a troubled one in India and the world. We may carry on for a little while longer, but our day will be over and we shall give place to others, and they will live their lives and carry their burdens to the next stage of the journey. How have we played our part in this brief interlude that draws to a close? I do not know. Others of a later age will judge. . . .

Of their verdict there can be little doubt. Many people admired Jawaharlal Nehru. They admired him because he was a great man and a great leader of the Indian people in a great moment of their history. But they loved him because with it all he remained so warmly human.

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Poland's New "Far West"

by Hans Koningsberger

An American's cautious exploration of the touchiest borderline in Europe—and behind it, what was once the heartland of Germany's feudal aristocrats.

On Tuesday, July 31, 1945, the Big Three, meeting in Potsdam, reached a provisory agreement on new borders for Poland, about which they had been arguing for two years: the Curzon line on the east, the Oder and Neisse rivers on the west. Through this dramatic frontier shift, Poland lost roughly 60,000 square miles to Russia while regaining 39,000 square miles (of better land) from Germany in the west. It had, as Sir Winston Churchill is said to have put it, moved up a seat in the world theater. But the peace conference meant to formalize the situation has still not been held, and as a result the Oder-Neisse is the only border in Europe not *really* recognized by England and the U. S., while Western Germany is actually committed to altering it as soon as it sees a possibility of doing so.

That border, the zero line between two great fields of power in Europe, the Slav and the German, and the new Polish lands behind it, had intrigued me for a long time. How does a former German province or a former German city look, twenty years after it has been cut off from the Fatherland and settled by a people as different

from the Germans as two nations can be? I had first hit upon the idea of a tour through the new Polish provinces while visiting Berlin a couple of years ago. A student I knew there was the daughter of a former Pomeranian Junker, a count who had fled his huge estates early in 1945 on the approach of the Russian armies. One day I suggested that we apply for Polish visas and drive out to her former home; I wanted to find out how a German chatelaine would feel visiting a Polish cooperative farm on what was once her ancestral land. We immediately went to the Polish Embassy in East Berlin, but we must have looked unconvincing; an attaché told me he would telephone Warsaw to ask for an okay, and when he came back into the room five minutes later he said the answer was no. In view of the hazards of European, and especially East European, telephoning, it was a safe bet he had just gone out to smoke a cigarette or drink a cup of coffee.

However, last year I tried again and, as is usual now, received a visa without any trouble. The German countess did not come this time, but she had provided me with a set of photographs of the mansion and a hand-drawn map of its location. I wasn't going to confine my visit to her area; I planned to travel through all the new land, starting in former East Prussia and then going west and south through Pomerania, Lower and Upper Silesia, and reenter "old" Poland near



Ed. art. as
Rueger's sketch

Silesia

Długa St.
Gdańsk

FAPIN

Katowice. I was traveling in a rented Opel, big, black, and conspicuous in a country of small cars; it looked very German and since I also depended on German to a large degree as a language of communication, I had hung two Polish flags over the side windows in the rear, to show that mine was not a German expedition.

The heartlands of the German feudal aristocracy were Pomerania and West Prussia, fertile plains stretching east from Stettin to Graudenz (towns now called Szczecin and Grudziadz) and north to the Baltic Sea. It is an essentially somber landscape which bred moody men. Monotonous fields roll toward the horizon under a gray sky along which rain clouds seem to chase perpetually; the beaches are usually empty, the little waves on the sea glitter uneasily when the sun breaks through. Even in midsummer it is seldom hot here, and the few bathers, standing far out into water reaching to their middles, have that hardy and determined look of northern European vacation-goers clearly disciplining rather than enjoying themselves. The winters are endless, the houses cold. (At the end of the winter, the estate owners used to have their laborers saw blocks of ice from the ponds; stored in cellars, these kept all through the summer.)

This land was once Slav, as the names of the towns even under German dominion showed; it had been annexed piecemeal by the Prussians before 1914. When the Poles took it over in 1945, there was no hunt for new, fantasy names; the old Slavic or Polish names were restored with little change. As I was driving through this area on the road from Koszalin to Szczecin, it was not hard to imagine life as it must have been under Prussian rule: the long summer days when the laborers—all Slav, many of them Poles—harvested their masters' wheat fields with sickles or dug up potatoes until the last light had gone from the sky, and then walked to their own little plots to work these in the moonlight; fall, when they waded up to their necks through the ponds with nets to get out the carp; the snow-bound winters when the lady of the house and the children would wait for the weekly shopping expedition by sleigh to the nearest little town as their only chance to get out of doors, while the husbands went on lengthy hunting trips or vanished to Berlin for heavily alcoholic sprees during which they might buy, sell, or gamble

away a thousand acres complete with peasants, cows, geese, and ducks.

Thus I came to Kamien (German name, Kammin), once the court of the princes of Pomerania and eight hundred years ago the most important port on the Baltic. It is a tiny town now, only slowly reemerging from the ruins in which the 1945 fighting left it; under a leaden sky, with dust whirling in the streets, it presented a depressing sight. From there I turned inland. Fräulein von F— had been an observant child: her map was good and led me with little trouble to an unmarked side road, from which in turn a dirt road led to her former *Rittergut*, Benz. There was a road sign at that crossing, and Benz was now called Benice.

Once a Marvelous House

I had to go slow the last few miles. The landscape changed; I was driving through a wood which took the bleakness out of the day and gave it a softer, slightly romantic color. Then, unexpectedly, the house appeared; its park was so wild and overgrown that I had not noticed my approach. It was like the photographs I was carrying and yet strangely different; at first sight it was impossible to say why—part of the front terrace had collapsed, but that was not visible from where I was, and the house itself appeared undamaged. I drove up to it and got out hesitantly, afraid for a moment I might look like an emissary from the ancien régime. Benice had been quite a marvelous house. It did not have the pomposity of most German knightly estates; it had good lines with short windows on the ground floor for solidity, very tall ones on the second floor for grandeur, then again shorter ones to arrest the eye—a subtlety eighteenth-century architects delighted in. The coat of arms, hewn in stone, was still over the main door.

I wandered around and through the house, thinking it was empty until I discovered a television aerial on a corner of the roof. Two rooms had been made habitable, their windows had new double panes, and there were flower boxes and curtains improvised out of old sheets. A woman stood in the window and gave me a friendly nod. There was a notice on the door of one of the large halls which showed that it had been used for performances of a mobile cinema; upstairs some rooms still had paillasses; soldiers had been quartered here. One of the stables had been transformed into a latrine; it was filthy and had clearly not been touched since the war. In the

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back garden a magnolia bloomed; the servants' quarters, outbuildings, and kennels were all empty. I thought I understood now why the house was so unlike its photographs: in spite of the magnolia, in spite of the lady with the television set in one of its corners, it was dead. A structure of this kind, like a castle, is a functional building; when it stops playing its role, it cannot come to life anymore.

Later I walked through the village where the estate laborers once lived and now the members of the cooperative. It was muddy but prosperous looking. The adults were out in the fields, but there were flocks of children for whom I clearly provided a nice distraction in the day. I had some stamped postcards with me; closely watched by two very dirty girls, I sat down on a rock and wrote one to the former chatelaine of Benz, and mailed it right there. I was glad she had not come with me; I couldn't feel sorry for her; there was nothing sad about the end of Benz.

Fräulein von F— has not answered the "Greetings from Benice" which I sent her, probably furious at this seeming flippancy. I didn't try to explain that to me Benice looked right and not as if waiting for the return of its former owners. It was a relic of a minor revolution—of our own time, but it had already become a natural ruin; like an old castle on a hill in Provence, a remembrance of days passed but not regretted.

Passion for Restoration

I had my first briefing in the background of a town's transition from German to Polish in Gdansk, the former Free City of Danzig. A friend of a friend of mine was an editor on the non-Party morning paper there, and when I telephoned him on arrival, he told me he'd be over right away. (A Western visitor in the Polish provinces is still something of an event. I remember arriving on a dark Sunday afternoon in a small town, Olsztyn, and getting lost while searching for my hotel. Rain was pouring down. This depressing setting was redeemed by the great interest the local population took in the situation; when I stopped at a crossroad, my car was surrounded by people eager to give help or just watch. It gives traveling a nice old-fashioned flavor, in the style of Alexandre Dumas journeying through Spain.)

The editor was a soft-spoken, tidily dressed young man named Alojzy Meclewski, a name which I had to keep looking up surreptitiously in my notebook, since like most Slavic names it was

hard for me to memorize. Gdansk was a good starting point for me; the ebb and flow of Germanism over these lands make up its past. A tablet in the Church of Our Lady, where Mr. Meclewski immediately took me, listed the first mass read, in the fourteenth century, by a German priest appointed by the Teutonic Order which had just conquered the town, and followed that with the long tug-of-war between Polish and German, Catholic and Protestant, until, so the text said, "On 17 November 1955, the first mass after four centuries was said here in Polish." The church was the largest in Poland, Meclewski informed me. It had been almost destroyed during the war, and the walls were still whitewashed and without any decoration; the pillars were the original ones, but under their plaster they were wired to stay up, like broken pipestems.

"Restoration" turned out to be Meclewski's passion; he had come to Gdansk after the war as a college student and he took its Polishness for granted. (I would later meet Poles who had lived in Gdansk before the war, and they were intensely aware of every date and every battle in the ethnic struggle with the Germans.) Gdansk, like Warsaw, Poznan, and every major town in Poland except Cracow, was badly damaged in the war; more than half of its buildings were destroyed. Meclewski took me on tours of the rebuilt town, as others had done before in Warsaw. In Warsaw, no matter how much one admired the energy with which this pauperized country picked itself up, depression was bound to set in; so much was destroyed so quickly, and so many people were working so laboriously just to put it back together.

Gdansk was different. As Meclewski dragged me to hot, dusty building sites and cold churches, I began to feel that he was actually pleased that it had all been in ruins, and it was easy to see why: the Poles were making this their own city in a more real sense than any government propaganda, complete with maps of vast medieval Poland, could have achieved. The Polish government had opened the new territories—empty fields of rubble, from which the Germans had fled or been deported—to everyone with the nerve to face the hardships. The rebuilding helped fuse the settlers, who ranged from pioneers to men with highly dubious pasts; among them were former officers of the Polish Army in England who had bought their demobilization suits at Austin-Reed, and peasants from beyond the Bug River who had never seen indoor plumbing.

Although the center of Gdansk was rebuilt in its Hanseatic style—looking much like certain

sections of Bruges or Ghent—Gdansk has the aspect of a totally Polish town. I have asked myself why one couldn't possibly think oneself in a German city; I cannot provide an unequivocal answer. It is not the display of Polish, for there are very few signs in the old town; it is not the appearance of the people, for Poles look more "Germanic" than Bavarians. Nor do I believe that it is in the imagination of the onlooker. It may be, rather, that in German towns there is a certain business in the bearing of the people, a grim drive, based on the idea that life is duty, that it is unmanly to be happy. "The bird that sings too soon is caught by the cat," a good German proverb says. No Polish town has this air; even to a man digging up a street or boarding a packed streetcar the art of living seems very much the main concern.

As I stayed on in Gdansk, I sought out some old residents to learn more about its German days; one such man was Mr. Alojzy Pilarczyk, who described himself to me as "a former Polish activist." Mr. Pilarczyk lived in Sopot, the beach town of Gdansk, about six miles away along a highway divided by streetcar tracks and lined by nice old villas and new apartment buildings that were a bit shoddy; he had asked me to meet him there in the Grand Hotel. This was a magnificent place with vast terraces, palm courts, and staircases, all dating from the days when ladies, gentlemen, children, pets, and servants left the towns during the summer not to find hot sun but coolness and "good air"; Sopot had been famous ever since the goodness of its air had been attested to by a Dr. Haffner, an ex-army physician of Napoleon who had settled there in 1823. Here I found myself having vodkas and tomato juices (unmixed) with Mr. Pilarczyk in the *salon de thé* at a high window overlooking the deserted beach; on a dais a young man was playing Offenbach, and the room was packed with ladies and gentlemen drinking vodka, beer, and tea, in descending order of popularity.

Closing the Wound

I asked Mr. Pilarczyk, a scholarly, somewhat hunched man in his sixties, how this scene compared with before-the-war. It was one of my standard questions and it was always hard to get a satisfactory answer; most people would talk only about prewar or postwar and not connect them in their minds. Mr. Pilarczyk, too, looked as if he had never thought of making that comparison, and then he said, "Well, it's like our

town, there's less elegance, less riches—but no real poor either." He bent over and scrutinized the tablecloth. "The linen was better," he said. "The waiters looked impeccable. And no one in this room ordered beer. Of course, I myself wouldn't come here more than once in ten years."

Mr. Pilarczyk was born in 1900, he told me, near Poznan, on what was then German territory; at the age of seventeen, he received a draft notice for the German Army but dodged it by moving out of his rooming house the same day. Months later he was arrested during a street check and sent to the front at Verdun. Although he could hardly load a rifle, he survived; he joined the newly created Polish Army when Germany collapsed and in 1921 opened a book shop in Gdansk.

"Don't think it started with Hitler," he said. "When it became clear that Germany wasn't going to accept the new borders, nor our Free City status, nor, in fact, Poland, I went into politics. The Weimar Republic came up with the expression *Die blutende Grenze*, the bleeding border, which was supposed to mean that the German-Polish border was a wound; books began to appear explaining that the border, the Corridor, and Poland, were caricatures. They didn't say that all the bleeding along the border was done by Polish farmers, terrorized by Freikorps gangs, and that there had been a steady migration of East Germans to the industrial West. The world accepted the image of the land-starved Germans. Did you know that at Locarno in 1925 the German Foreign Minister Stresemann said that he had 'no pen to recognize Germany's eastern frontier'?"

"England and France went along with him," Pilarczyk continued. "They accepted the German refusal to recognize the Polish borders. It is old history now—except that there are some uneasy parallels with the Oder-Neisse. Our Free City status worked all against Poland. German officers started arriving; they would get Danzig passports and then they could travel freely through Poland and no one could stop them. Those were terrible years—"the locust years," Churchill has called them. When in 1931 Goebbels was forbidden to make public appearances in Germany, he came to make his speeches here. In '38 they put a sign 'Polish shop' over my door and two Hitler boys stopped everyone who wanted to come in. At about that time, the German papers changed their terminology from *die Polnische Frage* to *die Polenfrage*." (*Die Polnische Frage* is "The Polish Problem," a fateful phrase, like *die Jüdische Frage*, for these problems were

created in the minds of the Germans who wrote about them; but *die Polenfrage* is deadlier, for in this word the Poles have lost their human status. It may be translated as "The Pole Problem," analogous to "the rat problem.")

"The morning they started the war," Pilarczyk went on, "there were three waves of arrests. I was on the first list—4:30 A.M. They shipped us to Stutthof concentration camp. Then the Gestapo decided I was still a German and sent me to Berlin to stand trial for high treason. They saved my life, for when I came back a year later—the trial was never held—the Stutthof inmates had been shot. That was Hans Frank's 'AB action,' the elimination of the Polish intellectuals. I got away from the Germans, and in March 1945 I came back to Gdansk, as a hitchhiker on a Russian tank.

"During the last war the Germans had planned, as perhaps you know, to really extinguish us, over a period of twenty years. That was part of the *Generalplan Ost*: German fiefs to the Dnieper, with a diminishing population of Ukrainian and Polish serfs for labor; it's a document well worth reading, thoroughly put together by professors in the Reichskommissariat für die Festigung deutschen Volkstums (the State Bureau for the Establishment of Germandom). I guess when you saw those offices, they looked just like any other bureau. Sterilization was part of it; a niece of mine was sterilized in Auschwitz when they were experimenting for that. They made her stand between two electrodes and burned her ovaries out. She is dead now."

I asked Mr. Pilarczyk whether he often thought about those days, and he said yes, but only because he was trying to write a book about them. There was nothing in the daily life of Gdansk to remind him of Danzig. "But I'm not optimistic," he said. "The West Germans are strong again and this time they have American support. It's business, I think—American investments in Germany, German investments in America. The Germans will never leave us alone, they will never accept this, never, never! We're expecting a Scandinavian cruise ship, the *Nordland*. I've heard there are lots of West Germans on it, former residents of Gdansk, who want to see what the place looks like now. They'll be surprised." The Germans have ignored the rebuilding of Gdansk, and of all the other towns in the Polish western territories. Pilarczyk showed me a recent copy of *Unser Danzig*, ("Our Gdansk"), a West German magazine, which carried a 1945 picture story of a Swedish visitor to the town, complete with ruins, as if the man had just been there.

West German public documents also repeatedly point out that the population of towns like Szczecin and Wroclaw is less than in 1939, without mentioning that in 1945 they were down to zero.

The second world war, in Poland, is an inescapable subject of conversation and object of excursions for the visitor. Under German occupation, Poland's fate was without parallel, and although the devastation of Western Russia was on the same scale, in Poland no corner stayed untouched. Six million people, half of them Jews, were killed by the Germans—that is to say, every fifth person—and every third Pole was thrown out of his farm, home, or apartment. I once asked a farmer from Terespol near the Russian border, who had settled in the new western territories, whether it had been hard for him to adjust. He looked at me with some surprise and then said with a smile, "Well, no, the Germans taught me that themselves."

Why It Is a Happy Town

The European war, which was essentially a war between the Germans and the Slavs until D-Day, started in Gdansk, and for a time in the summer of 1939 even seemed to be *about* Gdansk only. (I well remember the posters which the pro-German Action Française put up in Paris that summer and which asked rhetorically, "*Mourir pour Danzig?*") The Westerplatte, a small tongue of land sticking out into the Gdansk port, was the Polish Pearl Harbor: the German school cruiser *Schleswig-Holstein*, on a neighborly visit to Gdansk, opened the war on September 1, 1939, at 4:45 A.M. with a bombardment of the Polish garrison there. The Westerplatte became famous in Polish military history, for its 150 men resisted several thousand Germans for an entire week; a photograph of "The Westerplatte in Flames" is now in every Polish school or history book.

But the children of Poland seem to have no strong emotions about the war at all; the tales of Poles versus Germans take the place with them of our cowboys against Indians. In Wroclaw, the second large "new" Polish town I visited, I found myself, while talking to some people of the school board, struck with the idea that these children were the first in centuries to grow up in a Poland without "bleeding borders," without clamoring minorities, or hacked-away provinces. I asked the board members if their pupils were aware of their luck, but they all agreed that the

children took it completely in their stride. "Children see it as their due that they are the Chosen People," a lady said. "I was born in our worst Pilsudski days, but I think I felt just the same. My parents were killed in this war, but to my children that's ancient history."

"I think this is a happy town," one of the men said. "For one thing, it is a young town. The settlers who came here after the war are now in their forties, at most, and their children, the first natives of Wroclaw, are two-fifths of our entire population. Twenty per cent of this town is in grade school! And we already have a second generation. I used to kick in classrooms. 'Where are you from?' But then they started answering, 'Well, from here.' What happened in Wroclaw is rare, I think, but we're inside it and it takes something like your visit to make us reflect on it. In the beginning, friends asked, 'Isn't it dangerous there, in the west? Suppose the Germans come back?' I never thought about it in those terms. We rebuilt this place and it is ours. We are happier than the Warsawians because we work so hard. Or perhaps because we got the better of the Germans here; we don't have to ponder on our martyrdom anymore. Warsaw has been under foreign rule so long, it is considered bad taste there to work hard or to get excited about something."

"That Man Is Dangerous"

Before the war, seven million Germans lived east of the Oder-Neisse; four million fled, and most of the remainder were later deported to Germany by the Allied Control Council. Those who opted for Polish nationality (mainly Silesian farmers) could stay. There are eight million Poles in the area now. I have met only one ex-German, a cement manufacturer in Opole, a town halfway between Wroclaw and Katowice in White Silesia. A meeting had been arranged for me with a Polish Press Agency correspondent in Opole and it turned out, curiously, that this German, who had kept his house during and after the war, was not only the interpreter of the agency man but also his landlord.

At Opole, the Oder is fordable and here the old trade route from Italy to the Baltic crossed the river; thus Opole became the capital of some Piast dukes, who had their funeral chapel here (which the Prussians, when they took the town, walled up). In spite of these fascinating details, I would gladly have driven right through, for the little town looked particularly uninspiring; it

was, once more, raining hard. However, the agency man was waiting, and we settled for just one tourist attraction, the newly reopened chapel. We descended to a funeral vault in medieval style, with the bones and skulls of the Piasts exhibited on stone shelves. It was a disconcerting sight, but a very elegant Franciscan priest, who addressed our party in French, said soothingly, "*N'ayez pas peur, messieurs, ce ne sont que des cendres,*" while the ex-German who had come along as interpreter muttered to me in German, "So what, so it was Polish once. What does that prove? The United States was once owned by the Indians, wasn't it?"

Back in the German home, the cement man showed me a diploma in civics, which he had won in an American POW camp; his wife made us Nescafé and brought out the biggest choice of cakes I had yet seen in a communist country. I asked the ex-German if his position in Opole had been difficult after the war, because of the German cruelties perpetrated on the Poles. "What cruelties?" he said. "That's all just a lot of Polish propaganda." That took me slightly aback but he didn't notice it and went on, "We need the Americans here, to restore some order. The Poles can't do it. Germany must come back, and it will, too." "Fritz doesn't know anything about politics," his wife said. "He only knows about hunting." (His name *was* indeed Fritz.) The Polish correspondent, unaware of this high treason going on right under his nose, indiscriminately smiled down on all of us. Later the Pole and Fritz both insisted on coming with me in my car and directing me out of town, although it still rained hard. As I pulled up near the bus stop at the edge of town, I ignored Fritz and said softly to the Pole in my very bad Polish: "Take care, that man is dangerous!" "Yes, yes, I know," he said with the same smile he had displayed all along, and off they trundled together in the rain. I have no idea whether he really understood me.

Opole was my last town in the new territories. The feeling of a "new beginning," which was so strong before (I would even dare call it a frontier spirit), began to peter out just about there—or perhaps it seemed that way because of the German with his civics diploma. The highway leads on to Katowice which, although under Germany until 1914, was Polish from 1919 to 1939 (and, of course, German once more from 1939 to 1945). Here was the very center of old Middle Europe; nearby, at what was called the Dreikaiser Ecke ("Corner of the Three Emperors"), now Myslowice, was the confluence of the fields

of power of the Russian Tsar, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of Prussia, and here they held a summit meeting after they had divided the last of Poland among themselves in the year 1795.

These lands are a terrible dead water of Europe, in spite of the coal mines and the splendid production statistics of Katowice and Nowa Huta; the freshness and eagerness of Wrocław seemed very far, and I felt a sudden nostalgia for those western towns I had left behind. The high tides of the three waves of attack, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian, had reached just this point, I thought, and, receding, had covered the earth of "Black Silesia" with their debris. Here during the war was the border of the German "General-Government" and the lines of deportees going there, shuffling through the landscape; near here were the destruction camps of Oswiecim; in German, Auschwitz-Birkenau.

Last Stop

Auschwitz is one town which should have been left with its German name; or, since it has come to life again as a place like any other, perhaps given a brand-new one. It seems almost indecent to see "Oswiecim" on bus schedules and road signs; it is a strange realization that there were dukes and duchesses of Oswiecim once, that until 1941 it was a geographical name like any other. Now it has again a chemical industry, fruit trees, a railway siding, and The Museum. On Sundays, tour buses and army trucks bring in sightseers by the thousands; children aren't allowed in but their presence outside the gate—sucking candies while waiting for their parents—adds an oddly sinister note.

I went in, and on a tablet in the first barrack I read that the camps had been "in a swampy, unhealthy area." First it seemed almost like a joke, but then it was reassuring; perhaps it showed that no one can quite fathom what Auschwitz meant. The text of a welcoming speech of the camp Führer was preserved here; he used to tell new Poles on arrival: "If you are still alive in three months, you're cheating." In another barrack I came upon a huge photograph which showed a group of naked women running; they were running to the gas chambers—one of the principles of the camp killings was "hurry them." A lieutenant told me that he took all his recruits here "to make them defend the Oder-Neisse better."

"My men have to know," he said, "that the

Germans are our mortal enemies, that they wanted us off the earth. We cannot yield them a square foot of our new land; next time we will just all fight ourselves to death."

Black Silesia has the unmitigated ugliness of the industrial revolution, plus ashen skies and the monstrous red-brick architecture of the late nineteenth-century German industrialists who built villas with Wagnerian towers against a background of grass-overgrown slag heaps. It is worse than Mons at the French-Belgian border, which I had always considered the most depressing place I knew. Katowice, under a perpetual cloud of coal dust, is gray during the day; at night its sky is lit by the flames from the steel mills.

I stayed in its least grimy hotel, which is across from the railway station. At 2:00 A.M. I was awakened by the music which they were playing in the bar for the benefit of the visiting Polish, Czech, West German, and East German salesmen and engineers; I got dressed and walked over to the station. It was still crowded, for Katowice is a main communications center; I tried to buy a paper but the last newsstand had just closed. The salesgirl was inside, doing her make-up in a mirror propped up against the paperbacks and motioning with her left hand for the customers to leave her alone and go away. Drunks were hanging around and sitting on the benches with their heads in their hands. The floors were gritty; moths fluttered around the harsh lights. A train came in and a little stream of tired civilians and noisy soldiers emerged into the hall. In European style, all arrivals and departures were listed on large wooden boards hung on the walls. I read off to myself the names of the towns I had seen, and I felt an intense, quite personal, need for Poland to be strong, to stay in one piece—not to let it happen again. I would have liked to shake up the drunks and tell them to go to Wrocław.

On the boards, the international trains were printed in red. Lwów was listed, and Kiev; there was still an express train to Vienna going out, and a train to Budapest coming through at 5:10 in the morning. Train travel is not what it once was, of course, and it was hard to imagine much pleasure in boarding a train to Budapest in the cold dawn of Katowice; still, in those names and the red letters was some of the old glamour. But on the boards appeared again the name Oswiecim. It was the first stop for most trains going south. All those transports must have gone through here, without stopping, and with less than half an hour to go to their destination.

The Builder Who Makes Integration Pay

by Alfred Balk

How a Philadelphian who believes racial justice can be sound business has proved his point in more than a dozen American cities.

Morris Milgram is a thin, slightly stoop-shouldered, forty-nine-year-old Philadelphian who stubbornly insists that any American should be allowed to buy any home on the market that he can afford. Coming from Milgram this idea is downright unsettling, because he happens to be a builder. For years the unwritten law of the building business has been that new housing is for white buyers only.

Eighteen years ago, when his late father-in-law, William Smelo, a small-volume contractor in Philadelphia, invited him to become a partner in the business, Milgram told him, "Only if I can build for all my friends—and some of my friends are Negroes." Smelo readily agreed and Milgram went on to become a kind of Johnny Appleseed of interracial housing, sowing integration wherever he found fertile ground. His developments to date include Concord Park (139 homes) in the Philadelphia suburbs and Greenbelt Knoll (19 homes) on the city's northeast side; Maple Crest (25 homes) and Glen Acres (15 homes) in Princeton, New Jersey; the Runnymede Corporation (12 homes plus 14 more

planned) near Wilmington, Delaware; and Country Club Homes (13 houses and 20 more planned) in Waterbury, Connecticut. In addition, Milgram's firm, Modern Community Developers, Inc., and an affiliate, Planned Communities, control apartment buildings valued at \$7 million in and around New York City and Washington, D. C., and a 480-apartment complex, which is part of a \$7.5 million redevelopment project now under way in Providence, Rhode Island. As a consultant, Milgram has helped further integration in Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania; Lincoln, Nebraska; Grand Rapids, Michigan; and other cities.

Milgram is not the largest builder of interracial housing. Eichler Homes in California, for one, builds more than seven hundred houses annually and has sold them to people of all races for several years. Both small and large subdivisions elsewhere, including "Levittowns" in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, have been integrated after occupancy (in some cases with attending violence). And immense integrated co-op and public housing projects now exist, mainly in the East. But Milgram is the field's most zealous pioneer; his impact on segregation has been more widespread than that of any other American builder, and it is no surprise that he received the first annual Walter White Award of the National Committee against Discrimination in Housing in 1956.

He is not universally beloved, however. Indeed,

citizens of the Chicago suburb of Deerfield—after Milgram's intention to build there was disclosed prematurely by an Episcopal minister—waged a celebrated, and successful, court battle to force his builders out of town. And the *Alabama Journal* in Montgomery called him "a man who makes his living making other people unhappy."

For years, according to George and Eunice Grier, coauthors of the definitive study *Privately Developed Interracial Housing* (University of California Press, 1960), realtors, lenders, corporate and institutional investors, and government agencies have made enterprises like Milgram's difficult, if not impossible. Until 1948, when the Supreme Court ruled race-restrictive covenants unenforceable, even the Federal Housing Administration maintained that "the presence of incompatible racial elements results in lowering of [a property's] rating, often to the point of rejection."

Despite these handicaps, several religious and nonprofit groups managed to establish a few open-occupancy developments. A cooperative named Penn-Craft, organized by Quakers in 1937 for Pennsylvania coal miners, apparently was the first; Negroes occupied five of its fifty homes. In 1946, Edward Tilsen built a commercial development of twenty-four row houses in Minneapolis; half the tenants were Negroes. There were similar projects elsewhere. But they were so little known in 1955, when the Fund for the Republic invited the Griers to undertake their study, that the couple thought it might be wiser to wait a few years.

The Prophetic Type

In this climate, Morris Milgram decided during 1951 to stake his future on building housing open to all. He had been in the building business for only four years, and on his own for just the few months since his father-in-law's death. Moreover, to outsiders he seemed hopelessly unbusinesslike. A dark-haired, dark-eyed man with a somewhat boyish face, he neglected to wear well-cut suits and socks that stayed up, and—worse—he often appeared to let enthusiasm overrun prudence. "He is the kind who refuses to be moved by facts—you know, the prophetic type," says one associate. Milgram still has these traits, along with a high-strung temperament; he moves frequently from one chair to another, halts conversation to scribble in a pocket notebook, and rattles off sentences in the Manhattanese of his native Lower East Side. His peripatetic manner

is so conspicuous that a friend once advised him, "Morris, you'd get more done if you slowed down. W-a-l-k s-l-o-w-e-r. T-a-l-k s-l-o-w-e-r. S-l-o-w d-o-w-n." Milgram nodded and wrote it in his notebook: "W-a-l-k s-l-o-w-e-r. T-a-l-k s-l-o-w-e-r. S-l-o-w d-o-w-n." Then he slammed the notebook shut and rushed out the door.

More often than not, though, Milgram's energy and ideas yield results, some of them spectacular. One morning, for example, I met him at his office, a cluttered, air-conditioned flat in an apartment building near his home in northeast Philadelphia. "It's been a pretty good twenty-four hours," he announced. "Yesterday in New York I had lunch with a man who's putting \$200,000 into a project, and I just got a phone call from another man pledging \$500,000 as a down payment on a four-hundred-unit apartment building. We'll close and take possession in three weeks."

Even traveling doesn't slow him down. He always picks up hitchhikers ("What kind of world is it if you can't help a fellow who needs help?" he asks when friends point out the danger). When he learned that a young white newlywed he had given a hitch was looking for a home, he promptly sold him one in a new interracial housing development. A Negro rider recommended a likely investor to whom Milgram later sold \$25,000 worth of stock in his firm.

The dominant forces in Milgram's life, however, are his convictions. An agnostic himself, he is the son of Orthodox Jews who were driven from Russia by tsarist terrorists. With four of their six children (Milgram and one of his four sisters were born later), they narrowly escaped. A crowded boat brought them to America—steerage class—and, once here, the Milgram children found jobs in the garment industry and joined union campaigns against "sweatshops."

Milgram learned early about deprivation and persecution, and when he was a student at the City College of New York, he felt strongly enough about constitutional guarantees of freedom and human dignity to lead a demonstration against compulsory attendance at a reception for some visiting Italian Fascists; the college expelled him and twenty other demonstrators. After graduation from a small college in Newark, New Jersey, he spent ten years as a paid organizer for the

Alfred Balk, whose articles have been published in many national magazines, was formerly a reporter for the Chicago "Sun-Times." For this article, he had assistance from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund. A journalism graduate of Northwestern, Mr. Balk lives in Evanston.

Workers Defense League, a civil-rights and legal-aid group for tenant farmers and other indigents. From 1941 to 1947 he was its National Secretary. Almost all his speeches and most of his letters include evangelical calls to action against injustice, and memos are imprinted with this verse by Ralph Chaplin:

Mourn not the dead . . .
But rather mourn the apathetic throng
The cowed and meek,
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak.

He is, in short, a "true believer," and to him racial justice is the preeminent social cause in the United States. The housing ghetto, he feels, is its most institutionalized foe. "Life is too short to do anything else but build the kind of world one believes in," he insists.

Milgram began his crusade for integrated housing after a flare-up in Hatboro, Pennsylvania. He was at a zoning hearing which concerned his firm's property when a young artist stood up. Milgram had built the man's home, sold it for only a modest profit, and donated services of a landscape architect as well.

"Now, Mr. Milgram hasn't told us whether he's going to sell to niggers or spicks," the artist said. Milgram reddened.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what spicks are," he replied. "However, the township president has said in the past that restrictive covenants are unenforceable. In any event, I can tell you now, no Negroes have applied."

The board approved Milgram's request on zoning, but he left in a rage, determined never again to build all-white housing.

Through a friend in the real-estate business, Milgram put a \$2,500 deposit on a forested nine-acre tract in northeast Philadelphia. Facing a small woods and surrounded on three sides by hilly, forested Pennypack Park, it seemed an ideally noncontroversial site for an integrated project. He soon learned differently, however. Despite his determination he was unable to build there for nearly four years.

Housing developers need financing: "equity capital" for purchase of land; a "construction loan" for wages and materials; assurance of "permanent" or "mortgage financing" to enable purchasers to buy homes on installments. The builder, or several investors in partnership with him, usually provides the equity capital. He or a mortgage service—which "places" mortgages for a specified fee or commission—next "shops" for a bank, insurance company, or other investment institution which will buy the mortgages on the

best terms. Then the builder approaches a bank for a construction loan.

A friend of Milgram's, the head of a large local mortgage company, had assured him earlier of up to a million dollars in risk capital. "When you have the land let me know. We'll be pleased to back you," he said. Now, observing protocol, Milgram took his request to an executive vice-president of the firm. The man was skeptical.

"I don't think whites will buy new houses next to Negroes," he said.

"I'll prove it," Milgram replied. "I'll get deposits."

He commissioned an architect to design the homes, and then asked Frank Loesch, who headed the city's Human Relations Commission, to arrange a meeting with local race-relations leaders. Their response, while warm, was not as enthusiastic as Milgram had expected. One man cautioned against "going too fast on these things," and another warned, "Better stick with conventional building. There's a Gresham's law that money goes where the profit is easiest." Nonetheless, with the help of friends he obtained \$200 deposits from twelve families, seven white and five Negro. Buoyantly he returned to the mortgage company. Again he was rebuffed. "Fellowship is Maury Fagan's job," the executive said, referring to the president of the Philadelphia Fellowship Commission. "Our job is making money."

"At that point," Milgram admits, "I began getting frantic. I had thought I had a million dollars. Now I had nothing."

Brotherhood vs. the Buck

He next sought the help of a multimillion-dollar real-estate investor. "Sounds extremely worthwhile," the man told him. "I'll donate a thousand dollars."

"I don't want a contribution," Milgram said. "This is a business deal."

"Sorry," said the investor. "It's too risky." Wanting to prove interracial housing commercially feasible, Milgram refused what he viewed as a mere "tip." More than a dozen banks and mortgage companies turned him down after that.

He also approached representatives of a large Protestant ministers' and missionaries' retirement fund. Milgram presented his plan to them as "a chance to make your money work for your beliefs." At first the group argued that they could invest only in commercial properties. Milgram countered that his project was just as safe

—it had FHA support. Well, they said, having to evict someone might prove embarrassing for a religious group. Milgram arranged with the Eastern Mortgage Service Company to handle the deal without evicting anyone. Still they said no. "This was one of the hardest blows," Milgram remembers. "It wasn't that these people didn't care—they cared affirmatively for segregation."

Not only was he unable to obtain the risk capital he needed, he also found city authorities slow to approve his subdivision plan, and unwilling to provide necessary water and sewer lines. Then, when his personal assets had melted down to \$200 and a stack of debts had shaken his usually unflagging optimism, the American Friends Service Committee came to his aid. In their quiet way, the Quakers were mounting a determined campaign that has since desegregated hundreds of neighborhoods from California to New England, and they knew the demonstration value of a project like Milgram's if it succeeded. They therefore arranged for Milgram to meet George Otto, a prosperous, graying Quaker whose Penn Valley Constructors had been the largest homebuilder in nearby Bucks County for years. Otto was, and is, as conservative as Milgram is liberal, and though he had worked to increase job opportunities for Negroes, he had appeared unembarrassed about building segregated housing. But Otto strongly believes that people who want to live in integrated areas have that right. Consequently, despite their philosophical differences, the two decided to try to work together.

Otto's experience and prestige solved some of Milgram's worst problems. To minimize the risks both of construction and sales snags and of delays caused by zoning and building code authorities, Otto suggested that they build two projects instead of one. Milgram's original site, Greenbelt Knoll, took second place while they planned a larger development, Concord Park, near a small all-Negro settlement alongside the Pennsylvania Turnpike and Old Lincoln Highway.

Otto also recommended that they stop trying to secure mortgages and instead form a stock company specifically for the two building ventures. By April 1954 they had sold their entire \$150,000 stock issue to sixty-five people, mostly personal friends. More than half were Quakers. This done, they found a cooperative mortgage service and a bank which verbally agreed to buy Concord Park's mortgages. Then they hired subcontractors and began building.

A few weeks after ground-breaking, however, their bank reneged on its mortgage commitment. Milgram and Otto frantically canvassed banks

from Philadelphia to New York City. Finally, the Bowery Savings Bank of New York, long known for making home loans without prejudice, agreed to buy the mortgages. The People's National Bank and Trust Company of Langhorne, Pennsylvania, now merged with Central-Penn National Bank of Philadelphia, provided construction loans.

More Roadblocks

There remained the problem of selling the homes. Negroes, restricted to old and inferior housing at exorbitant prices, were eager to buy. The difficulty was in attracting whites. From the beginning Milgram and Otto had agreed on complete frankness about their sales policy. Their newspaper advertisements declared, "Under Quaker Leadership Toward Democracy in Housing"; mailings to 25,000 members of religious and liberal community organizations made the point outright; and sales agents were instructed to introduce the question discreetly by saying, "One of the exciting things about this development is that it practices real democracy." As many as 5,000 persons looked at Concord Park's model on some weekends. Typically, whites remarked, "What a lovely home for the price [\$12,000 to \$14,000, and no down payment on GI loans]. What a shame that you're selling to colored."

In the first ten weeks, ten homes were sold to whites and fifty to Negroes. Milgram saw his dream fading.

Then, checking, he found that sales agents, who worked on commission, were trying hardest for the easiest sales, to Negroes. (One greeted white prospects with, "You know, there'll be colored here," or "Gee, buddy, I just can't do this to you, living next door to a Negro.") "You can't sell integrated housing unless you believe in it," Milgram now says. But he had to change sales agents twice before finding one who did believe, a realtor named Stuart Wallace. Still, the next few sales remained in lopsided proportion, and Milgram began having trouble sleeping.

"Morris, you SOB," he said one night, "you're building a ghetto, as sure as Bilbo."

Although he was unhappy with the idea of a quota—which he thinks "basically undemocratic"—Milgram chose what seemed to him the better of two unhappy alternatives: a controlled racial balance, 50 per cent white, 50 per cent non-white. To his surprise, three Negroes on the firm's interracial advisory board concurred and even sug-

gested reducing the Negro quota to the lowest that remaining unsold properties would allow—45 per cent. Further, to prevent “bunching,” they decided that no one could select a specific lot, and no more than three houses in a row could have occupants of the same race. This stratagem worked. When the last home was built and sold in 1957, Concord Park was a social and economic success: it had a racial balance of 55 per cent white and 45 per cent non-white (there are several American-Japanese couples), and returned a satisfactory net profit of 6 per cent to those whose purchase of stock had financed it.

Milgram also used a quota system (“fair housing pattern,” he prefers calling it) at his second project, Greenbelt Knoll, where homes cost an average of \$26,000. But there, to more nearly reflect large cities’ population ratios and to guard against resales “tipping” the balance adversely, the ratio was two-thirds white, one-third non-white. Since then, he has abandoned quotas. Instead, he maintains racial balance by selective promotion—recruiting aggressively among prospective white buyers in social-action and fair-housing groups, while seeking Negro buyers mainly by telling leaders of race-relations organizations about vacancies.

By 1958, when he organized Modern Community Developers to finance and supervise other interracial projects, Milgram had developed one of his greatest present abilities, fund-raising. He had also assembled an honorary advisory committee which included the late Eleanor Roosevelt, Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike, U. S. Senators Jacob Javits and Joseph S. Clark, and Negro leaders Roy Wilkins, James Farmer, A. Philip Randolph, Jackie Robinson, and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.

Milgram’s *modus operandi*, which evolved slowly, is simple. On invitation of individuals or groups interested in promoting fair housing in their community, he helps organize a local Modern Community Developers affiliate, arrange financing, engage a sympathetic builder, and acquire a suitable site. This, both Milgram and the Griens believe, remains one of the field’s most delicate problems. In general Milgram recommends a tract semi-isolated from dense settlement by commercial or physical barriers, and located, if possible, in a school district which is already integrated.

He also insists on “community preparation,” preferably beginning even before land is bought. Until building is largely a *fait accompli*, he takes only a few backers into his confidence. It is their job to activate fair-housing committees in

churches and civic groups—making them aware of both the economic and the social benefits of integrated housing—and then to collect signatures on “declarations of conscience” for use later as evidence of responsible support. Afterwards, public announcements emphasize the prestige of the development’s organizers, the stability of comparable interracial projects, and the characteristics of prospective Negro residents. If all goes well, opposition soon wanes, and the development is quietly completed and occupied.

A Way to End Fears of Mass Move-ins

With apartment buildings, the task is easier. “We buy a building, change its leasing policy, and that’s it—instant integration,” Milgram explains. So far, no white tenants have moved out because Negroes moved in, nor has it been difficult to maintain racial balance: 10 per cent is the highest ratio of Negro occupancy in any of Milgram’s apartment houses (rents range upward from \$100 a month). In fact, since local and state fair-housing laws and determined religious and civic groups have increased the supply of housing open to non-whites, Milgram sometimes finds it hard to get Negro tenants. “This shows that white neighborhoods no longer need fear mass move-ins if they allow the housing market to become truly open,” he says. “But Negroes have a responsibility. They must knock and knock and keep knocking if integration doors are to open.”

Laws providing quick depreciation write-offs for rental properties have made Milgram’s apartment ventures so profitable that his organization now controls assets which gross more than a million dollars a year. He hopes next to expand operations beyond the East. Meanwhile, he receives an annual salary of \$14,000 and, with his wife Grace and their children, Betty and Gene (both now in college), lives comfortably but modestly at Greenbelt Knoll. Most of his assets are invested in integrated housing, and, except for his hobby of stamp collecting, so is his spare time. Since last summer, he has concentrated on organizing a National Committee on Tithing in Investment, headed by Congressman Donald M. Fraser, who with Milgram has already recruited more than three thousand sponsors. The committee hopes to encourage individuals, religious groups, unions, and other organizations to allocate at least 10 per cent of their savings and investment portfolios to furthering residential de-

segregation. The group now is compiling educational materials, a list of recommended investments, and a roster of banks and savings-and-loan associations where deposits are employed on a nondiscriminatory basis.

The tithing committee could be Milgram's most important project. "All our efforts are chicken feed in this field unless religious groups and others which control not millions, but billions of dollars join in," he says. "We're not suggesting that they throw their money away. We're only suggesting that members tell their investment committees to invest so that the organization's money is where its mouth is, and that, by God, if they can't find a good investment that reflects social concern, they get a committee which can find one!"

And what of the end product of Milgram's main efforts, his interracial housing developments? I visited several recently and found them to be neat, thriving, and in many ways similar to other recently established neighborhoods. Though some are nearly ten years old, all the houses and grounds were well kept. One Negro doctor at Greenbelt Knoll had spent some \$15,000 expanding and improving his home and, together with neighbors, had formed an association to build a swimming pool which any resident who pays nominal dues may share. Outwardly the developments seemed in no way unusual.

They have lost some residents whose companies transferred them out of the area or whose families grew too large, but turnover is lower than in the average community, and resale prices apparently all have equaled or exceeded original prices. Only at Concord Park, where the age of homes now makes obtaining large mortgages difficult, has the racial balance changed appreciably. Last summer white families were a minority of 30 per cent. But the Concord Park Civic Association, to which most residents belong, was planning a campaign to attract more white buyers.

"The balance is off, but we're not worried," says Mike Harris, a salesman who was the association's 1964 president. (He is white.) "It happened because nobody paid any attention to it. Once we get busy, we know we can swing it back."

The subdivisions' social environment, several residents maintained, is quite ordinary, except that Negroes and whites of all ages mix freely. "There's a little more 'neighboring' here than in most places," one white accountant in Concord Park said, but at Maple Crest and Runnymede a Negro chemist, a white lawyer, and a Negro teacher told me that for the most part

contacts are only the usual friendly backyard type.

Nobody reported interracial dating or engagements. "How often do *you* hear nowadays of dating or marrying the girl next door?" a white salesman asked. (Almost never, I admitted.) Instead, youthful social contacts follow normal patterns at schools, which are integrated, in community organizations, and in churches, some of which are integrated while others are not.

No junior executives of large corporations live in the developments. "Pressure from family, friends, and professional associates can be tremendous," George Grier says. "A lot of whites admitted that it kept them out." Otherwise it is difficult to generalize. I met a Negro doctor, public-school teachers, professors, salesmen, a carpenter, a chemist, a human-relations consultant, a public-relations man, a minister, and a Negro Democratic Congressman (Robert N. C. Nix of Pennsylvania, who lives at Greenbelt Knoll), among others. Similarly it is impossible to categorize residents' religious and political views, except that none is known to be an extremist of either the Communist left or the John Birch right.

Nothing to Fear

When I discussed living in interracial Maple Crest with Mrs. Frances Saunders, the attractive Virginia-born wife of a testing consultant, she said simply, with an impact heightened by her Southern accent: "We whites have such a rigid pattern of thinking that we think we have everything to give. That's not true. I have found that we get a great deal: a whole new way of looking at things; familiarity with another history, another cultural background, other writers, other thinkers. You feel alive. You feel at peace with yourself. You know that you have been wronging yourself, too, terribly, and you are glad that it is over. You have nothing to fear anymore."

It is, of course, far from over for most Americans. But the trend is unmistakable. Ten years ago, according to George and Eunice Grier, there were only sixty-five interracial developments; now the state of New York alone has at least this many, while the national total is in "the high hundreds" and accelerating rapidly. Morris Milgram and others like him have progressed farther than they may know. Their beachheads, though scattered, are so numerous as to be impregnable.



CHIM TA AP/WIDE WORLD

The Enigma of Dean Rusk

by Joseph Kraft

A superb staff officer, he keeps cool, he moves fast, and he works tirelessly; yet the public waits in vain for him to "emerge."

When the Bay of Pigs fiasco gave way to the Berlin crisis back in 1961, it was confidently asserted that the Secretary of State was beginning to emerge from his shell. When he played badminton with Khrushchev at the tail end of the test-ban negotiations, it was again asserted that Dean Rusk was emerging. When President Johnson took office after the assassination, it was asserted anew that Mr. Rusk was emerging. When he struck out sharply at critics of American policy in Vietnam several weeks ago, accordingly, the dimmest student of the Rusk-emerges cycle could have predicted what would happen. It was bound to be written, as *Time* actually wrote, that "Rusk has emerged . . ."

In fact, all these starts have been false starts. The figure continuously cut by Mr. Rusk is well represented by the sobriquets that have stuck to him. He is—he really is—"The Quiet American," "The Silent Secretary," "The Anonymous Mr. Rusk." No single enterprise of real pith and moment—not the test ban; not the Bay of Pigs; not the Cuba missiles crisis; not the Nassau Conference; not the Multilateral Force nor the Trade Expansion Act; not the Dominican landings nor any aspect of Vietnam policy—is connected, either publicly or by Washington insiders, with his

name. Mystery, rather, has engulfed and still engulfs the Secretary's stand on most of these matters. It is in keeping with this cloudiness that Rusk originally got his job because, while all the other prominent candidates—Dean Acheson, Robert Lovett, David Bruce, Adlai Stevenson, Averell Harriman, J. William Fulbright—had something against one another, they knew nothing against him. For more than any important official in the country, Dean Rusk is the man nobody knows.

Perhaps the enigma is beyond penetration. But certainly it is time to stop announcing new departures. Enough is known to make it clear that it is not in the cards for Rusk to emerge. Nothing about him suggests a major figure, a mover and shaper of big events and grand policies. Everything about him announces the diplomatic technician, the ceremonial Secretary of State. As one of his own Assistant Secretaries says, "By temperament, by training, and by experience, Dean Rusk is a superb staff officer."

To say these things is no disparagement—not at least to those who understand the office of Secretary of State. It is an office hedged in by limitations. The essence of modern, that is to say democratic, diplomacy is that everybody wants, and to a degree needs, to get into the act. Probably no axiom is more outdated than the maxim that politics stops at the water's edge; if anything, in the postwar years politics has tended to thrive off-shore more than anywhere else. Presidents stand or fall by what they do in

foreign affairs. Congressional reputations are made abroad: witness the case of Senator Fulbright who is so much better known, though so much less powerful, than his Arkansas colleague Representative Wilbur Mills. Every recognizable interest group—veterans, farmers, business, labor, Jews, Catholics, Negroes, women, even Quakers—has a preferred foreign policy. And as usual, diverse political pressures are reflected in bureaucratic pluralism. State counts at least four major, and relatively new, competitors for the foreign-policy prerogative: the Defense Department; the Central Intelligence Agency; the Aid agency; and the Information agency. Most of the old-line departments—Treasury, Commerce, Agriculture, Labor—also have a piece of the foreign action. One study of an American embassy in Europe showed that the mission included representatives from forty-four different Washington agencies.

Rare Birds

Outside the White House, of course, the Secretary of State is supposed to have preeminence of place in all foreign matters. But translating nominal into actual authority takes immense doing. He must establish and sustain confidence, supreme confidence, at the White House. He must achieve and maintain ascendancy over the rest of the President's advisers. The Congress has to be conciliated or kept at bay. Constant policing of bureaucratic lines is required.

Most of these functions, to be sure,

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

were performed by the two most prominent Secretaries of State in the postwar era. But Dean Acheson and John Foster Dulles, if not examples of a species now extinct, were very rare birds. Both men started with huge advantages. Before becoming Secretary of State each had acquired financial ease, professional success, social position, and international fame. Even so they had to fight every step of the way. The bureaucratic wars know no more savage episode than Dulles' squashing of Nelson Rockefeller's effort to make foreign policy as an aide in the Eisenhower White House. "Foster," one official recalls, "cut Nelson off at the ankles." And when Acheson was asked, by a foreign colleague, to name the quality most requisite in a Secretary of State, he replied, "The killer instinct." Even the not-so-nice qualities—the qualities that made most people indignant—were not mere foibles. In establishing the primacy of the Secretary of State, Acheson's arrogance and Dulles' self-righteous sense of Christian mission were potent assets.

Up from Georgia

Mrs. Rusk has none of these instincts or advantages. He comes—it should never be forgotten—from the simplest of backgrounds. He was born on a tenant farm in Georgia, and grew up in Atlanta, the son of a letter carrier who had to give up his aspirations for the Presbyterian ministry when his voice gave out. He rose in life not through assertion of a family tradition but by the gift, as Theodore White once pointed out, of great patrons. General Stilwell pushed him forward as a staff officer in the China-Burma-India theater in World War II. General Marshall advanced him in the Pentagon and brought him to the State Department. There he was backed by Acheson, Lovett, and Dulles. The last two made him head of the Rockefeller Foundation—the post he held before going back to the State Department as Secretary in 1961.

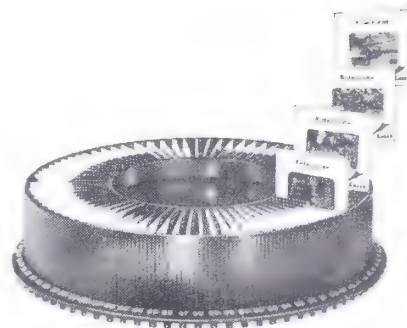
As might be expected, Rusk has the qualities of those whose place depends entirely upon the good opinion of others. He is an agreeable, even-tempered, soft-spoken man. He laughs easily and often, and when he

does his eyes crinkle. "My," I overheard someone say not long ago at a diplomatic reception, "he has a sweet face." He is good, but not too good, at social games: bridge, poker, bowling, tennis. His size, which is largish, gives the impression of beef-eating solidity, but not of imperious authority. While his relations with the press have not been famous, they have improved notably since he began the "bottle club"—a weekly meeting, over drinks, with the regular State Department correspondents. "To have a drink with Dean Rusk," one of the bottle clubmen says, "is to like Dean Rusk."

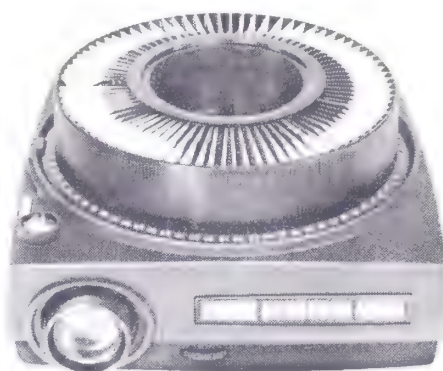
Beneath that attractive demeanor there is undoubted ability. Virtually everybody who has ever worked with Rusk—his teachers in Atlanta; the dons at Oxford, where he was a Rhodes scholar; the faculty and students at Mills College, where he taught international relations; his fellow officers in the war; his colleagues at State—has been impressed. "He sees all the elements in any situation," one of his present colleagues says. "He keeps cool, and he moves fast."

Thanks to these qualities Rusk played an important role in shaping the American response to the Korean invasion back in 1950. The text of the Wake Island meeting between President Truman and General MacArthur a year later shows that while others were posing general questions, Rusk time and again focused attention on the practical issue of what could be done in Washington to help the effort in Korea. By now, after two decades in the foreign-affairs business, Rusk has been around the bases on almost all the world's problems. He retains, however, the stamina and patience to go around the bases again and again. During his first three years in office, Rusk took only four days off. "He is the only man around," a State Department official says, "who can outwait Gromyko."

Perhaps the most striking of Rusk's traits, indeed the only flashy quality he seems to possess, is verbal fluency. He is the author of that deathless souvenir of the Cuba missiles crisis: "We're eyeball to eyeball and I think the other fellow just blinked." He is also the author of the line—"The eagle in the seal



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of the United States has two claws, one bearing arrows, the other an olive branch"—that President Kennedy borrowed for his inaugural address. President Johnson, who is not exactly a modest fellow, has acknowledged that he would like to have Rusk's rhetorical gifts. He is perhaps the only Washington "figure" whose collected speeches include—and rightly include—some after-dinner toasts. Listening to Rusk's impromptu remarks, I find myself constantly astonished by his capacity to explain difficult things. Of the thousand and more explanations of the Multilateral Force that I must have heard, I remember quite well that the most lucid by far was the explanation Rusk gave.

With talent for phrasing there goes, paradoxically, a distinct reticence and reserve. I have never met anyone who has ever worked with Rusk—whether secretary, aide, or colleague—who has felt close to him. It is a supreme mark of the impersonal attitude that while most big government officials bring to office a few personal aides of long standing, Rusk has worked almost exclusively with the staff he found on the spot. A former official who practically lived with Rusk when they were working on the Palestine issue at the United Nations back in 1947 confesses that to this day he does not know what Rusk thought about the matter. Before being coaxed to pronounce a name once in a while, Rusk used to call on people at staff meeting by simply nodding. He was the only member of the Cabinet whom President Kennedy did not call by his first name. Despite the marked improvement in relations, he remains loath to talk to the press. And he has frequently expressed a positive horror of that sanctum of official gossip in Washington, the Metropolitan Club.

Why He Is Inhibited

As in most paradoxes, there is probably an underlying connection between Rusk's reticence and his fluency. Both, I suspect, grow out of a quality native to the pious poor of the South and reinforced, in Dean Rusk, by his whole bureaucratic career. It is a quality of respect—respect for other people; more re-

spect for established ways; still more respect for constituted authority; even more respect still for received ideas. My guess is that fear of imposing himself inhibits Rusk from forcing his ideas on others, or telling them what to do, or recruiting a personal staff. It says something about respect for established ways that as President of the Rockefeller Foundation Rusk did little to alter its unimaginative concentration on medical and scientific research; it says something, also, that he has lodged his family in the most suburban of suburbs—Spring Valley in Washington and Scarsdale outside New York. The stiff relations with Kennedy say something about respect for authority: where the President liked nothing so much as irreverence, the Secretary acted toward the Presidency as reverence personified. A revealing incident in that connection took place at the Nassau Conference, which Rusk did not attend. Kennedy was genuinely surprised at his absence. The conference was an important one, and Rusk had been pressed to go by some of his associates. Why then did he not go? Because he was not formally invited.

Rusk's fluency fits into the same groove. I have mentioned his lucid explanation of the Multilateral Force. I must add that I do not remember one word of what he said. And I do not doubt the reason. However neat the phrasing, there was in the matter nothing original. Nor have I ever heard Rusk say anything that smacked of originality. Like all the rest of his behavior, Rusk's verbal gift promotes the conventions. He can iterate and reiterate, and truly believe, that the whole of American foreign policy is summed up in the soporific platitudes enclosed in the first two articles of the United Nations Charter. He can imagine and announce that the traditional concept of territorial integrity applies to a revolutionary situation in a place as slippery and undemarcated as Southeast Asia. His flair, indeed, consists precisely in reducing what is remote and difficult to what is familiar and banal. Even his most memorable lines—the eagle line, for instance, or "eyeball to eyeball"—represent reductions to the commonplace. Rusk's true art, in other words, is to place a most un-

common gift at the service of the most common ideas. He gives extraordinary tongue to ordinary thoughts. Deep down, at the core of his being, by reason of all the circumstances of his life and career, even in his most conspicuous talent, Mr. Rusk is a man who goes along, a conformist.

His Imprint

If only because he is Secretary of State, however, his character has made an imprint on American policy and behavior over the past five years. Thanks in large part to him, the machinery of foreign affairs has turned with a minimum of the usual friction. Tempestuous fighting between State and Defense, State and the Congress, State and the CIA, State and the White House has been muted if not altogether harmonized. While not an intimate of any circle, Rusk has had good relations with Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and what he likes to call a partnership with Secretary McNamara. Similarly in relations with foreign governments. The acrimonious polemics, the trading of insults that was such a regular feature of this country's relations with the Communist bloc and the neutralist nations under Acheson and Dulles has been toned down. I do not believe for one minute that Rusk's marathon talks with Gromyko in 1961 and 1962 contributed to any practical development, not excluding the test ban. But the Secretary has had an atmospheric effect. He has lowered the temperature.

It also seems to me that Rusk has been near the center of this country's ambivalent, stop-and-go policy toward the newer countries of the Southern Continents—the so-called Third World. Out of deference, I think, he allowed powerful associates who had President Kennedy's White House backing to attempt new starts in several areas. In Africa, Assistant Secretary G. Mennen Williams and his deputy Wayne Frederick were allowed to foster a policy of closer ties between this country and left-wing regimes in Guinea, Algeria, Tanganyika, Ghana, and even the Congo. In Asia, former Assistant Secretaries Averell Harriman and Roger Hilsman were permitted to work for a more open door to main-

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

land China, and to give some American backing to such neutralist figures as Sukarno in Indonesia, Souvanna Phouma in Laos, Sihanouk in Cambodia, and the Buddhist monks in Vietnam. In Latin America, the head of the Alliance for Progress, Teodoro Moscoso, and several Ambassadors and White House aides were permitted to throw American support to progressive regimes in Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina, and the Dominican Republic of Juan Bosch. But after the change in the White House diminished Presidential backing for these objectives, Rusk quietly shelved the backers of the new policies, and reverted to a more orthodox line. It was certainly not a case of ditching subordinates who had once had his support. He had never really supported them in the first place. But because he had given them free rein, the snapback seems more dramatic. For Rusk now stands shoulder to shoulder with the President in an overriding determination to assert and uphold all the conventional symbols of American authority and interest.

Almost certainly, the most significant expression of the Rusk influence, however, has been negative. On every important occasion that brought diplomatic objectives into tension with military objectives, the Secretary has stepped aside or deferred. He had doubts about the Bay of Pigs invasion project, but did not say so in any sharp way, thus letting the proponents in the Pentagon and CIA carry the day. When Pentagon plans to cancel the Skybolt missile threatened difficulties with Britain—difficulties that were foreseen inside the Department of State—Rusk flashed only a casual warning, allowing the Defense Department to proceed to the troubles that then supervened. When the military pushed plans for bombing North Vietnam, Rusk went along without cavil.

Even in the important cases where the diplomatic logic prevailed, it was not Rusk who made it prevail. Secretary McNamara, Robert Kennedy, Theodore Sorensen, and Under Secretary of State George Ball were the "doves" who carried the fight against the scheme of the "hawks" to bomb Cuba and if necessary invade (at the decisive moment, in

fact, Rusk was giving a dinner for Gromyko). When Dean Acheson proposed a national mobilization at the time of the Berlin crisis of 1961, it was mainly McNamara who backed him down. When the bombing of North Vietnam began in March of this year, the development of a complementary diplomatic program—a carrot to go along with the stick, as Walter Lippmann put it—did not come from the State Department. It was the White House staff, and notably its domestic side, that led the push for the Mekong River valley program, and the offer of unconditional talks made in the President's Baltimore speech of April seventh.

Under Kennedy, the absence of a strong diplomatic lead from the Secretary was quietly deplored. "Rusk just doesn't represent his constituency," one White House aide used to grumble; and another once said, "He and McNamara are partners all right—only he's the junior partner." Still, if there was a gap in the system it was easily filled. President Kennedy liked to be not only his own Secretary of State, but even his own desk officer. McGeorge Bundy and his staff deliberately and steadily promoted sparring between State and Defense. The diplomatic as against the military approach, moreover, was steadily pushed by Attorney General Robert Kennedy and such freewheeling White House aides as Theodore Sorensen, Arthur Schlesinger, and the President's science adviser, Jerome Wiesner.

Under President Johnson, the White House staff has been far less active on a full-time basis in the formulation of policy. Perhaps as a result, there are fewer complaints, even *sotto voce*, about the Secretary. The President has repeatedly expressed his personal confidence in Rusk. With the United States engaged as it is in Vietnam, moreover, any change at State would look like a confession of failure. Competition to fill the vacancy would probably rack the Administration at its highest levels. Still the Washington betting is that the hour of change will come round—and probably in the not distant future. "In foreign affairs," one experienced President watcher says, "Johnson is not like Kennedy. He's like Truman. He needs an Acheson."

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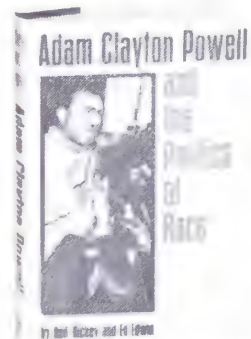


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The New Books

Murder-fancier Recommends . . .

by John Dickson Carr.

Well, your obedient servant has taken another beating. It is not that there has been any lack of mysteries to review. On the contrary, with so many books hurled at my head I have had all the sensations of a batter who, advancing more or less confidently to the plate, looks up and sees three pitchers simultaneously winding up to throw a beanball.

Most of these books were so bad that the temptation has been to swat them hard and relieve overwrought feelings. But this column must not be used as a safety valve. My instructions are to select, among publications for the first six months of 1965, ten novels which may be recommended with as few reservations as possible. The problem was to find mysteries which were real mysteries, with a secret worthy of being hidden and some effort made on the author's part legitimately to hide it until the end. After diligent search, aided by perhaps a little sharp practice in the first selection, the job has been done. However, *caveat lector*.

If we begin with *Rim of the Pit*, by Hake Talbot (Bantam, 50c) it must be pointed out that this book was first published twenty-one years ago. But it may properly be included here, since only a few months ago it was reissued in a paperback series of great mysteries, with an admirable introduction by Anthony Boucher. And nobody can complain that it lacks either mystery or action.

Against a background of two snow-bound houses in the North Country move picturesque characters who seem borderline cases in more senses than one. There is Luke Latham, host to murder and terror. There is Sherry Ogden, the engaging heroine.



There is Rogan Kincaid, gambler-detective, who puts off detecting for so long that the reader wonders if he will ever get down to it. There is a mysterious foreign magician who looks like Dracula but lectures authoritatively on the principles of conjuring.

From the very first sentence, "I came up here to make a dead man change his mind," we are into the realm of nightmare. Miracles gather and explode. A dead man returns—or does not return. A flying ghost, apparently, swoops down and attacks. No angels, but goblins and wizards seem to dance on the point of this needle. But gently; have patience! Everything is explained on natural grounds, in a marvel of ingenuity; and all the clues are there.

You yourself may say that some of the explanations seem a little thin. I certainly won't say it. That I of all people should complain of improbable solutions would be like Satan rebuking sin or St. Vitus objecting to the twist. For the modest sum of fifty

cents—plus whatever accursed, irritating small tax your state or city sees fit to levy—you may buy a little-known classic which deserves the wide audience it has never had. *Rim of the Pit* is a beauty. Don't argue with it; read it.

Midnight Plus One, by Gavin Lyall (Scribners, \$4.50) is also a beauty, and may be recommended almost without qualification. The publishers describe this one as "a novel of suspense and adventure." It is all of that, with its breakneck pace and never-ending tension, but it is a full-fledged mystery too.

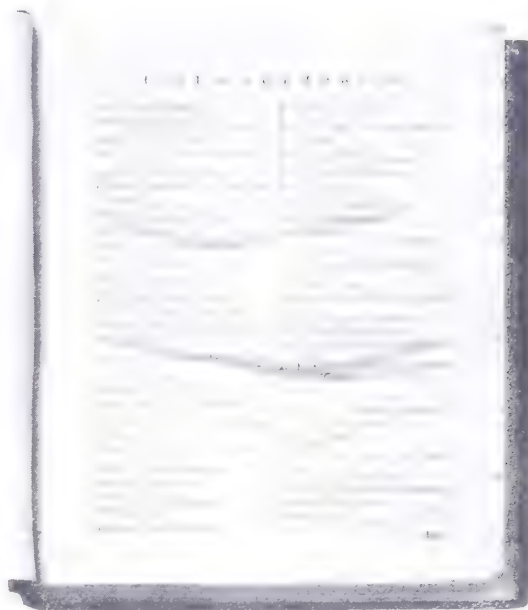
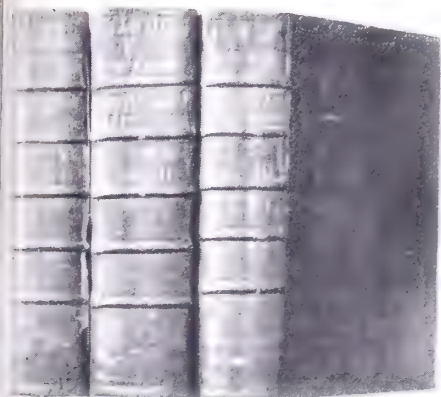
In a wild race by car across France and Switzerland to Liechtenstein dashes a sufficiently curious quartet: the narrator, an English industrial troubleshooter with a ready trigger finger; one Maganhard, an international financier who (like most financiers in books) seems rather more crooked than the unknown mastermind who is trying to get him; Helen Jarman, Maganhard's beautiful, enigmatic secretary; and an able but alcoholic American gunman with the cinematic name of Harvey Lovell.

Maganhard, pursued both by the police on a dubious charge of rape and by a couple of other gunmen in the employ of aforesaid mastermind, must reach Liechtenstein by a given hour to prevent one of his companies being grabbed.

Mr. Carr, well-known authority on Arthur Conan Doyle is also a master in writing detective fiction. His latest book is "Most Secret," published in November 1964, and a new one, "The House at Satan's Elbow," will appear next fall.

Encyclopædia Britannica says:

The known universe is three feet wide.



From 1st Edition. Note "Franklin on electricity."

Back in 1768, when the Encyclopædia Britannica was first published, the known universe was hardly a foot wide—and fit snugly then into the Britannica's three husky, leather clad volumes: "Aa" to "Bzo," "Caaba" to "Lythrum," and "Macao" to "Zyglophyllum."

Man's first balloon flight was still more than a dozen

years away. "ATOM" was described as "a particle of matter, so minute as to admit of no division."

The current edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica consists of twenty-four volumes, spans more than three feet... explains how "subdivision of atoms by a variety of physical means has become commonplace"... and contains photographs of the moon taken from a few feet off its surface and relayed to earth by a man-made device.

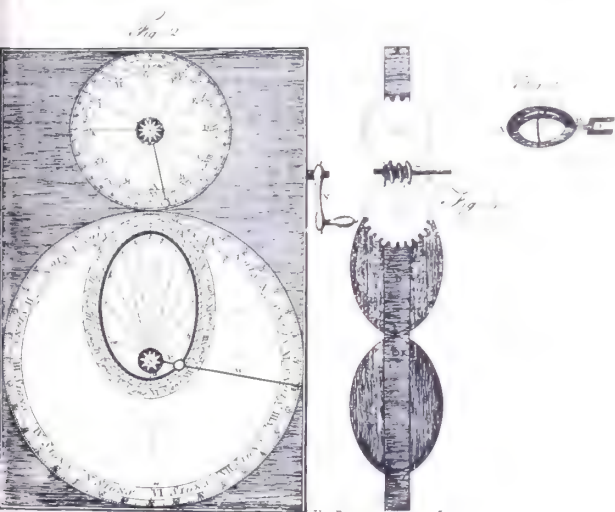
Considered together, these occurrences do more than dramatize man's scientific progress during the last 197 years.

They suggest something of the growth of man's knowledge about himself and about the universe in which he lives.

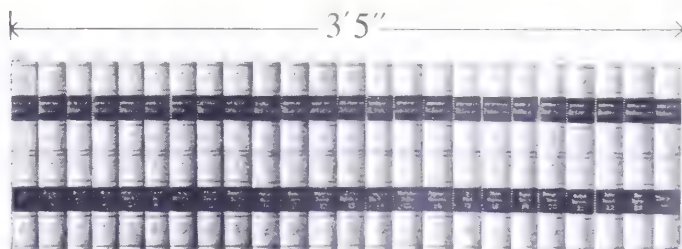
Clearly, he did not move directly from past to present, from balloon to rocket. He moved first through the acquisition, and then the use, of knowledge.

Nor will he move from present to future without first the acquisition, and then the use, of knowledge.

Part of our work is to provide one of the universal tools which give men access to the knowledge they need. For wherever in the world a single human soul reaches out for knowledge, for a way to improve himself, or broaden his horizons, we feel honor-bound to serve his needs. And to encompass within the covers of one readily available set of books the definitive report on man's noble advance.



Cometarium and other astronomical machinery from Plate XLVIII in the 1st Edition.



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From the outset of the adventure, when Lovell and the narrator discover a murdered man in their car, action never flags for an instant until it flares to a blazing holocaust inside some disused fortifications beyond the border. Nor are these the only problems. It becomes obvious that Lovell, that fugitive from AA, will fall off the wagon with a crash, and equally obvious that the poised Miss Jarman is falling for *him*. Most veteran readers will spot the identity of the sinister mastermind, but then the evidence is fairly presented as far as it goes. The characterization has more depth than is usual in such stories; emotional tangles are satisfactorily resolved. Don't miss *Midnight Plus One*.

The terror which gathers like a cold fog through **The Turret Room**, by Charlotte Armstrong (Coward-McCann, \$4.50), provides still another instance of Miss Armstrong's skill at making us jump when she lowers her voice. A colleague has objected that the protagonist should not have been called Edith Thompson, that being the name of a famous (and alluring) English murderess—or innocent victim of the law, depending on your view of the case—in 1922. But, since the character in question is referred to throughout as Edie, there was one reader at least whom it failed to jar. Is young Harleld Page a murderous psychopath, or only an innocent and well-meaning bumpkin? In the brooding California house of the Whitmans (a plague on Granny, anyhow!) doubt is piled on doubt, uncertainty on uncertainty, until we learn what really happened and who in actual fact was the prisoner in the tower. A story for sophisticates, strongly recommended.

Any reader who begins **The Diamond Bubble**, by Robert L. Fish (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50), and who has already made the acquaintance of Captain José Da Silva, liaison officer between Interpol and the Brazilian police, will expect something choice in mystery-adventure. He will not be disappointed. Again the scene is Rio in a heat haze, with every atmospheric detail skillfully evoked. It seems clear that some racket is being worked, when diamonds allegedly worth \$6,000 each are sold to American tourists at half that price.

But what racket? The diamonds are not glass, nor is there any switch; they really are worth \$6,000, and are triumphantly carried aboard ship by the departing tourist. If there's a joker in the deck, where is it? Da Silva and his friend Wilson, whose first name we never learn but who carries more authority than his official position at the American Embassy would indicate, are drawn first into the murder of Da Silva's disreputable cousin Nestor, shot down on the terrace of a café, after which they are led far afield to the hinterland, bumping in an ancient taxi until it is squashed as flat as an opera hat and a burst of gunplay sweeps events toward enlightenment. Though this may not be Mr. Fish's best book, it is well up to the high standard he has already set.

Maurice Procter is a master of the police-procedure novel; he has done no better work than **Homicide Blonde** (Harper & Row, \$3.95). Again the scene is Grantchester: not the village beside the Cam once celebrated by Rupert Brooke, but a sprawling provincial city which suggests Liverpool, as does the speech of its people. Realistically, without gloss or prettification, Mr. Procter depicts the day-to-day activity of the CID in a homicide detail under Detective Chief Inspector Martineau. Few writers could invest routine police work with such breathless and page-turning interest, but Martineau and his men have no ordinary case. One foggy night in November Lily Ellis, a chubby and nubile "working-class" girl of twelve, is caught in a dingy street and strangled behind the wall of the cricket ground. Though she has not been sexually molested, "child murder," we are warned, "is habit-forming."

Well, perhaps. Another such strangling follows within forty-eight hours, and then three more, the girls being progressively older until the fifth victim is a woman of thirty-five; if a common factor exists, it seems to be the circumstance that each victim has true golden hair of the sort Martineau comes to call homicide blonde. As the hunt roars through Grantchester from Toad Wood to Lea Park, Martineau thinks he has spotted the murderer and so will an unwary reader. Look out, though: there is still a trick up the auctorial sleeve.

If old hands may suspect the real killer, it is because Mr. Procter has used an unorthodox and daring fairness, several times probing the mind of the strangler without betraying the fact that it is the strangler's. Full marks and high honors.

In Trusted Like the Fox, by Sara Woods (Harper & Row, \$3.95), the mists roll back; we seem to see unveiled—through the medium of full dress trial at the Old Bailey—a grisly and brutal picture of treason from twenty years gone by. In the dock stands Michael Godson, a Brightse photograph. "Godson," declares the prosecution, is in reality Guy Harland, who, according to the Crown's evidence, in 1944 defected to the Nazis after bashing an eminent scientist nearly to death, stealing top secret information, and knocking out the police officer who tried to detain him. Counsel for the defense, that temperamental but engaging barrister Antony Maitland, almost immediately has the props kicked from under the case when Godson privately confesses he *is* Harland, though still swearing he is guiltless of any crime. The barrister, despite everything, remains convinced of his client's innocence and fights for it against formidable odds. So persuasively does Sara Woods write that our sympathies fly at once to Maitland, to Harland, and to the long-suffering wives of both. They must triumph; we feel sure; they will triumph; and in a sensational finale, they do triumph. The surprise ending is all the more effective in that every card of evidence has been face-up on the table. Miss Woods strikes straight at the emotions, and deserves her own triumph here.

To England from Australia, at the insistence of a sporting peer concerned with stopping dirty work on racetracks, comes young Dan Roke, horse-breeder, horse-fancier, and would-be detective. Posing as a stable boy in **For Kicks**, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row, \$3.95), Dan succeeds in both parts of his mission for the National Hunt Committee, as well as having his troubles (and successes) with both Lord October's beautiful daughters. The attendant hullabaloo enables Dick Francis, himself once a professional jockey, to write another exciting story about

THE NEW BOOKS

the sport of kings. Dan Roke, in fine, moves so reliable an undercover agent that high authority finally invites him to join the British counter-espionage service; no doubt we shall hear from him in that capacity.

Espionage, espionage, espionage! Of the two preceding novels, it will be marked, one begins and the other ends with it. A new kind of cataract has come down at Lodore, providing our correspondent with much of his reading headache. The good writers will be mentioned, but to a bemused mind it sometimes seems that half the bad writers in Christendom are off on what would nowadays be described as an espionage kick. Behold the bandwagon disappearing down the road, and the last poor devil (who is it?) taking a mighty pratfall as he tries to swing aboard.

In a spy story, of course, any mystery is usually of the most clumsy or primitive sort, with few if any clues; the plot is as naïve and stereotyped as the plot of a western. But nothing clumsy or naïve can be dealt with here. It is therefore a pleasure to report that **The Quiller Memorandum**, by Adam Hall (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50), is one of the best spy novels I have ever read. Adam Hall, we are told, is a pseudonym; if he is in fact Elleston Trevor, as my own spies assure me, never before has he written so brilliant a book under his own name or anybody else's.

In turbulent present-day Berlin, Quiller, the British agent narrator, after being blackmailed by his own office into an assignment he has tried to dodge, finds himself on the trail both of a revived Nazi organization and of a vicious, still-at-liberty war criminal from the old Third Reich. Social mores in fiction, it is true, have changed over the years. In the days of John Buchan and E. Phillips Oppenheim we had some whisper of romantic love but seldom even a suggestion of sex, whereas at the mid-1960s no attractive woman, whether for our side or against it, can wait ten minutes before taking off her clothes. Inga Lindt, Quiller's own hungry sex-bomb, is no exception to modern rules.

There is very much a mystery and a tricky one, with clues in plenty for those alert enough to see them.

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I am not, I must confess, particularly fond of animals. Aside from a painted turtle once sent me as a souvenir from Florida, I have never had a pet. Circuses, apart from cotton candy, have always bored me. And I haven't been to a zoo since I gave up smoking and re-developed my sense of smell.

Therefore, you can understand my surprise when I recently glanced at Hermann Dembeck's *Animals and Men* and found myself completely captivated by it.

As the subtitle says, this book is an "informal history of the animal as prey, as servant and as companion," and it is loaded with interesting facts and amusing stories about animals of all sorts.

For example, there's a bit about a Roman emperor who kept two tame bears in his bedroom, and another about how peasants killed wolves in feudal days; a chapter on falconry, and an explanation of why some people won't eat pigs; and an account of how Jefferson Davis introduced camels into the United States Army. There are also hundreds of pictures, including one of a pet stork on a dining room table and another of Los Angeles during the ice age.

In addition to all this fascinating lore, there is also some practical information on how to keep pets humanely, which covers everything from goldfish and birds to cats and dogs. Reading the book has made me feel quite a bit differently about animals, even though I'm not yet ready for bears in my bedroom.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Animals and Men, by Hermann Dembeck (\$7.50) is a publication of the Natural History Press, which is the Publisher for The American Museum of Natural History, and a Division of Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 17116 Kercheval Avenue, Grosse Pointe, Michigan.

THE NEW BOOKS

Where is the secret headquarters of Phoenix, and what precisely are the sons of Phoenix trying to do? Will Gestapo tortures break the nerve of Inga Lindt? She has entered the story almost under the wheels of a doom-driven car; she will leave it—how? Bullets, punches, and stratagems are traded at headlong speed. Don't bet on anything in this murderous whirl; no issue is safe or settled until the last hand, when Mr. Hall/Trevor has still a few trumps in reserve to sweep the board. You can't go wrong with Quiller.

A smooth, polished display of past-and-present espionage may be found in Andrew Garve's *The Ashes of Loda* (Harper & Row, \$3.50). English noblemen who write for the press are commoner in real life than in fiction; Fleet Street used to be full of 'em. Young Lord Quanton, the likable narrator, falls hard for a statuesque, moody Polish girl brought up in England by her (naturalized British) father, though Quanton hasn't a hope of marrying her until he can resolve her fear that her father may be a one-time collaborator still wanted by the Russians for war crimes at Loda. The Polish-English heroine, Marya Raczinski, considerably startles us by being a Nice Girl. But don't worry; all's well; she has gratifying seasons of weakness. Off to Moscow so that he may clear the old man's name, Quanton sinks neck-deep in half-forgotten villainy and mayhem. If this adventure lacks the tearing excitement of *The Quiller Memorandum*, it won't let you down either.

Honesty compels me to recommend *Funeral in Berlin*, by Len Deighton (Putnam, \$4.95), though I wish the recommendation were not necessary. It is arty, it is smart-alecky, it is carried forward with a kind of congealed sneer. Of three spy novels told in the first person, this one takes the coconut for having the most irritating narrator, who annoys the reader fully as much as he annoys other characters in the story. "If you're so damn smart," says one of them, "what are you doing in Berlin?"

In addition to loading the most unimportant conversation so heavily with sneers and gobbledegook that the main mystery is what these people are supposed to be talking about, our narrator has a passion for

the sort of grammar favored in television commercials. Time after time we encounter some such sentence as "Johnnie sniffed at his bourbon and downed it like it was medicine," or "He beat over the car like he wanted to eat it."

The narrator is well aware of being addicted to this mannerism, and seems to think it a sign of superior intellect. The publishers, too, are more impressed by his literary skill than most readers are likely to be. Yet *Funeral in Berlin* must be included here because there is a good idea behind it, and you will find more than one ingenious touch to admire once you have butted your way past the opening chapters. Mr. Deighton may write a story comparable to *The Quiller Memorandum* once he has also learned how to build up to a strong finale and stop there.

Or perhaps he will never learn; it is difficult to care.

Reminiscing in Tempo

by Nat Hentoff

Sometimes I Wonder, by Hoagy Carmichael with Stephen Longstreet Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.50.

In 1946, Hoagy Carmichael wrote a short, rambling set of autobiographical reminiscences, *The Stardust Road* (Rinehart), which had the casual gentle pace of his speech and his songs. Now, with the aid of Stephen Longstreet, Carmichael has considerably expanded as well as updated the earlier work; and, fortunately, *Sometimes I Wonder* retains the idiomatic ease of that prologue. In its unpretentious way, Carmichael's autobiography is a beguiling contribution to American social history; and it also conveys the passion jazz was able to release

Mr. Hentoff, who reviews jazz for "The Reporter" and "HiFi/Stereo," is the author of "The Jazz Life" and "The New Equality." His latest book is "Jazz Country," a novel for young readers.

a relatively small number of polytes long before the music acquired critics, historians, and the rest of the panoply of moderate respectability.

Carmichael convincingly re-creates both the unhurried pleasures and also the intermittent restlessness of his Indiana boyhood along with his growing pride of independence as he labored as a roofer, cement worker, and hog slaughterer to pay for his education at Indiana University. The wry high spirits of those college years are also distilled with wit and an astute eye for relevant and occasionally boisterous detail. The book, however, takes on particular vividness when Carmichael explores the deepening effect on him of jazz—first in Indiana and then as he wandered, an apprentice musician and developing composer, to Chicago, New York, and Hollywood. Although there are quick insights into a variety of now quasi-legendary figures—King Oliver, Paul Whiteman, Louis Armstrong, Bing Crosby, George Gershwin—Carmichael is of most value as an informal historian in his complicated portrait of the elusive Bix Beiderbecke. A cornetist of quicksilver lyricism and a vast incapacity to set down roots in any place or in any person, Bix slips in and out of Carmichael's memories as a symbol of the evanescence of those mesmeric sounds which nonetheless finally convinced the young Hoosier

that a career in the law could hardly satisfy him long.

Yet Carmichael never made a major place for himself in jazz. It was as a composer of popular standards and later also as a sometime movie actor and night club personality that Carmichael achieved recognition and security. Significantly, however, the closing section of the book, based on those years of success, is the least compelling. After his hungry but persistently stimulating jazz period, the rest of Carmichael's experiences seem to have been an anticlimax. Nothing again had quite the exhilarating impact on him of hearing Bix record a Carmichael tune for the first time or of hearing Bix, his head cocked to the side, his eyes popping, blowing his horn in the open air on a crisp Indiana morning. But Carmichael has not entirely disassociated himself from jazz. He still listens to new improvisers while remembering the sounds of the past, and he has lost none of his respect for the hazardous freedom of the jazzman who "drops tired stuff overboard . . . willing to face the difficulty of original work, rejecting easy ways out and going beneath the surface of things." The pervasive sense of *Sometimes I Wonder* is that Carmichael, comparatively serene as he looks back, nonetheless wishes he had come closer to the center of the jazz life and had been able to stay there.

he knows who and what he is: this is a man standing four-square on his origins and a proven command of his craft.

If Morison were reviewing his own book I trust he would describe it for what it is: a valedictory work by a testy, upright Proper Bostonian whose fifty years of historical practice have taken him over portions of the same ground several times before. His reasons for making the traverse again are plain from his introduction and from his asides to the reader: he does not want his fellow countrymen to miss the point, as he conceives it, of their national experience. The first half of the book is the strongest, for it is here that his convictions are most deeply engaged. In brief, the message is that this Republic was founded, not for the sake of independence as such or for doctrinaire democracy, but for the preservation of ancient English liberties, whose existence is the surest safeguard of the public weal. "Make no mistake," Morison will say, making no mistake possible about his meaning.

Morison's great advantage over his colleagues is that he was a person before he became a historian. It is a prerogative of the aristocratic scholar, that dying breed, to be sure of himself quite apart from his academic status; he will not have needed his profession as a way of arriving at self-respect. A by-product of this good fortune is a willingness to take on large subjects and pronounce concise opinions about them. Where the dutiful pedant despairs of arriving at just verdicts even in his specialty, there is enough of the eternal amateur in Morison for him to plunge happily into the most tangled complexities and emerge, on the other side, with a few sentences of deft and lively summary. His range is not nearly so impressive as his confidence that he can safely encompass it, and the brashness to write a book like this must surely be equaled only by the presumption of anyone who reviews it.

A supplemental grace of Morison's status is to permit him a style at once both informal and didactic. His self-possession is such that he can afford to give any subject no more than the attention he thinks it deserves, which in a book covering five

Including Sports, Diversions, and Snatches of Song

by Eric Larrabee

Oxford History of the American People, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Oxford, \$12.50.

Samuel Eliot Morison's *Oxford History of the American People* begins with the last ice age and ends with the death of John F. Kennedy, in a single leap of eleven hundred pages. It represents a narrow victory of sound judgment over native bias. Given his vantage point, Admiral

Morison is a clear-eyed historian; where his gaze falls it outlines fact, which he faithfully reports. He has roamed over acres of American history as though he owned them, which in many cases he does. When he deploys his full attention, balancing man or event in a judicious hand, there is little to be faulted in the simple, weighty words he chooses and the mark they bear of a skeptical, seasoned mind. Add to this that

centuries of continental history is necessarily not very much. He is headlong and breezy, thus unusually readable for a synoptic historian, and he can dabble and indulge his whims without seeming to waste the reader's time. The technique is to stand so solidly in one place that you can step down from it without loss of dignity or any sense of abandoning your standards of judgment. The tone is frequently old-fashioned, in the manner which puts quotation marks around "walkups" or "good guys," but now and then it allows Morison apt and striking effects, as when he says of a Paris apothecary who asked permission to settle in Montreal that Champlain, "not relishing the prospect of Indians hanging around a drug store, allowed [him] to stay only after he had promised not to serve the natives."

Morison's whims are numerous, and predictably Brahmin. He likes horses and sailboats, and people who occupy themselves with such. One of his words of highest praise (he bestows it on Kennedy) is "thoroughbred," and he argues that seafaring people have more robust democratic institutions than landlubbers—a proposition (as Daniel Boorstin has remarked) which seems to break down somewhat in the instance of Portugal and Japan.

Yet, for such a personal book, this is also a curiously institutional one. That is, when Morison's idiosyncrasies do not guide him, he goes to the current scholarship on the matter, of which he appears to be a prodigious consumer. The effect is one of awesome authority but also, behind the brisk style, of a certain blandness quite counter to the author's naturally contentious temperament. Having chosen to cover everything, Morison is forced to take up a good many topics on which he has no personal feeling, or else a feeling of alien repugnance which somewhat disables him as their expositor. He frankly prefers the America previous to World War I, which hind-

sight and nostalgia have transformed into an idyll. "Americans like myself," he writes, "who were so fortunate as to be born in the late nineteenth century and brought up in the early twentieth, often look upon the years prior to 1914 as a golden age of the Republic."

On occasion this attitude leads him seriously astray. Speaking of the disappearance of domestic servants Morison remarks (inaccurately, I should think) that cocktail parties have become the only possible form of home entertainment, except for the rich, and then goes on to say: "The people upon whom the weight of this domestic revolution has fallen are the women brought up with plenty of servants who now, in middle age, must perform every household chore for which they were not trained, and which they never expected to do. The brave and successful response to this challenge by America's 'thoroughbreds' is a tribute to their character, and one to which no male social scientist has yet alluded." Now this is class consciousness carried beyond the point of toleration, both in its indifference to the people who have endured domestic servitude and its inattention to the concurrent revolution in methods of housecleaning and food preparation which has made servants, at long last, so much less necessary. Somehow the fortitude and nobility of those downward mobile upper-class women, as a social scientist might say, does not seem to call for quite such a rhetorical flourish.

But such mishaps are infrequent. Morison's prejudices do not run away with him except where they involve those rare groups, such as the French Canadians, who positively annoy him; and he does not, let it be said, exonerate the rich for being rich. He has a patrician disdain for financial shenanigans coupled with a storyteller's zest for recounting them (there is even a page surprisingly devoted to a doubtful episode in the early career of James V. Forrestal, of all people). It is just that Morison is a Hamiltonian at heart, or so I deduce from being unable to recognize his Jefferson. Where Hamilton's dash and effectiveness appeal to him, there is something fuzzy and ruminative about Jefferson that puts him off. When he can, Morison notes

Jefferson's faults of fumbling or inconsistency; little comes through of the humanly appealing Jefferson, the man Monticello brings to life, to whom not a blade of grass was ever uninteresting. Morison's view, like Hamilton's, is from the Eastern seaboard. What there was in Jefferson which dreamed westward, and sent Lewis and Clark to make the dream manifest, is not the central theme in this reading of the American epic.

It would be difficult to say what the central theme exactly is; what provides the unity is the author's personality and sense of justice, with its assurance to the reader of measuring both Washington and Wilson, so to speak, in the same pair of scales. By taking a history "of the American people" for his title, and by including sports, diversions, and snatches of song as well as literature and the arts, Admiral Morison strongly implies that what he offers here is more than "drum-and-trumpet" history of the traditional type, yet social history as such eludes him. He dearly loves a battle, and tends to take the catalogue of properly "historic" events pretty much as given. Where he strays out into music, painting, or architecture he does so with sympathy and alertness but inevitably his touch is less sure, his research threatens to show around the edges, and now and again there is a sense of looking through the wrong end of a telescope, of something not quite right.

The history of any people, until very recently, was in the main anonymous. Formal history has fortunately begun to recognize the need to dig it out, to reconstruct however imperfectly some notion of how life was lived by those unfortunate (or fortunate) enough to inhabit the background of great events. Their tools and their buildings, their dreams and their daily trivia, will increasingly become legitimate raw material for the historian, not simply as ornaments to an otherwise bald, politico-economic narrative, but as proper subjects for study and reflection. Such a history of the American people has so far been written only in patches; no one commands the material the way Morison commands his. But it will be done someday, and one can only hope it will be done as well.

Mr. Larrabee, who was for many years an editor of "Harper's," has also edited several books on American civilization, and for a time was managing editor of "American Heritage."

Balm for the Land-bound

by Simon Michael Bessie

Illustrated History of Ships and Boats, by Lionel Casson. Doubleday, \$17.50.

The Pictorial History of the America's Cup Races, by Robert W. Carrick. Viking, \$15.

Sailing for America's Cup, by Everett B. Morris. Photographs by Morris Rosenfeld. Harper & Row, \$10.

Bill Robinson's Book of Expert Sailing. Scribner's, \$6.50.

The passion for boats seems to spread each year and, with it, the need for boat-substitutes to fill in the hours when season or circumstance prevents direct conduct of the affair between men and the varied vessels that carry them upon the waters. Perhaps the best of such comforts for the sea-struck are books, and here are four of them that provide much balm for the land-bound.

Lionel Casson's *Illustrated History of Ships and Boats* is a survey, in word and picture, of watercraft—from the inflated goatskin of the Iraqi herdsman to the nuclear submarine. The book is large in size, generous and ingenious in illustration, and lively in text. Mr. Casson is a professor of classics and, if his colleagues in study all thought as warmly and wrote as freshly as he, classics might be doing as well as boats these modern days.

What Mr. Casson has set out to do has been done before but I've never seen it done with a nicer combination of grace and authority. The emphasis of his text is on showing how and why watercraft have developed as they have, and he never forgets that his reader may be intelligent as well as soupy about boats. The pictures are laid out in a somewhat conventional manner, but they are comprehensive and informative, and whoever did that part of the job had the good sense to prefer illumination to "impact."

The next two books are both concerned with the only war Americans and Britons have waged against each

other since 1812, a war that has all the advantages wars used to have when they were fought according to rules and between rich men. This war, over the America's Cup, like those of yore, has permitted large numbers of modest people to enjoy the spectacle of very rich and sometimes gallant men squandering huge amounts of money and skill in an effort to achieve a symbolic victory which damages nothing but purse and vanity. And, I suppose, the most astounding thing about it is the interest it has evoked—for more than a century—among masses of people who have never seen, much less sailed, the exquisite vessels whose contest they follow.

Both these books are based on the sane proposition that you don't *explain* the America's Cup races; you *enjoy* them. Mr. Carrick's *The Pictorial History of the America's Cup Races* is elegantly introduced by that splendid sailor, gentleman, and competitor Harold S. Vanderbilt, and it tells the history of the races, beginning in 1851 when an unconventional schooner from America beat the Royal Yacht Squadron around the Isle of Wight and brought home "the Cup," which, of course, is not a cup but an ornate silver pitcher that cost 100 guineas in 1851 and has since evoked the expenditure of countless millions.

Mr. Morris' book, *Sailing For America's Cup*, is less history than re-creation in pictures and words of how it's done and what it feels like—how the skipper, the crew, the team put themselves together and how they use their costly and beautiful vessel to beat the others. Mr. Rosenfeld's photographs must be the closest thing one can find to being aboard during a race.

Our final bit of vicarious sailing in book form is *Bill Robinson's Book of*

Mr. Bessie, who spends his vacations sailing off Nantucket, is president of Atheneum Publishers.



A Drama With a Cast of Three Thousand

was enacted in the United States from 1945-47. The three thousand were the relatively few scientific and technical workers who formed the Federation of American Scientists. The drama they took part in was the battle for civilian control of atomic energy.

In *A PERIL AND A HOPE* Alice Kimball Smith records the two years after World War II when scientists who worked on the Manhattan Project strove to convince the American public and government of the peril they themselves had ushered in.

THE CONCERN of scientists with public policy no longer needs apology but it is largely because of the efforts of these two hectic years when the scientist first became lobbyist and publicist that this is the case.

ALTHOUGH THERE IS NOTHING of the "I was there" approach in Mrs. Smith's book, she *was* there. She lived in Los Alamos and later worked on *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. She has written "as nearly as possible an unvarnished tale... in the currently unfashionable belief that recreating the past is a respectable and fascinating end in itself." The tale may be unvarnished but it is not unadorned with grace and style and it is, indeed, fascinating.

From First Impressions, a sampler of our books with comment on the vagaries of publishing. May we put you on our mailing list?

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Expert Sailing, which is really two things: (1) a series of very practical conversations with recognized experts, setting forth their advice on the handling of different types of boats, rigs, and sails; and (2) a batch of suggestions on how to organize and run a sailing club and how to deal with wind and weather. By comparison with the fancier volumes above, this may not be a heady book, but it's a very handy one.

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Two Novels

Boy Gravely, by Iris Dornfeld.

Everyone who reads a great many novels has periods of feeling "I've had it. I can't tell a good one from a bad one anymore." Then suddenly a novel comes along so pure in concept, so sure in execution that it's as if it were the first book one has ever read. . . . This is the story of a boy genius, a composer who from the age of three hears in his head the music made by the world around him. "He had always listened. He could hear ten sounds at once and tell you the pitch of every sound." His passionate need to translate his gift through instruments and later through notes becomes in Miss Dornfeld's pages an equally passionate absorption on the part of the reader. She sets this lonely genius against a kind of *February Hill* background in a family with a beautiful, completely amoral and uncaring mother with a gift and addiction only for sex and crossword puzzles, and a grandmother who adores him. When he is five the latter encourages him to steal a violin to help her in her pickpocket ventures in the downtown park in Los Angeles. Her attempts to do him out of his share of the take result in his quietly stealing her savings to buy more instruments, and from then on their mutual respect and admiration are permanent. We learn all this in the

first ten pages, for part of the merit of the book lies in the controlled economy of the writing. Every sentence, like every note in an important composition expertly played, carries its proper weight and tone in moving the work forward. And Miss Dornfeld's ability to translate the world of music into the realm of words is so magical as to make the reader feel on the inside of Boy Gravely's mysterious gift.

Whether one admires more the author's power of suggestion or her use of the abrupt declarative revealing sentence is hard to say. It is all constant surprise. And after all its sordid, funny, cruel, compassionate, touching, desperate moments it comes to a final climax that follows all the rest as night the day.

Knopf, \$4.95

The Orchard Keeper, by Cormac McCarthy.

This is a first novel that demands a lot from its readers. It is better read as nearly as possible at a sitting, for the plot is involved and exciting but often difficult to follow. The characters are many and the story jumps from one to another, often (in the manner of the *nouveau roman*) with no names other than "he" or "the boy" to tell you whose episode it is. It is a story of the South, now vanished, in the 'twenties and 'thirties, and of people who belonged then in the Tennessee hills. The feeling for the land and seasons is so intense as to be part of the story and there are scenes one will never forget. The protagonists are an old man, a boy, and a bootlegger, who belonged to that land and wanted no change. But it has all changed. It is a complicated and evocative exposition of the transiency of life, well worth the concentration it demands.

Random House, \$4.95

Important Short Stories

Everything That Rises Must Converge, by Flannery O'Connor.

I have never read a short-story writer who had a surer sense of the evil in the human heart and who used so much humor in telling of it—humor sometimes playful, sometimes devastatingly satiric. All the stories but one are set in the contemporary South in small towns or on farms. A

devout Catholic, Miss O'Connor took her title, so her friend Robert Fitzgerald tells us in his splendid introduction, from Teilhard de Chardin in a partly satiric sense. "Quite as austere in its way as his," Mr. Fitzgerald writes, "her vision will hold us down to earth where the clashes of blind wills and the low dodges of the heart permit any rising or convergence only at the cost of agony." The clashes of the wills, the dodges of the heart, and the dreadful ensuing violence are present in stunning directness and simplicity in these last stories written before her death.

Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, \$4.95

A Pile of Stones, by Hugh Nissenson.

In whatever time or country Mr. Nissenson chooses to tell his stories, the climate is always man's (and particularly Jewish man's) moral predicament—his relation to God, to other men, and to himself. Two of the most moving of all these deeply probing stories were first published in *Harper's*: "The Blessing" and "The Well."

Scribners (hard cover), \$3.95
(paperback), \$1.65

Not for Publication (and other stories), by Nadine Gordimer.

With a most compassionate touch, whether for comedy or tragedy, Miss Gordimer again examines the human condition against a background of Africa-in-transition. Many of her earlier stories appeared in *Harper's*.

Viking, \$4.95

Nonfiction

The Slaves We Rent, by Truman E. Moore. Photographs by the author.

Mr. Moore reports that Will Rogers once said that America was the first country to go to the poorhouse in an automobile. Presumably he said this years ago in the 1930s, referring at least partly to migrant workers at the time of the dust bowl, the Okies, and Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. In those days the problems which motorized mobility has brought to the seasonal worker had just begun to be recognized. Since then they have increased beyond all speculation and while here and there, through the efforts of a few dedicated people, local conditions have been bettered and a few laws passed, for the most part

BOOKS IN BRIEF

situation of these two million
less, school-less, helpless people
steadily worsened.

For one thing, the big companies
ported "braceros" (from Mexico)
other cheap foreign labor so that
re has never been a protected
ket for migrant workers as in
er fields. The accidents on the
ds in the smooth-tired old jalopies
to which the crew leader over-
wards the workers increase every
ar. (Only this year, 1965, was a
passed making it obligatory for
crew leader to take out liability
urance for the people he carried.)
a way this is a kind of hidden
verty, for unless one is looking for
em one never sees the dreadful
mps in which these people live
hough they're to be found within
irty miles of New York, for in-
ance). Their unheated shacks—
ometimes cattle sheds—are off the
ain roads, usually unheated in win-
r and stifling ovens in summer,
ten without electricity, plumbing,
even running water. The men,
omen, and children who live in them
on't know the few rights they have,
how to fight for them if they did
now them.

Mr. Moore, a writer and photog-
apher, is a Tennessean by birth and
graduate of the University of
North Carolina. He has interviewed
undreds of workers, many crew
eaders, growers, union officials, and
ocial workers. He has traveled thou-
ands of miles visiting the places
where these people (who make less
han \$1,000 a year) live and work. . . .
t is an angry book as it would have
to be, but the narrative and reporting
are quiet and well substantiated with
facts and figures—and photographs.

Random House, \$4.95

They Harvest Despair, by Dale
Wright.

This book has added to its informal
narrative tone a note of personal in-
dignation on the part of the author
gained from having worked, eaten,
and slept on migrant jobs. As a staff
writer for the New York *World Tele-
gram and Sun* he traveled with the
seasonal workers through the spring,
summer, and fall of 1961, from
Florida up to New Jersey and New
York. The series of articles which
resulted (and on which the book is
based) won a Heywood Broun Me-

morial Award, among others. In his
introduction Mr. Wright says his
writing simply echoes the cries of
the workers:

They are cries of bitterness, re-
sentment, unhappiness, the futility of
existence cut off from the rest of hu-
manity. . . . I know that bitterness,
that resentment, that seemingly un-
surmountable futility, because I lived
and labored alongside the migrant
farm worker.

In an interview in the *New York
Times* of March 29 of this year, Sec-
retary of Labor Willard Wirtz, after
a four-day tour of California's farm-
ing industry, promised many reforms
which if carried out should bring
some belated comfort to the migrants
and the authors of these books. He
promises to work for the end of im-
ported foreign labor, for a national
minimum wage, unemployment in-
surance, a national network of trailer
camps "with full community facili-
ties." American housewives and other
consumers of cellophane-wrapped
vegetables "straight from the field"
would do well to support such meas-
ures from pure self-interest. When
Secretary Wirtz was inspecting as-
paragus harvesting in Northern Cali-
fornia, the *New York Times* reports,
he asked, "Where are the toilets?"

"The ranch owner blurted out in
astonishment, 'What toilets?'"

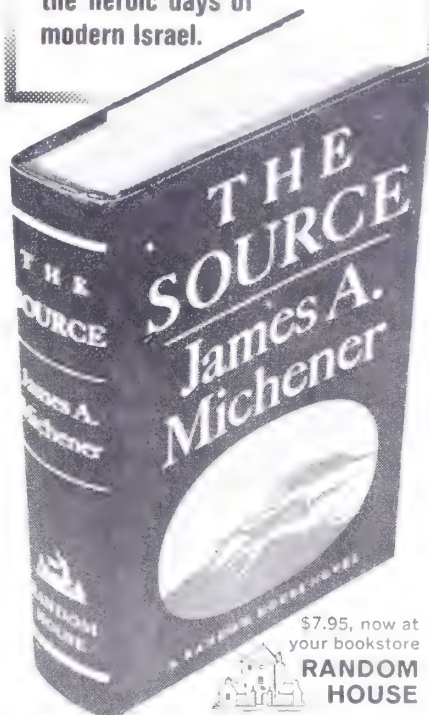
Beacon, \$4.95

In the Family

The Brothers Harper, by Eugene
Exman, is an insider's account of a
"unique publishing partnership and
its impact upon the cultural life of
America from 1817 to 1853." Allan
Nevins, in his introduction to this
book by the head of the religious de-
partment of Harper & Row, com-
ments: "A whole literary generation
springs into distinctness with full
detail and precise lineaments . . .
beginning as Washington Irving and
William Cullen Bryant gain their
first reputation, and closing in that
richest of decades, the 1850s, with
Melville, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and
Prescott. . . ." One chapter recounts
the first three years of *Harper's New
Monthly Magazine*, which was born
in the firm's Cliff Street office in June
1850.

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Music in the Round

by Discus

Once "a Disgusting Practice" . . .

... the dance waltz, created by all those Strausses and their talented competitors, is now pure charm and style.

Preachers inveighed against it. Moralists looked askance. Pundits said that it was leading to a sociological breakdown. In England it was described as "this fiend of German birth, destitute of grace, delicacy, and propriety, a disgusting practice." No matter. The waltz swept the Western world, and everybody started dancing in triple time. Schubert and Weber composed waltzes. So, later, did the massive, dignified, bearded Brahms (who adored the music of the Strauss family). But the greatest waltzes of all, the dance waltz (as opposed to the concert waltz), came out of Vienna. Johann Strauss, Jr., was its most popular, and possibly its greatest, exponent. But there were important waltz composers before him, and important ones later.

A charming little survey of the field can be found in a disc named **The Great Waltz Composers** (Vanguard 150, mono; 150 SD, stereo). If nothing else it contains Josef Lanner's *Hofballtänze*. Two composers really started the dance waltz on its career. One was Johann Strauss, Sr. (1804-49), who is not represented on this disc. The other was Joseph Lanner (1801-43). Lanner, along with the elder Strauss, was a violinist, and they both played in the same orchestra for a while. Later Lanner formed an orchestra in which Strauss played. Then both went off into composition. Lanner was the more inventive of the two. His waltzes were more elaborate, more richly scored, and on a much higher creative level.

The word creative is used advisedly.

Some of Lanner's music approaches the stature of a superior symphonic poem. It was wildly popular in its time. So, too, was Strauss's music. For in 1825, Strauss broke away from Lanner and formed his own orchestra. Vienna went mad. If the impact was not exactly that of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, it came close. The Lannerites looked down at the Straussians, and vice versa. Countless articles were written whenever a new work by either appeared.

A Living Art

Modern students of the field are unanimous in calling Lanner the greater of the two. They cite the sweep and power of his melody, his Schubertian lyricism, his rhythmic élan. All this is present in the great *Hofballtänze*, a symphonic waltz that will bear comparison with any music by even the younger Strauss. The *Hofballtänze* not only has the grace and melodic beauty one expects from the Viennese waltz. In addition it strikes deep. Neither a potpourri nor a stitched-up series of arrangements, it is carefully composed, with unusual harmonic interest and shifts of color. The music may strike a reminiscent chord in listeners with long memories. Years ago when the Jooss Ballet was touring, one of its most popular presentations was *A Ball in Old Vienna*, which used a two-piano arrangement of the *Hofballtänze*.

In all, six waltz composers are represented on this disc, all by unfamiliar material. Johann Strauss, Jr., is represented by a waltz named—hold your breath—*Seid umschlungen Millionen*. Yes, this is the Schiller text set by Beethoven in the Ninth Symphony. Johann's younger brother, Josef, was a prolific composer, and on this disc is the *Dynamiden* waltz,

the opening of which bears a marked resemblance to the famous E flat Waltz in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* (Richard Strauss, though, was not related to the waltz Strausses).

Very attractive is Emil Waldteufel's *Très joli*. Waldteufel, an Alsatian composer (1837-1915), wrote several hundred waltzes, the best known of which is the *Skaters' Waltz*. A student at the Paris Conservatoire, Waldteufel established the French waltz, a variety which does have its roots in Vienna but which is more slender and salon-like than the music of Lanner, Strauss, and the others. The others on this disc include Carl Michael Ziehrer (1843-1922), a highly popular man in his day whose music for Viennese court balls still lives on. On this disc is his *Faschingskinder*, a musical celebration of the famous Viennese carnival. The last waltz composer, chronologically, is Oskar Nedbal (1874-1930), a Bohemian musician whose *Polenblut* of 1913 was an international success that still holds the operetta stage. Here his fine *Kavalier* waltzes are heard.

All of the music is beautifully presented by Anton Paulik and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. There should be an authentic approach, for Paulik is chief conductor of the Volksoper in Vienna, the theater where Viennese operetta is still very much a living art. He is a first-class conductor. Many operetta specialists get bored after a while, and their conducting becomes mechanical. But Paulik manages to suggest that he is coming to the music for the first time, with excitement and imagination. There are hundreds of symphonic waltz discs available; but this one, for its unusual repertoire, for its charm and style, and for its impeccable presentation, will occupy a special place.

The Begats

It is a coincidence that another recording of so rarely heard a work as Johann Strauss, Jr.'s, *Seid umschlungen Millionen* should be forthcoming at much the same time as Paulik's version was released. It is on a disc named **Music of the Strauss Family**, conducted by Eduard Strauss and his orchestra (Vox VBX 600, mono; SVBX 5600, stereo; both 3 discs). There was no lack of waltz Strausses

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Austria during the nineteenth century; they were all over, like the German Bachs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Johann's other, Eduard, begat a son who begat still another son. This is the Eduard Strauss who today carries on the family tradition by leading his own waltz orchestra. In this Vox album he confines his attention to Johann, Jr. and Josef. The three discs are marked Vol. I, so presumably others will be forthcoming. Eduard Strauss conducts twenty-four waltzes and polkas—seventeen by Johann Jr., the rest by Josef. Of Johann there are very well-known works (*Emperor Waltz*, *Vienna Woods*, and others) and a few less-well-known examples (*Seid umschlungen*, the Intermezzo from *1,001 Nights*, the *Sängerlust-Polka*). The *Acceleration Waltz*, which plays such an important part in Ballet Theatre's *Graduation Ball*, is here, and so is the beautiful *Cagliostro in Vienna* overture (parts of which figure in *Graduation Ball*). *Eljen a Magyar* ("Long Life to the Magyars") is a little masterpiece, and so is *In Praise of Women*. Josef's works are less known, mostly for the very good reason that he was far less talented than his older brother. But in one case, the set of waltzes named *Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust* ("My Life Is Love and Joy"), he did succeed in writing something that comes close to Johann at his best. It is in this album.

Declaration of Love

While on the subject of light music, let me mention one piece on the *Song Recital* of Maggie Teyte (London 15889, mono only). When Teyte sang in New York shortly after World War II, there were those who asked what the excitement was all about, and where that big reputation came from. Teyte, in common with so many singers, insisted on going on long after her voice had all but disappeared, and when she sang *Mélisande* at the New York City Opera she was around sixty years old. Neither physically nor vocally did she belong on the stage. Yet this was the woman who had studied with Jean de Reszke; who had been picked by Debussy to succeed Mary Garden as *Mélisande*; who was reputed to have been one of



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

the outstanding French stylists of the century.

Record collectors could attest to this. There had been the series of Debussy songs that Teyte had made with Alfred Cortot at the piano. These were definitive. And there was yet another disc that all but made its owners members of a private club. Released in this country by Decca in the middle 1930s, that disc never had wide circulation. But those who owned it would go around bragging. They would say it was one of the all-time great vocal records. They would insist that it made all other sopranos look like amateurs. And what was the nature of this piece? Was it a work by Debussy, Schubert, Fauré? Not at all. It contained Maggie Teyte's performance of *Tu n'es pas beau* from Offenbach's *La Perichole*.

It so happens that it is one of the great vocal discs, and an LP transfer of it leads off the new London reissue. Impossible to describe, it is an example of supreme voice welded to supreme interpretation. For sheer style, wit, subtlety, characterization, nuance—yes, and for a sexy quality, too—there are very few things to match it. Hell, there is *nothing* to match it. One phrase sets the mood. "*Je t'adore, brigand,*" sings Teyte. She takes a long, long hold on the *je*," tapering it off hauntingly, and then throws heart and soul into "*t'adore*," rolling the "r" a little, making it a declaration of love. And then there is what appears to be a five-octave drop. Deep from the chest, fondly, comes "*brigand*."

Teyte had a pure, floating soprano. It was a bit white and almost vibratoless. But it was handled in an instrumental manner, reminding one of Kreisler and his violin, with incredible nuance, impeccable diction, complete technical accuracy, highly personal and authoritative phrasing. On this disc she sings a group of unimportant songs (Side 1) with extraordinary polish. On Side 2 is a transfer of a BBC broadcast from 1937, containing music by Schumann, Brahms, and British composers. She sings the German repertoire beautifully, but it is not for that that Teyte will be remembered. It is for things like Debussy and the joyous, witty, perfectly projected *Perichole* aria that she will always be a delight to the connoisseur.

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

Mary Lou

The boundary between jazz and religion is a hazy one, and the musicians are always wandering back and forth across it—to compose jazz liturgies, to draw on the storefron churches for rhythmic vitality, to use the music as a means of reaffirming a personal faith. The conversion to Roman Catholicism in 1955 of a major jazz artist like Mary Lou Williams did not seem in the least illogical, nor is it odd that she should fill her newest record with religious music. The surprise is her return to records as such, for she has been long absent.

I wish I could say that Miss Williams' devotional works convey to me the clear and intense conviction which I'm sure has gone into them. When she performs as a pianist she glorifies the Lord in her capacity as an artist enjoying His gifts; when she gets a choir to sing her compositions her conception quickly gets lost in assumptions about what sounds religious and what does not—sophisticated faith trying to put on the voice of innocence.

"Praise the Lord," from this record, is to me offensive in the eloquistion of the male vocalist's voice, not an affirmation but a pose, a chosen effect. Worse is done daily in the name of frivolity, but this was done for love and for a great lady, and deserves to be taken seriously. The track preceding it is a piano solo by Miss Williams called "A Fungus Amungus," characteristically disparaged in the semiliterate notes of an accompanying booklet. It is thoughtful, complicated, and interesting about an old-fashioned Negro religious service in much the way that Charles Ives's Second Piano Sonata is thoughtful, complicated, and interesting about Sunday in Concord, Massachusetts. But it doesn't fit the blues-shouting clichés about "soul," and so it has to be apologized for as "unconventional keyboard artistry." With such friends, Miss Williams needs no enemies.

Mary Lou Williams. Mary Records (Folkways), FS 32843.

AUGUST 1965 75 CENTS

Harper's

magazine

THE AMERICAN NUN

Poor,
Chaste, &
Restive

AUG 6 1965



The Habits and Habitats of the Washington Lobbyist

A Doctor Prescribes for the AMA

James Bond, Mr. Johnson, and the Intellectuals

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CIRCULATION INFORMATION

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy; \$7.00 one year; \$18.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please allow six weeks' advance notice, including old address as well as new address. Write to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
 C/O FULFILLMENT CORP. OF AMERICA
 381 WEST CENTER STREET
 MARION, OHIO 43302

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
 535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
 Telephone Area Code 212 YUkon 6-3344

PRODUCTION MANAGER: KIM SMITH
 TWO PARK AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10016
 Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Publisher: DANIEL J. BROOKS

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer and Controller.

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REPRINTS AND REPRINT RIGHTS:
 Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at Garden City, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

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No. 1383

Harper's®

magazine

August 1965

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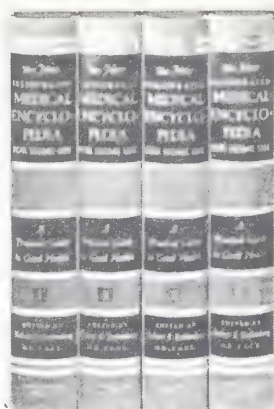
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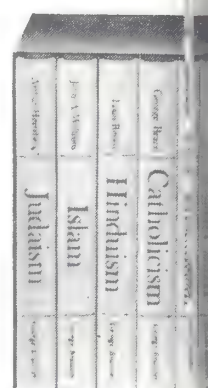
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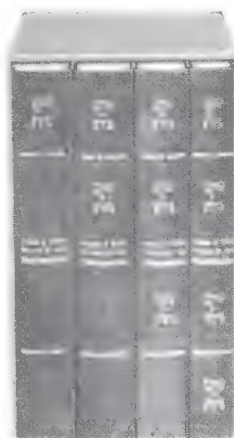
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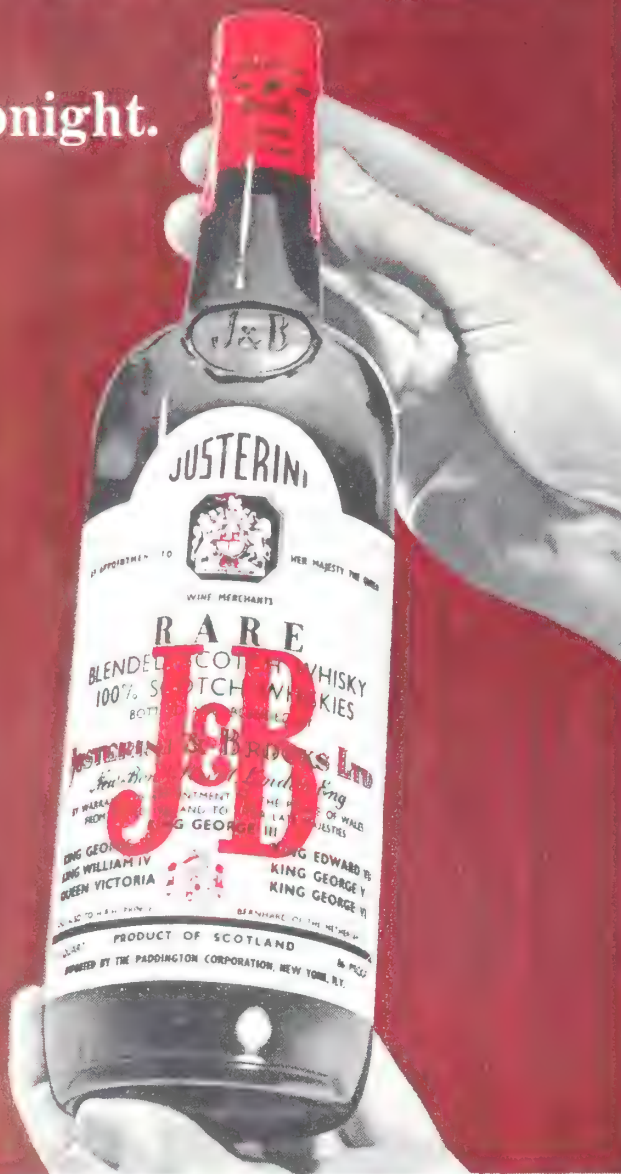
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LETTERS

wrap oneself in the heroic robe of a revolutionary cause and play for the gallery and its serried ranks of wing friends. Camus, who was by inclination a Socialist, refused this—simply because he preferred to be honest rather than histrionic. He refused to take the easy way out. Violence by any other name is not cruel, and it is no less violent when being espoused by the “right” party. If to think thus is to be intellectually dishonest, then both the words “intellectual” and “honest” are in need of revision.

CURTIS
Paris, France

Civil Rights in Mobile

In Philip M. Stern's “An Unexpected Dividend for the South [May], I was astounded to read that Birmingham looked “with appreciation at Mobile . . . where racial turmoil had brought not only terror and economic adversity as well.” This is totally incorrect. We certainly have racial problems, but there has been no turmoil of any kind. There has been no terror. There has been no economic adversity.

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JACK C. GALLAGHER
Mobile, Alabama

A Minor Matter

I read with interest Roderick Cook's review of *Max* [“Books Brief,” June] in which he says that Lord David Cecil has already done well by such major minor figures as Jane Austen. Mr. Cook seems to be the ideal man to suggest to Lord Cecil that he undertake the biographies of other major minor figures of English literature, perhaps William Shakespeare or Geoffrey Chaucer.

MARIANNA LOOSEMORE
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Despite having spent every Sunday evening in my last year at Cambridge



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Voltaire

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LETTERS

reading Jane Austen aloud with a select group, and despite being the only person I know who traces the Theatre of the Absurd to her juvenilia, and who finds her funnier—I do not think that Jane Austen's two inches of ivory can compare with the canvases of Shakespeare or Chaucer, as Miss Loosemore suggests. "Major minor" is certainly too glib, the result of trying to condense information in a short column, and (to a fellow Jane-ite) I apologize. I wish only that I were acute enough to express exactly why I think there is a hint of the minnow about this Titan. RODERICK COOK

The Uneasy and Uprooted

I don't agree with Eric Hoffer [in "A Time of Juveniles," Easy Chair, June] that the transition from childhood to manhood, from peasant to industrial worker, from immigrant to citizen must necessarily be an upsetting experience. If an individual accepts himself and has confidence in himself as he is, he can take transition in his stride whether he is adolescent or adult. Each individual's problem lies in gaining this self-acceptance and self-confidence. The society which helps its members gain these qualities will be a strong society.

MRS. IRENE SUPPGER
San Francisco, Calif.

Campus Coup

With regard to Andrew Schiller's excellent article on "Chicago's Oxford on the Rocks" [May], I think it is important for your readers to know that the new University of Illinois campus in Chicago is located on the site of an urban-renewal project. The project, one of several designed for education reuse, was bitterly contested for many months, and credit should be given to Mayor Richard J. Daley, who initiated, persevered, and saw the project through to fulfillment.

WILLIAM L. SLAYTON
Urban Renewal Commissioner
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Hearing Fingers

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LETTERS

article, "A Better Way to Teach Deaf Children" [March 1962], than in the preceding one hundred years. Miss Kenny brought home to the world in a forceful and understandable manner that deaf children must learn finger spelling and the language of signs if they are going to make a satisfactory adjustment in life.

Since Miss Kenny's article, several books have been written on "How to Learn Manual Language." In our own community two TV stations have now inaugurated educational programs which are interpreted in finger spelling and the language of signs for the deaf. A course in manual communication has been a regular feature in the adult education department of our Des Moines public schools the past two years. Personnel in agencies that used to talk against using manual communication are now learning to use their hands in communicating with the deaf. . . .

LELAND AHERN, Dir.
Polk County Welfare Dept.
Des Moines, Ia.

Footnote

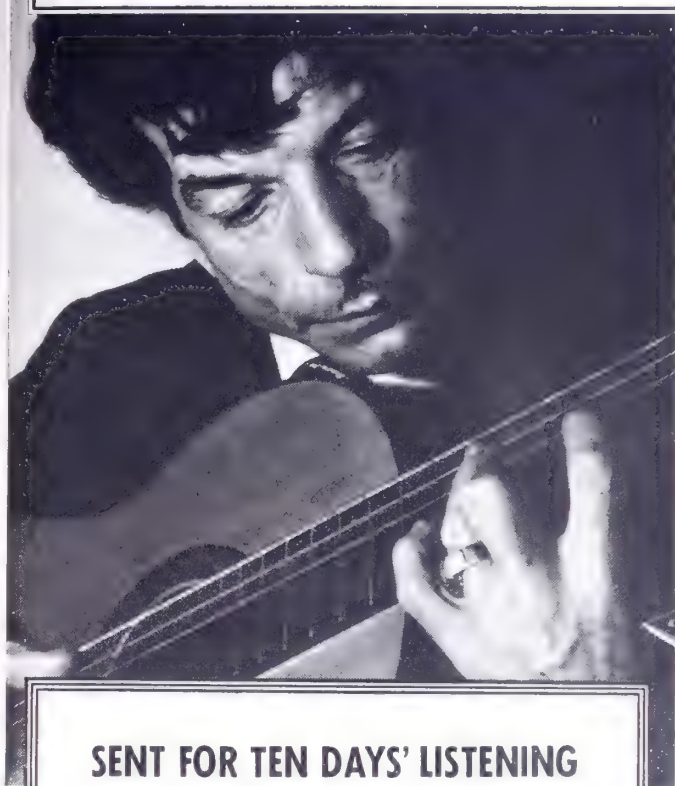
Thank you for "The Universe of Thornton Wilder" [Hermine I. Popper, June]. As a long-time Wilder supporter and devotee, I am always pleased to find critical attention accorded him. Miss Popper, however, omits mention of one of the few really important works on Wilder: *Thornton Wilder*, a monograph by Bernard Grebanier, University of Minnesota Press, 1964. GERMAINE L. CATTANI
New York, N. Y.

Letters from Huxley

The family of the late Aldous Huxley has authorized me to prepare an edition of his letters for publication by Harper & Row of New York and Chatto & Windus, Ltd., London. I should be most grateful if any owners of letters from Aldous Huxley would be kind enough to send them (or copies) to me for this purpose. Original letters would of course be treated with the greatest care, and after being copied would be returned immediately.

GROVER SMITH
Assoc. Prof. of English
Duke University
Durham, N. C.

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About Manitas de Plata

MANITAS DE PLATA ("Silver Hands") was born in a Gypsy caravan near Marseilles. From childhood, he was taught the guitar by his father, and encouraged in his remarkable affinity for the instrument. As the caravan traveled along traditional Gypsy trails, Manitas spent his time practicing or listening to other Gypsy guitarists. Today he is one of the rare performers loved and revered by his own people, who believe that only a true Gypsy can excel in the fiercely emotional music called "flamenco."

For almost ten years, all recording offers were refused by Manitas. When he finally agreed to record, it was thought best to bring him to New York but his response was rather frustrating: He was willing to come if he did not have to travel by boat or plane! As a result, three-quarters of a ton of recording equipment had to be transported to France, and in two intensive sessions lasting 14 hours these remarkable performances were recorded in a tiny medieval chapel near the city of Arles

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—NAT HENTOFF, *HiFi/Stereo Review*

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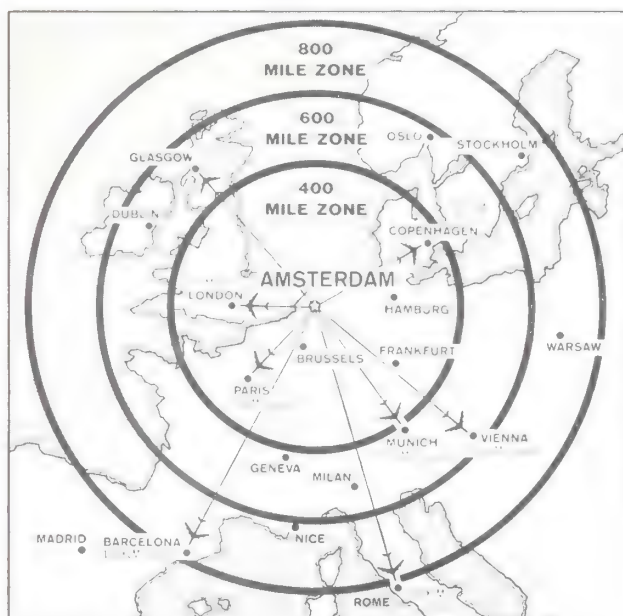
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Amsterdam, the hub of Europe. One of Amsterdam's first surprises, for many people, is its location.

Look at the map. Amsterdam isn't "way up north" at all. It's smack in the *middle* of Europe's liveliest cities—London, Glasgow, Paris, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Brussels, Rome. Amsterdam is the ideal place to *begin* your European tour.

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Lively atmosphere. You sense the vitality and friendliness of Amsterdam the moment you step from your KLM jet. The people *smile* at you. They talk to you *in English*. The surprises of Amsterdam have begun.



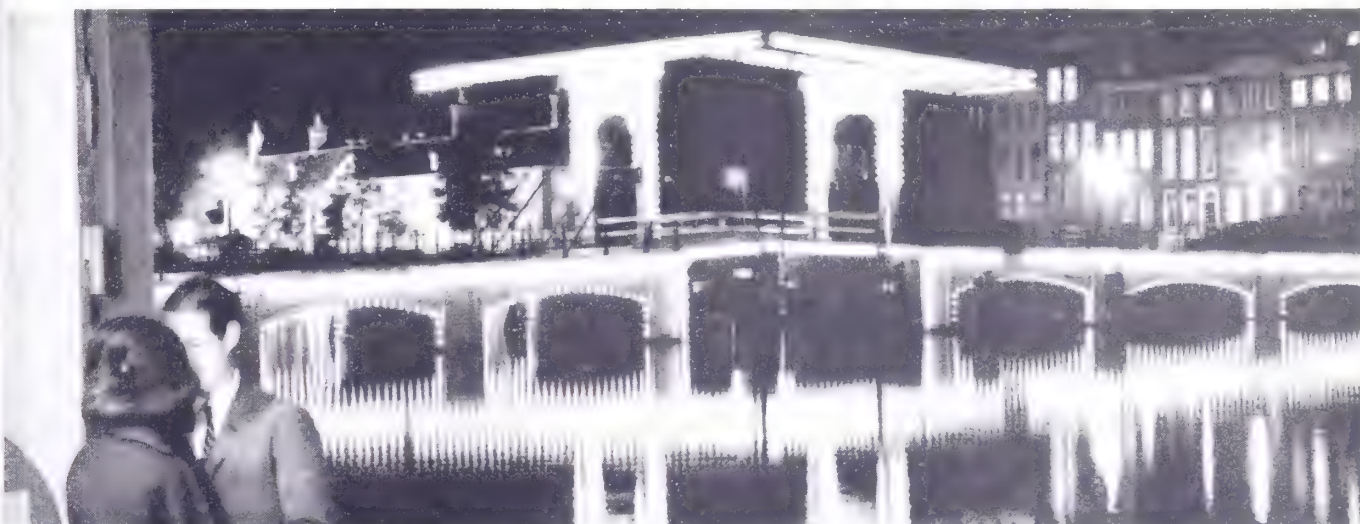
Thrifty tours. Join forces with two other couples and rent a full-size canal boat. Cost? \$4.75 per person per day. Or, explore on KLM's \$5- and \$10-a-day plans. Included: your hotel and breakfasts, plus *unlimited sightseeing*—in Amsterdam and 13 other cities.



Beautiful art treasures. Rembrandt's "Night Watch" (above) is the most valuable painting ever put on canvas. You can see this and 3,000 other paintings at the Rijksmuseum (say "Rikes-museum") for 15 cents. There are *forty* museums in all.



Delightful food. These newlyweds are discovering "Rijsttafel"—a 21-dish feast that costs as little as \$3 *per couple*. In Amsterdam, you can go on a dining spree in 12 different languages—at 300 fine restaurants.



Romantic bridges. There are 636 of them for lovers to make wishes on. One of the liveliest: the 295-year-old Magere Brug above. By the way, did you know that Amsterdam has *twice* as many miles of canals as Venice?



Intriguing castles. Above is the gate to Castle DeHaar, one of 12 castles within an hour's drive of Amsterdam. Some have guest rooms where you may stay for only \$4 a night.

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James Bond, Mr. Johnson, and the Intellectuals

by John Fischer

WASHINGTON Anonymous but nosy people are analyzing your garbage, opening your mail, bugging your bedroom, quizzing your boss, copying your tax returns. In fact, Rep. Cornelius Gallagher said yesterday, corporate and government snooping is so widespread that a new constitutional amendment may be necessary to preserve the privacy of Americans.

New York Herald Tribune,
June 3, 1965

Thanks to James Bond, an old friend who worked with me during World War II on a British SOE (Secret Operations Executive) project, I have at hand my own dossier. James, who is now assigned as a commercial attaché to the British Embassy in Washington, didn't tell me how he got it—he always was reticent about his operating methods—but he hinted that he extracted it clandestinely from the files of COPIC (Commission on Potential Intellectual Critics). This, as Washington insiders know, is a secret intelligence outfit set up by the Johnson Administration to keep an eye on poets, professors, novelists, editors, clergymen, painters, playwrights, and other unreliable types who might be tempted to have unsound thoughts about the Johnsonian foreign policy.

The dossier which James was good enough to turn over to me—a two-inch-thick file of reports stapled between red cardboard covers and Harper's Magazine, August 1965

stamped "Top Secret"—indicates that COPIC agents have been keeping me (and presumably other potential critics) under close surveillance for about eighteen months. Here are a few excerpts from their more significant reports:

••• "Garbage Analysis: Subject produces low-grade garbage, consisting mostly of cat-food cans, frozen-food cartons, and small plastic envelopes. Latter identified by our laboratory as Baggies, said to be used by proletarians for preserving scraps of pizza, string beans, hominy grits, and similar leftovers in icebox. Absence of vodka and caviar containers suggests subject not in contact with Russian Embassy, or else working under cover. Bottles indicate subject shuns Chivas Regal, I. W. Harper, Haig & Haig, and other whiskeys favored by intellectuals; seems to stick to Olde Glen Coe Massacre, a cheap Scotch distilled in the Gorbals, shipped by tanker, and bottled in Bayonne, N. J.
"Agent 006"

••• "Mail Survey: On June 28, a typical day so far as subject's mail is concerned, postman delivered to his home the following:

"Addressed to Occupant—an eight-page tabloid, *The Voice of Christianity*, Official Organ American Soul Clinic, Inc., from Los Angeles; a sample of detergent, with free coupons; letter from Cong. Ogden Reid,

reaffirming his dauntless support for Israel, civil rights, and lower taxes.

"Addressed by name—six special bargain offers for trial subscription to *Life*; bill from Macy's; appeals for contributions to Disabled War Veterans, CORE, the American Kidney Society, and Foundation for Stamping Out Oxyribodangle; circular headed 'Now! Enjoy Insect-free Outdoor Living with the New Electric Fogger.'

"No suspicious literary, intellectual, or political documents, unless circular turns out to be in hitherto unknown code.

"Confidential Postal
Inspector 005"

••• "Telephone Line-tap Report for June 29:

"8:30 A.M. Adolescent female voice opens two-hour conversation with Janie. So far as could be determined between giggles, they agree that someone named Wilbur is the greatest. Suspect they are employing Teen Code, and respectfully recommend that tape be referred to sixteen-year-old cryptanalyst for decipherment.

"10:35 A.M. Mature feminine voice calls Sonia to negotiate luncheon appointment. After twenty minutes of exploratory conversation they agree, in principle, to meet at Crinoline Tea Shoppe at noon.

"11:02 A.M. Sonia calls back to say that Grace would like to come to lunch too, but prefers Ebersole's because

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Walt Disney
World

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Our lesson for today is paint.

The word to remember is *acrylic*—the name of a brilliant new enamel finish pioneered on cars by Ford Motor Company.

Acrylic enamels are 50% harder—which means an extra bright original luster and greater resistance to sun, salt, stones, scuffs and scratches.

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Acrylic enamels are glowing evidence that—when it comes to quality—a Ford Motor Company car outshines anything in its class.

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This G-E oven cleans itself electrically. Set the dial on the P-7 and latch the oven door. That's all. No mess, no bother. Wonderful news for every housewife (and husbands, too)!

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High-intensity mercury lamps, developed by G. E., add of play to your day, by turning *night* into day on golf co ski slopes, tennis courts, swimming pools, boat ma

Who cares if she keeps
that pretty smile?



Look forward to brushing their teeth (and you will, too) with the General Electric automatic toothbrush. It's fun to brush. Cleans teeth quickly and beautifully. And it's cordless.

General Electric cares (so we try to come up with the new things you need and want)

At General Electric, we don't just look for product innovations.

We look at people. What do they want? What do they need? Will this product, or that, add some comfort, convenience or fun to their lives?

On these pages you see just three of the ways G. E. is trying to answer your wants and your needs. Some others: The electric slicing knife, which carves meat quickly, neatly and actually stretches the number of servings. The electric cigarette lighter, with no exposed flame. The Show N' Tell[®] phonoviewer, to educate and entertain children. A new office lighting system that is also a highly efficient heating system.

We ask a great deal of every new product, because we know that you will. Trying to come up with new things that add something extra to your life . . . that's what product innovation at General Electric is all about.

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Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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VISIT GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRESSLAND A FAIR & HELPFUL PRESENTATION
AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

We thought we'd seen everything. **Then we saw Punta del Este.**



We had taken several long looks at the White Cliffs of Dover. We had watched the Great Wall disappear into the distance. We had seen the Great Wall of China thunder out of China 'cross the bay. And we thought we had seen everything in between.

Then, one cold day last December, a doctor friend embarked on a nonstop travelogue about a warm place called Punta del Este and, before he was through, we'd made up our minds to fly to South America to find it.

Punta del Este is, it turned out, just a short drive from Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, which is a pleasant Pan Am flight from New York.

Like most of the shoreline around Montevideo, Punta del Este is miles of soft, white beaches with temperatures rarely above 80, and life in general an utter whirl.

You can take in a polo match as easily as a regatta and, for do-it-yourself people, there's everything from golf to aquaplaning. The casinos are marvelous and the people unpretentious.

Prices are almost too low to be true. For instance, a comfortable room for two costs as little as \$6 a day.

But don't get the idea Punta del Este is all there is to South America. There's a lot more. And it's easy to see.

Pan Am can show you everything from Caracas to Brasilia, Rio, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

And, from there, you can fly Panagra west to Chile and its Swiss-like lakes, north to Lima, then on to Ecuador for snow-topped volcanoes and a red-rooftopped city called Quito.

We flew home from there—convinced we'd seen everything.

A brief airline commercial: Nobody knows South America like Pan Am-Panagra. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the East Coast with Pan Am, the West Coast with Panagra. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. For instance, the new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just \$550 from New York, \$520 from Miami, \$674 from Los Angeles.

PANAGRA • PAN AM

PAN AM AIRLINES • PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

yogurt is so good there. Both de-
 intention to be especially nice
 poor Grace since she has been so,
 l, *withdrawn* ever since her hus-
 d ran away with that loathsome
 y-sitter. Exchange of confidence
 ut husbands, baby-sitters, sad
 ht of women, etc.

11:30 A.M. Grace calls to arrange
 istics, an item hitherto inexplic-
 y overlooked in negotiations. Fi-
 ly settle that Sonia will pick up all
 ticipants in her car, and will drop
 ce at hairdresser's after lunch.

11:50 A.M. Sonia reports she can't
 ke lunch because has just remem-
 ed must meet aunt at airport.

1:20 to 7:00 P.M. Practically un-
 ken series of adolescent conver-
 sions, incomprehensible to under-
 ned agent. Urgently recommend
 inger operative be detailed to this
 ignment, since undersigned can't
 e it much longer and wishes to
 unteer for parachute drop into
 China.

7:10 P.M. Unidentified caller an-
 nces Mr. Fischer has been se-
 ted, as eminent member of com-
 nity, to help introduce special
 gain offer of *Encyclopaedia Bri-*
nica. Tired male voice, presumably
 t of subject, replies he is about to
 dinner and doesn't need any more
 yclopaedias. Suspicious response
 supposed intellectual.

7:15 P.M. Unidentified voice asks
 ether subject is subscriber to *Look*,
 l if not would he . . . Subject hangs

7:20 P.M. Mrs. Warshaw (War-
 roll?) invites subject to speak on
 hither Literature?" at luncheon of
 stchester Culture in Depth So-
 ty. Subject says: "How much?" In
 ned tone Mrs. W. explains that
 iety can't pay its guest speakers,
 o ordinarily are glad to contribute
 ir services for good of cause. Sub-
 t avows his devotion to culture, but
 nts out that grocer and tax col-
 tor won't accept it as legal tender.
 tual recriminations.

7:28 P.M. Unidentified voice joy-
 ly informs subject he has just won
 ee free lessons at Arthur Murray
 nce Studio. Subject says he would
 her cut his throat than set foot in
 dio, and as matter of fact is think-
 g of cutting it anyway.

7:40 P.M. Slightly hoarse adoles-
 nt male voice inquires whether
 zy is there. Subject shouts for

Suzy. While waiting for her to come
 on line, agent detected sound of cork
 being pulled from bottle, possibly of
 Olde Glen Coe Massacre.

"8:22 P.M. Long-distance call from
 a Mr. Clarence Willsborough, who
 identifies himself as author who
 wishes to discuss manuscript. Ex-
 plains it is unique work of art which
 demands editor's concentrated atten-
 tion in quiet home atmosphere, away
 from interruptions of office. Proceeds
 to read, and explicate, 24 stanzas of
 poem entitled 'Medea in Brooklyn:
 A Nightmare for Our Times.' During
 pauses between stanzas, gurgle of
 liquid being poured from bottle dis-
 tinctly audible. At end of reading,
 subject comments that, yeah, that
 sure sounds unique all right and
 would Mr. W. please mail it to office
 for careful consideration, and not for-
 get to enclose return postage?

"8:50 P.M. Subject calls telephone
 office to inquire how do you get un-
 listed number.

"From foregoing, suspect we are
 surveilling wrong party. Since sub-
 ject displays limited sympathy for
 poetry, dance, culture, reading, and
 other intellectual pursuits, under-
 signed doubts whether this can actu-
 ally be the Dr. John Fischer who is
 head of Teachers College at Colum-
 bia University.

"Agent 004"

The gentleman was only half right.
 It is true that I am not president of
 TC—though I find the confusion,
 which has been going on for years
 now, rather flattering. (The man who
is could clear things up in a jiffy if
 he would only sign all his correspond-
 ence "John, The Imposter, Fischer";
 but for some reason he refuses.)

Nevertheless, I should be listed as
 a potential critic of the Administra-
 tion's foreign policy. I share a good
 deal of the uneasiness expressed re-
 cently by Robert Lowell, Mark
 Rothko, Mary McCarthy, Dr. Ben-
 jamin Spock, Robert Penn Warren,
 William Styron, John Hersey, Saul
 Bellow, and scores of other writers,
 artists, and professors, many of them
 my friends.

But perhaps not for the same
 reasons. I am worried about our in-
 volvement in Vietnam, for example,
 because basic American strategic doc-
 trine ever since Admiral Mahan has
 held that we should never commit a

major land force to combat on the
 Asiatic mainland. Nobody—certainly
 not Mr. Johnson—has so far offered
 a conclusive argument that this doc-
 trine has suddenly become obsolete.
 Consequently it seems quite possible
 that the United States may soon find
 itself with a large share of its ready
 divisions bogged down indefinitely—
 in a corner of Asia remote from the
 enemy's vital centers, and facing the
 vastly more numerous manpower of
 China and its satellites. That could
 leave us stripped of the power needed
 to cope with a possible Communist
 thrust into Europe, the Middle East,
 India, or Latin America.

Similarly, the disadvantages of the
 intervention in Santo Domingo were
 obvious to everyone (including of
 course the President and his ad-
 visers). It was sure to alienate sup-
 porters we need in Latin America
 and elsewhere; it gave an impression
 of impulsiveness in the White House;
 and the danger of a Communist take-
 over of the revolution was never dem-
 onstrated very persuasively to the
 public. And on other scores, to be
 noted in a moment, many of the
 Administration's foreign operations
 strike me as inept.

Yet I have refused to sign any of
 the manifestos attacking the Admin-
 istration's policy in Vietnam and
 Santo Domingo. For the time being,
 at least, I remain only a potential
 critic—for reasons indicated below.
 Perhaps I am mistaken; if any read-
 ers see flaws in this reasoning, I would
 appreciate their pointing them out to
 me.

In the Dominican instance, John
 Bartlow Martin has convinced me
 that intervention was the lesser evil.
 He probably is as well informed as
 any living American about that
 unhappy island, since he was Amba-
 sador there during Juan Bosch's re-
 gime, and was sent back by the Presi-
 dent soon after the Marines landed
 to try to arrange a truce. (Earlier,
 in the confusing period following
 Trujillo's assassination, Martin wrote
 a long confidential report for Presi-
 dent Kennedy, after an on-the-spot
 nondiplomatic investigation.) No-
 body can brush him off as a reaction-
 ary, since he was a trusted intimate
 of both Kennedy and Stevenson dur-
 ing their Presidential campaigns. Be-
 cause I have known him for years

About Pockets

"As a cousin of mine once said about money, money is always there but the pockets change; it is not in the same pockets after a change, and that is all there is to say about money."

Well, perhaps not quite all. That Gertrude Stein put her finger on something central when she wrote those words cannot be disputed. We all know only too well how easily and how often money changes pockets, and no doubt a good many of us wish that more money would come into our pockets and less would go out.

But let's not forget that there are things more valuable than money. Health, friends, honor, of course. But concrete things, too. Good common stocks, for example, are potentially more valuable than money because they are likely to have not only a cash value but also an ability to earn dividends and a capacity for growth that money itself lacks.

If you have money in your pocket that you would like to exchange for good common stocks, we're at your service with a large Research Division in New York and 2400 experienced account executives in 160 offices around the world. Be sure to let us hear from you if we can help you solve your pocket problems.



**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

YORK 5

he has contributed often to this magazine—I have learned to put complete faith in his skill as an investigator-reporter, his basic decency, and his judgment. If Martin believes that there was real danger of a Communist take-over, I am ready to accept his word for it. True, not many of them were evident during the first days of the rebellion—but then there weren't many Communists with Lenin when he arrived at the Finland station; and Castro succeeded in concealing his own allegiance, from both the Cuban people and the outside world, until it was too late.

In the case of Vietnam, I would feel freer to criticize if I could think of a reasonable alternative. None has been suggested, so far as I can discover, by the teach-in professors or the other intellectuals and artists who have been shouting "Hands Off Vietnam." A slogan is not a policy; and they have not said what, exactly, they would do if they were sitting behind Mr. Johnson's desk.

After all, he didn't get us into the mess. He inherited it, from Eisenhower and Kennedy. If he simply pulled out all American troops, as some of his critics urge, he would not only be betraying an ally (and who would ever trust us then?) but he almost certainly would be turning over all of Southeast Asia to the Chinese. They have, remember, always moved south whenever China was ruled by a strong dynasty. Those who talk about "the moral issue" don't specify what is so moral about extinguishing the nascent democracies of Malaysia and India, or abandoning Thailand and Burma to foreign domination. And those who have any doubt about the intentions of the Chinese Communists toward these targets simply haven't paid attention to what Chairman Mao has been saying these many years—or how he has behaved in conquered Tibet.

The more moderate critics beg Mr. Johnson to try harder to negotiate a peaceful settlement—but, again, they don't say how. At this writing the North Vietnam government and its Chinese allies have rejected every plea for negotiations—from the British, Canadians, French, as well as the White House. Indeed, I can't see why they should consider negotiation, on any terms whatever, until

September at the earliest. Undoubtedly they think they are winning the battle on the ground. If their 1968 season offensive does overwhelm the South Vietnamese army and drive it out or demolishes the American contingents (as the French were molished at Dienbienphu) then they will have a political triumph more resounding than any they could possibly win by negotiations. So why not try for it? If the offensive fails, they can always negotiate later—and against opposition and probably more lively internal disagreements than are now. (The "peace demonstrations" in this country probably encourage the Communists in intransigence, since they inevitably interpret them as evidence of American weakness and faltering nerve.)

So the best the Administration can hope for, apparently, is that the Saigon troops, with our support, will hold until the rains and heavy fighting stop. It may be a near thing. Indeed, it is entirely possible that either the South Vietnam government or a considerable part of its army, or both, may collapse before these words are in print; so, at least, I am told by observers with long experience in that country.

But there also is a reasonable chance this will *not* happen—largely because our bombing of the North Vietnamese bridges, roads, and railways makes it difficult for the Communists to move in and to supply prolonged combat any considerable number of regular Red divisions. And without such additional stiffening from the north, the present Vietcong offensive is by no means certain to succeed. It will inflict heavy losses on us and our South Vietnam allies; but the Vietcong losses are likely to be at least as large. And when a guerrilla force—any guerrilla force—suffers heavy and continuing casualties, without a major victory in return, its morale is likely to get pretty fragile; witness what happened in Poland and Russia during the early years of World War II, and in the unsuccessful Communist guerrilla wars against the Philippines and Malaya.

If, then, the Communists' summer campaign ends in a bloody deadlock they may at last be willing to op-

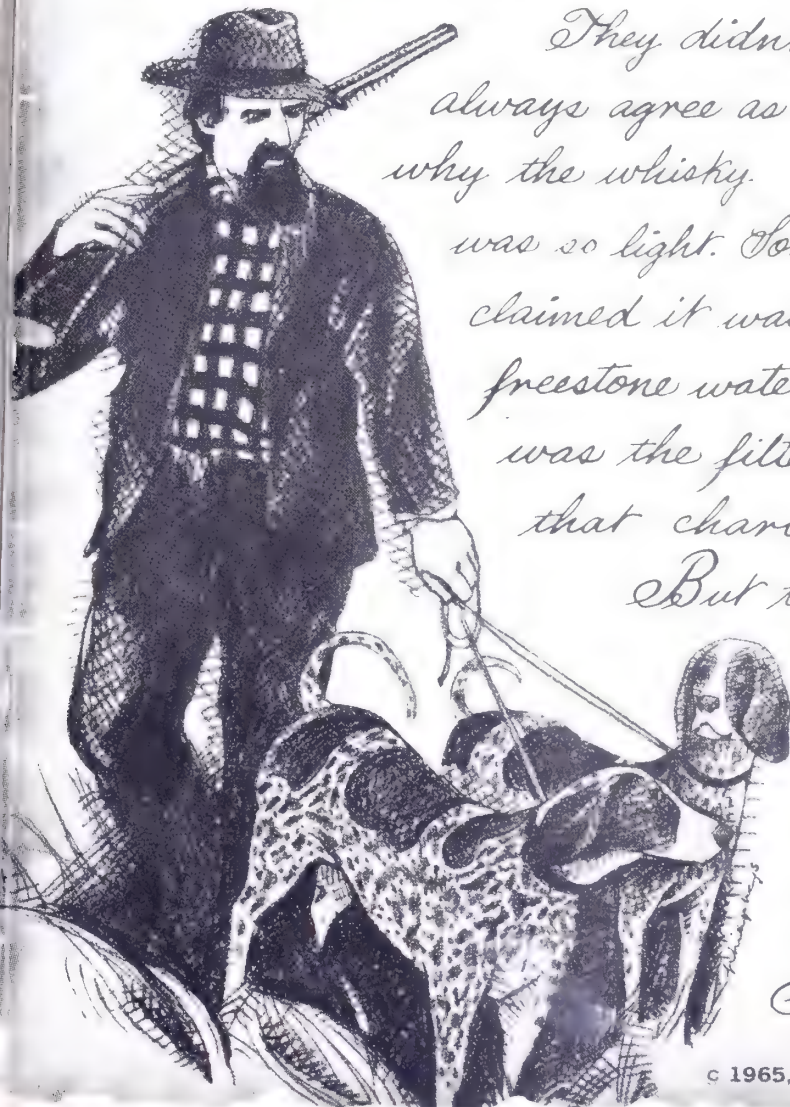
"Lighter than the step of a bluetick hound"

Tennesseans are mighty partial to their hunting dogs. Lots of folks claim there's nothing lighter on its feet than a bluetick hound. So, naturally, they got in the habit of describing their favorite whisky, George Dickel, as "lighter than the step of a bluetick hound."

They didn't always agree as to why the whisky was so light. Some claimed it was the freestone water; some claimed it was the filtering through all that charcoal.

But they all agreed that George Dickel's always was the doggone lightest and smoothest.

Still is.



Love Letters to Rambler



C. Richard Monlux

Head of metal company believes in giving credit where credit is due. After fifteen years driving "other makes," he is now very happy with his new Rambler...

"You have such a wonderful car... I want to offer my congratulations."

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

negotiations, secretly and through a third power. More probably, however, the fighting will simply dwindle away into an unspoken armistice. For, throughout their history, the Marxist states have always been reluctant to negotiate a formal ceasefire except under two conditions: (1) when they are convinced that further fighting will cost them more than they can gain; and (2) when they are pretty sure that they can win more at the conference table than on the battlefield. Such is the doctrine laid down by Lenin, and followed faithfully by his disciples all the way from Trotsky's 1918 negotiations at Brest Litovsk up to Tito at Trieste, the Chinese at Panmunjom, and the Pathet Lao in Laos.

Today, with the Russians and Chinese in desperate competition for leadership of the world Communist movement, it has become harder than ever for either camp to admit publicly that it is abandoning a "war of national liberation." Consequently, when the Vietcong and their big brothers to the north finally are convinced that they can't win, they probably will just stop fighting—as the Communist guerrillas did in Malaya, in Greece, in the Philippines, and in Venezuela—always with the thought that they may start again on a more auspicious day. Such a lull could come this winter, or in two years, or five. (In Malaya, after all, it took ten years for the guerrillas to get discouraged.) And any slackening of American resolution or military pressure is likely merely to delay the coming of such a temporary *de facto* peace.

The other possible outcome, of course, is that we might be forced out, by a collapse of the South Vietnamese regime. But that would not bring peace to Asia either. It would simply mean a shift in the fighting, after a brief interval, to Thailand—which the Chinese already have announced as their next target—to Malaysia and to India.

For genuine peace in Asia does not seem possible so long as the Chinese revolution remains in its virulent, aggressive stage. Chairman Mao urgently needs to get control of the surplus rice production in Southeast Asia. But what he needs more is a foreign enemy. Like other leaders of revolutions in this stage—

Napoleon, Hitler, Stalin, even little Sukarno—he has found nothing else will serve to keep people keyed up, year after year, the feverish zeal and endless sacrifice which his theology demands. The time being, therefore, to attempt to conciliate him is almost certainly hopeless. Even if the United States were to withdraw from the Pacific arena, his major adversary would still remain. He probably would fight Russia. India and the other states are too impotent to look like convincing bugaboos; they are likely to be cast in the role of easy victims.

Someday the Chinese revolution can be expected to cool off, as the Russian revolution did; and it may be possible for other countries to deal with China on something like normal diplomatic terms. Meanwhile, for perhaps a generation, the prospect for Asia is continual war and bloodshed. Nothing America can do will prevent it. But a patient, steadfast containment can hasten its end, helping to bring the Chinese revolution a little closer to its mature, less bellicose state. In the case of Russia, such a state has worked very well indeed—easy to forget in the midst of current troubles. All it took twenty years of unremitting political, economic, and military

The lessons of history, then, seem to suggest that Mr. Johnson's basic course is probably right. As far as I can see, it is the least dangerous and ultimately the least costly of any of the alternatives open to him. And, as always in international affairs, a choice of the lesser evil is about the best anyone can hope for.

But this does not mean that the Administration's day-to-day tactics should be exempt from criticism. Surely Mr. Johnson has been more than candid in explaining what he is getting into, and why. The contradictory statements flowing from Washington and Saigon inevitably have stirred up confusion and distrust, at home and abroad. Domestic political considerations often seem to weigh too heavily in Mr. Johnson's decisions—no doubt because his life has been drenched in domestic

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politics, so that he has little visceral understanding of the way foreigners think and feel. And, as Joseph Alsop has pointed out, the President is risking some very costly blunders so long as he tries to serve as his own field marshal, running the detailed operations of a jungle war from a desk many thousands of miles away.

Criticism on matters such as these is the plain duty of the press, the political opposition, and the ordinary citizen who is interested enough to keep reasonably informed. Mr. Johnson would do well to listen to them, instead of howling like a cow-hand with a centipede in his boot; maybe their comments could help him avoid similar fumbles in the future.

Another group of critics, however, need not be taken too seriously, by Mr. Johnson or anybody else. It includes many (though not all) of the poets, pediatricians, novelists, painters, and professors who have been making so much noise during the last four months. Most of them are deeply humane people, who loathe war and wish it would go away. In a rather vague fashion they feel that the way to avoid a fight is to drop your gun and back off—forgetting the disastrous results of these tactics in Ethiopia (1935), Spain (1936), and Munich (1938); for history of foreign policy is not their strong point. (It is noteworthy that few historians or professors of international relations took part in the "Quit Vietnam" teach-ins.) Neither are they very familiar with Marxist doctrine—understandably, since reading a Marxist text is sheer torture to anyone who is at all sensitive to the use of language. Consequently they are prone to dismiss Communist aggression as a myth, dreamed up by Barry Goldwater and his ilk.

They are bred in a tradition, moreover, which holds that all proper intellectuals are alienated from society—or, in the words of Alfred Kazin, "rebels against their own middle-class background."² They see it as their duty, therefore, to stand in

eternal opposition to Authority and The Established Order. Whenever authority uses force in defense of the established order—in Santo Domingo, Vietnam, Berlin, or in the Cuban missile crisis—they grow impatient with anguish and suspicion. On the other hand, they seldom test against the use of force (including terrorism) by anyone who proclaims himself a rebel; for they have a romantic identification with rebellious characters, especially exotic ones like Castro and Mao. Robin Hood is against the bad guy, then they assume that *he* must be a good guy—overlooking the sad historic fact that a Robin Hood coming to power is often just as brutal and oppressive as the Sheriff of Nottingham he overthrew.

They have every right, of course, to express their views on matters of universal concern. But their professional eminence—Robert Lowell's in poetry, Mark Rothko's in painting, Dr. Spock's in medicine—does not automatically endow them with wisdom about foreign policy. Had their opinions been worth just about as much as Dean Rusk's views on poetry or Robert McNamara's on raising babies—which are also matters of universal concern.

Personally I am inclined to give more weight to the opinion of another rebellious intellectual who, in addition to his scholarly accomplishments, has considerable experience in statecraft. He is Dr. C. Rajagopalachari, a leader in India's struggle for independence, a companion of Gandhi, a pioneer in civil disobedience, and an apostle of peace. He also served, after independence, as Governor General of India. In a letter to the *New York Times* of June 1965, he spoke to "the best brains of America" about their "criticisms and ridicule" of the President's policy in Vietnam.

"There is not the slightest doubt," he wrote, "that if America withdraws and leaves Southeast Asia to itself, Communist China will advance and seize the continent. All the people of Asia will soon be intimidated to pay homage to the Communist parties in each of the regions of Asia. . . . There is no hope for freedom of thought in Asia if the hegemony, if not the empire, of China is established."

² For a thorough examination of this tradition, see *The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963: The Intellectual as a Social Type*, by Christopher Lasch, published by Knopf last spring.



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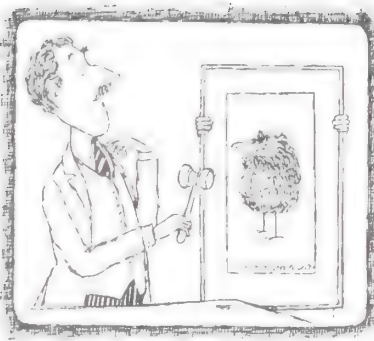
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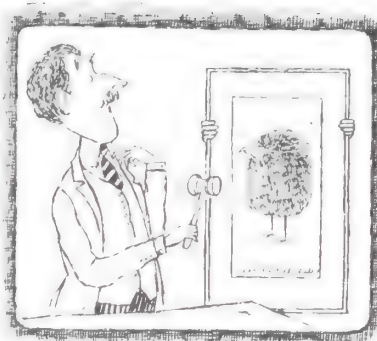
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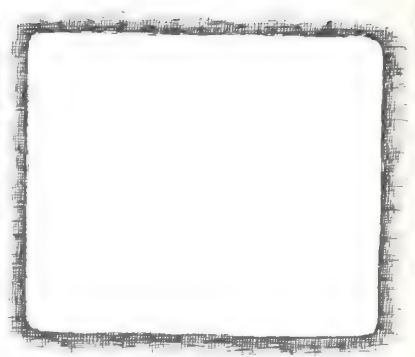
After Hours



Going.....



Going.....



.....

Auction by Early Bird *by Russell Lynes*

The main auction room at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York on the May afternoon when the Early Bird satellite brought together the art markets of New York and London for a simultaneous sale was a scene of controlled confusion. The room and its balcony were a clutter of cables, TV cameras, monitors, ladies in spring hats, gilt chairs with red-velvet seats, dealers, press photographers, collectors, reporters, bid-callers, auctioneers, and cultural Peeping Toms. On the stage was a screen about eight feet square framed with velvet curtains that someone said were "puce." To the right of the stage the auctioneer, Mr. John Marion, sat in a sort of pulpit with a wired plug in his right ear and a telephone in his left hand, both connecting him with Mr. Peter Wilson, chairman of Sotheby's in London, where the auction originated. At three o'clock a battery of very bright lights was turned on the New York audience; those who had dark glasses put them on; and the lady in front of me kindly removed her hat, a gesture nostalgic of the days when hats were more obstructive than hairdos.

"You will please bid by raising your catalogues," Mr. Marion said, "so that we can communicate your

bids to London as quickly as possible."

So far as New York was concerned, the auction started with sight but no sound. (I was told later that the picture in London was far sharper than the one we saw in New York.) The auction rooms in London, looking rather like a court of law with Mr. Wilson as presiding magistrate, were in full, if slightly hazy, view. The auction had been going for several minutes before Early Bird let us in on it. "Lot 3" was the first we saw, and it wasn't until "Lot 5" that we had sound as well as sight. The sound was greeted by a patter of polite applause.

For the most part the bidding for the lots went without a hitch. The first 63 lots were prints of Audubon birds, each lot starting at £30, and one going as high as £360 for "Snowy Owl," and there was one moment when a lot was knocked down to a London bidder for £190 though a New York bidder had gone higher; communication broke down, and a man behind me said, "This calls for a new set of ethics. It could cause more law suits than sales." The bidding, however, was reopened when the error was discovered. It takes half a second (a long time at an auction) for the signal to bounce off Early Bird and back.

The sale of the Audubons was interrupted by Mr. Wilson with an announcement that "We have been asked to shift to the other catalogue." The other catalogue listed paintings by Mary Cassatt, Degas, and Sir Winston Churchill. Mr. Wilson started with a Degas pastel of "The Dancers"; the initial bid was £5,000, which in a minute or two had gone to £20,000 or \$56,000, a price so high (sic) in this inflated market that I overheard someone say, "It must be a stinker." The Cassatt of a mother and child started at £2,000 and brought £12,500 (\$35,000).

It was the Churchill that surprised everyone. It was a landscape called "Menaggio, Lake Como" and on the screen it looked like the work of a dropout from a ladies' Saturday afternoon art class. It started at £3,000 and went for £14,000 (\$39,200). A dark-haired gentleman in dark glasses behind me. He was acting as agent for John E. Newman of San Antonio, Texas. A representative of Sotheby's told me that their estimate had been £7,500, or just over half what it went for.

Though almost all of the material in the auction was American in origin (Audubons, prints and drawings from Colorado and Canada and the West Indies, and a drawing by A. R. Wa-

ANSWER MA'AM

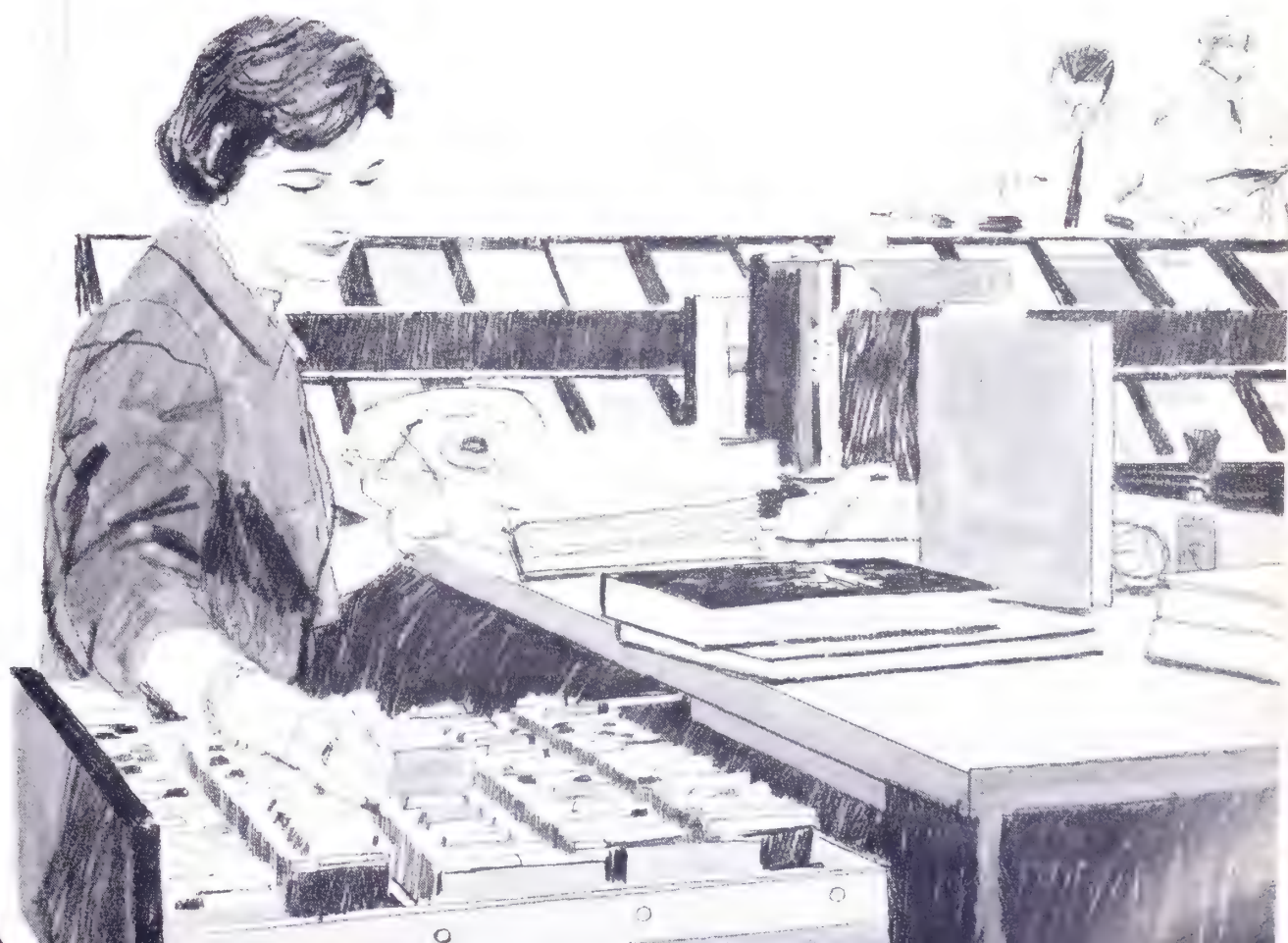
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of *Harper's Weekly*) only 18 of the 107 lots sold were bought in New York.

I bid on one myself, the Waud drawing of Civil War prisoners in a stockade. It was rather a blur when blown up a hundred times and fuzzy on the screen. I chickened out at £28, and it went for £30, the lowest price in the sale. I'm not sorry I didn't get it, though it was superior to the Churchill. Even so, it was rather pleasant to cast a bid across the

Atlantic, like a fly across a stream.

Later I asked Mr. Marion if there was any likelihood that such trans-oceanic auctions by satellite would become common.

"Well . . ." he said. "We're told it would cost \$10,000 commercially. This was arranged free by the BBC."

On the way out I asked a dealer in Americana whom I know if he had bought anything.

"At those prices?" he said. "Am I crazy?" []

Happenings on Upper Broadway: A Comparative Dig

by Robert Kotlowitz

New York's First Theater Rally came and went during the dog days of late May, causing hardly a ripple among the inhabitants of the city. I say hardly because one of its resolutely avant-garde programs, which were all cosponsored by Robert Rauschenberg, the celebrated painter who won last year's Venice Biennale, did take place in the swimming pool of Al Roon's Health Club on upper Broadway. There, I am told, the entire cast sank beneath the surface of the pool at one point, took its clothes off, and hung them up on a heavily chlorinated clothesline. *Ex-cunt omnes*, to giggles and applause.

A few nights later, the Rally moved further uptown, to a mammoth television studio at Eighty-first Street and Broadway, where it surfaced long enough to present a Dance Concert. Among other things, the evening was to display the work of Mr. Rauschenberg as both dancer and choreographer. I attended the last of three performances of this concert on a night when the erratic New York temperature had suddenly jumped into the nineties. The studio was without air conditioning but the several hundred Rally fans in attendance were not distracted by the heat. In fact, they looked extremely smart to me, many of the young girls moving about casually in patterned op art dresses while some of their seniors in

floor-length gowns handed out programs. Together, they created an illusion of elegant coolness. Along with their escorts, as well as a spotting of artistic celebrities, they made a typical expectant but on-top-of-it New York audience, ready for anything as they settled in for a little shock treatment.

We were seated on folding wooden chairs in a semicircle around the studio floor; all around us were the props of a television studio—lighting equipment, booms, dead mikes. At our right, visible to only a few in the audience, was a tall narrow screen on which I could glimpse color patterns moving in kaleidoscope fashion; I had seen them before, the first time as illustrations for a Bach sequence in a Walt Disney movie called *Fantasia* back in the early 'forties. They seemed to amuse the young girls, who crowded in front of the screen before the Dance Concert began.

The first number listed on the program was called "Shower" (1946) by Robert Whiteman. As the theater darkened, a single spotlight picked up a telephone on the floor of the studio; the telephone began to ring. No one answered it. At the twelfth unanswered ring, the spotlight went out. All was silent. The house lights came on, dimly. There was hesitant applause, a bravo or two, a few loud laughs.

I checked my program. The second number was called "Piece for Telephone" (First Version) (Premiered by Claes Oldenburg. Obviously, I missed an essential point somewhere. Had I just seen "Piece for Telephone" or "Shower"? I would soon know. The third number on the program was called "Pelican" (1963) by Robert Rauschenberg and the performers were listed as Carolyn Brown, Alex Hay, and Mr. Rauschenberg himself. If three people came out on the studio floor, I could feel reasonably sure that I was watching "Pelican."

The lights went out, the spot came on. It shone on a handsome young woman dressed in a gray sweat suit and toe slippers, which she proceeded to rise upon. Then she performed a few elementary ballet steps. At the same time, there was a flurry of noise behind us and, as we turned, two figures entered wearing a huge white circular prop on each shoulder like a wing, and a booted roller skate on each foot. I recognized one of the figures as Mr. Rauschenberg from pictures and assumed that the other were Alex Hay and Carolyn Brown. "Pelican" it was, then.

My roller-skating experience is confined to the old-style four-wheeled skates you slipped your foot into it, tightened the toe clamps with a key until the pressure could be felt, slipped a folded handkerchief beneath the ankle strap, then pulled that as tightly as possible, hoping against blisters. The skills and techniques of booted skating are beyond me but I would say, nevertheless, that Rauschenberg and Hay are perfectly competent roller skaters. At least they did not take a single spill the night I was there. They skated around the studio floor singly, as a couple, swiftly, slowly (more often slowly), and sometimes with Miss Brown, who looked very nervous, in tow. Once, they got Miss Brown into an arabesque position, and with Mr. Hay holding onto her extended leg and Mr. Rauschenberg taking care of her arms, turned her around in a clear 360-degree arc. That looked nice and got a hand, so they repeated it. At another point, Mr. Rauschenberg skated in our direction and gave a slight smile and wink to the lady sitting in front of me. She smiled back. Over it all, electronic sounds buzzed through the air. Then—Mr. Hay looking exhausted—"Pelican" was over.

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Again, the house lights came on and the baby began to cry. Everyone in the room "Ooh" at the sound. Could this be the beginning of "Mikrophonie" (1965) (Brussels Version) by Karlheinz Stockhausen? The crying continued and a young, sweet-faced woman wearing sandals hurried out of the studio carrying an infant in her arms. She was followed by some applause. Then the lights dimmed again and after a wait of a few minutes a beautiful young blonde woman wearing a simple black evening gown cut in a V to her waist, walked out on the floor. In her arms she bore a banner reading "Dark Horse Concert." The lady in front of me, who had received Mr. Rauschenberg's snuff, turned to us and began to distribute new programs. They bore the heading "Black Horse Concert" and the first number was listed as "Fig. 190" with Deborah Hay assisted by Alex Hay and Bob Rauschenberg. The score was announced as "a selection of Chopin mazurkas plus tape," so much for "Mikrophonie" (1965) (Brussels Version) by Karlheinz Stockhausen. At the bottom of the new program was a line reading "Black Horse program subject to change." There was also a line reading "Black Horse Hostesses: Sarah Dalton, Ellen Faison, Mimi Star." Which one was the beautiful blonde parading for a third time around the studio floor with her banner aloft? Sarah, Ellen, or Mimi? I never found out.

The Dark Black Horse Hostess cleared the floor once again, then silently vanished when Mr. Hay and Mr. Rauschenberg made their entrance maneuvering a dolly between them on a long rope. Standing on the dolly was Deborah Hay, swathed in cellophane wrapping. Inside the cellophane which was double- and triple-wrapped in vital areas, Miss Hay was totally nude. Or was she? As Mr. Hay and Mr. Rauschenberg pulled her this way and that on the dolly, one could make out the clear, firm outlines of attractive buttocks; from the front, and the lighting fell right, I could make out that Miss Hay was not wearing any covering over her breasts. Yes, she was nude and she was nervous too; inertia kept pulling her in one direction as the dolly would suddenly start in another, and there were a few touch-and-go moments when I

AFTER HOURS

is not at all certain that Miss Hay would last "Figure 1965" out.

Accompanying her on her rounds is a tape made up of Chopin's music, promised, as well as some gritty productions of Rodgers and Hart tunes. At odd moments, Miss Hay would disembark from her dolly, sit on the floor, and do a graceless calisthenic. Sometimes, standing on the dolly, Miss Hay would bend her knees. As is more, I wanted to shout at her and her colleagues, or even nothing is sometimes filling. Ten minutes later the piece came to an end. For her contribution, Miss Hay received a bouquet of roses.

Somewhat later, as I was leaving, I noticed that the tall narrow screen at the right of the studio was interspersing its colorful patterns with pictures of a woman taking a shower. As a matter of fact, unless I am mistaken, the woman was taking a shower directly behind the screen and, unless I am further mistaken, the woman was Miss Hay. She was no longer wearing her cellophane wrap, however, which must have saved the first New York Theater Rally a good deal in production costs. Three other people left the theater with me. In the lobby, they gazed at me vacantly. I looked back, perfectly brainless. I could hear a tape of a Balanchine ballet coming from behind us, the music to "Stars and Stripes," all Sousa marches. Two more people came out, speaking weary French. They were overcome by heat and boredom, or so they were telling each other. I believed them.

The next night, by perfect coincidence, Balanchine, too, offered an upper Broadway premiere, his being a new production of *Don Quixote* at the New York State Theater in Lincoln Center. While Balanchine's show was not exactly a triumph, either, it at least did not try to establish answers to questions that no one will ever ask. Also missing from the Balanchine evening was the feeling of laziness that is often generated by the theatrical and musical avant-garde, particularly the former. If there is no other assumption by the performers beyond the presence of an audience, anything may well go, which is why anything is so often tried: Robert Rauschenberg on roller skates, for an apt example.

The Balanchine *Quixote* is lavishly dressed and set, but in theater and dance terms it is a relatively muted work. It struck me that it is really an exercise in how to make a beautiful woman even more beautiful, the woman in this case being Suzanne Farrell, who is nineteen years old and the very center, as Dulcinea, of the production. Miss Farrell is only the latest in Balanchine's long line of unattainable (and unforgettable) ballerina-visions, but considering the way her tall, supple, young woman's body moves, there can hardly be a Don anywhere who would not gladly put aside his worldly obligations at first sight of her to set off in idealistic pursuit. Just to keep things competitive, there are several other young maidens in the company who offer some of the same attractions, and it is curious how an entire evening spent in their presence can restore a man's appetite for the wonders of staged illusion. Among them are Mimi Paul and Marnee Morris, and they can join Miss Farrell (as well as the Dark Black Horse Hostesses) anytime in brightening the scene on upper Broadway or, for that matter, anywhere in New York City.



MARSHA WOLF

Suzanne Farrell: Brightening the scene on upper Broadway

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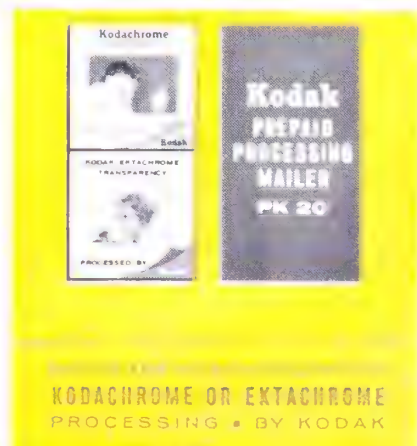


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Harper's

magazine

The American Nun

Poor, Chaste, and Restive

By Edward Wakin
and Fr. Joseph F. Scheuer

Why many women in the religious orders are beginning to question the rigid rules and traditions of their narrow world.

The American public has been introduced in recent months to a new image of the Catholic nun—a change from the genial ball-playing lady in formidable black and white to the graduate student pursuing a Ph.D. at Columbia or UCLA. A touch of style has been added to the nun's costume, and a number of nuns have been making news of a most untraditional kind. Sister Frances Catherine of Cincinnati, for instance, was admitted in May to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court; Sister Francetta Barberis, after retiring as a college president in Missouri, now actually wears secular clothes as consultant to the Job Corps.

The most dramatic departure, of course, has been provided by the nuns in civil-rights demonstrations. When they sang "We Shall Overcome"

in Selma, the spirit belonged to Susan B. Anthony as well as Martin Luther King—for a struggle for emancipation has begun in the convent, spurred on by the Vatican Council. The American nun—with her vows to be poor, chaste, and obedient—is restive over the suffocating context of her religious life.

But the struggle must be put into its proper perspective. There are 180,000 women in no less than 480 orders—from A (for Adoratrices, with 14 U. S. members) to Z (for Zelatrices, with 294 U. S. members). The few exceptions in graduate school, in important positions, or on picket lines do not make a revolution. They only symbolize a growing demand for change, and that demand is taking place in a tense and obstructive framework.

Within each separate community of nuns, efforts to modernize are accompanied by strong ideological differences. And within each convent, the gap between the older and younger generations is a pronounced one. This was confirmed firsthand when one of us discussed the main ideas in this article before gatherings of three orders of

nuns; the differences between the generations are close to the surface. It is easy to provoke a heated debate in any convent on the problems facing the American nun.

Questions of reform focus on two charges—incompetence and irrelevance. In 1952, when leading sister-educators took stock in a nation-wide survey, only 13 of 255 orders responding said that they had programs which enabled their members to get bachelor's degrees. And 118 orders admitted they were cut off geographically from educational facilities they could use, either of their own or of accessible Catholic colleges.

In the past, undertrained and overworked sisters in parochial schools had taught hundreds of thousands of Catholic children; without them, parish schools could not have existed. But it became obvious in the postwar period that good intentions were scarcely enough. The Sister Formation Movement, which emerged in 1954, has addressed itself to the problem of competence, taking its name from the goal of complete formation along "human, Christian, intellectual, professional, religious, and apostolic" lines.

With nine-tenths of the Catholic women's religious communities in the country participating, the Sister Formation Conference directs a broad program aimed at upgrading professional qualifications. Its influence has been contagious, making it fashionable to seek both experience and education outside convent walls, even outside the Catholic ghetto. The goals of the movement include providing every young sister with a bachelor's degree, more education and training for older sisters, more advanced study for promising sisters, and sharing of educational facilities among the various orders.

The emancipation process thus follows a familiar pattern by beginning with educational opportunity. The more basic question of the relevance of the American nun remains. As Sister Charles Borromeo has written in the *National Catholic Reporter*, "I would like to accept the judgment that we are increasingly irrelevant in modern America to the extent that we cling blindly to old

forms and old psychological patterns." She adds a biting comment on the stereotyped nun: "Rigidity of gesture, the extremely soft voice, the posture of cringing before authority figures imply that vigor and vitality are somehow pagan or corrupting."

A Fortress Community

Strong criticism of the convent mentality and of isolation from the real world received international support when a leading liberal Cardinal, Leon Joseph Suenens of Belgium, wrote *The Nun in the World*. With its publication in 1962, the book became a manifesto for progressive-thinking nuns in America. Cardinal Suenens stated:

A community of nuns often gives the impression of being a fortress whose drawbridge is only furtively and fearfully lowered. . . . [P]hysical and psychological detachment from the world leads a religious to turn in on herself and her own community. Her world shrinks, and, if she is not careful, will end up no more than a few square yards in size. From this comes a distorted vision, seeing everything from one angle, measuring things against a diminished scale. From this comes also the contrived and artificial nature of certain customs in religious houses—a sort of "house etiquette," a stylized, stereotyped, and unnatural behavior. It has been said of certain congregations of nuns that they are the last stronghold of the very studied manners of the middle-class woman of the nineteenth century. . . .

An observer analyzing the part played by religious today cannot help being struck by their absence from the main spheres of influence at adult levels, spheres where they have a right to be and where their talents are called for and their presence is needed. . . . The religious of today appears to the faithful to be out of touch with the world as it is, an anachronism.

In reality, the more progressive nuns are struggling with a restrictive tradition in which change and custom, the modern and the old, mix uneasily. The American nun remains part of a traditional church society characterized by male dominance.

The Vatican Council itself has emphasized the secondary status of women by excluding them from its deliberations, thus ignoring thousands of nuns and millions of laywomen. Only belatedly, a handful of voteless woman auditors, both lay and religious, have been added. And the Sacred Congregation of Religious, which is responsible for the rules and regulations governing Catholic women's religious organizations, has no nuns involved directly in its work. In our society, the nun is not only a woman; she has joined a reli-

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gious community structured along medieval lines. Women's orders were formed as subsidiaries of men's, and historical origins are not easily cast aside. Today, as in the past, the nun's work is primarily among the young, the sick, and the elderly—the woman's traditional role.

When St. Vincent de Paul and St. Louise de Marillac dismantled the cloisters in the seventeenth century, they made "their chapel the parish church, their cloister the streets of the city or wards of the hospitals." The result was the Daughters of Charity, the Church's first uncloistered community for women and now its largest group of religious women. Today in the United States, their work includes all the major activities of nuns: elementary, high-school, and college teaching; nursing and schools of nursing; homes for children, working girls, unmarried mothers; care of the aged; day nurseries; centers for child guidance, social work, and teaching of religion; retreats; home and foreign missions.

But the seventeenth-century problem of the cloister, which separated the nun physically from a needy world, has been replaced by the twentieth-century problem of "enclosure," which tends to cut her off psychologically from the real world. The modern nun can leave the cloister to teach, nurse, do welfare work, or even shop, but otherwise she is enclosed within the convent and bound by a restricted and tightly regulated round of activities. She is not only wrapped in a religious costume as contemporary as a suit of armor; she is entangled in myriad rules and restrictions of staggering pettiness. Like the child whose interfering parent wants to govern every part of her life, the nun must fight for her own personal maturity.

Time-bound and Enclosed

Many nuns, however, defend these restrictions as safeguarding the spirit of their order's foun-dress. In a recent collection of essays about convent life, one nun went so far as to call the petty differences between communities "wholesome signs, indicating a noble ideal." She describes what would happen if Mrs. X took a group of sisters from different orders on an afternoon outing, a description which typifies both the entangling web of regulations and the acceptance of them by many of the victims.

Sister A may go for the ride, but she can't get out of the car or eat an ice-cream cone on the way. Sister B may go for the ride and get out of the car, but refreshments are taboo. Sister C

may go for the ride and have her ice cream, but all within the sanctuary of the car. Sister D may go for the ride, get out of the car, and eat the ice-cream cone. She may even name her own flavor if Mrs. X isn't a dictator. Sister E? She may come out to the car and wave goodbye to the others.*

On the level of professional service, the negative results are predictable. Time-bound by an "horarium"—an all-embracing schedule of daily activities—sisters are prevented from carrying on the very life of service to which they commit themselves. Sister-teachers find it almost impossible to see the parents of their pupils, much less visit homes, since the hours when parents are freest are the very hours when sisters are confined to their convents. Some nursing sisters whose habits cover their ears find themselves hardly able to take blood-pressure readings or listen to the fetal heart.

Most sisters are restricted in opportunities to enlarge their horizons, to engage in learning experiences, to gain a firsthand appreciation of the things their lay contemporaries face. Sisters do get permission nowadays to attend meetings, lectures, or conventions, but under limitations and usually within the protective Catholic ghetto. While the situation is considerably more permissive for nuns on college faculties or for those pursuing graduate degrees, they are a small minority. For the bulk of American nuns, the demands of "enclosure" are stifling.

An outsider can only sense the impact of the system upon the individual nun. Here is what a sister who has been in a religious order for thirty years said—a sobering contrast to the lyrical accounts in the pietistic literature about convent life:

If only we'd go the whole way on *aggiornamento*! In the morning I drag myself out of bed too tired to think. I get down to the Chapel where we say Matins and Lauds, followed by a half-hour of mental prayer and twenty minutes of vocal prayers for the Church, the Community, and benefactors, and then Mass starts. By Communion time I'm lost in frustration because I can feel no fervor—only fatigue. Sometimes I kneel at the Communion railing wondering if I can possibly please God feeling as I do. Then we go to breakfast and are served in rank. Since I'm near the end of my particular table, I'm served near the last, and I practically choke with smoldering resentment—and yes, let me be honest—with scruples because I'm in such a bad humor every morning. Yet, I love to pray. What a joy and peace it would be if we just had meditation as a preparation for Mass. I could

*Sister Mary Gilbert, S.N.J.M., in *Convent Life*, Joan M. Lexau, ed. (Dial Press, 1964).

sing aloud with the best of them or join in hearty dialogue at Mass in all the glory of the new liturgy.*

The personality consequence of such a ritualized existence can be serious, and it is evident in the widespread concern about mental illness among Catholic women's religious orders. Sympathetic priests commonly encounter troubled sisters torn by tensions, conflicts of conscience, and self-doubts about the meaningfulness of their lives. Dr. John B. Wain, a Catholic physician with extensive experience treating nuns, has cited his "clinical impressions" in a penetrating article for the *Review for Religious*. He presents two generalizations based on his experience and conversations with Catholic doctors and religious nurses: "First, there is too much neurosis among religious. Second, much of it is avoidable or preventable." No realistic observer close to the situation would disagree.

Psychological Soundings

In a unique attempt to document the national aspects of the problem, Sister M. William Kelley collected data on hospitalization of sisters for mental illness. She found that nuns had a higher incidence of both psychotic disorders (particularly schizophrenia) and psychoneurotic disorders than American women in general. By comparing her 1956 findings with a similar study in 1936, Sister William found that the rate of hospitalization among sisters for mental illness had increased substantially—from 485 per 100,000 to 595. And while the rate for the small minority of cloistered nuns remained greater than for active nuns, that difference had also narrowed. In fact, the rate of hospitalization for mental illness had increased for active nuns while decreasing for cloistered nuns.

This led Sister William to make several likely hypotheses which underscore the tension between the traditional and the modern. She cites the sources of greater stress that may be contributing to greater numbers of mental breakdowns: overcrowded classrooms, understaffed hospitals, accreditation demands, and various other professional pressures facing religious today. In the past such strains were not nearly so severe. Today, the figures on increasing mental illness strongly suggest the system must be adjusted and that applicants for religious life must be better screened in the first place.

Both recommendations are made by psycholo-

gists familiar with religious life in America. As was indicated in the 1936 study particularly, many prepsychotic personalities are attracted to the religious life for what they think it will offer them. One of the leading practitioners in the expanding field of psychological testing for religious orders alerted the 1964 convention of the National Catholic Educational Association to the problem. Dr. Walter J. Coville of St. Vincent's Hospital in New York City warned that the traditional criteria for identifying promising applicants can be misleading, "for what often appears to be a virtue may actually be a neurosis." He cited those candidates "who conspicuously reveal themselves as docile, self-effacing; eager to comply, pious, and humble, but who actually are passive-dependent personality types." Insecure, filled with anxieties, eager to avoid responsibility, such types seek a neurotic escape to the religious life for shelter and support. Another type cited by Dr. Coville is the ambitious candidate who "needs to find status and recognition, and who may unwittingly exploit others" for her own benefit. His sobering caveat raises speculation on how many examples of both types have been admitted to the religious life in America. And how many have reached positions of power with neurotic traits that were interpreted as virtues?

The situation is complicated by recruiting patterns for the religious life.* The decision to become a sister is usually made during the teen years, commonly under the influence and inspiration of teaching sisters. This magnifies the danger of unrealistic and immature decisions. In a study of 2,120 sisters entering the convent between 1885 and 1943, Bishop John Hagan found that the largest number (507) first thought of the convent at age ten, with the largest number (315) making the final decision at eighteen. The median age for entering the convent was nineteen.

*A nationwide picture of vocations and of the background of nuns still has not been drawn because of the Balkanized situation involving religious orders. Religious superiors have ruled their own empires almost in isolation; only in 1956 was a beginning made toward grouping them cooperatively into a Conference of Major Superiors of Women Religious. Data on dropouts and on vocations are still treated as classified information—when available.

Some indication of social and family background is provided in a survey conducted at the Sister Formation college near St. Louis, Marillac College. A 1961 study of 150 Daughters of Charity at the college showed how deeply American their roots are. Slightly more than half had grandparents on both sides of the family who were born in America; only 15 per cent had three or four grandparents who were born abroad.

*Quoted by Sister Bertrande Meyers, D.C., in *Sisters for the 21st Century* (Sheed and Ward, 1965).

Once a young woman joins an order, she becomes absorbed into the life of her religious community. Her training is designed to bring about total commitment to the religious order. First, as a "postulant"—for one to three years, depending on the order—then as a "novice" for one or more years, the young woman is under the strict control of a religious supervisor.

After the training period, the young woman takes her vows publicly before her religious community. At this point she formally makes her triple commitment to poverty, chastity, and obedience. These vows should ideally impose responsibilities both on the nuns and on the religious system itself, although the traditionalists stress only the nuns' responsibilities.

Yet the system should provide for healthy fulfillment of the vows in the collective life of the order or community (the terms are interchangeable in popular usage, though there are canonical differences). The small minority of cloistered nuns are limited to the convent and cut off from all outside contacts. The overwhelming majority of nuns in the United States are active sisters living in a convent.

Within the present-day convent, a sister's personal resources are often strained unnecessarily by the inbred community life, the suspicion of everything physical, restrictions on relationships with lay people, and the confined atmosphere. As one perceptive nun told us, "The cardinal sin of religious women is lack of charity of the tongue; it is more serious and more frequent than any other failing, causing more upsets in communities than any of the vows." Despite the admonition of psychologists, maladjustment and neurotic behavior are commonly attributed to a poor spiritual life, and a more intense spiritual life is regarded as a panacea.

When Chastity Goes Before Charity

Of the three vows, poverty is the least misused in America. In Europe, it is more common to confuse frugality with chill penury, with degrading and unhealthy living conditions. Nonetheless, the lingering presence of begging sisters and the continued risk of tuberculosis among young nuns in America suggest that there is still room for reform on the vow of poverty. Of the other two vows, chastity is widely distorted and obedience commonly misunderstood.

The difference between the generations of nuns is vividly illustrated in attitudes toward chastity.

The Whelks

by Valerie Worth

When the whelk shell sheds its young
In strung cases, and the waves
Wash them too high, onto withered sand,
And strand them, the still unborn
Whelk replicas by tens and hundreds lie
White in dried pods, dead forever then;
Still, in their tough tombs, the little shells
Are whelks as perfect as the grand
Hollow-chambered dead shouldered to the shore,
Remain as perfect as the dull blue-tinged
Live generations of the deep, lacking only
Soft flesh within, the foot that draws
Those carved heavy castles slowly nowhere,
Remain still whelks more perfect than the few
Fathers grown old under water and aged at last
To dull blue and white chipped bits
Lost in the magnificent enormous shuffle of
the sea.

These samples of sex advice given by the older generation of nuns in Catholic high schools were collected from freshman coeds at an Eastern university: "Don't wear patent-leather shoes, else men see your underwear reflected in them." "Beware of men who lurk by stairways in order to stare up at you." "White reminds men of bed sheets." "Put talcum powder in your bath, so your body won't be reflected in the water."

Among older nuns, in particular, these attitudes are accompanied by a Bride of Christ mystique which romanticizes what is basically a medieval metaphor symbolized by the wedding band worn by nuns. In most religious communities, new members still wear bridal gowns at their reception, and it is even common for friends to hold bridal showers for girls about to enter a convent. The literature surrounding this symbolism is bizarre. A nun writing in *A Seal Upon My Heart*, published in 1956, said: "When I started out with my tremendous Lover, I had yet to learn that love is not so much receiving as giving, not so much possession as being possessed."

Other problems are hidden behind convent walls. Dr. Wain reported that gynecological complaints are often suffered for years before medical aid is

sought; sometimes malignant tumors are not reported until they are inoperable. In the inhibited atmosphere of the convent, premenstrual tension among young nuns and menopause among older ones become extra-heavy burdens. Left in relative ignorance in a society of women with limited worldly experience, the typical sister is likely to suffer more from the prevailing prudery than from her vow of chastity. She is easily shaken by temptations at what she may regard as the most inopportune times, though, as Dr. Wain notes, "it is probably not uncommon for religious and lay people to experience sexual feelings at the quiet times of recollection and Communion." It is not surprising that chastity, rather than charity, seems to emerge as the greatest single virtue in the convent culture of American sisters.

On the other hand, obedience represents the most significant problem for the American nun. As expected, the demands for renovation are strongest from the new kind of religious woman. She must balance her individual conscience with her acceptance of authority. She must accept curbs on her professional competence for non-professional reasons invoked by nonprofessional superiors. She must exist in a world of outmoded regulations and worn-out attitudes which drown her involvement in the contemporary world.

Bulwarks Against Emancipation

In discussing reform, it is important to stress the Church's dependence on the present system of religious orders; the orders, in turn, are committed to their own survival. A religious community is an economical and efficient source of women workers in the Church. By binding women into a community life, the Church has low-cost personnel for its schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions. Its extensive American operations would collapse without them.

While the total value of the contributed services of sisters is pure speculation, some indication can be found in their major area of activity, the schools. More than 100,000 sisters in education may account for as much as one-half of the total \$2 billion estimated annual contributed value of the U.S. Catholic educational enterprise. Pope Pius XII is frequently quoted: "The apostolate of the Church is almost inconceivable without the help of religious women."

Nowadays, however, the traditional Catholic religious orders are no longer taken for granted as the only means to a life of religious commitment. "Many nuns and sisters," Cardinal Joseph

Ritter of St. Louis has said, "precisely because of their own sense of fairness and humility, have come to doubt their usefulness in and to the Church. Young girls, possibly the religious of tomorrow, influenced by these criticisms, have mistrusted their own sense of vocation; many others have been advised that a more effective apostolate is open to them in the lay state."

The secular institute is a structural modernization of the traditional religious order. Its members remain in the world, earning a living, following their professions, without having to wear any religious uniform. Their vows or promises of poverty, chastity, and obedience are adjusted to the realities of the environment in which they perform apostolic work. They are still united in membership, and include several hundred Americans in such institutes as Caritas Christi, Oblate Missionaries of Mary Immaculate, and Rural Parish Workers of Christ the King. (The Grail, an international movement of both single and married women, has been a Catholic version of the Peace Corps for more than forty years, operating under a more flexible structure than the secular institute.)

But despite its potential, this alternative, which did not gain unequivocal papal recognition until 1947, has a limited future in the face of support by the Church establishment for the traditional religious orders, which constitute the vested interests of 480 religious superiors. For this reason, if for no other, the controversy over the life and role of the American nun is certain to continue within the present system along the familiar lines of emancipation for any minority: increasing education, expanding opportunities, greater freedom accompanied by pressure for even more freedom.

The restrictive status of nuns is being challenged within the Catholic Church, and the drive for more education and training for them is the main vehicle for reform. By establishing qualifications as professionals and as intellectual leaders, and by demonstrating an involvement in social issues, the sisters are trying to make their role more modern and more American.

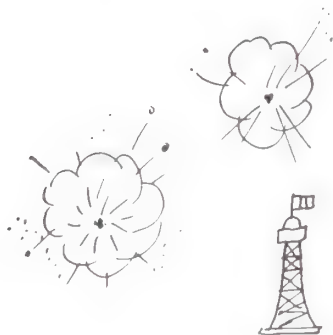
They cannot manage reform on their own; they are still not free of the male-dominated establishment. Yet within their tight little islands, the religious orders must make extensive repairs and alterations in response to the demands of the progressive new nuns. They must do this to avoid decline, to reduce dropouts among their recruits, and to expand to meet the needs of a growing and more sophisticated Catholic population. For it is obvious that you cannot keep them behind convent walls once they have been on a picket line.

How to do Business with a Frenchman

by E. Russell Eggers



12 rules for controlling the spice
when cooking up a deal in Paris



The president of a large American food company flew to Paris some years ago to put the finishing touches on the acquisition of a small company in France. Being the typical country-hopping U.S. executive, he arrived unannounced and unexpected—only to discover that the majority stockholder in the French company was off skiing in the Alps. The American got his address and cabled:

WILL MEET YOUR ASKING PRICE
THREE MILLION DOLLARS.
PLEASE FLY TO PARIS TO
CLOSE DEAL. REGARDS.

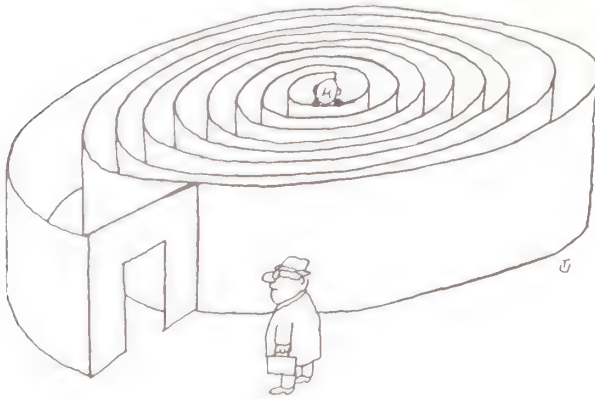
The Frenchman never answered that cable; he did not return to Paris. To this day, he does not quite understand how anyone would have the nerve to interrupt a family vacation with such a business telegram. To this day, the American does not

really understand why a Frenchman wouldn't fly to Paris for a weekend—and for several million dollars.

Obviously, there are problems in measuring Frenchmen by the standards of American industry. And vice versa. As one of my French friends bluntly put it, "You Americans are well-trained executives of well-run corporations in the U.S. But abroad you are not clever enough, not flexible enough, not *'débrouillard'** enough to really get along in France. You are not French." Ever since returning to the United States last winter after five years in Paris, I have continued to brood on what he really meant by that remark. The result

**"Débrouillard"* is perhaps the most flattering compliment one can pay a Frenchman. It means talented, resourceful, literally smart enough not only to pull strings but to disentangle them.

is a set of my own observations—actually a dozen laws—about the difference between an American businessman and his opposite number in France.



The Gallic versus the American Mind

The first two laws are fundamental and have to do with a French businessman's method of thinking and his prejudices.

I. Just how a Frenchman thinks has always puzzled American businessmen. Illogical? Devious? No, the distinguishing feature goes deeper than that and gives us the first law: **Whereas the American tries to think in a straight line, the Frenchman insists on thinking in a circle.** The American mistrusts complex things and tends to oversimplify. The Frenchman, by inclination and education, mistrusts simple things and tends to overcomplicate. It is for this reason that no Frenchman, by American standards, can ask a simple straightforward question when speaking in public. By French standards, no American speaker can give a full sophisticated answer. A Frenchman tries to define the question; the American tries to answer it. All this might be summed up in a hypothetical translation of Hamlet's soliloquy.

In American business jargon, the soliloquy would probably come out: "To be or not to be? Fine. Let's take a vote."

A Frenchman would say, "*Etre ou ne pas être. C'est là la question. Mais la question est mal posée*"—which freely translated means you cannot put the question that way.

II. Law Number Two runs like this: **A French businessman mistrusts the very things in which an American businessman has the most confidence.** Examples? The Frenchman is innately suspicious of the figures on a balance sheet, of the telephone, of his subordinates, of what his wife is doing between the hours of five and seven o'clock, of the law, of journalists and of what he

reads in the press, of investment banks, and, above all else, of what an American tells him in confidence. The American, *au contraire*, has trust in all these things. He knows, for example, that his wife's late-afternoon hours are as closely supervised by the children as his company's figures are by the auditors.

The Basic Laws of Communication

The inevitable lack of rapport shows up clearly when American and French businessmen try to communicate—by letter, in negotiations, when exchanging balance sheets.

III. **An American executive tends to forget what he's said in a letter. A Frenchman never forgets what he's purposely left out.** This particular law of communication explains why negotiations often break down at a distance. After a meeting in Paris the American will write a letter so factual and so detailed that, in his own mind at least, it doesn't even require an answer. The Frenchman would consider any letter he addressed to a company in the U.S. as the beginning of a long correspondence in which he would gradually elaborate on the nuance contained in the second line of paragraph three. The American will say about the French letter, "It's very polite but what the heck is he trying to say?" The Frenchman will ponder the American letter. "There are many details, *mais qu'est-ce que ça veut dire?*" What's he trying to tell me?

IV. Timing is the key problem. **An American will probably lose his typical enthusiasm for a project before a Frenchman gets over his typical reservations.** The business lunch in Paris is a case in point. The American executive rushing through on a two-day stopover in France wants to talk business and then sit down to a quick snack. His potential French partner wants to eat his way graciously and cautiously to a few business remarks with the coffee. Sophisticated American negotiators (and there are some) know that no Frenchman can digest a new business proposition until dessert or, as the French phrase puts it, "*entre la poire et le fromage.*"

V. It is highly unlikely that the specifics of a corporate balance sheet could ever be discussed

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over lunch in France. Not only does food have the priority but such financial information is too confidential, as indicated in the following law of accounting: **A French company prepares its balance sheet and profit-and-loss statement not to show its stockholders how much money it has made, but to show the tax authorities how little.** An American businessman considers his tax return a legal obligation to pay. But a Frenchman doesn't pay, he negotiates, his taxes. The tax return is merely his opening offer.

The Economic Perspectives

VI. We come now to economics and a few tangible products in the Franco-American business world. Law Number Six deals with economic size and values: **A Frenchman's thoughts are packaged in smaller and more specific sizes than an American's.** This is due partly to the metric system and partly to the fact that the French economy is only 13 per cent the size of the American economy. As a consequence, a Frenchman firmly believes that a small company is more efficient than a giant corporation, that custom-built products are of better quality than mass production, that the margin of profit is more important than volume of sales and profits, that details are more important than the big picture in corporate planning. It is no accident that "economy size" in French—for example, as seen printed on a box of soap flakes which is about the size of a transistor radio—generally means a small, not a large, package.

VII. Two items account for over 50 per cent of the average Frenchman's budget: food and vacations. Two items account for almost 50 per cent of the average American's budget: housing and the automobile. **To a Frenchman, economic prosperity is a series of nondurable pleasures of lasting value. To an American, prosperity is a tangible product with constant model changes.**

A Frenchman will not buy and does not really understand American refrigerators (particularly the un-refrigerated compartment for bananas) or automatic washing machines (with one of the special inside racks for the hand laundry). An American does not understand that the Frenchman's only do-it-yourself hobby is eating.

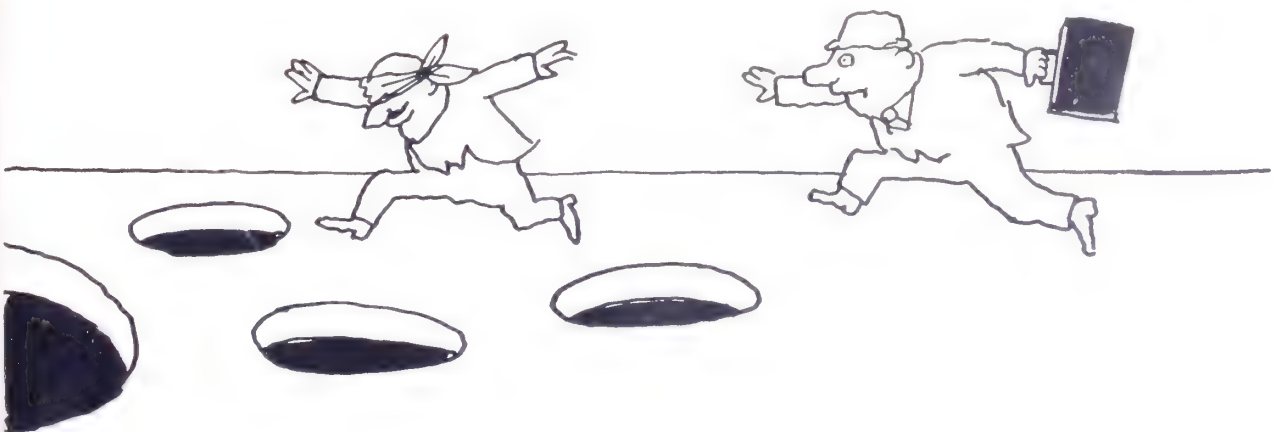
VIII. It is surprising to what degree of suspicion and superstition a Frenchman will go to divorce himself as a person from strictly mechanical objects. I remember two episodes from my job in Paris which illustrate the point. The first concerns my secretary, a charming Frenchwoman who, when I once commented she had been somewhat rude to a client on the telephone, replied, "But, monsieur, I was not mad at him. I was mad at the telephone." The other occasion involved a small independent French printer who, bidding on a potential order, showed us some very poor samples of offset printing done by his firm. When we criticized the quality of the printing, he looked hurt and complained, "But, messieurs, that is not my fault. It's the machine in my shop."

It is quite obvious that the French do not like to tinker with machines any more than Americans like to give orders to people, an analogy which gives rise to Law Number Eight: **A Frenchman feels as ill at ease with anything mechanical as an American does with a domestic servant.**

Sex, Immorality, and the Corporation

Dr. C. Northcote Parkinson was the first to suggest that companies are either masculine or feminine. By adding a French accent to his observation we come up with another pair of laws which go to the heart of a French or an American industrialist's feeling toward his company.

IX. **An American businessman treats his company like a wife; a Frenchman treats each of his companies like a mistress.** This is particularly



true when a firm decides to set up a new subsidiary with a foreign partner. The American wants 100 per cent exclusivity and control over the long run. The Frenchman wants 100 per cent flexibility and freedom over the short run. The American pays too much attention to his lawyers because he's afraid of divorce. The Frenchman pays too little attention to lawyers because he's afraid of marriage. This wife-mistress analogy is helpful in explaining one of the problem areas for an American executive in making an acquisition in France. The normal question he wants to ask a French businessman would be: "Is equity in your company for sale, and if so, how much do you think each share is worth?" In most cases in the United States, such a question asked intelligently is a compliment because it seems an honest and serious marriage proposal. In France, the question is an insult because it strikes a Frenchman as a blunt, very American, painfully gauche attempt to seduce.

X. The word "immoral" in English refers to what people do; in French it can apply to what companies do. An American is shocked at the public love affair of a well-known businessman, at the fudging of tax returns, of taking back under the table what has been formally promised in an agreement. What shocks a Frenchman? A company that reduces its employee's qualifications to punched holes on an IBM card. A food firm that produces frozen chickens whose growth has been accelerated by hormone injections. A manufacturer in France who closes down his plant and lays off workers without warning to all concerned, especially the government. In some cases, what is immoral in one economy and country is considered good business in the other.

XI. Although it is also good business to be polite, this is not the main motive behind a Frenchman's manners. As both American businessmen and tourists know, France is not always the most hospitable country in Europe. The law on politeness, however, is somewhat paradoxical: **When a Frenchman is polite he is very, very polite and when he is rude, he is very, very French.** But a Frenchman is rude only in public places—waiting for a taxi, in a restaurant, behind the wheel of a car. He is supremely polite in private places—in a letter, at a dinner, when he's being introduced. The typical Frenchman can make a prearranged telephone call to a good acquaintance and apologize three times during the conversation for calling. The same Frenchman could dial a wrong number at three in the morning and swear at the person whom he woke up. The two extremes of politeness give a Frenchman a sense of social

equilibrium, and he is sure that it is more important to have discriminating than democratic manners.

Careersmanship à la française

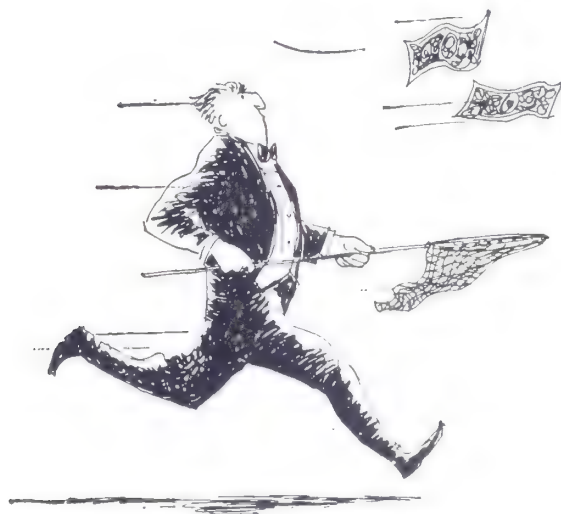
There are three sharp contrasts between a business career in France and the U. S. (1) The so-called "*polytechnicien*"—one of France's educated elite, the dominating class in French industry and government—considers his university career the toughest job he ever had; he'll never work that hard again. The American looks at his college days as the best time he'll ever have; he'd better start to work. (2) The ambitious young Frenchman will go to work for his government so that later in his career he can, to use the French expression, "parachute" into a well-paying job in French industry. His counterpart in the U. S. will go to work for a large corporation so that later in his career he can afford to work in Washington. An appropriate French example is Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, France's talented young Minister of Finance, who at the age of thirty-nine has it already made because of his achievements in the French government. The American example could well be Robert McNamara who at forty-five did his parachuting from the presidency of the Ford Motor Company into the office of the U. S. Secretary of Defense. (3) A Frenchman's idea of real success in industry is not to have a brilliant career within his company but to make a fortune outside of it.

XII: The overall law on a career in industry might be put this way: **To the Frenchman a business career is usually a means to an end. To an American it is often an end in itself.**

Les Conclusions

There you have them—a dozen laws, a banker's dozen, on the basic differences between a French and an American businessman. Granted, there are going to be difficulties, a clash of corporate cultures, when a very direct American "organization man" tries to do business in a country as individualistic as France. The difficulties in Franco-American collaboration are not insurmountable, however, as illustrated by the case mentioned earlier of the American food company's attempted weekend deal in France. Actually our American president was "*débrouillard*" enough to make that particular acquisition . . . but at a later date, for a different price, and with a different set of tactics. From time to time nowadays—and it is a point worth stressing—this American president goes off with his new French partner on a long, uninterrupted skiing weekend.

Washington's Money Birds



a guide to the Lobbyist Americanus and his predatory pursuits

by Larry L. King

In all the 139,581 listings contained in the Washington *Yellow Pages*, the word "lobbyist" appears not once. One might erroneously conclude that the *Lobbyist Americanus*, like the Goldwater mystique and the whooping crane, is becoming extinct. Such is not the case, though exactly how many lobbyists are at work in Washington is a mystery. In 1962 almost 1,200 individuals and organizations filed reports with Congress of lobbying activities; on the average, however, less than 400 such reports are filed. About 500 persons or groups are currently registered under the Lobbying Act of 1946. Although the vagaries of that Act make an accurate head count impossible, the Department of Commerce lists some 4,000 national organizations now foraging on the Potomac, and another 75,000 local associations settled in grass-roots nests, whence periodic delegations descend on Washington.

Among the national groups which have *not* filed spending reports in most years are the American Bankers Association, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the American Public Power Association. Some of the nation's largest defense

contractors, while maintaining more Washington suites than Alabama has outside agitators, neither register as lobbyists nor report expenditures. Yet no one has whistled for a cop because more than likely no laws are being broken.

The law covering lobbying activity is more flab than muscle; with similar legislation on the books for homicide, Murder, Inc. would be listed on the Stock Exchange. The title, "Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act," is a misnomer. It is not regulatory, but a mere disclosure-of-expenditures requirement. No government agency is charged with seeing that lobbyists file accurate reports, if at all. Reporting is willy-nilly. Filed reports, if they come in, gather dust along with affidavits from the Bobby Baker case. Nobody is designated to report violations; nobody does.

No lobby-control legislation of any kind was introduced until 1913. Thirty-three years crawled by before our statesmen gave us a Lobbying Act. Not even Teapot Dome caused any serious official twitches toward reform. Committee reports accompanying the 1946 Lobbying Act opened escape hatches big enough to free vast multitudes to be-

have as they wish. "The act," the reports read, "does not apply to organizations whose efforts to influence legislation are *merely incidental* to the purpose for which formed." Congress bought the language. It was this convenient verbiage which later prompted Senator John Kennedy to judge the 1946 Act "practically worthless" and peppery Senator William Proxmire to dismiss it as "a farce." Though bills have been introduced for nineteen consecutive years to make the law more meaningful, they have quietly withered on the vine. "Nobody," says Congressman Morris Udall, Arizona Democrat, "is lobbying for them."

From Golf to the Glad Hand

It must be emphasized at the start that there is no "typical lobbyist." Evelyn Dubrow of the Ladies Garment Workers is a kindly little woman who you feel is on the verge of urging you to eat your chicken soup; free-lance public-relations woman Lucy Cummings is a statuesque blonde who might cause male heads to turn at a quarterly conference of Methodist Bishops. Former Congressman Charles Brown of Missouri, who represents among others ASCAP and the National Education Association, is a debonair gentleman you never would suspect of having once traveled the Ozarks as agent for hillbilly singer Eddie Arnold.

Just as there is no stereotyped lobbyist, neither is there a wholly uniform approach to influencing Congress. While some outfits spend small fortunes showering Congressmen with elaborate slick-paper color brochures, others are certain these find their way promptly into wastebaskets, unseen by legislators' eyes. Where one lobbyist will angle to play a round of golf with a Congressman in the same week his special cause is coming to the floor for vote, another might consider the approach too transparent. Feminine pulchritude sometimes plays a part. A stunning redhead was introduced to the lobby game by a firm which hired her to exhibit earthmoving machines to government purchasing agents. "I didn't know a bolt from a bagpipe," she recalls, "but I sold the product." All lobbyists, however, do share one abiding principle: each is after the dollar.

In my experience as newspaperman and Administrative Assistant to two Congressmen, I encountered all known breeds of these exotic birds. Though I have personally met no one representing the Kaiser, I have known paid agents for diaper makers, Indian tribes, the International Lunar Society, and the Pitkin County (Colorado) Water Protection Association. The Washington veteran

can easily identify the seven most operative varieties: the *Lame Duck Emeritus*, the *Swamp Sparrow*, the *Prairie Chicken*, the *White-bellied Booby*, the *Hawk Owl*, the *Potomac Night Flier*, and the *Kingbird*.

(1) The *Lame Duck Emeritus* flies forth each two years when his nest in the House of Representatives or the U. S. Senate has been destroyed by public hand. Among the most common of the species, he is easily flushed in the halls of the Capitol. He chirps often of old glories and traffics in past friendships. He is identified by a toothy smile, a hand perpetually at the ready for shaking, and another held in reserve for instantaneous backslapping.

Lobbying goes well with prior service in Congress. Though some former Members are hired by well-heeled concerns at five-figure sums, these constitute the cream of the crop—old birds of abundant Congressional experience or with more or less direct lines toward high station. More prevalent is the dime-store variety of ex-Congressman who lost out after serving one to four terms. Faced with returning to home mud bogs, where in accordance with prevailing mores he might be expected to take a PR job in the local glue works or become a working courtroom lawyer, he hastily prints cards ascribing unto himself talents as a "legislative counselor" or "Washington representative"—with offices in his briefcase, hatband, or rumpus room of his suburban home. If the rejected politico had foresight enough in his better days to look with special favor on some particular organization, he may be tossed a rewarding bone *ex post facto* in the form of a yearly retainer.*

The ordinary *Lame Duck Emeritus* trades on his personal knowledge of Capitol Hill. He buzzes about the desks of former colleagues who, asking not for whom the bell tolls, feel sympathy for their fallen comrade. This breed may use old contacts to secure audience with an Assistant Deputy Under Secretary of Defense for the Procurement of Keg Nails, or to entice former colleagues to whiskey-drinks for the purpose of impressing a visiting client who, hopefully, will return to native pine thickets bedazzled over what a hail-fellow lugs his Washington water.

Largely, however, contacts are cultivated for

*Frank Ikard, a Texan who served on the tax-law-writing Ways and Means Committee, was lured from public service by the American Petroleum Institute at salary and benefits exceeding \$100,000 per year. He earns it by influencing former colleagues to retain the 27½ per cent depletion allowance, under which oil companies write off that percentage in losses or depletion before paying one Indian-head penny in taxes.

long-range purposes and to accumulate incidental intelligence which the knowing man may convert to cash dollars. Is the Federal Power Commission favorably disposed toward granting a pipeline to a certain gas company? Will a rumored Congressional investigation cause the public to lose confidence in savings-and-loan companies? Will the Public Works Committee recommend a special tax on diesel fuels in a new highway bill?

The lot of the *Lame Duck Emeritus* grows more perilous with each season. Fledgling Congressmen come in droves each two years, and the migration forces out old friends who become competitors for the lobbying dollar. By the law of diminishing returns the longer a lobbyist is out of Congress the less influence he has with current statesmen. A former Senator, having successfully wrestled a bill through the House, quickly dropped word to his Senate contacts *not* to pass the bill in that body until the following year—a strategy enabling him to renew his contract with his client.

As faces in Congress change and old favors are lost to dust, men whose names once invoked claps of Capitol Hill thunder cool their heels in outer offices of junior Senators. "I see Senator X at a party," a *Lame Duck Emeritus* complained to me, "and he invites me to drop by his office for a chat like we used to have when I served with him. But, dammit, I can't get by the cordon of clerks!"

Not all ex-Members lose their influence. One highly regarded lobbyist is former Senator Earl Clement of Kentucky, whose numerous blue-ribbon clients include the tobacco industry. A close personal friend of President Lyndon Johnson, Clement has blood-kin highly placed in The Great Society. His daughter, Bess Abell, is White House Social Secretary. His son-in-law, Tyler Abell, is Assistant Postmaster General and also the stepson of columnist Drew Pearson.

Former Congressmen scramble for all vacant lobbying berths. In 1962, when I tried for a time to become a money bird myself, several prospective clients put it bluntly: "We can take our pick of former Members. There's little demand for you ex-staffers."*

*There are noted exceptions. John Holton, former A.A. to the late Speaker Rayburn, represents the American Bankers Association; Lyle Snader, ex-Republican Reading Clerk of the House, the American Railroad Association; Booth Mooney, one-time aide to Lyndon Johnson, is Washington representative for Texas millionaire and right-wing poobah, H. L. Hunt; Lacey Sharp and Craig Raupe, long-time House A.A.s, have top lobby-oriented jobs with the American Hospital Association and Eastern Airlines respectively.



The Lame Duck Emeritus

Emissaries from Native Bogs

(2) The *Swamp Sparrow* migrates to Washington from the hinterlands with the preparation of each new federal budget. He may come plumed in the feathers of his local Civic Improvement Association, Commissioners Court, or Local 123 of United Pool Hall Rack Boys of America. By day a sober worker for mighty causes (a dam on the creek, National Park designation for hometown meteorite craters, a new screwworm eradication plant), he is transformed with the setting sun into a hybrid creature, part hard-drinking conventioneer, part callow freshman at the Big Game, and part Peeping Tom-at-large. Certain to cause his Congressman loss of sleep ("Show me the bright lights, Charlie. Back home they roll up the sidewalks at sundown") and much public humiliation ("Waiter, you git Ho-Say Greco over here for a drink and I'll drop a couple bucks on ya"), he will upon return to native bogs alert everybody from the Taxpayers Protective Association to the Wednesday Ladies Against Sin about the rapid decay of morals and the sound dollar in Washington City.

Though not always housebroken, these migratory *Swamp Sparrows* exert influence on their public men which cannot be negligibly measured.

Larry L. King, who wrote "Washington's Second Banana Politicians" for the January issue of "Harper's," was Administrative Assistant to two Congressmen in the decade he worked on Capitol Hill. He is now free-lancing in Washington. His political novel, "The One-eyed Man," will be published by McGraw-Hill this fall.

The Congressman faced with this invasion may only smile while hoping that his visitors will eventually go away. The discreet statesmen who understand grass-roots power will remain patient even when the lobbying constituent warns of galloping socialism, welfare-statism, and logrolling, while personally indulging in all three.



The Swamp Sparrow

This homegrown bird can get the working politician into trouble in numerous ways. A few years ago, one appeared to testify in behalf of a local project seeking government funds. It was sponsored by my own Congressman. Although the constituent's prepared statement was adequate, a cursory questioning touching on finer points of the proposed legislation revealed him less than prepared to undergo a sharp grilling in committee. Having worked on the project, I felt more capable of facing questions. Thus, in giving the witness the usual effusive introduction to the committee, I told the Congressmen he had "total hearing impairment" and suggested that after he had read his prepared statement, all questions be directed to me. The chairman nodded. With exaggerated lip movements and a booming voice probably heard in Formosa, he bid my constituent welcome. The statement was read, my friend settled back cozily, and I began to parry the committee's questions. While I thus performed, my visiting witness fell into a gentle slumber. All went well until a spectator ten rows behind us dropped a book on the floor. The dozing constituent jumped awake, overturning a pitcher of ice water and four glasses.

(3) The *Prairie Chicken* is the breed of money bird who heads Washington-based associations which draw their main strength from huge groups back home. Whether representing postal worker, brain surgeon, or hod carrier, he hibernates through most Congressional business. But any bill of direct bearing on his special constituency sends him winging out with great, wounded cries. He is a shameless flexer of muscle, and good at basic voter arithmetic.

Where the *Lame Duck Emeritus* might exhibit a quick-draw hand at grog flasks, the *Prairie*

Chicken on his good days will spring in one of the Capitol Hill cafeterias for one gummy grilled-cheese sandwich and a cup of tepid coffee handed down through a long line of malcontent busboys. But this bird pays due bills in other ways. Champion his causes and he will lay on heavy political rewards.

A few years ago William Doherty, then President of the National Association of Letter Carriers, established a policy of writing paeans of praise to every Congressman who voted for a bill to increase the pay of postal workers. He then reproduced the letters and mailed them by the thousands to postal workers in friendly Congressmen's districts. Nobody got mad. Almost every hamlet has a Post Office, and with it postal workers—who may be the best organized group in the nation. They send delegations to Washington to lobby their bills, they would walk barefoot in snow to the polls on election day, and postal wives, not encumbered as are their husbands by Hatch Act restrictions, are known to make enthusiastic campaign workers.

Labor unions furnish willing bodies to mail posters, stuff envelopes, and do the thousand menial tasks required in campaigns. Ken Petersen of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers says: "We can't match management in money or in opportunity for social contacts. But we can let our Congressmen know we've got a strong work force to commit in campaigns." Most Congressmen are smart enough to know that any force capable of being committed for them also could be committed against them.

Some *Prairie Chickens* offer speech-writing services to friendly Congressmen and Senators. Benefits accrue to all hands. The lobbyist gets his message told in Congressional chambers and printed in *The Congressional Record*. The solon gets credit for expertise, perhaps a newspaper headline, and surely a document handily reproduced for purposes of propagandizing voters of a particular group.

L. Dan Jones of the Independent Petroleum Association often sees his prose in Congressional documents, though the words are credited to public men. Dale Miller, the President's friend and current reigning king of lobbyists, has prepared committee testimony for countless Congressmen dead and alive. The practice is common. This kind of thing carried to extremes can be embarrassing: a Border State Congressman was indicted in 1962 for allegedly having accepted \$10,000 from a finance company to make a speech on the House floor. His conviction was reversed on appeal, but in the meantime he had left Congress in disgrace.

*The Prairie Chicken*

Response from the Masses

Sometimes the tactics of the organizational lobbyists backfire. Senator Stephen M. Young received thousands of letters from Ohio urging him to oppose two bills concerning the railroads. Though the letters mentioned no organizations and the messages varied, each of them incorrectly listed the Senator's middle initial as A. It was easy to trace the pressure campaign to a lobbying group. A Minnesota Senator received nine hundred telegrams in two days for a bill favored by oil companies, and found on investigation that most of the wires were sent without knowledge of the purported senders—and had been charged to a corporate firm's telephone number. In 1956 Massachusetts Senators got dozens of telegrams opposing a social-security bill, the wires uniformly spelling "amendment" with a double m. Many of the alleged authors proved to have no idea telegrams had been sent in their names.

Though Congressmen often insist they don't make decisions "by weighing pounds of letters," Republican Representative Harold R. Collier of Illinois disagrees. "We ask other members what *their* mail is like."

The U. S. Chamber of Commerce, working through its thousands of local chapters, inundated Congress with almost a million messages favoring the Landrum-Griffin labor-reform bill. It passed by only six votes. One Southern liberal told me, "I didn't want to vote for that bill. It was punitive. But the Chamber sold Jimmy Hoffa to the public as the bogeyman. I never got so much mail in my life." Mail stimulated by the National Rifle Asso-

ciation and militant rightist groups this year stalled efforts to pass legislation controlling the questionable sale of firearms.

(4) The *White-bellied Booby* is largely indigenous to Southern California, Texas, the rickets-and-boll-weevil South, and selected thickets of the Midwest. This sharp-eyed creature espies in Congress's every act a sinister plot to destroy the Republic, crack the Liberty Bell, and contaminate the Amalgamated Flag Stitchers of America. Anyone blind to these dark visions is suspected of favoring peace, treason, and the reading of poetry.

Most militant rightist groups are not on registered lobby rolls. (Many, in fact, receive special tax benefits as "educational" foundations—a practice being looked upon by the Internal Revenue Service with an increasingly jaundiced eye.) But perhaps more than any other group they torment Congressmen with excess stomach acidity.

My office was once flooded by letters protesting Operation Water Moccasin—described as a hairy plot by which thousands of foreign troops ("including Congolese riflemen in loincloths") would capture the whole of Georgia under the United Nations flag. This would "preview U. S. surrender to an internationalist One World Government." The story, sounding as if it originated with somebody full of Mexican boo smoke, came to prominence in *The Independent American*—a Louisiana-based fright-sheet published by a former New Orleans public-relations flak so far-out he once accused Barry Goldwater of being "tinged with socialism." It took speeches in Congress, statements from the Pentagon, a network television documentary, and many weeks to establish the truth: Operation Water Moccasin was a routine field exercise observed by about two hundred military officers from friendly foreign powers.

In 1962, rightists sent hundreds of telegrams to Washington urging Congressmen to forgo its normal adjournment. The objective was to prevent some mysterious "they" from handing the government over to Russia once the legislators packed off for home.

George Lincoln Rockwell, self-styled Fuehrer of the American Nazi party, often hand-carries his mimeographed sheets preaching white supremacy and anti-Semitism through Capitol corridors. Gerald L. K. Smith's Christian Nationalist Crusade is represented by a grandmotherly little type whose outward serenity vanishes when she begins to reveal communist conspiracies yet unknown to Mao Tse-tung. Though persistent, these birds have little more influence on Congress these days than Billy James Hargis has on Vatican City.

Largely their activity is confined to fund raising dinners where the faithful exhort against wasting tax money shooting bric-a-brac at the moon; compiling charts registering the percentage of "Americanism" of individual Congressmen; or circulating books with titles like *My Son the Red Dupe* and *Yesterday East Berlin; Tomorrow Tea-leaf, New Berlin*. The *White-bellied Eagle* does put in numerous appearances to alert the House Un-American Activities Committee or the Senate Internal Security Committee to the more fashionable menaces of the moment.



The Ones Who Matter Most

Until now I have concentrated on the more common of the species, those money birds noted primarily, though by no means exclusively, for noise and nuisance value. The following three classifications must go in a higher, more celestial category. More often than not they gravitate directly to the true sources of power, conducting themselves with great efficiency and determination. They are calmer, more confident, and usually smarter. These are the birds who personally get things done.

(5) The *Hawk Owl*, commonly known as the

If rightists do nothing else they provide work for defeated Congressmen. John H. Rousselet, ex-member from California, is an organizer for the John Birch Society; E. Franklin Foreman, a one-termer from West Texas who once branded twenty-eight of his colleagues "Pinkos," is a paid executive for American for Constitutional Action.

lawyer-lobbyist, is a Washington phenomenon. A few eminent and respected ones are active in the actual practice of law, but others come before the bar principally in the Metropolitan Club or the Mayflower cocktail lounge. Almost all of these birds are extremely affluent and gregarious.

Old New Deal and Fair Deal heads who have performed well for their country are prominent among the *Hawk Owls*. Oscar Chapman, President Truman's Secretary of Interior, represents clients ranging from the American Taxicab Association to Mexican sugar interests to a firm in Zaandam, Holland. Donald S. Dawson, Truman's one-time White House aide, heads a law firm representing insurance, finance, and transportation interests—as well as a gift shop in the Virgin Islands, sugar firms in India, and the Hilton Hotel Corporation. Clinton M. Hester (once top man in the CAA under President Roosevelt), of the law firm of Hester, Owen & Crowder (representing National Wool Growers, U. S. Brewers Association among others) for years turned his palatial southern-style mansion in the Virginia mountains over to Congressional aides for an annual weekend caper there. The working cogs of the Hill danced around the clock to alternating jazz and hillbilly bands; tables were laden with the finest cured ham, smoked oysters, shrimp, and fried chicken—with uniformed cooks standing by to work artistry on steaks prepared to individual tastes. Liquor was available in abundance. For health fanatics there were golfing and horseback riding. Columnist Drew Pearson wrote of it as a boondoggle, after which alarmed Congressmen required of their aides more plebeian tastes.

The largest lawyer-lobbyist in town these days is Abe Fortas, a bearish sort of man who once prowled among New Deal agencies in varied jobs and who is now Lyndon Johnson's most trusted adviser outside official circles. Fortas, who represents the Commissioner of Baseball, Lever Brothers, National Retail Merchants, and California Finance, is a man the President turns to in crisis. It was Fortas whom Johnson summoned to the White House during the 1964 campaign when a key aide was arrested on a morals charge; he is a frequent caller at the White House by back-door routes when the President feels need of companionship or a sounding board. Another successful lawyer-lobbyist, former Senate Majority Leader Scott W. Lucas of Illinois, says, "The Senate is a club and you're a member until you die—even if you get defeated for reelection. I can see anybody in the Senate almost anytime."

(6) The elite among Washington's money birds is the *Potomac Night Flier*. A most urbane fowl,

he is extremely adaptable to the mores of the moment. He owns a set of golf clubs gathering dust since late 1960, a deflated pigskin unkicked since November 1963, and right now he is big for square-dancing, barbecue, and ten-gallon hats. He is found at every social event worthy of reporting by Betty Beale in the *Washington Evening Star*, is active in at least one of the fifty state societies in Washington, holds an associate membership in the National Press Club, and habitually chooses a mate who social-climbs the way Justice Douglas goes at mountains.

The most "in" lobbyist in Washington these days is a highly social specimen. Tall, white-maned, mild-mannered Dale Miller is a genuine son-of-a-lobbyist whose father got Lyndon Johnson his first Washington job as secretary to a Congressman. He has been the President's friend for thirty years. Miller has had it all: a bridge for which he secured \$600,000 in federal funds has been named after him; his daughter works on the White House staff; his wife Scooter has replaced Perle Mesta as Washington's most adept hostess; the President tabbed him to be his Inaugural chairman; and the Johnson daughters call him "Uncle Dale." When President and Mrs. Johnson arrived at the Capitol for the Inauguration last January, scuttling along only six paces behind came Dale and Scooter Miller. Appropriately, a military band struck up "Happy Days Are Here Again." In perhaps the most impressive performance of a historic day, the Millers managed not to smile.

Lobbyist Miller does not hold with the theory that friendships of persons highly placed are a big factor in successful operations on the Potomac. "I think," he says, "a person acquires influence in Washington through integrity and effort—not through contacts." Mr. Miller does not say, however, whether he believes in a flat earth and werewolves.

Billie Sol the Kingbird

(7) It is the *Kingbird* who most frequently runs afoul of the law in Washington circles. Billie Sol Estes is the classic example of the get-rich-quick tycoon who, in over his head, misrepresents himself to public men until he drags them down with him.

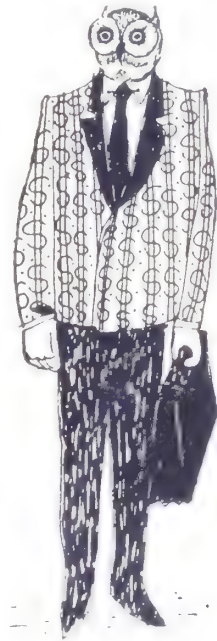
I bear the personal scars of Billie Sol. I first met him on the streets of Pecos, Texas, in 1954, shortly after he began to take on affluent airs. Typically, I was campaigning with a candidate for Congress, who was elected—and without Estes'

support. In intervening years Estes did not support the Congressman; one year he offered campaign funds to a county judge in the hope the judge would run against the Congressman. Suddenly, in 1960, Billie Sol began to court us.

He first hired a lawyer who had been our county manager for many years. Soon the lawyer was asking his Congressman to help untie knotty problems client Estes had with the government on cotton-acreage-allotment transfers and importation of bracero workers from Mexico. The Congressman was urged to ask the State Department to help the Church of Christ (in which Estes was front-pew financial angel) gain permission for its missionaries to enter Tanganyika.

The Congressman acceded to each request—and why not? He performed similar chores daily for boatloads of constituents who thought nothing of asking their public men to run errands they wouldn't require of a bellhop. Additionally, Estes came with impressive credentials. The national Junior Chamber of Commerce had named him one of the nation's Ten Outstanding Young Men; he rivaled the Ford Foundation in gifts to good works; he had been eulogized down to the bone by magazines and newspapers for his astute business practices. He piously forbade mixed bathing in the pool at his palatial home, refused all nicotine and liquor, and never used strong language. As one who was among Estes' guests at a couple of Washington dinners, I can attest they were quite dry. I am sure they had more fun at the Last Supper.

In time, Estes made a \$1,500 contribution to my Congressman's campaign kitty. In politics, where one looks to friends for help, this was common. Uncommon, of course, was Estes himself. Shortly after the contribution he was revealed to have bilked many large companies and individuals of millions of dollars, and to have submitted false credit reports. Testimony at the several Estes trials disclosed that he threatened bankers, government employees, and business leaders through misuse of the names of highly placed politicians.



The Hawk Owl

Not everyone was Estes' innocent victim. Some government employees, a passel of businessmen, and a Midwestern Congressman accepted lavish gifts and money from Estes in questionable transactions.

Not by Bread Alone

Though the Congress may not have a monopoly on high principle, only eighteen of its number have been formally accused of corrupt practices since 1900—and of these, only seven were charged with improprieties touching lobby activities. The truth is that most national legislators, harboring visions of themselves as potential Presidents, find votes more attractive than monetary gain tied to political risk. Though 239 of the 434 Representatives and 68 of 100 Senators are lawyers, the majority pointedly shun fees or retainers for cloudy "legal work" which might make them beholden to special-interest clients.

But Congressmen do not live by bread alone. Neither do most of them manage to live on official emoluments. True, they draw a \$30,000 annual salary and cash allowances for stationery, home-district office expenses, and official travel. They are accorded tax-paid staff employees, Washington office suites and attendant equipment, telephone and telegraph allowances, messenger service, charwomen, swimming pools, parking spaces—even transportation from their offices to the Capitol Building on private subways. They also get subsidized haircuts, radio-television studios with professional technicians, meals in Capitol restaurants, medical care—even boxlike olive-drab footlockers provided free, one for each new session. This means Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona has 105 footlockers, some dating back to Woodrow Wilson's Administration.

Even so, unless a Washingtonian is a Kennedy or Rockefeller, one has a hard time keeping up with the Mestas and Cafritzses. Congressmen must maintain houses in the District as well as back in the mudflats, entertain on a sizable scale, invest in wardrobes complete through fish-and-soup bibs, and contribute to every charity bold enough to beg alms. Those who live west of the Mississippi often spend up to \$3,000 in personal funds for flying trips home on weekends in order to keep political fences mended. Rare is the Member who does not refurbish his public image through shows of benevolence: a scholarship to the local Tonsorial Academy (awarded In Memory of Mother or in the name of a historical figure long safe in Heaven from partisan jeers), a trip to Washington for

orphaned paraplegics, Thanksgiving turkey for folks at the Poor Farm, or flags certified as having "flown over the U. S. Capitol Building" to any institution owning a pole.*

The big money, of course, goes into campaigning. Neither Lyndon Johnson, the *New York Times*, nor the Prophet Isaiah knows what it *really* costs to run for Congress. Our legislators have placed such miserly political-spending limitations on themselves they must form phantom committees and letterhead organizations, and even file official reports swearing lies in order to stay within the law they made. A Senator from California or New York running scared might easily spend a cool million in a campaign; some rural Pharaoh so long in Congress his constituents think he rules by right of blood might spend only a few hundred dollars. With rare exceptions, however, one cannot hope to win a Congressional race for less outlay than the job's annual \$30,000 salary.

Lobbyists apply the balm to this financial sting. It is not given unto earthlings to know how much money changes hands, nor what the private understandings are, for this is largely a cash trade without checks, stamps, or money orders. Lobby money often buys tickets to fund-raising dinners where guests have anted up \$10 to \$1,000 per plate for eighty cents' worth of vintage roast beef, where they keep one ear closed against the honoree's two-hour declaration of personal modesty and the other hopefully cocked for the opening strains of the recessionary. No Congressman's bank account in the Sergeant at Arms office in the Capitol may be viewed by anyone unless approved by majority consent of the Congress. Lobbyists prefer their gifts to be known only to the benefactors, and the law encourages false reporting. These factors make it impossible even for the best gumshoe to know much of political finance.**

When a Billie Sol Estes, Bernard Goldfine, or Bobby Baker comes along there is panic in the lobbying community. In 1956, when the late Senator Francis Case of South Dakota dropped the bombshell that he had been offered \$2,500 to

*Capitol Hill policemen fly many of these flags daily on poles erected for the sole purpose. It takes thirty seconds to run up each flag, and ten days to get a letter and embossed certificate attesting the act. Congressmen pay \$3.50 or \$6 for the package, depending on flag size. Even the Speaker can't get certification unless the flag has actually flown.

Insiders do know that many Congressmen maintain political "slush funds" similar to the \$18,000 fund which caused the great outcry against Richard Nixon in 1952.

vote for the Harris-Fulbright bill to relieve natural gas of federal regulations, after which President Eisenhower vetoed the bill because "of arrogant lobbying tactics," the anguish of members of the brotherhood was genuine.

Many lobbyists feel they provide helpful information to Congressmen so harried by constituents' demands they cannot possibly know the details of more than a few of the twenty thousand bills introduced each year. Honest Congressmen admit they often vote "in the blind" because of skimpy information. Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming is so concerned he has introduced a bill to give members sabbatical leaves provided they stay out of their home districts and spend the time in reflection on the issues of our time. Texas Congressman Wright Patman would provide more staff help.

"Too frequently," Patman says, "we take the presentation of lobbyists as facts when such information is really a lopsided plea from selfish interests. Consequently, we get some legislation that never should be passed—and never would be passed if [we] had screening specialists."

When Stakes Are High

Though quick to claim they perform valid services for Congressmen and "the people," lobbyists are slow to submit supporting evidence. The contention holds no more water than the ancient cry of corporations that to tax them "is to tax all of us." Even those lobbyists appealing to what I consider my humanitarian predilections (higher wages for the working stiff, benefits for the physically or mentally handicapped, the dreamy causes of bearded "peacemongers") often turned to shrill war-hawks when glaring across my desk demanding special booty.

Perhaps this is to be expected. As the courtroom lawyer is more concerned with a favorable verdict than with the vagaries of some obscure justice, so the lobbyist is more concerned with making his point than with giving all hands a fair roll of the bones. Like the professional football player, he is paid to win in a league where moral victories are not tallied in the final standings. The game is hard-fought, and rare is the money bird who does not stray from the rule book's teachings when victory is near.

When the Landrum-Griffin measure was before Congress, representatives of management and labor actually had fist fights in Congressional waiting rooms, Capitol corridors, and cocktail lounges. At the time that taxes were being in-

creased to finance the National Highway Bill, railroad and trucking representatives, besides invoking God's preference, engaged in shoving matches, shouted abuse, and carried spurious tales on the enemy.

Unusual pressures are applied against Congressmen when the stakes are high. When Representative Olin E. Teague, chairman of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, refused to go along with a \$100-per-month pension to every veteran of World War I—regardless of length or condition of service, financial need, or physical condition—many veterans condemned him as a coward, traitor, and enemy of the nation's defenders, although Teague happens to be one of the nation's most-wounded and most-decorated war heroes. Representative Patman, opposing an investigation of the nation's banking institutions, was so defamed by many financial executives one might have thought he had advocated going back to animal pelts as legal tender. Congressmen who have voted for public housing are reviled by prosperous home builders. Others who voted for bills opposed by the AMA have been booed on public platforms by physicians otherwise well-versed in the social graces.

Our public men, coming to their jobs through public favor, are obsessed with the fear that withdrawal of the mandate will grind their large ambitions to dust. Few relish the idea of being opposed by lobby groups capable of turning against them hoards of dollars and voting members. The temptation to go along to get along is great. Splitting two key votes, one in favor of management and one in favor of labor, merely leaves both groups angry at different times. Thus the inclination is to cast both pearls before the same swine—a strategy which, if followed to its logical extension over the years, robs the Congressman of his ability to reach independent conclusions on many public issues. The man not constantly on guard against the trend soon winds up the captive of numerous pressure groups. This may make his reelection less painful, but it also makes his value as a public man more suspect.



*The Potomac
Night Flier*

A Congressman or Senator overly committed to special-interest groups soon finds himself regularly supping at their private tables to the exclusion of all others. He may at first reluctantly accept—and then come to consider his due—transportation to distant points, vacations at some plush resort, tickets to sell-out Broadway shows, liquor, vicuna rugs, mink coats, deep freezes, inside tips on the stock market and, ultimately, under-the-table greenbacks.

Such favors may be rationalized away by recipients as tokens of admiration laid on by true friends. But any Congressman who has been defeated can attest that many Washington friendships are transitory in nature. The deposed monarch who was fawned over by lobby society when riding high may, following a downward plunge of personal fortunes, find himself very lonely indeed. Less than a week after a former Congressman of whom I was fond ran afoul of the electorate, I wrote letters to twenty-two men for whom he had done substantial favors over the years. The object was to raise \$7,000 to cover the deficit from the Congressman's losing campaign. The take was a single one-hundred-dollar check and no sympathy notes.

While lobbyists have improved their "image" to some extent over the years, the taint that remains on their craft is quite often justified. Lobbyists posing as newsmen—a ploy allowing them to ask

pointed questions about their special interests—have been tossed out of press conferences held by Cabinet members in recent years. They have flocked into House and Senate visitors' galleries in such numbers that Members unwilling to be recorded "yea" or "nay" before such watchful eyes have pulled all the parliamentary strings to avoid roll-call votes, thereby depriving the public of knowing how its elected men stood on vital issues disposed of by voice or teller vote. Congressional investigations have revealed that lobbyists often have misrepresented their influence and contacts with top government officials when writing confidential reports to their clients. Hardly a day passes without lobbyists persuading Congressmen to write or telephone federal agencies with which they have some problem. As Dr. George B. Galloway of the Library of Congress says,

"A telephone call from a Senator or Congressman can paralyze the will of a government executive and alter the course of national policy."

Dealing in False Skills

A friend of mine who is a lobbyist recently told me, over three-to-one martinis, of his hard lot. "I guess we deal in false skills," he said. "We spend half our time conning our clients in an attempt to justify our fees, and the other half trying to convince Congressmen to act against what some people call the public interest. I wrote the other day to the B ——— Corporation on a little matter I'm working on for them, and I worked in something about having 'talked to Speaker McCormack yesterday.' Well, I talked to him, all right. I met him in the Capitol corridor and I said, 'How are you, Mister Speaker?' And he glanced up from some papers he'd been shuffling and said, 'Very well, thank you.' " Then, as if to convince himself, my friend said, "It won't rank with Plato's *Dialogues*, but I *did* talk to him."

I asked him why he dealt in mock shows. He was intelligent, had himself worked for a Congressman, and was once a newspaper man. He spoke of mortgages on one home, three cars, the high cost of living, his investment in time, children to raise and educate.

"Would you want your son to be a lobbyist?" I said.

He gazed into his glass. "Oh, I wouldn't object if he really wanted to." Then he gave me a sour grin. "But my daughter"—he said—"I sure wouldn't want my daughter to marry one."

We drank to that. On the B ——— Corporation.



The Kingbird

Lost Fortnight

"The Blue Dahlia" and How It Grew Out of Raymond Chandler's Alcoholic Dash for a Deadline

by John Houseman

*Just don't get too complicated,
Eddie. When a guy gets complicated
he's unhappy. And when he's unhappy—
his luck runs out. . . .*

—Raymond Chandler, *The Blue Dahlia*

Raymond Chandler was fifty-seven when he risked his life for me. By then most of his books had been written—some of them twice: first, long ago, for a pittance from the pulps; then, again, when they were combined and expanded ("cannibalized" as he called it) for publication as hardbacks and, later, as paperbacks. His creative days were almost over, but his great success was just beginning; royalties were coming in now, followed by movie sales. For the first time in many years—since he ceased to work as an executive for a Los Angeles oil company—Chandler and his wife were able to enjoy such modest Southern Californian comforts as they desired.

Ray appeared at the Paramount studio in Hollywood soon after I got there; he came at the invitation of Joe Sistrom to work with Billy Wilder on dialogue and to supply the Los Angeles atmosphere for a movie called *Double Indemnity*, which (as played by Edward G. Robinson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Fred MacMurray) made a lot of money and received an Academy nomination. By then two of his books had already been made into films (*Farewell, My Lovely* and *The*

Big Sleep) but Ray had not been invited to work on the screenplays. He grumbled about that—as he did about a number of things that happened to him in Hollywood. Sometimes he did more than grumble.

I hardly knew Ray when he issued his first ultimatum to the studio. Typed on a long sheet of yellow paper, it listed the numerous indignities which he claimed he was suffering at the hands of his collaborator and demanded their instant redress. I remember two of his grievances: Item—Mr. Wilder was at no time to swish under Mr. Chandler's nose or to point in his direction the thin, leather-handled malacca cane which Mr. Wilder was in the habit of waving around while they worked. Item—Mr. Wilder was not to give Mr. Chandler orders of an arbitrary or personal nature, such as "Ray, will you open that window?" or "Ray, will you shut that door, please?"

Our Gentle Bond

Apparently his demands were met, for he stayed on to finish the script. It was during this time that our friendship began, based on the surprising premise that he and I alone, of all those currently employed at Paramount, were British Public School Men—and, consequently, Gentlemen. It lasted till his death in 1959.

It is not always easy to remember that Chandler, whose literary territory was bounded by

Malibu on the west, Long Beach on the south, and San Bernardino on the east, and whose writing gave the world some of its most ruthless documentation on the seamier aspects of Southern California society in the 'twenties and 'thirties of this century, had spent most of his adolescence in England and had been educated in the classics at Dulwich. When he appeared in my office at lunchtime, seeking relief from the pressures of the glib and forceful men with whom he was working, I think he was hoping to recapture with me, for a few moments, the sounds and memories of his childhood.

It was one of the basic inhibitions of that Public School system that you did not ask questions about your companion's past; consequently, I never got to know much about Chandler's life. There was a story around the studio that he had earned his living for a time stringing tennis rackets; there was also a rumor that he had, for many years, been an alcoholic. This was easy to believe, for the first impression Ray gave was one of extreme frailty; it was not till later that you discovered the peculiar strength that lay beneath his ashy, burnt-out look and his querulous hypochondria.

In life he was too inhibited to be gay; too emotional to be witty. And the English Public School system which he loved had left its sexually devastating mark upon him. The presence of young women—secretaries and extras around the lot—disturbed and excited him. His voice was normally muted; it was in a husky whisper that he uttered those juvenile obscenities at which he would have been the first to take offense, if they had been spoken by others.

Soon after he had finished *Double Indemnity* Ray came to work with me on what was to be my first film. Charles Brackett had just produced a successful ghost story called *The Uninvited*; what more natural than that the studio should change the title of my rather banal mystery to *The Unseen*? It was felt that the script needed some added toughness; who was more qualified to toughen a script than Ray Chandler? At a thousand dollars a week, Ray was agreeable. The fact that neither of us was under any delusion as to the transcendent merit of the project on which we were engaged helped to make the seven or eight weeks of our association relaxed and pleasant.

After the "polish job" was over we continued to see each other occasionally. We dined together several times during the summer, and one Sunday afternoon Ray drove the monumental, gray-green, vintage Packard convertible of which he was so

proud up the steep dirt road that ran around the edge of the hill between King's and Queen's Roads, high above Ciro's and the Hollywood Strip. From my terrace, to the right, we could see the Pacific and Catalina; far off to the left, still visible above the smog, the pyramidal tower of City Hall; directly below, the long thin line of La Cienega (before it became the Fifty-seventh Street of the West) stretching directly ahead till it got lost among the oil wells of Baldwin Hills—all Chandler territory.

With him on these visits—with him, in fact, wherever he went, except to the studio—was his wife, "Cissie." In Hollywood, where the selection of wives was frequently confused with the casting of motion pictures, Cissie was an anomaly and a phenomenon. Ray's life had been hard; he looked ten years older than his age. His wife looked twenty years older than he did and dressed thirty years younger. Later, after she had died, "not by inches but by half-inches," Ray wrote to me of their "thirty years, ten months and four days of as happy a marriage as any man could expect."

He wrote from the loneliness of his big house overlooking the sea in La Jolla, where he and Cissie had hoped to retire. The letter ended:

Before I stop talking about myself—I don't really want to, but a lonely man does it too much, I know—I do like to remember what I worked on for you. We once wrote a picture called *The Blue Dahlia*, remember? It may not have been the best but at least we tried. And the circumstances *were* a bit difficult. . . .*

I *do* remember. We *did* try. And the circumstances *were*, as Ray said, "a bit difficult."

To the Rescue of Alan Ladd

It was early in 1945, not long after Buddy da Silva's stormy resignation, that the front office of the Paramount studio came to the horrifying realization that Alan Ladd, Paramount's top star and principal asset (at that time the highest-rated male performer in the U.S.) would be reentering the Army in three months' time, leaving behind him not one single foot of film for the company to release in his absence. At our next producers' meeting, between the dire threats and fulsome flatteries with which our new executive producer was wont to entertain us, we were given to understand that anyone coming up with an Alan Ladd vehicle ready to go into production within a month (a sheer impossibility) would earn the

*Mr. Chandler's letters are quoted with the permission of Helga Green Literary Agency.

undying gratitude of the studio and of Mr. Balaban, its chief stockholder.

Two days later Ray Chandler, lunching with me in one of the funereal cubicles at Lucey's, across the street from the studio, complained of being stuck on the book he was writing and muttered that he was seriously thinking of turning it into a screenplay for sale to the movies. After lunch, we went to his house—a small, Spanish-style stucco bungalow west of Fairfax, where Cissie was lying in a cloud of pink tarlatan, with a broken leg—and I read the first hundred and twenty typed pages of his book. Forty-eight hours later Paramount had bought *The Blue Dahlia* for a substantial sum and Ray Chandler was at work on a screenplay for Alan Ladd. I was to produce it, under the supervision of Joseph Siström, a lively second-generation Hollywood movie man who, with his pink cheeks and his stiff, black goliwog hair, looked like a schoolboy of fourteen.

In those lush days, it usually took about a year and a half to produce an A-picture. The average writing time for an adaptation was around five months; for an original, rather more. After that, there was a period of gestation to allow everybody to criticize and tamper with the script; this created the need for revisions which took another three months. Then came the casting. And while we had not yet reached the fantastic level of titanic negotiations that came later (as the business began to fall apart), it often took three or four months to find the right actors for a picture. Finally, a director having been chosen and having almost certainly demanded rewrites which might take another eight to fifteen weeks, production would start. The average shooting schedule for an A-picture was between seven and twelve weeks, and the editing and scoring took another three to four months after that.

Ray Chandler delivered the first half of his script—about forty-five minutes of film—in under three weeks, at the rate of four or five pages a day. This was no miracle; the scenes and the dialogue were already written, with transitions which Ray carried directly into the screenplay. After the first seventy pages had been mimeographed, a shooting date was set—three weeks away. Everyone was astounded, and busy taking credit.

Our director was one of the old maestros of Hollywood—George Marshall, who had been in movies since their earliest days, first as an actor, then as a director. He had never become one of the giants, but he held a solid and honorable position in the industry. His most famous picture was *Destry Rides Again*, which, according to him,

he had practically created on the set. This and similar successes resulted in a state of mind (which he shared with many of his colleagues at the time) in which the director showed absolutely no respect for the script and made it a point of prestige, justifying his high salary, to rewrite it almost entirely as he went along. It took a lot of earnest talk from me (though, since I was a beginner, George didn't pay much attention) and from Joe Siström to convince George Marshall that *The Blue Dahlia* was an inspired script which he was not expected to rewrite or improvise on the set.

Casting presented no serious problem. The leading part, as written by Chandler for Alan Ladd, was perfectly suited to the special qualities of that surprising star, who had played a part, so small that I barely remembered it, in *Citizen Kane* and had continued to work as a stagehand, between jobs, until the lucky day on which he appeared in *This Gun for Hire*, playing a professional killer with a poignant and desolating ferocity that made him unique, for a time, among the male heroes of his day.

As a star, Ladd had some say in the choice of the persons with whom he worked. Since he himself was extremely short, he had only one standard by which he judged his fellow players: their height. Meeting another actor for the first time, if his glance hit him or her anywhere below the collarbone, he was sure to explain as soon as we were alone that he didn't think he or she was exactly right for the part, and would we please find someone else.

Veronica Lake was the perfect size for him, but we had trouble over the part of his dissolute wife in which, not altogether perversely, we had cast a beautiful, dark-haired girl named Doris Dowling. Since she was a full half-foot taller than Ladd, he made a determined attempt to get rid of her; we placated him in their scenes together by keeping her sitting or lying down. Also in the cast were Bill Bendix and a whole troupe of those low-life types with whom motion pictures, and now television, have always been so plentifully populated.

Rumanian-born, Cambridge-educated John Houseman has produced and directed an extraordinary number of artistic and commercial successes in three decades in the American theater, movies, radio, TV, public service, and university teaching—from "Four Saints in Three Acts" and "Men from Mars" to "Executive Suite" and "The Seven Lively Arts." Now writing in Paris, he will return to the U.S. next year to head the new drama division of the Juilliard School of Music.

Shooting of *The Blue Dahlia* went well from the start. By the end of our first week we were a day and a half ahead of schedule. In the next fortnight we gained another day. It was not until the middle of our fourth week that a faint chill of alarm invaded the studio when the script girl pointed out that the camera was rapidly gaining on the script. We had shot sixty-two pages in four weeks; Mr. Chandler, during that time, had turned in only twenty-two—with another thirty to go.

Pause at Page 83

Ray's problem with the script (as with the book) was a simple one: he had no ending. On page 83 of the shooting script he had reached the following impasse: Ladd's wife (all five foot seven of her) had been found shot—in a position that suggested, but clearly was not, suicide. Our hero was suspected (by the police, but not by anyone else) of having knocked her off in a rage on discovering the kind of life she had led during his absence in the South Pacific. Of the members of his bomber crew, with whom he had returned from the war, one was a dull and devoted friend; the other (Bill Bendix), who had a large silver plate in his head and convenient moments of total aberration, was under very serious suspicion which he was doing everything possible to aggravate. Obviously, he was innocent. There was a villain, lover of the hero's wife; as the main suspect he, too, was clearly above suspicion. There was also the villain's estranged wife (Veronica Lake), who had picked up our hero, at night, on the Pacific highway; but since she had immediately fallen in love with him and he with her—in a nice way—it was quite clear that the murder couldn't possibly be her work. Other characters and suspects included a professional killer, a number of petty crooks, two blackmailers, an ambulance chaser, a house detective, a bartender, and a night watchman, each of whom could very plausibly, with one or two added close-ups and a few planted lines, assume responsibility for the shooting.

Still, I was not worried. Ray had written such stories for years and I was quite confident that sooner or later (probably later since he seemed to enjoy the suspense) he would wind up the proceedings with an "artistic" revelation (it was his word) and a caustic last line. But as the days went by and the camera went on chewing its way through the script and still no ending arrived, signs of tension began to appear. Joe Siström,

who shared my faith in Ray but who was being tortured by the production department, called a couple of meetings in his quarters on the ground floor of the main Paramount office block, with its Elizabethan timbering and casement windows, to discuss the situation and to review our various suspects. And it was during one of these meetings, early one afternoon, that a man came running down the studio street, stopping at the various windows to shout something we could not hear to the people inside. When he reached us, he shoved his head in and told us that President Roosevelt was dead.

I remember that we sat stunned for a while. One by one, we said all the obvious things: how ill he had looked, already, on the photographs from Yalta; how reckless it had been of him to take that ride in the pouring rain through the New York streets; how he had looked and sounded on that morning of his first inauguration almost exactly twelve years ago—all the things that everyone was saying, in that moment, all over the world and would continue to say in the days and the years to come. Finally we fell silent and sat there gloomily for a while. Then, gradually, we drifted back to our story conference; half an hour later, we were deep in the intricacies of *The Blue Dahlia*, looking for the least likely suspect and trying to decide on whom it would be most satisfying to pin the murder. We went through all the tired alternatives, using them to smother the realities of the world outside, and Ray sat listening, only half there, nodding his head, saying little.

Two days later I was sitting in my office when my secretary hurried in to say that Mr. Chandler was outside and was asking to see me. I was not used to this formality and there was something strange about the way she said it. When Ray came in, he was deadly pale and his hands were trembling. She made him a cup of coffee and, piece by piece, I heard his story: Late the night before, Ray's agent had called him to say that the head of production would like to see him, privately, in his office, at nine-thirty the next morning. Ray spent a sleepless night; he was a timorous man and his agitation was increased by the admonition that he should, under no circumstances, mention the appointment to me.

When he appeared in the paneled executive office with the English hunting prints and the cream wall-to-wall carpet, Ray was told that the future of Paramount would be seriously imperiled if the balance of *The Blue Dahlia* script was not delivered on time. If it *was*—such would be the studio's gratitude and appreciation that a

check for five thousand dollars would be exchanged, there and then, for the final page of script.

It was the front-office calculation, I suppose, that by dangling this fresh carrot before Chandler's nose they were executing a brilliant and cunning maneuver. They did not know their man. They succeeded, instead, in disturbing him in three distinct and separate ways: One, his faith in himself was destroyed. By never letting Ray share my apprehensions, I had convinced him of my confidence in his ability to finish the script on time. This sense of security was now hopelessly shattered. Two, he had been insulted. To Ray, the bonus was nothing but a bribe. To be offered a large additional sum of money for the completion of an assignment for which he had already contracted and which he had every intention of fulfilling was by his standards a degradation and a dishonor. Three, he had been invited to betray a friend and fellow Public School man. The way the interview had been conducted ("behind your back") filled Ray with humiliation and rage.

Waiting for Whodunit

These accumulated grievances had reduced Ray to a state of nervous despair, the depth of which it took me some time to realize. But finally, when he assured me that his creative mechanism had been wrecked and that he had no choice but to withdraw from a project to which he had nothing more to contribute, I found myself believing him.

After he had gone—to lie down and, later, to discuss the matter with Cissie—I tried to evaluate my situation. The latest word from the sound stage was that we would complete page 93 before night. That left us with seven pages of unshot script plus two short scenes which we had delayed making till we knew who had done the killing. In all, less than three days' work. And in ten days' time Alan Ladd would vanish beyond hope of recovery into the U. S. Army—forever.

The front office called in the afternoon over the executive intercom and I ignored the call. Joe Siström came around and I told him what had happened. While he was with me, we received from the sound stage what, in the circumstances, almost seemed like good news. During a scene of mayhem, one of our heavies had let a massive oak tabletop fall upon and break another heavy's toe. But when we reached the set, George Marshall told us not to worry; he had found a way for the injured heavy to play the rest of his scene from

the floor. He also asked where the rest of the pages were.

The next morning, true to his promise, Chandler appeared in my office, looking less distraught but grimmer than the day before. He said that after a sleepless and tormented night he had come to the unalterable conclusion that he was incapable of finishing *The Blue Dahlia* script on time—or ever. This declaration was followed by a silence of several minutes during which we gazed at each other, more in sorrow than in anger. Then, having finished his coffee and carefully put down his cup on the floor, Ray spoke again, softly and seriously. After some prefatory remarks about our common background and the esteem and affection in which he held me, he made the following astonishing proposal: I was certainly aware (or had heard it rumored) that he had for some years been a serious drinker—to the point where he had gravely endangered his health. By an intense effort of will he had managed to overcome his addiction. This abstinence, he explained, had been all the more difficult to sustain, since alcohol gave him an energy and a self-assurance that he could achieve in no other way. This brought us to the crux of the matter; having repeated that he was unable and unwilling to continue working on *The Blue Dahlia* at the studio, sober, Ray assured me of his complete confidence in his ability to finish it, at home—*drunk*.

He did not minimize the hazards: he pointed out that his plan, if adopted, would call for deep faith on my part and supreme courage on his, since he would in effect be completing the script at the risk of his life. (It wasn't the drinking that was dangerous, he explained, since he had a doctor who gave him such massive injections of glucose that he could last for weeks with no solid food at all. It was the sobering up that was par-
lous; the terrible strain of his return to normal living.) That was why Cissie had so long and so bitterly opposed his proposed scheme, till Ray had finally convinced her that honor came before safety, and that his honor was deeply engaged, through me, in *The Blue Dahlia*.

My first reaction was one of pure panic. Such is my own insecurity that contact with a human brain that is even slightly out of control frightens, repels, and finally enrages me. On that ground alone I was horrified by Ray's proposal. I also knew that if I was mad enough to take this risk, it would have to be entirely on my own responsibility and without the studio's knowledge. At this point Ray produced a sheet of yellow foolscap paper (of the same format as that on which he had drawn up Billy Wilder's ultimatum)

and showed me the list of his basic logistical requirements:

A. Two Cadillac Limousines, to stand day and night outside the house with drivers available for:

1. Fetching the doctor (Ray's or Cissie's or both).
2. Taking script pages to and from the studio.
3. Driving the maid to market.
4. Contingencies and emergencies.

B. Six Secretaries—in three relays of two—to be in constant attendance and readiness, available at all times for dictation, typing, and other possible emergencies.

C. A Direct Line open at all times, to my office by day and the studio switchboard at night.

I took the paper from him and asked him for an hour to think it over. With great courtesy and understanding, Ray agreed. For half an hour I walked the studio streets. I visited the set where George informed me, not without satisfaction, that he'd be out of script by evening of the following day. I went to Sistrom's office by the back way. I showed him Ray's demands and told him I had decided to take the risk. Joe approved. He said if the picture closed down we'd all be fired anyway. He would give the front office some virus story and immediately requisition the limousines and the secretaries on different charge numbers.

I thanked him and went back down the hall to my office where Ray was sitting, reading *Variety*. With all the Public School fervor and esprit de corps that I could dredge up from the dim memory of my ten years at Clifton, I accepted his proposal.

Ray now became extremely happy and exhilarated. It was almost noon, and he suggested, as proof of my faith in him and of my confidence in the efficacy of our scheme, that we drive to the most expensive restaurant in Los Angeles and tie one on together immediately. We left the studio in Ray's open Packard and drove to Perino's where I watched him down three double martinis before eating a large and carefully selected lunch, followed by three double stingers. I then drove the Packard, with Ray in it, back to his house, where the two Cadillacs were already in position and the first relay of secretaries at their posts.

Early next morning the limousines were still there, shining in the sun. The drivers had been changed; so had the secretaries. Ray lay, passed

out, on the sofa of his living room. On the table beside him was a tall, half-filled highball glass of bourbon; beside it were three typed pages of script, neatly corrected—Ray's work of the night. As one of the black limousines rushed me back to the studio, I learned what I should have guessed long ago: that the murderer of Doris Dowling was the house detective. Ray had given him a death scene:

The Blue Dahlia

(Save Film—and Win the War!)

NEWELL: Cheap, huh? Sure—a cigar and a drink and a couple of dirty bucks—that's all it takes to buy me! That's what *she* thought—

(His voice suddenly grows hard and savage)

Found out a little different, didn't she? Maybe I could get tired of being pushed around by cops—and hotel managers—and ritzy dames in bungalows. Maybe I could cost a little something. Just for once—even if I do end up on a slab.

(He jerks a gun out of his pocket)

Anybody want to go along with me? It's nice cool country. No offers, huh?

(To Lloyd)

All right, you! Get out of my way.

LLOYD: Sure—anything you say.

He puts his hand on the knob of the door. There is the sound of a gun shot. Newell staggers.

NEWELL: *(As he starts to collapse—keeping himself upright by an effort)*

Just a minute, gentlemen—you got me—all—wrong . . .

As he falls—

DISSOLVE TO:

* * *

I was on the sound stage when a boy on a bicycle arrived with the pages, still damp from the mimeograph machines. George Marshall read them and found them acceptable, except for one scene where Ray had the heavy with the broken toe (which he hadn't heard about) still on his feet; but that was easily fixed. I think George had looked forward to saving the day by improvising the last week's work on the set, and that he was disappointed and perhaps a little hurt that we preferred the work of a man in an advanced stage of alcoholism to his own, but he behaved admirably. So did everyone else. The film was finished with six days to spare and Alan Ladd went off to the Army and Paramount made a lot of money.

During those last eight days of shooting Chandler did not draw one sober breath, nor did one speck of solid food pass his lips. He was polite and cheerful when I appeared and his doctor came twice a day to give him intravenous injections. The rest of the time, except when he was asleep, with his black cat by his side, Ray was

never without a glass in his hand. He did not drink much. Having reached the euphoria that he needed, he continued to consume just enough bourbon and water to maintain him in that condition. He worked about a third of the time. Between eight and ten every evening, he sat in Cissie's room and they listened together to the Gas Company's program of classical music on the radio. The rest of the time was spent in a light sleep from which he woke in full possession of his faculties and picked up exactly where he had stopped with whichever of the rotating secretaries happened to be with him. He continued until he felt himself growing drowsy again, then dropped back comfortably into sleep while the girl went into the next room, typed the pages, and left them on the table beside him to be reread and corrected when he woke up. As his last line of the script, Ray wrote in pencil: "*Did somebody say something about a drink of bourbon?*"—and that's how we shot it.

Ray had not exaggerated when he said he was risking his life for *The Blue Dahlia*. His long starvation seriously weakened him and it took him almost a month to recover, during which his doctor came twice a day to administer mysterious and reviving shots which cost him a lot more than the "bonus" he was to receive. During his convalescence he lay neatly dressed in fresh pajamas under a silk robe; when I came to see him he would extend a white and trembling hand, and acknowledge my gratitude with the modest smile of a gravely wounded hero who had shown courage far beyond the call of duty.

What It Takes to Survive

In the years that followed we talked and wrote a lot about doing another movie or a television show together. It never happened. But we remained friends for thirteen years, even through a short period in which Ray pretended to be angry with me. I had written disparagingly, in *Vogue's* annual "American" issue, of the current Bogartian hero and bracketed him with Chandler's Philip Marlowe whom (paraphrasing Ray's own words) I described as a drab, melancholy man of limited intelligence and mediocre aspiration, who is satisfied to work for ten bucks a day and who, between drinks, gets beaten up regularly and laid occasionally. Ray wrote me a sharp letter in which he said that my piece was typical of the glib thinking and crummy values that made him detest Hollywood producers and all their works. In his opinion, Marlowe and his kind were

the last honest men left in our society; they did their assigned jobs and took their wages; they were not acquisitive nor did they rise in the world by stepping on other people's faces; they would never try to take over the earth nor would they compensate for their own weakness by pushing other people around. Marlowe's was, in fact, the only attitude that a self-respecting, decent man could maintain in today's rapacious and brutal world.

I did not see much of Ray after he went to live in La Jolla. And it was only in the last two years of his life, after Cissie was dead and Ray was traveling between La Jolla and London, that we once again began to exchange letters. It was in one of these that he wrote on a subject which, till then, I had always found him reluctant to discuss—his life as a writer:

What should a man do with whatever talent God happened in an absent moment to give him? Should he be tough and make a lot of money like me? Of course, you don't get it just by being tough. You lay your neck on the block in every negotiation. And for some reason unknown to me I still have my head. A writer has nothing to trade with but his life. And that's pretty hard when other people depend on you. So how much do you concede? I don't know. I could write a best-seller, but I never have. There was always something I couldn't leave out or something I had to put in. I don't know why. . . .

I am not a dedicated writer. I am only dedicated as a person. . . . Most writers are frustrated bastards with unhappy domestic lives. I was happy for too long a time, perhaps. I never really thought of what I wrote as anything more than a fire for Cissie to warm her hands at. She didn't even much like what I wrote. She never understood, and most people don't, that to get money you have to master the world you live in, to a certain extent, and not be too frail to accept its standards. And, also, they never understood that you go through hell to get money and then you use it mostly for other people who can't take the punishment but nevertheless have needs.

At the end, as a sort of postscript, he added:

I hope you know that I never thought of myself as important and never could. The word itself is even a bit distasteful. I have had a lot of fun with the American language; it has fascinating idioms, is constantly creative, very much like the English of Shakespeare's time, its slang and argot is wonderful, and so on. But I have lost Los Angeles. It is no longer the place I knew so well and was almost the first to put on paper. I have that feeling, not very unusual, that I helped create the town and was then pushed out of it by the operators. I can hardly find my way around any longer. . . .

Think Big

An Open Letter to the Secretary of the Interior

by Bruce Stewart

At this writing Senate and House bills stalled in committee direct the Secretary of the Interior to build two new dams on the Colorado River: (1) Bridge Canyon situated about 80 miles below the famous Grand Canyon National Park, and (2) Marble Gorge about 12 miles above it. These dams, which are part of a vast project planned by the Bureau of Reclamation to bring water to the dry lands of the Southwest, have been passionately attacked by conservationists, chiefly the Sierra Club, who claim that 93 miles of river water backed up by the lower dam would drown forever a wild area of incomparable beauty. Possibly in response to this campaign, the Budget Bureau in May of this year recommended that the Bridge Canyon dam be "deferred for later consideration." Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, normally a conservationist himself and author of "The Quiet Crisis," has argued for both dams. He says that they would not destroy scenic values and natural surroundings because they would leave 91 miles of river undisturbed within the Park, and they would help to repay federal investment in the Southwest water project by generating and selling electric power.

Nevertheless defenders of the Grand Canyon argue that both dams should be dropped altogether. A novel suggestion for escalation of the project is the following hitherto unpublished Open Letter by a lone scientist, Bruce Stewart of the Department of Natural Science at Michigan State University. How firmly his tongue is planted in his cheek we have no way of knowing, but there is no doubt he has the bit in his teeth.

Dear Mr. Secretary:

The Bureau of Reclamation in your department is to be commended with faint praise for its recent accomplishments in the southwestern United States. True, it has completed the Glen Canyon Dam [authorized 1955] and 193 other dams without a failure, thus contributing to flood control, irrigation, and power development. Also it is agitating vigorously for dams at Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon. But these are piddling enterprises. You must learn to think BIG if you hope to leave your mark indelibly written on the face of America. And what bigger project could you choose than to dam the Colorado River, right across Grand Canyon? Think of it. A waterfall one mile high! A lake one mile deep! A solid wall of concrete from the south rim to the north!

If such a dam were constructed, a few of its benefits can be dimly foreseen. First there would be the opportunities for power development. A Grand Canyon Dam would make the generating facilities at Hoover [1936] or Glen Canyon look like a lightning bug on a summer's evening. My rough calculations indicate that you could expect to produce enough electricity to light up not only Grand Canyon Lake area (hereafter called Lake

Udall) but Bryce, Zion, the Petrified Forest, and Painted Desert, with enough left over to decorate 1,742,651 evergreens with Christmas lights.

The Grand Canyon Dam would also have great uses for irrigation and flood control. The Colorado River would be permanently tamed. Experts have assured me that with the waters from Lake Udall we could irrigate a maximum of 2,165,000 acres of dry land. Thus we could look forward to wheat fields in the Painted Desert, flower gardens around Sunset Crater, and the Petrified Forest no longer petrified but rather filled with thousands of living trees—orange, grapefruit, fig.

A third, fast-growing use of Grand Canyon waters would be for recreation. With the construction of a few fish hatcheries in southern Utah and northern Arizona, the lake could be kept stocked with fish, and a lake one mile deep and twenty miles wide would accommodate some monsters! Think of sturgeon, muskellunge, pike, ten- or twenty-pound trout. . . . Have you considered the fact that boating is the wave of the future? The steady increase in number of boats, in size, draft, and horsepower will soon make most small lakes obsolete. Putting the family boat of 1980 on

one of these old lakes will be like trying to float the Queen Elizabeth in a teacup. Also the family submarine about the year 2000 will require depth beyond anything now present in the government lake system. Viewing the scenery of Grand Canyon underwater would be a thousand times more thrilling than seeing it from the distant north or south rim.

We come to the last but by no means the least of the great advantages of a mile-high Grand Canyon Dam—the magnitude of the economic enterprise. It would require at least twenty years and employ some 100,000 men, benefiting nearly a half-million people directly. Indirectly the economic benefits pyramid almost astronomically. The dam would contain at a conservative estimate some 17,659,873,151.85 cubic yards of concrete. I will not attempt to detail the increased production of steel, copper, rubber, generators, and all the thousands of items required by this great project.

There will of course be carping critics of a Grand Canyon Dam . . . do-gooders, conservationists, starry-eyed liberals and wild-lifers. They

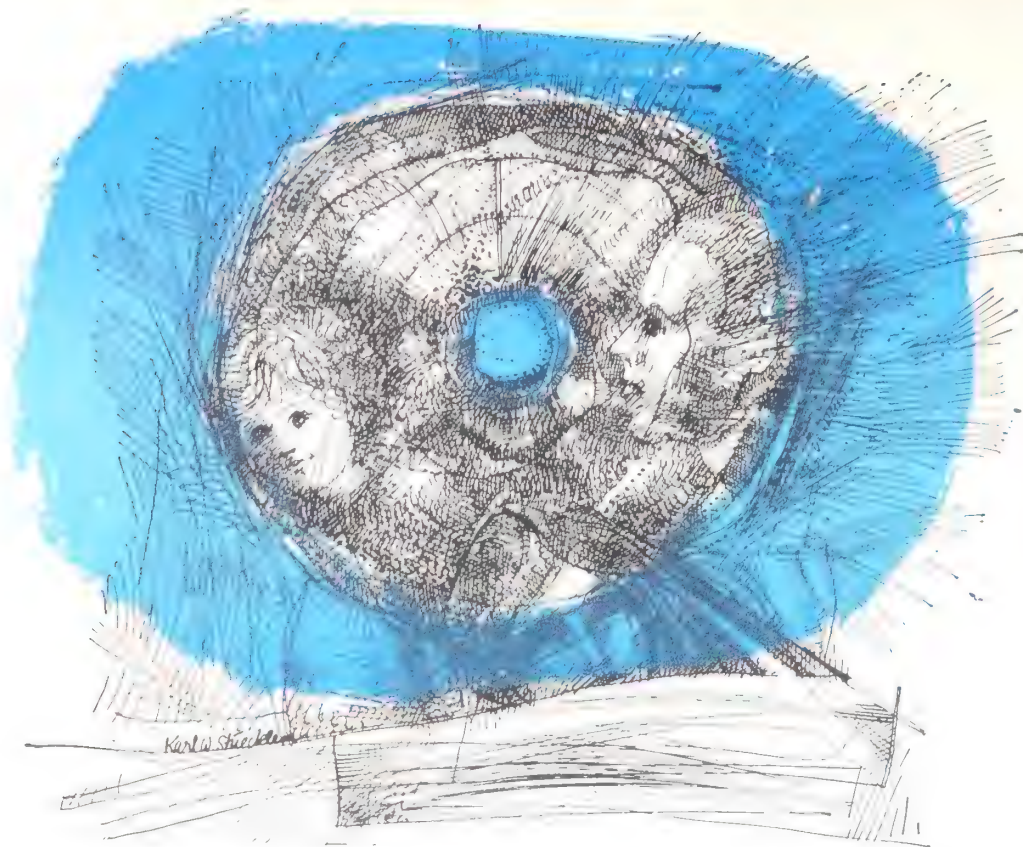
will wax lyrical about the beauties of nature, the awe-inspiring depths of great, lonely canyons, the history—white and Indian—to be buried by the waters of Lake Udall. Indeed they are already attacking those two small-time proposals, Marble and Bridge Canyon Dams, just because these will back up a little water into Grand Canyon National Park. Sooner or later, however, every foot of every big river in America must be backed up behind a retaining wall. This is our ultimate goal, and since it is, let us take a giant stride toward that goal by constructing a dam across the Grand Canyon—a marvel of engineering which will put to shame all the Pyramids, the Great Walls, bridges, and dams which have ever been built in the past.

Your man, Commissioner Floyd E. Dominy, will jump at this opportunity, once it is presented to him. President Johnson is now on a campaign to beautify the nation, and what is more beautiful than a wall of concrete one mile high and five miles long? Let our battle cry be:

"There is the mighty Colorado River flowing down to the sea. Dam it!"

Bruce Stewart





The Chicken-God

A story by Yevgeni Yevtushenko

Translated by David Mann

A chicken-god is a little sea-stone with a hole in it. The Crimean Tatars believed that if you run a thread through the hole and hang the stone on your chicken roost, your hens will lay better. That is why they called the stone a chicken-god. Later, it was held that a chicken-god will also bring good luck. It seems that nearly everyone believes in lucky pieces, even if only a little bit. Some believe with childlike, undefended candor; others believe in secret, with a morose intensity.

I believe in secret.

Whenever I was at the sea coast, I always wanted to find a chicken-god, but especially last summer. I gazed with unconcealed envy at the stout wrestlers' necks of the boys, and at the girls' slender, tressed necks, all hung with strings on which, like a medallion of the sea, faithfully swung the unpretentious stone. A string with its stone even hung from the brick-red, wrinkled neck of the old man who, perched with dignity on the

balustrade across from the resort dining room, sold dogwood walking sticks.

On the beach right next to me, a fashionable, monumental woman, who always restrained herself in a manner worthy of her fashionableness and monumentality, squealed suddenly like a little girl,

"Oy, comrades! I've found a chicken-god!"

She ran triumphantly to show the whole beach and, having done that, she lay down under her Chinese parasol and began obsequiously to kiss her grayish hope for luck, repeating over and over, "Ah, you, my chicken-god, my darling! What a good one you are, to turn up! Aren't you the prettiest one, ah?"

A famous homeopath, lying beside me with an obscenely scorched nose, muttered through clenched teeth, "She's cackling. . . . Now, for all we know, she'll lay an egg."

But I knew that he had no chicken-god, himself.

He envied her. The next day, with fins, mask, and spear gun, I walked very far, toward Serdolikov Bay. I walked along the bank, gazing with dull concentration in front of my feet. Two browned boys passed by, in velveteen shorts and with the wispy beards of "angry young men." They were discussing life.

"So what is your Picasso! Salvador Dali puts out abstracts that Picasso never dreamed of."

"All right, enough about abstractions. Seen the new one from the girls' academy? What do you suppose that bathing suit alone is worth? And the configuration? A copy of Brigitte Bardot. That's no abstraction for you."

On one of them hung a chicken-god—with a silver chain, in fact. For some reason, that chain particularly annoyed me. Only the chain did not annoy me, obviously, but what was on it.

"Hey, Salvador Dali's no abstractionist, he's a surrealist!" I shouted after them. But my little revenge failed. They did not hear me. They were already far away.

And suddenly I spotted a chicken-god. It was not gray, as they usually are, but transparent, with coral veins. The hole was exactly in the center. It was lying right in front of the white, ribbed toe of my basketball shoe. I bent over and picked it up, very carefully, as though fearing that the chicken-god would disintegrate at my touch. And I chuckled grimly. There was a hole, but not all the way through. The stone needed about a hundred more years, and maybe longer, before the hole wore all the way through and it became a chicken-god. Now it was only a half-god, pretending to be a god.

I tossed it into the sea and, with the diligence worthy of lofty undertakings, I began to examine all the other pebbles lying nearby. After all, it always seems to us that the real can be found close to the half-real. And when we do not find it, we are sorry about that half-real one, which we so carelessly and ungratefully threw away.

All these thoughts, grandiloquent and dubious—like everything grandiloquent—arose in me as I scuffed the shore with the stubbornness of a silent maniac. And, of course, it occurred to me that the chicken half-god which I had found symbolized my own half-happiness.

"Lose your watch, young man?" came a solicitous voice. "I've been watching, and you keep looking for something. . . ."

Near me stood a tiny old woman, her eyes filled with sincere concern—very lively eyes. Around her hand was wrapped a bathing suit, still wet, and quite festively colored.

"Yes . . . my watch," I replied for some reason.

"Then let's look for it together. Two eyes are better than one. And my eyes are good, believe you me. My dear, I already ought to go on pension at my age, but I keep on working. I'm a weaver, from Trekhgorka, and we wouldn't begin to keep people on with bad eyes. It's painstaking work we have. Well, where did you lose it, your watch?"

"Around here somewhere," I answered vaguely. It was too late to take back what I had said.

"Maybe it slipped under some stone, or into a crevice somewhere," said the old woman, terribly pleased to be concerned for somebody and very gingerly turning over the stones with her little foot. "And what beauty, really—these pebbles and the sea both! You, my dear, is this your first time at the seashore?"

"First time," I lied. I somehow felt that it was the right thing to say.

"Me, too!" rejoiced the old woman. "We're getting our first baptism, eh? I've lived so many years, seen so much, but I never got to the sea. They awarded me a vacation. At first they wanted to send me to Kislovodsk—said it was more fitting, at my age—but I told them this at the Party Committee: I said, 'Give me a vacation at the seashore, or else I'll die and I won't see it.' The part about dying, of course, I only said that to impress them—I'll outlive Party Committees, too! . . . Well, where did your watch disappear to, anyway?"

"Oh, let's forget about it!" said I, now thoroughly ashamed.

"What do you mean, forget about it? You young people don't know how to value things, because you come by them too easily."

"Maybe somebody took it." I now wanted to get out of this in any way possible.

But it did not work.

"It's wrong to speak so of others," said the old woman sternly. "Maybe your watch is lying right around here, and you go suggesting a thing like that. I came home once, missed my purse—and I too thought it had been stolen, on the streetcar, or somewhere. But there was one card in the purse.

Yevgeni Yevtushenko, who was born in Siberia in 1933, won international acclaim in 1961-62 for his stormy political poem, "Babi Yar." Often denounced by Soviet officialdom, he has nevertheless traveled widely, and his "Premature Autobiography" was published abroad in 1963. "The Chicken-God" was suppressed in Moscow, and the translator David Mann discovered it in the New York Russian-language paper, "Novoye Russkoye Slovo." Mr. Mann is now studying at the University of Colorado.

With that, they located me through the Lost and Found Bureau and returned everything, down to the last kopeck. Afterward, I was ashamed that I had thought about people that way. . . . Look, what a funny stone!" The old woman picked up her find and showed me. In her sturdy hand lay a chicken-god.

"That's a chicken-god," I said dejectedly. "It brings good luck."

"Really?" beamed the old woman. "Perhaps it will bring luck to me, so I can expose Romandin and Duska?"

"And who're Romandin and Duska?"

"Who? Romandin's chief of the Technical Quality Department in our shop, and Duska's a brigade leader. Duska was a pretty good girl before, but as soon as she made the papers, that was the finish. They gave her a medal, elected her deputy to the Regional Soviet—all justly deserved, of course. But it went to her head. Or maybe they turned her head for her. Conferences, all kinds of solemn meetings, and she forgot how to work. She's always turning out rejects. And Romandin covers up for her—says you can't undermine authority. That's wrong. At work, everybody's equal, like under God. . . . Well, now, where is that damned watch of yours?"

To tell the truth, my watch was in my pocket. I always took it off when I went to the seashore, so that there would be no white spot afterward. I pulled it out furtively and, when the old woman turned away, dropped it on the shore.

She soon found it.

"Well here it is, here! I told you, you lost it," she said with satisfaction, wiping the crystal. "Don't lose it again. And if something disappears, never think badly of others, look around first. I'm going to splash around some more. Oh, that sea, I just love it! Too bad, when I was young, I never came. . . ." And the old woman began to mince her way down the path toward the water. Halfway, she stopped and inquired in a businesslike tone, "In other words, this chicken-god will help me with Romandin and Duska?"

"Definitely so," I smiled. But the smile came out somehow sad, envious. Not that I envied her the chicken-god. I envied the old woman herself—her conviction that she knew everything, what to do and what not to do. But, a little bit, I envied her the chicken-god, too.

I reached Serdolikov Bay, stretched out on the bank and, rolling lazily from side to side, I began looking for my own luck among the scattered pebbles.

It was not there.

This was all rather amusing; I am a fairly adult person, yet with the fanaticism of a child I had attached this deadly significance to whether or not I found some little stone.

I decided to search under water. Putting on the snorkel mask and plunging my head beneath the surface, I swam along the shore for a long time. The rocks were wholly different under water. A rainbow phosphorescence came from them, and it seemed as though they even breathed slightly with their rounded sides. They even understood me, it seemed, and there was something apologetic about them, that they had no holes in them. From time to time, big fish swam by—which, by the way, I had never come across before, when I hunted them on purpose. I decided to get the spear gun, which I had left on shore, and hunt for a while, since I was clearly not fated to find a chicken-god, either on land or in the sea.

Now I no longer watched the bottom, but lay in wait for fish to appear, quietly paddling with my left hand and holding the spear gun in my right, at arm's length, with the safety off. As though sensing the change in my intentions, the fish had vanished. Already I was silently cursing both the fish and myself, when I glimpsed a long colorful body waving above the ragged seaweed. The fish saw me also, and froze. I started to squeeze the trigger. Suddenly a pair of fat-calved, hairy legs crossed my line of fire. I kept my finger lightly on the trigger, for some reason vividly picturing how my harpoon, with a whistle, would slice into one of those appetizing calves. The swimmer dived, and I noticed that he was rummaging along the bottom as I had done not long before.

It was the homeopath.

"Aha, he's searching, too!" I thought, not without malicious pleasure, and swam for shore.

Soon the homeopath lay down beside me, stretching himself blissfully and not suspecting to what danger his calves had just been exposed.

"There's a message for you at the post office about a call from Moscow," he said, and added with a contrived tone of indifference, "and look what I have. . . ."

In his plump, stubby hand with its topaz ring lay a chicken-god. That was more than I could bear.

I said, "Thank you," although at that moment I wanted more than anything to tell him that all homeopaths are charlatans. (For the sake of fairness, I should say that I do not believe that at all.)

I put away my underwater gear and started for the post office. Who could be calling me? Mama? Someone from work? She?

I remembered her as people remember melodies. Basically, every person is a melody. There are people endowed with the astonishing gift of doctoring and gently comforting others with the whole sound of their very lives. And there are people endowed with the no less astonishing talent for irritating with the tactlessness of the very fact of their existence. There are people who evoke valor with the tragedy of their inner melody, and valor's one appropriate display—action. And others, with their opinionated bravura, who evoke indolence and inactivity or—what is far worse—activity more odious than simple indolence.

There are requiem people, people whose very lives are hymns, fox-trot people, and bluegrass people. And a few who are a strange potpourri of pop music and classical, to an odd degree.

I knew what kind of melody you were. . . . No matter what restaurant we were in, if there was an orchestra, you asked me to request "Solvejg." Once, in the restaurant at the hippodrome, I sent the violinist some money and a note. The waiter brought the money and the note back to me. On

watching you once as you entered the interior of someone else's deserted yard, walking with wearily drooping head into a future alien to you, which never became your own, however much you desired it.

I, no doubt, loved you even before that, but I was too self-esteeming to acknowledge it, even to myself. After all, there was that yard, into whose unknown depth you had inevitably to walk away from me each night. After all, when we met alone, no one had to know about it. More likely, everybody knew and only one person did not know. But when everybody knows, and only one person does not know, that is still a greater lie.

Therefore I pretended to myself that I did not love you, pretended from self-defense. And you even convinced me of it, saying with a somberly perturbed smile, "Nice line. . . ."

And then, that evening, you told me, "You know, Alyosha, you don't have to do this. Let's go pick up some girl of yours. Take me home, and you go dancing somewhere. That would be better for you. Right?"



the other side of the note, in a vain, boyish scrawl, was written, "I don't trade in Grieg."

The violinist watched with amused contempt as I read his reply. Then he saw you beside me. Something in his face changed, at once. He played some other things—"The Skylark," "Freilich"—but he watched you all the while. And, pushing away the ten-spot thrust at him by a once-famous weight lifter—a crooked-legged little man with the face of a fruit speculator who demanded "sumshing in honor of our Odessa"—the violinist began to play "Solvejg."

A few days later we went into that restaurant again. Upon seeing you, the violinist remembered. And as we walked along the carpeted aisle looking for a table, that melody again stirred over you.

If a melody has eyes—and they have them—then that melody has eyes like your eyes. Gay and unafraid eyes are beautiful. But more beautiful are eyes like yours: unafraid and sad. No doubt, I fell in love with you when I first saw them. I did not understand that then, but only quite recently,

I telephoned, and we went over there. I wanted to appear independent; I saved myself from dependency, not yet comprehending that such dependence is itself salvation.

Into the taxi flitted a twenty-year-old, wide-eyed creature—very slender and very intoxicated with her own good looks. But the melody of that little voice, glibly greeting and somewhat falsely prattling that she had not had time to dress, that melody was pitiful beside your melody of majestic exhaustion.

We drove up to your house.

"Do you live in that house?" asked the creature with an interest in which rang triumphantly the cruel superiority of youth.

"Yes," you answered, still not getting out of the cab.

"Which window's yours? That one there? A light's on. Probably your children."

"Yes, my children."

You got out of the cab and, still holding the door, you said, "Well, have fun. . . . All right?"—

and you crossed the street toward your house.

White snakes of a ground wind twined about your feet in narrow shoes, and they were so defenseless, those little shoes. And I understood that I had to defend you. And still I could not defend you.

A few days later, we were sitting together and drinking something at somebody's house—you, your husband, and I. Your husband's face, with its brushlike, clipped moustache, was taut and stiff.

He loved you a great deal, and at the same time he hated you. He could not forgive you for what happened to you a few years ago.

He had never talked with you about anything, your husband. And a fellow showed up who began talking with you for the first time. You loved not him, but the fact that he talked with you. He was good at that—I knew him. He, that fellow, was afraid of what he aroused in you. He resembled an orator who fears the sacrificial readiness of the people who believe in his words, and who cravenly runs from them when they are already prepared to perish for those beautiful words. Your husband could not forgive you that. He was a silent one, and silent people seldom forget anything.

While serving something or other—vegetables, I think—you inadvertently made some special movement in my direction, and he noticed it instantly. And you, like a bird shielding her young from danger with her wing (you were not really afraid for yourself—you could fear only for others), you began talking about that other fellow, whom you actually hardly knew.

He got up without a word and struck you on the chin. His blow was well-placed; he had been a boxer once. You dropped, falling against the ribs of the heat radiator. I could not hit him. I simply shoved him aside and, lifting you up, walked from that house with you. I walked along the dark streets and the cab drivers shied away, staring at you. Finally one good fellow came along and drove us to Sklifosovsky Hospital. I thought up some story about being attacked by bandits. They did not believe the story, but to them that made no difference. When they were putting the stitches in your torn lips, I sat and cried in the corridor from shame that I could not defend you.

And you still went back to your husband. You again told me your bitter, "You don't really have to do this. . . ." So I left for the coast.

Can it still be you who is calling me?

I somehow feared that, but I feared more that it was not you calling, that the call was about you.

It always seemed to me that something terrible might happen.

On the porch of the building where the post office was located dozed a little girl of about eight, her fist under her cheek. From the fist peeked a blue slip of paper. I walked over and took it. It was a notice for me to await a telephone call from Moscow.

The little girl started and, recognizing me, shook her head in reproach.

"Where have you been? I've been looking and looking. . . ."

The notice was for twelve midnight and there was a lot of time left.

"Where are you going?" asked the little girl.

"Nowhere."

"Please take me nowhere along with you."

"All right."

So we started off, for nowhere.

With this little girl, I had a special relationship. She lived in that town with her mother—a sickly, lonely woman of about thirty-five, with melancholy eyes that understood everything. Once this woman walked up to me and said simply and openly,

"I don't know anybody here, but it seems to me you are a good person. It's hard for me to walk, and my little girl wants so much to go to the mountains. . . ."

So the girl and I began taking hikes in the mountains. We were on the Karadaga, where instead of flowers we gathered wiry bushes which glistened as though covered with frost. And in the Dead Bay, where the ashen sand rustled mysteriously as shadowy lizards scuttled across it. And at the grave of the last Russian symbolist, who strolled here sometimes with a plywood sketch-board, in sackcloth overalls and Roman sandals. On the grave, a cross had once been traced with rainbow-colored sea stones. At the very heart of the cross lay a large, sky-blue rock with a hole in it.

"Even he has a chicken-god," said I sadly. "And I have none."

"What's a chicken-god?" asked the girl.

I told her about them.

"You'll have one," the girl assured me. "You are good, and everybody that's good has to be lucky."

I did not take issue with her over whether the good must be lucky, but I asked, "And how do you know I'm good?"

"Mama could tell that about you right away. And Mama understands who's good and who's bad. And I understand, too."



Packing for a picnic — photo by Mark Shaw

Unshackle yourself. You have a friend at Chase Manhattan to help you care for your nest egg and **act as your trusted** Delegate us at your convenience.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK





IBM computers help make cooking more fun

This little girl has baked a perfect cake. It's moist and fluffy-light, even though she peeked in the oven a little too soon. The pinch of frosting is simply delicious.

Food, too, is easier than ever to fix. In many ways, IBM computers help make that possible.

For example, the cake-mix maker used an IBM computer to discover an ideal baking recipe among many thousands of possible combinations of ingredients.

The prepared frosting is specially blended. It just can't miss being creamy. An IBM computer was used to help formulate it.

Better foods with computers

Work with computers — start with crops fresh from the field. Hundreds of kinds of tomatoes come to market. Which will make the richest kind of catsup? The tastiest pizza? The finestest cocktail sauce?

A food processor can easily decide, when aided by an IBM computer — just as a catfish can decide which peaches should be packed whole, sliced, or diced for fruit salad.

Yet this is only the beginning of the food revolution. Half the foods now on your grocery shelves were

not there ten years ago. New kinds of "instant" foods are here, from heat-and-eat canapés to freeze-dried fruits for year-round menus. Specialized foods are available to suit different tastes, and different nutritional needs from babyhood on.

From 5½ to 1½ hours a day

The happy result is this: fifteen years ago, the average American housemaker spent 5½ hours of her day preparing food. *Today, she spends about 1½ hours a day.*

"Computers grow into a new phase of our work," a food company executive recently said. "With IBM computers we research the soils for the fields, research the seeds and plants for the crops, the processes and the packaging, and the way to select the best ingredients for our customers."

"Along the way, we research new food uses, seasonings, and methods of packaging — techniques that are different from anything we've ever done."

More food surprises of every type are being readied for your table. And if you are on a low-calorie diet, there are all kinds of appetizing low-calorie foods as well.

IBM

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mmunizations

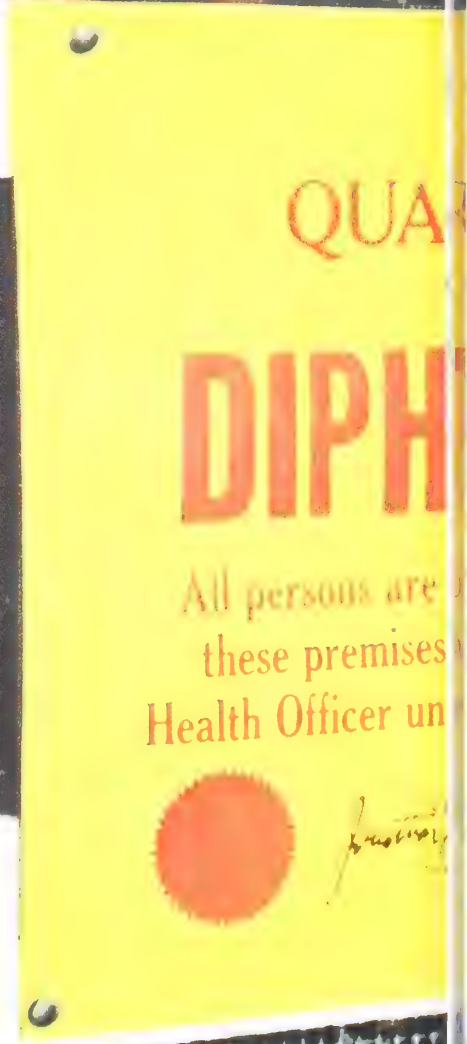
Perhaps you think of them as "yesterday's diseases," but epidemics of diphtheria, whooping cough, polio, and smallpox can occur again—if immunizations are neglected.

Shockingly large numbers of children and adults have had no immunizations, or have failed to get "booster doses."

Nowadays, immunizations take less time and trouble. For example, separate series of injections used to be needed against whooping cough, diphtheria, and tetanus. Today, a combined vaccine provides protection against these diseases.

Parke-Davis is a leading developer and producer of vaccines and other medicines for prevention of diseases.

BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD



"How do you understand that, such a little girl?"

"Because I'm only little on the outside. Inside, I'm already big."

I smiled, but for the first time I looked at her closely.

She had green eyes, resembling two large sea sprays, sharp teeth which were still growing, with spaces between them, flaxen hair bound without vanity into a ponytail, and slim, peeling legs with lilac-colored knees, from abrasions.

She lowered her eyes and, stroking the rainbow-stone cross with her browned little hand, she inquired, "Are you always like this—alone?"

"Sometimes even worse."

"What do you mean, worse?"

"That's when you're not alone, but you might as well be alone."

She stopped her hand on the bluish chicken-god at the heart of the cross and said very seriously, "Want me to be your wife?"

"But I'm so old."

"You're not old at all—you're even younger than my mama, and nobody tells her that she's old. And besides, since when is it wrong to love old people?"

"And do you love me?"

"Would I want to be your wife otherwise?"

"And what does it mean, in your opinion, to be a wife?"

"That's to love a lot."

"And what does that mean?"

"That's to make it so that you're always happy. And so that you're never alone, even when alone."

She looked at me and sighed, fully like a grown-up.

"You're afraid they'll laugh at us. But I'll be your wife in secret. Nobody will even know about it."

"But I love one woman," said I, now just as serious as she.

"She love you?"

"Don't know. Sometimes it seems she does, sometimes not. But that's not really important."

"It's not important to me, either," said the girl. "I'm going to love you, anyway. I'll be your wife to myself. And, maybe, can I visit you in the mornings and clean house?"

"Sure."

"Only you be messier, or it won't be any fun."

"All right, I'll be messier."

So she came every morning and, armed with a brush, cleaned house with arch concentration.

Many vacationers chuckled over our friendship, the homeopath in particular. But the girl's mama understood us. She was very ill, after all, and the very ill always understand more.

And now my little girlfriend and I were walking nowhere.

"Is it she calling you?" asked the girl.

"Don't know. It could be."

"Would you like it to be?"

"Yes."

"Then it is."

We sat down on some boulders that jutted above the slowly darkening evening sea.

A gang of boys and girls in shorts, dinning gleefully, was passing us on the trail leading down toward the sea. They carried bundles of tiny, almost toy-sized logs and blue Air France bags from which stuck bottles of dry wine. Those two youths whom I had not quite trapped that morning in their ignorance of modern art, specifically of Salvador Dali, were haughtily lugging a gigantic pot, and the scent of marinated meat wafted from under its lid.

This whole troop was headed by a smooth-shaven, sun-tanned academician—also in shorts. By his looks, you would say no more than fifty, although I think that he first married before World War I. But he broke away from his scientific surroundings—"ionized" himself—grounded himself to earth, and was always in the company of youth. He had an enormous dacha on the shore of the sea. The dacha, like a temple to ionization and grounding, towered over the dismal tapping of typewriters at the Writers' Resort.

The academician walked over to us and I saw a miniature transistor radio, tuned in on Turkey, hanging from his shoulder. Judging by the sounds from the radio, Turkey was rejoicing.

"You're together, as always," said the academician, gallantly kissing the hand of the little girl, who of course accepted it as her due. "We, too, are together, as always." And toward the company in shorts which he led, he made a vague gesture, a rather melancholy gesture, because of its vagueness. "Will you not grant us the honor of attending our shish kebab?" he asked, addressing himself to me and the girl as a thoroughly cultured individual. And, still in a rather melancholy way, he recited:

A shish kebab, adorned with moon
and mountainous terrain—

No greater happiness exists,
celestial or mundane!

"Thank you," said the girl courteously, "but Alyosha is getting a call from Moscow at twelve, and he has to be at the post office."

"I hope that the call is a good one."

The academician again kissed the little girl's hand, turned toward his troop, who stood shifting

impatiently from one foot to the other, and soon the sounds of jubilant Turkey vanished around a bend in the trail. I loved him, that academician. I understood this: that his entire surroundings were only a form of loneliness, simply not so noticeable to everyone.

Then the girl, with those wise and mournful eyes, like her mother's, said, "Why don't you be his friend? I'm very sorry for him. He's all alone, too. And since he's not alone, he's even more alone."

She had understood. She understood everything. . . .

The sea was darkening. Sometimes the clouds bunched convulsively, sometimes stretched out listlessly. One would run against another, making one huge cloud, or sometimes fall apart. And suddenly in that incessant fusion and disintegration I glimpsed a man's face, unfamiliar—yet at the same time very familiar—with wise, suffering eyes. This face also understood everything. I stared at it as though hypnotized, my fingers clutching the grass that twined through the cracks in the rocks.

Then the face disappeared.

I searched for it a long time with my eyes, and among the moving clouds the face reappeared—this time a woman's, but with exactly the same eyes.

It also understood everything.

Then it became a man's face, then again a wom-

an's, but it was the same face—a face of magnificent, uni-double human goodness, which always understands everything.

I felt both fear and delight. This continued in me long after it had become so dark around me that I could distinguish nothing in the clouds' shifting features, even if there had been something there.

"We better go to the post office," said the girl. "Be twelve soon."

"You should go home. Mama's probably worried."

"She's not worried. She knows I'm with you."

We started for the post office. Now I was somehow certain, it was you calling. But it was not you.

I heard the low, slightly hoarse voice of the rather strange and—because of that—even more amazing woman whom you used to call your adopted mother, although she was barely older than you.

"She's at my place now," said the woman. "She's sick, understand? You've got to come immediately."

"All right," I replied.

The little girl was waiting for me on the porch.

"Was it her?"

"No, not her, but it might as well have been. I have to leave right away. And you go to bed. It's late. And anyway, you're not big on the inside,



but on the outside; and on the inside you're still quite little."

"Can I come with you?"

"No, not necessary."

Then she dug into the pocket of her calico jumper and handed me something. There in her palm, shedding a warm, beneficent light, lay a chicken-god.

"I found this today. You said that a chicken-god only brings luck to those who find it themselves. But I love you, so I am you. And if I found it, that means you found it yourself, and it will bring you luck."

I took it very carefully, the way people take good fortune only when they understand what it signifies. The girl raised on her tiptoes, kissed me on the forehead with cold lips, and ran away.

I awakened the director of the resort, said that my uncle had died, and within an hour I was speeding toward Simforopol in a passing car. The driver, a husky chap, puffed gloomily on a cigarette.

"Well, I have a chicken-god," I blurted, and I opened my hand, in which lay the magic stone.

He leaned toward my palm.

"Yup."

Then he sighed, like a boy, and declared, "I never found one."

"Oh, you'll still find it!" I said with conviction. "I didn't find mine right away, either."

There were no seats on the plane. Nor were there even any planes until the next day. But she had said "immediately." So it had to be immediately. I went in to see the dispatcher, who was drinking tea with toffee candy. The toffee for some reason gave me hope.

"My uncle has died," I said happily.

"Everybody's uncles die," responded the dispatcher.

"But I loved my uncle very much."

The dispatcher put down his tea and looked at me with some interest.

"And who was he, your uncle?"

"He was a scientist. Atomic scientist."

"Laureate?"

"Yes, a laureate."

"Good lad," said the dispatcher. "Not your uncle. You." Apparently, it was evident that I lied.

"Prokhorych," the dispatcher said to someone. "the freight for Moscow hasn't taken off yet? Take one on. His uncle died. A laureate."

He put down the receiver.

"Make out a regular ticket; you'll go on the freight. Only quickly." He handed me a toffee. "Come in handy. On freight flights, toffee's not allowed. And you'll travel far, lad. Way to go!"

Petulant Thoughts Toward the End of August

by Agnes Rogers

When my vacation's over,
And I am homeward bound,
I'm furious to discover
That THEY are not around.

By THEY, I mean the neighbors
Whom I'm beholden to,
Who dedicate their labors
To things I cannot do.

The cleaner and the presser
Are still on holiday.
The dentist, the hairdresser
Are up in Murray Bay.

The men who fix my nice clocks
Are camping out in Maine.
The one who mends my icebox
Is traveling in Spain.

The nearest pub is black,
And sports a sign to say,
"We're off! and won't be back
Till after Labor Day."

It's not that I'm malevolent;
I feel that everyone
Should have (a thought, benevolent)
A season in the sun.

I wish them endless pleasure,
If only they'd combine
Their periods of leisure
To coincide with mine.

Within four hours I was already in Moscow.
Your adopted mother opened the door for me.

"Good lad! Way to go!" she said, exactly like the dispatcher at the Simforopol airport. "Go ahead. She's waiting for you."

You were lying on the ottoman with the blanket drawn over your chin. You were hiding the scar. I approached you and extended my palm, in which lay the magic stone.

"It's a chicken-god," said I. "It will bring you luck."

And I placed in your trembling hand the gift of that remarkable little girl with the spaces between her teeth.

I knew that she would have understood me.

A Doctor Prescribes for the AMA

by John Gordon Freymann, M.D.

In this hard look at the record of organized medicine in the United States, the patient is pronounced ailing but by no means incurable.

Another Maginot Line of the American Medical Association is falling. In the face of a dogged and costly AMA campaign, some form of "Medicare" is sure to become the law of the land. Familiar battle cries were heard at the AMA convention in June. But pronouncements from the Chicago headquarters now take a wary tone. If the history of the last forty-five years is any precedent, a new defensive position in the Association's long retreat from the forces of social progress is about to be occupied.

I think it is time for a very different maneuver. The American people are weary of the sterile voice of reaction that the AMA has sounded these many years. And I have reason to believe that a substantial number of doctors share this mood.

I say this not because most physicians are political liberals. Though there are some, they are a minority. But so too are the hard-core reactionaries. (According to a *Medical Tribune* poll, only 29 per cent of the profession favored Goldwater before last year's conventions—and 28 per cent favored Johnson.) There is, I am convinced, a sizable—though politically voiceless—group of medical men who believe in social progress and see that their profession, more than any other, should take an active part in shaping programs that affect the nation's health. This group—

a potential "Third Force"—could set the AMA on a new path. And it is vitally important for them to do this, for if American medicine has any voice it is the AMA. I broached this idea recently in an article in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. The response was gratifying. Several hundred physicians from thirty states wrote to agree with me. (Not one disagreed in principle.) Among my correspondents were men in private practice, members of medical school faculties, general practitioners, and even a trustee of the AMA. It was as though I had opened a Pandora's box of suppressed discontent. Why, one may ask, had it so long been quiescent? A useful clue was provided by one of my New England correspondents: "I am presumably a member of your Third Force," he wrote, "who sits passively by and watches my AMA repeatedly act and speak in terms contrary to my convictions. But the prospect of girding up my loins and setting out to make my voice heard is something I find particularly bleak and unappealing."

Unfortunately, a similar aversion to medical politics has been widespread among the profession's intellectual elite. Yet its latent power is formidable. I recall, for example, the 1962 Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Society affairs are usually of marginal interest in the Boston hospitals and medical schools, but on this occasion the academic community was roused. A proposal was before the Society to make AMA membership mandatory for all its members. The prospect appalled the Boston medical intelligentsia, many of whom had long disapproved—but done little to counteract—the policies enunciated

in Chicago. So 600 doctors appeared at a gathering which usually has trouble corraling a quorum of 100. From distinguished professors to lowly fellows, Boston's scientific and academic community was there in force.

The opening pro-AMA speaker rambled. The opponents' spokesman was brief, articulate, and precise. He argued that strong AMA members must be convinced, not forced, into membership. He released a parliamentary steamroller that closed off debate and defeated the proposal by an overwhelming vote. Triumphant, the cream of Boston medicine disappeared.

I have not described this episode to argue the defeated proposal, but to show the power that academic medicine can wield in a medical society. I wish to show how, by holding itself aloof from the one agency organized to speak for the entire profession, a group that includes many of the present and future leaders of scientific medicine used its power just as negatively as the AMA.

Such events are uncommon. Much more usual is the situation in metropolitan New York where there are 19,000 physicians, but attendance at meetings of the five county societies seldom exceeds 300 and is commonly less than 100. This chronic indifference is both the cause and consequence of the ultraconservatism of the present leadership of organized medicine. To break this circular pattern will not be easy. As a starting point it is essential that doctors—and Americans generally—recall that the AMA was not born a dinosaur. It started life as a very different animal.

An Age of Enlightenment

A remarkably prophetic statement was published as an official AMA policy in June 1919:

... It is not a question for the decision of the medical profession whether or not [medical insurance] laws shall be put in force. That is a question for economic groups and forces outside of the medical profession. It will be decided when labor and industry agree together sufficiently to demand it of the legislative bodies of the various states. It is, however, of the utmost importance for the medical profession to be ready with constructive suggestions, to meet labor and industry halfway. . . . It is also for the profession to decide whether or not it wishes to carry on its existence under some form of sickness insurance or under some method of state medicine. That choice must inevitably be made.

This was but another of a long series of thoughtful reports on a government medical in-

surance which had been published in the *Journal* of the AMA since January 1915. In 1916 the Association had set up a Committee on Social Insurance with a full-time staff. It was led by Dr. Alexander Lambert, clinical professor of medicine at Columbia, close friend and personal physician of Theodore Roosevelt. The Committee reports repeatedly concluded that a system of compulsory federal sickness insurance, which anticipated many features of the current Medicare bill, was the best solution to the adequate distribution of medical care.

Dr. Lambert was only one of many distinguished physicians who shaped the policies of the AMA from 1900 to 1920. The roster of its Presidents in this golden age included, among others, such luminaries as both Mayo brothers, founders of the great medical center; William C. Gorgas, whose conquest of yellow fever made the building of the Panama Canal possible; William H. Welch, chief founder of Johns Hopkins Medical School; Abraham Jacobi, father of modern pediatrics; and, in 1920, Lambert himself.

Men of this caliber—great teachers as well as great doctors—were drawn naturally to leadership in the AMA because the organization's prime objective in those days was the same as their own—the improvement of medical education. This had been the sole reason for the Association's founding in 1847 and the goal toward which it had striven through the rest of the nineteenth century. But as the twentieth century opened, Johns Hopkins, founded in 1893, was still the only island of excellence in a sea of mediocrity. It was the only school requiring a premedical college background. The other 159 medical schools, uninhibited by national standards and completely unregulated, granted M.D. degrees at their own pleasure. Many were simply diploma mills.

Little progress had been made until 1901 when the AMA was reorganized to establish its present strong legislative and executive powers. Shortly thereafter, the Carnegie Foundation was commissioned by the AMA to investigate the nation's medical schools. Abraham Flexner, who made the survey, published his highly critical report in 1910. Armed with this evidence, the now-powerful AMA was able to establish standards for medical colleges and to enforce them. Within the next five

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years, sixty-five medical schools disappeared and all those that survived eventually achieved Class A status.

The AMA reached its great goal and the culminating point in its history in the years just before World War I. Its leaders were men still remembered today for their contributions to medicine, its councils had elevated and were maintaining standards in all spheres of medical activity, and its philosophy was attuned to the progressive social climate of Theodore Roosevelt's Square Deal and Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom. It was in this atmosphere that the AMA House of Delegates repeatedly accepted the reports of the Lambert committee—and tabled the first resolution opposing compulsory health insurance.

But time ran out. The vote of the House of Delegates which Dr. Morris Fishbein, archfoe of the progressives, called "qualified acceptance" of compulsory sickness insurance came on June 7, 1917. We had already been two months at war. In 1918 Dr. Lambert and his entire committee were in France and no report was submitted. The momentum of the progressive movement carried it through 1919, but by 1920 a remarkable change in AMA policy had occurred. The House of Delegates killed the Committee on Social Insurance and condemned compulsory sickness insurance, which the Speaker of the House denounced as a "fantastic, un-American machination." The progressive years were over.

In the retreat from the twentieth century that followed, one of the more dismal chapters was the scuttling by the AMA of the Report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. This was published in 1932 after a five-year study chaired by Ray Lyman Wilbur, a past-president of the AMA. The majority report, predicting with remarkable accuracy, recommended group medical practice financed through voluntary health insurance as the best solution to adequate distribution of medical care. This was flatly rejected by the AMA, an editorial in the *AMA Journal* referring to groups in medical practice as "medical Soviets."

From the forefront, the Association had fallen to the rear. Where there had once been action based on foresight, there was now only reaction. From 1931 to 1935 group hospitalization plans (Blue Cross) were repeatedly condemned by the House of Delegates, but by 1937 they were accepted. It was not until 1942 that the House finally approved medical service plans (Blue Shield). The Kerr-Mills law, somewhat grudgingly accepted by the AMA a few years ago, was used to lead the battle against the Medicare Bill until this January. New ideas are stubbornly opposed

until popular acceptance makes approval inevitable. Then the cause once opposed becomes the battle flag of opposition to the next new idea.

The AMA—and with it the entire medical profession—has been for forty-five years in the negative position of belatedly accepting programs conceived by others in response to the fitful whims of public demand.

Practicing in a Sanctuary

In part, the retrogression of the AMA after 1920 reflected the ebb tide of disillusionment that swept the country after World War I. Turning a deaf ear to Wilson's pleas, the people embraced Harding's "normalcy." These were the years of the Palmer raids, deportation of "Bolsheviks," and lynching of labor organizers. Such a violent fluctuation inevitably affected the medical profession. For example, Dr. M. L. Harris, President of the AMA in 1929, had signed the Lambert report favoring compulsory government health insurance in 1919. Thirteen years later he opposed the Report on the Costs of Medical Care with its "radical" proposals for group medical practice and voluntary health insurance. As Morris Fishbein himself wrote, "It is interesting to think what might have happened relating to social insurance if the war had not intervened."

Another reason for the change in AMA policy was change in leadership. Since 1920, few great scientists or medical educators have risen to positions of prominence in the AMA. They have been replaced, in the main, by worthy doctors of no great scientific stature whose chief claim to eminence is a record of diligent toil in the lower echelons of organized medicine.

There is no evidence that the scientific and academic leaders were evicted from the top councils of the AMA. They abdicated voluntarily. Many simply lost interest in the organization after it had achieved the one great goal that deeply concerned them—the reform of medical education. Others were lost in the gradual drift of the medical schools away from doctors in private practice.

Formerly, medical students had been taught clinical subjects by doctors who earned their living taking care of private patients and devoted only part of their time to teaching. As medicine became increasingly specialized such a division of effort became less satisfactory. Foreseeing this trend, Johns Hopkins in 1913 appointed the key members of its clinical faculty to salaried, full-time status. Every medical school in the country eventually followed this example.

The result was a new generation of academic and scientific leaders whose ties with private practitioners were tenuous. Sir William Osler—perhaps the greatest clinician and teacher of his day—foresaw the danger. “I fear lest the broad open spirit which has characterized the school [Hopkins] should narrow,” he wrote prophetically in 1911, “as teacher and student chase each other down the fascinating road of research, forgetful of those wider interests to which a great hospital must minister.”

Precisely this has happened insofar as the AMA is concerned. If your main interest in life is the helical structure of DNA or if you practice in a sanctuary where private fees only supplement your basic salary, it seems a waste of time to attend local medical-society meetings where the socioeconomic problems of medicine are a main interest. Ignored is the fact that these problems are vital to the profession and to the country; that they become mundane only when left to the unopposed deliberations of a mundane minority. And so control of many county and state societies—from whose ranks come the leaders of the AMA—has been relegated largely to just such a minority. Those who could serve as a modulating influence within the AMA stand aloof.

A schism has been created. On one side are those whose primary occupation is private practice and on the other those whose chief endeavors are in research and teaching. Among a highly vocal minority of the former there is thinly veiled anti-intellectualism, preoccupation with the business of medicine, and blind resistance to change. Among the latter are islands of intellectual snobbery, startling ignorance of the quality of practice outside the university, emotional liberalism, and thoughtless rejection of the AMA.

A Second Revolution

This schism between “town and gown” is much discussed in our journals, but in my view it is overrated. The gap that does exist is being narrowed by a little-noticed second revolution in medical education since the end of World War II.

The first revolution followed the Flexner report and radically altered undergraduate medical education. Today, practically all physicians are graduates of Grade A schools. But it is in postgraduate education that the second revolution has occurred. No longer does the medical-school graduate go directly into practice after perhaps a single year of internship. General practitioners will soon be required to have three years of postgraduate

training, while the 80 per cent of graduates who plan to enter a specialty must devote four, five, or more years as residents in teaching hospitals in order to qualify in their chosen fields. For ahead of them are the stiff examinations of nineteen different specialty boards which were formed under AMA auspices.

Long years of postgraduate training are now an accepted part of medical education. Indeed within the past two decades the number of American physicians in residency training in our hospitals has jumped by 340 per cent although medical-school enrollments have increased by only 45 per cent. Sixty-two per cent of the medical crop of the last fifteen years—a total of 65,465 doctors—have received specialty-board certification. Of course I do not mean to imply that certification imparts divine wisdom to a physician. There are thousands of equally competent general practitioners and men who limit themselves to specialty practice without certification. I emphasize those who are board-certified only because they are a quantitative sample.

Possibly many of these doctors would like to find lifelong staff positions in the great university centers, but there are not nearly enough openings to absorb them. There were only 10,000 physicians in full-time faculty positions in 1964, so at least 50,000 highly trained physicians have been unable to find shelter within academic walls. They have moved away from university centers—more than half of them to cities with less than 100,000 population, a fifth into towns and suburbs with populations between 5,000 and 25,000.

Community hospitals, once marginally staffed and poorly equipped, are reaping this harvest of skilled doctors and developing into community medical centers that provide first-class care. Medical progress is not properly measured in terms of multimillion volt X-ray machines and heart-lung pumps. The importance of technical advances is obvious, but the only genuine measure is the availability of doctors who can provide up-to-date medical care to the total population and not just to the people who, by geographic accident, live in metropolitan areas. The old line of demarcation between quality of practice in university *vs.* community hospitals is fast disappearing. If any educator denies this, he negates all the efforts of American medical education in the fifty-five years since the Flexner report.

Thus the common educational background of most of today's doctors is closing the gap between “town and gown.” After all, how can a staff man at a university hospital deprecate an “outside” physician who was once his fellow resident and

underwent the same rigorous training? And how can this practitioner rail at an "ivory tower" in which he spent much of his own professional life and to which he owes his present position?

I believe that this new generation of doctors practicing outside of university centers constitutes a Third Force which can reshape the AMA. This has not yet happened because the Third Force is widely scattered, engrossed in establishing practice, often dominated by the old guard in local hospitals and medical societies, and, following the example of its teachers, little interested in—if not hostile toward—organized medicine. But its day will come.

There are those who believe genuine reform of the AMA is hopeless, that the only answer is a rival organization. This view ignores the progressive record of the AMA in the forgotten days when those who should rightfully lead it troubled to do so. It ignores also the indispensable functions which the AMA performs outside the political arena. The AMA inspects and accredits our 87 medical schools and 7,561 internship and residency programs. It sponsors the specialty boards. It participates in the accreditation of hospitals and is now extending this to include nursing homes. It maintains a code of medical ethics, exposes quackery, tests new drugs, and sets policies (at the county level) for Blue Cross-Blue Shield programs. It is, in effect, the government of American medicine afflicted, alas, with an administration roughly equivalent in its political thinking to Calvin Coolidge's. It is tragic that the unalloyed conservatism of AMA political policies has blinded

the public and many doctors to the indispensable services and direction the Association provides for the continued improvement of medical education and practice.

A two-government system in American medicine would lead to chaos. What is needed is a vigorous two-party system within the AMA. This, as I see it, is the mission of the Third Force. Nor do I believe that the obstacles in the way are insuperable. Like other powerful institutions, the AMA is by no means the monolithic structure its official spokesmen try to make it seem.

This January, for example, the Norfolk-South District Medical Society in Massachusetts instructed its delegates to work to replace "the negative attitude of the AMA" with "something constructive for the people of this country." There have been many comparable stirrings elsewhere, even in the House of Delegates itself. There since 1962 the Michigan and District of Columbia delegations have been unsuccessfully proposing government-subsidized, privately administered, prepaid medical insurance for persons, *regardless of age*, below certain income levels.

The time is ripe for the responsible leaders of the medical profession—the Third Force and the academic community—to overcome their aversion to political action and substitute sustained, rational leadership of the AMA for ineffective, sporadic guerrilla warfare against it.

I do not underestimate the difficulties. They were well summed up by the ubiquitous Dr. Fishbein in commenting editorially in *Medical World News* on my Third Force proposal. "I agree completely," he wrote, "that the only possibility of changing the situation must rest on new leadership . . . [but] the doctors who play at national politics must first become experienced in the county and state societies . . . [they must learn to appeal] for political support in the trading of votes, in entertainment for the development of good will, in offers of one position in return for support for another . . . this is not a game in which amateurs can play successfully."

If this is distasteful to the fastidious—then so is our democratic system, for politics is the capillary level of democratic life. And, since the AMA has a democratic structure, its leadership will never be any better than its electorate. The stakes for the profession and the nation are too high to abandon medicine's participation in national health planning to a vocal minority that recoils before the inevitable advance of social progress. Dr. Fishbein has given his advice. At last, the liberals and enlightened conservatives should heed his counsel.

High Cost of Losing

IN the first three months of this year the American Medical Association spent \$951,570.13 on its futile lobbying effort against medical eldercare under social security. . . . [The] probability is that this figure—declared by the AMA in its quarterly report to Congress—makes the doctors' lobby the nation's biggest. . . . [The] Chicago firm of Fuller, Smith, and Ross, Inc., public relations and advertising, got the lion's share—\$829,484.75. . . . [This] outlay is exclusive of sums spent by AMA for other than *national* lobbying and of money which affiliated or related professional groups spent to influence legislation or election results.

—*Washington Report on the Medical Sciences*, May 24, 1965.

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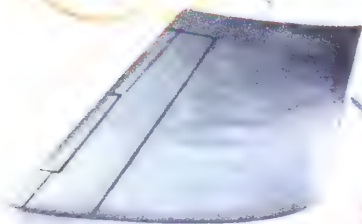
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How I Got into Show Business

by Sammy Davis, Jr. and Jane and Burt Boyar

"Although I had traveled ten states and played over fifty cities by the time I was four, I never felt I was without a home. . . ."

I was born in Harlem on December 8, 1925. My father was the lead dancer in Will Mastin's *Holiday in Dixieland*, a vaudeville troupe in which my mother, Elvera "Baby" Sanchez, was a top chorus girl. Good jobs were scarce so she remained in the line until two weeks before I was born. Then, as soon as she was able to dance, she boarded me with friends in Brooklyn, and continued on the road with my father and the show.

My grandmother, Rosa B. Davis, came out from Harlem to see me and wrote to my father, "I never saw a dirtier child in my life. They leave Sammy alone all day so I've taken him with me. I'm going to make a home for that child."

I heard my father call my grandmother "Mama" so I called her Mama, and this was appropriate because by the time I could speak I thought of her as that.

Mama was housekeeper for one family for twenty years, cooking, cleaning, ironing, and raising their children and me at the same time.

One day she returned to the nursery school at which she'd been leaving me. The nurse was surprised. "We thought you were on your job, Mrs. Davis."

"Something told me get off the streetcar and

see what you're doing with my Sammy. Now I find you put these two other children in his carriage with him and you got Sammy all scrooched up in a corner of his own carriage. I bought that carriage for Sammy. Paid cash for it. Now you got him so he can't stretch out in his own carriage. Get those kids out of Sammy's carriage."

She began taking me to work with her. On her days off she took me to the park and put me on the swings. Nobody else could push or touch me. When her friends saw us coming they snickered, "Here comes Rosa Davis and her Jesus." Mama's reply was, "He's a Jesus to me."

When I was two-and-a-half, my parents separated. My mother joined another traveling show, *Connor's Hot Chocolate*, and my father came home to get me.

"Sam, this child's too young to go on the road."

"Hell, Mama, I'm his father and I say he goes on the road. I ain't leaving him here so's Elvera can come in and take him away. 'Sides, I want my son with me."

When the train moved into the tunnel and I couldn't see Mama anymore I stopped waving and settled back in my seat. My father started taking off my coat, my leggings, and my hat. "Where we goin', Daddy?"

He smiled and put his arm around me. "We're goin' into show business, son."

Our first stop was the Pitheon Theater in Pittsburgh. I was backstage with my father all day, but at night he left me at the rooming house

with a chair propped against the bed and often I didn't see him again until the next afternoon. Will Mastin came in every morning, bathed me in the sink, and made my breakfast, Horlick's malted milk, which he mixed with hot water from the tap. We were great friends. He spent hours making funny faces at me and I loved making the same faces right back at him. One afternoon I was in the dressing room playing with the make-up, trying to use the powder puffs and tubes and pencils on my face the way I always saw my father and Will doing it. Will was watching me. "Here, let me show you how to do that." I sat on his chair while he put blackface on me. Then he took a tube of clown white, gave me the big white lips and winked, "Now you look like Al Jolson." I winked back.

He snapped his fingers like he'd gotten an idea, and sent for our prima donna who sang "Sonny Boy." "Next show," he told her, "take Sammy onstage, hold him in your lap, and keep singing no matter what happens."

As she sang, I looked over her shoulder and saw Will in the wings, playing our game, rolling his eyes and shaking his head at me and I rolled my eyes and shook my head right back at him. The prima donna hit a high note and Will held his nose. I held my nose, too. But Will's faces weren't half as funny as the prima donna's so I began copying hers instead: when her lips trembled, my lips trembled, and I followed her all the way from a heaving bosom to a quivering jaw. The people out front were watching me, laughing. When we got off, Will knelt to my height. "Listen to that applause, Sammy, some of it's for you." My father was crouched beside me, too, smiling, pleased with me. "You're a born mugger, son, a born mugger." He and Will both had their arms around me.

When we arrived at our next town Will began giving out meal tickets to the troupe. Once an act had its name up on a theater, there were restaurants in show towns that would give food on credit. They'd issue a meal ticket good for a week's food and we'd settle with them on payday. Will gave my father his ticket and then put one in my pocket. "Here you are, Mose Gastin. You got a

meal ticket coming to you same as anyone else in the troupe."

I took it out of my pocket and held it. "Okay, Massey." I couldn't say Mastin. Why he called me Mose Gastin or where he got that name I don't know.

Will built up a new show called *Struttin' Hannah from Savannah*. Curvy, sexy Hannah was struttin' from Savannah to New York. On the way, she'd pass a house with a picket fence, see me playing in the yard with a pail and shovel and do a slinky Mae West kind of walk over to me. "Hi, Buster. Anyplace around here where a lady can get a room?" She'd turn to me and roll her eyes, but the audience could only see me wildly rolling my eyes back at her. "Hey, are you a little kid or a midget?" Then she'd wink, also without the audience seeing it, and I'd wink back hard and long.

Between shows I'd stand in the wings watching the other acts, like *Moss and Fry*, *Butterbeans and Susie*, *The Eight Black Dots*, and *Pot, Pan & Skillet*. It never occurred to me to play with the pail and shovel; they were my props, part of the act, and I didn't think of them as toys. At mealtime, I'd sit with my father, Will, and the other performers, listening to them talk show business, hearing about the big vaudeville acts that played the Keith "time." Keith was far over our heads. Shows like ours, *Connor's Hot Chocolate*, and *McKinney's Cotton Pickers* played small time like TOBA and Butterfield but there was no end of stories to be heard about the great acts who worked the big time.

We always rented the cheapest room we could find, and my father and I shared the bed. He'd turn out the light and say, "Well, good night, Poppa." Then I'd hear a scratching sound. I'd sit up, fast. "What's that, Daddy?"

"I didn't hear nothin'."

The scratching would start again. I'd be suspicious. "Lemme see your hands."

"Fine thing when a kid don't trust his own daddy." He'd hold both hands in the air and I'd lie down, watching them. The scratching would start again.

"Whatsat, Daddy? Whatsat? Lemme see your feet, too."

He put his feet in the air along with his hands. "Now how d'you expect a man to sleep like this, Poppa?" The game was over then and I'd snuggle in close to him where it was safe.

We were playing the Standard Theater in Philadelphia when he said, "Good news, Poppa. There's

The original "Mr. Wonderful," Sammy Davis, Jr., is now starring on Broadway in "Golden Boy." As he tells in this revealing chapter from his forthcoming autobiography, "Yes I Can," he developed the essentials of his marvelously diversified talent, behind and before the vaudeville curtain, at an age when most children haven't yet been accepted in a Montessori nursery school.

a amateur dance contest here at the theater day after we close. Course, there's sixteen other kids'd be against you. And all of 'em older'n you. You suppose you c'd beat 'em?"

"Yes."

I was only three but I'd spent hundreds of hours watching Will and my father work, and imitating their kind of dancing. They were doing a flash act—twelve dancers with fifteen minutes to make an impression or starve. The other kids in the contest were dancing in fox-trot time but when I came on, all the audience could see was a blur—just two small legs flying! I got a silver cup and ten dollars. My father took me straight over to A. S. Beck's shoe store and bought me a pair of black pumps with taps.

We hung around Philadelphia, hoping to get booked, but our money ran out and my father had to call Mama for a loan. She told him, "That's no life for Sammy if you gotta call me for money. I'm sending you fare to bring him home."

He told Will, "Guess she's right. This ain't no life for a kid. Trouble is, I can't bring myself to leave him there and travel around without him now. I'll just have to get me a job around home doin' somethin' else." I saw tears in my father's eyes. "I'll always wanta be in show business, Will. It's my life. So anytime you need me, just say the word."

Massey picked me up and hugged me. "Be a good boy, Mose Gastin. And don't worry. We'll be working together again someday."

Mama was waiting up for us when we got home. I put on my shoes and ran into the front room to show them to her. My father proudly explained how I'd won them. Mama turned on her player piano and I did my routine. She smiled. "My, oh my! You're a real dancer now." She shook her head at my father. "You buy him shoes when you don't have money for food. I always knew you was smart."

My father left the apartment every morning and came back at dinner time, but after a week he was still without a job. "I couldn't bring myself to look for nothin' outside of show business, Mama. I'll do it tomorrow. I really will."

But each day it was the same thing. He was spending his time hanging around backstage with the dancers at the Odeon Theater. When he came home he'd just stare out the window, shaking his head. "I can dance circles around them guys. I'm over them like the sky is over the world, and they're making \$150 a week."

Before I was born he'd driven cabs in New York,

shined shoes, cooked, pulled fires on the Erie Railroad, and run an elevator at Roseland Dance Hall. Then he'd won some Charleston contests, met Will, and from then on there was only one way of life for him.

One night he looked over and saw Mama and me dancing. That was the first thing that brightened him up. "Mama, just whut'n hell do you call what you're doin' with him?"

"We're doin' the time step."

He laughed. "Hell, that ain't no time step."

Mama snapped back. "Maybe so, but we like it. And if Sammy likes it, then anything to make him happy."

I couldn't stand the way he was laughing at me. I tried harder to do it the way he'd shown me but he kept shaking his head. "Damnedest thing how he can do some tough ones and can't do the easiest of all. Here, lemme show you again." He did a time step. "Now you do it." I tried to copy it. "Hell, you ain't doin' nothin'." I kept trying harder and harder but I couldn't get it right. He said, "Here, looka this. He showed me his airplane step and some of the really hard steps I'd seen him and Will do in the act. "Some day maybe you'll be able to do that, too, Poppa." Then he went back to the window.

I heard Mama laughing excitedly. "Look at your son flyin' across the floor."

I was doing a trick of his with one hand on the floor, the other in the air and my two feet kicking out in front of me. He snapped out of his melancholy and almost split his sides laughing. The harder he laughed the harder I kicked. He bent down and put his face right in front of mine. "Betcha I can make you laugh, Poppa." He made a very serious face and stared at me. I bit my lips and tried desperately to keep a straight face, but that always made me die laughing.

He lost interest in me again and went back to the window, staring at the street, leafing through an old copy of *Variety* which he'd already read a dozen times. Suddenly he smacked the arm of the chair and stood up. "Mama, I'm wiring Will to send me a ticket. I'm in the wrong business here."

She snapped, "You ain't in no business here."

"Maybe so, but it's better to go hungry when you're happy than to eat regular when you're dead. And I'm good as dead out of show business."

A few days later a letter arrived Special Delivery from Will. My father pulled his suitcase out from under the bed. I ran to the closet for my shoes and put them in the suitcase alongside his. He took them out and I held my breath as he stared

at them, balancing them in one hand. Then he slapped me on the back, put them in the suitcase, and laughed. "Okay, Poppa, you're comin' too."

Holding hands we half-walked, half-danced toward Penn Station, smiling at everybody.

"Where we goin', Daddy?"

"We're goin' back into show business, Poppa!"

We rarely remained in one place more than a week or two, yet there was never a feeling of impermanence. Packing suitcases and riding on trains and buses were as natural to me as a stroll in a carriage might be to another child. Although I had traveled ten states and played over fifty cities by the time I was four, I never felt I was without a home. We carried our roots with us: our same boxes of make-up in front of the mirrors, our same clothes hanging on iron-pipe racks with our same shoes under them. Only the details changed, like the face on the man sitting inside the stage door, or which floor our dressing room was on. But there was always an audience, other performers for me to watch, always the show talk, all as dependably present as the walls of a nursery.

We arrived in Asheville, North Carolina, on a Sunday, and Will gave everybody the day off. We were doing the three-a-day, from town to town, so most of our troupe spent the time catching up on sleep, which was also the cheapest thing they could do. I wasn't tired so I wandered into the parlor of our rooming house. Rastus Airship, one of our dancers, was reading a paper, and Obie Smith, our pianist, was rehearsing on an upright. I started doing the parts of the show along with him. Rastus left the room and came back with Will and my father and I did the whole hour-and-twenty-minute show for them, doing everybody's dances, singing everybody's songs, and telling all the jokes. People were coming in from other rooms and from the way they were watching me I knew I was doing good. When I finished our closing number, Will said, "From now on you're going to dance and sing in the act." My father picked me up, "Damned if he ain't," and carried me around the room introducing me to everybody we'd been living with for the past year. "This is my son. Meet my son, Sammy Davis, Jr."

She was much prettier than any of the girls in our show. I started to shake hands with her but she knelt down and hugged me and when she kissed me her eyes were wet.

"You cryin'?"

She touched her eyes with a handkerchief. "I'm happy to see my little boy, that's all."

My father told me this was my mother and that

I wouldn't be doing the show that night so I could spend time with her. Then he left us alone in the dressing room.

I looked up at her. "I can dance."

"No kidding. Let's see."

I did one of my father's routines but she started crying again.

"Don't you like the way I dance?"

"Darlin', I love everything you do. I know that dance, and you did it real good. As good as your daddy."

That was more like it. I did half our show for her. Then we went outside and she held my hand while we walked.

"You like show business, Sammy?"

"Yes."

"You happy?"

"Yes." From the moment we'd left the theater all I could think of was my father and Will would be doing the show without me.

She asked, "How'd you like a nice ice-cream soda?"

"No, thank you."

We came to a toy store. "Let's go in and buy you a present." I didn't want a present. I just wanted to get back to the theater, but she bought me a ball. Outside, she said, "Let's see you catch it, darlin'." I'd never done it before and I put my hands up too late and it hit me on the cheek. It didn't hurt but it scared me. I just watched it rolling away.

"Get it, Sammy."

"I don't want it." I was sorry as soon as I'd said it.

We walked a few more blocks. "Is there anything you'd like to do?" I didn't tell her, but she understood.

I ran ahead of her into the dressing room. My father was putting on his make-up. "You do the show yet, Daddy?"

"Nope. You're just in time."

I ran for my costume. My mother started to leave but I grabbed her skirt. "Don't go."

Each time I turned toward the wings I saw her watching me and smiling. She liked me and I hadn't even done my tricks, yet. When I went into them I could only see her out of the corner of my eye, but she wasn't smiling anymore. I wasn't able to turn around again and when I got off she was gone.

My father picked me up. He was hugging me very tight, patting my back, as he walked toward the dressing room. "Your mother had to leave, Poppa. She said to tell you she loves you."

For no reason I could understand I started to cry.



Footnote from Hemingway's Paris, 1964

by William A. Krauss

A pilgrimage to the places where Hemingway and his friends—the nice ones and the terrible ones—lived and worked and dined and loved in the Paris of 1922.

When a friend in London wrote me, not very long ago, an exceptionally enthusiastic note about the posthumous book of the late Ernest Hemingway, which I'd so far missed, I put on my hat and walked from my flat at 109 rue de Grenelle to the bookshop of W. H. Smith & Son at 248 rue de Rivoli to see if a copy was available. It was a fine spring day with a bright sky, not at all cold. In the rue Casimir Perier I said hello to M. Neige, who was standing outside his Garage Ste.-Clotilde taking the sun.

"Wonderful weather," he said, "after so much hideous weather." I agreed, and remarked that the tables were out on the sidewalk for the first time this season at M. Allard's restaurant Mont Blanc. "It gives courage," M. Neige said. It occurred to me that I might, in the circumstance,

attempt some sort of pertinent pun on his name, but instead I kept on walking. I turned left into the rue St.-Dominique, then right into the rue de Bourgogne, crossed the Place du Palais Bourbon past the unrewarding soft stone smile of Justice, took the Concorde bridge across the Seine, made my way round the east side of the Place de la Concorde, and crossed the rue de Rivoli at the first traffic light, more or less opposite the rue St. Florentin, all of this without seeing anybody I knew. Turning to the right along the Hotel Talleyrand, I walked the block and a half to the bookshop (and tearoom) of W. H. Smith & Son, at the corner of the rue Cambon.

Smith's had the book, *A Moveable Feast*. I bought a copy, paying the clerk nineteen francs, the equivalent of \$3.88, and walked back to 109 rue de Grenelle by the same route. My flat is on the second floor. There is no elevator. I walked up, and, having let myself in with my key, sat in my living room in a fake Louis XVI fauteuil, and read straightaway at least half of *A Moveable Feast*. Later, with the book under my arm,

I went out again, turning left toward the river as far as the Boulevard St.-Germain, and sat on a wooden bench under a blossom-shedding horse-chestnut tree in the warm, slanting late-afternoon sunlight and finished my reading of this new Hemingway.

I liked it. I liked it very much. It was very good, I thought. And very sad. Almost everybody was dead, the nice ones and the terrible ones, Hemingway himself, Gertrude Stein, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Ford Madox Ford, Evan Shipman the poet, Pascin, Wyndham Lewis, James Joyce, Sylvia Beach, the Baron von Blixen and his first wife who wrote *Out of Africa*, Aleister Crowley the diabolist. All of them dead and buried in various places at great distances across the world; and yet here in the fine afternoon light on the Boulevard St.-Germain the sidewalks were crowded (now as then) with scurrying or dawdling pedestrians; the traffic flowed by; the sun was warm on the horse-chestnut trees; a leashed dog barked; a pretty young woman adjusted her stocking. Only Ezra Pound was not dead, and Picasso; Pound somewhere in Italy, Picasso somewhere in the south, both of them old now, and neither one any longer in Paris. I got up from the bench and walked the six blocks to the Brasserie Lipp and ordered a beer and drank it. Then I went homeward along the Boulevard St.-Germain, thinking about Hemingway's book and how very sad it was, with most of the cafés and hotels and restaurants still there, and all the streets, avenues, parks, and monuments still there, but all (or almost all) the people dead.

This was very much in my mind next morning when I woke up. People are so flimsy and transient. Nobody is, in this sense, reliable; they go, often leaving no marks, but sometimes a few. So I dressed and ate my breakfast and went down into the Cité Martignac, where I park my 1960 Fiat 600 Multipla, and, with my wife Margaret, drove to 74 rue du Cardinal Lemoine, to have a look. You could call it a pilgrimage, or archaeology.

Number 74 does not, I should think, look much different than it did forty-odd years ago when Hemingway and his wife Hadley lived there in the two-room, toiletless, cold-water flat with the fine view. Today the building needs paint but not critically, and maybe this has always been the case. At the third-floor level, the Hemingway floor, five windows look down on the street, and all of the windows were, that recent Saturday morning, closed and all had bits of white curtain

hanging. They looked, if not prosperous, at least not bad either. I wondered which windows had been the Hemingways', and I went through the doorway and into the hallway to ask. The entrance hall is narrow, dark, with an abrupt stairway a dozen or so feet away at the inner end and the concierge's door on the left. I had no need to knock. The concierge stuck her head out and said good morning.

She is a nice woman, which, as you have heard, is not inevitably the case with concierges. But she is a nice one, good-natured, plump but not fat, with a pleasant round face and an intelligent look. How old I couldn't say, but not young. Her name is Madame Chauvet.

I said it was a grand day, which it was, and she agreed, and then I said I had come to ask about Ernest Hemingway, a writer.

I said, "He was an American writer. Dead now. Once he lived in this building, with his wife, on the third floor, I think about the year 1922. But probably you were not yet born in 1922."

Mme. Chauvet smiled to acknowledge the obvious pleasantry. "I was born," she said. "But I was not here, I mean not in this building. Not in 1922. I have been concierge here for—wait a minute—thirty-two years. Which is to say since 1932. A long time but not long enough to know about 1922. I never heard of your writer. Does he write about this building?"

"Yes. He writes that he lived here for two years, and had a fine view. He had a third-floor apartment."

"Apartment," she said. "Apartment is too much. These are little lodgings." *Petits logements*. "They are all right but they are not much." She said three families are now living on the third floor. Two rooms each. "Nobody is very rich around here, you know. It is odd that you should speak of a writer, an American writer, because we have had another of them living here. This would have been about ten years ago. He was a Negro. Very quiet, never said anything. I don't know what he wrote. Maybe it was fifteen years ago. I forget. Was this M. Hemingway of yours also a Negro?"

"M. Hemingway was white."

"He is now very famous?"

For the past three years William A. Krauss, a career reserve Foreign Service Officer, has had a Paris assignment with the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. Home, which he sees rarely, is the San Fernando Valley in California; his stories have appeared in "The New Yorker" and scores of other publications.

"Yes. He is very famous, he wrote many books."

"Then if he is very famous and wrote about his building we ought to have a plaque on the wall. There is a plaque on a building around the corner in the rue Descartes. People would come here to look then, it is interesting for them to know."

"Maybe someday there will be a plaque," I said. "It would not surprise me. But I suppose now there is no way of knowing in which one of the third-floor flats the Hemingways lived."

"Not possible," she said. "I am the only one around here who would know, and that was before my time, and before everybody else's time."

"There used to be a kind of bar, a *boîte*, called the Bal Musette—"

"That I remember," Mme. Chauvet said. "Just to the left as you face this building. It used to be the Bal Musette and then it became several other things and now it is the Dancing Caraïbes. It is a great favorite of the African people who come from all over Paris. Go late at night and you will see. They come in all kinds of automobiles as well as on foot and you can hear the music at a distance. They dance!"

I did not mention to her that Ford Madox Ford used to give gay little evenings in the amusing Bal Musette all those years ago, because kind Mme. Chauvet would not have heard of Ford Madox Ford; he too was before her time in the rue du Cardinal Lemoine. I thanked her warmly for her courtesy to me, and she smiled graciously, and we shook hands and I went out into the street to look at the Dancing Caraïbes to the left of number 74. It fronts directly upon the sidewalk, and the plain, undecorated board front is painted bright red, the hot bright red of a big fire engine. At this peaceful hour of the day it was tightly closed. I decided I would have to come back some night, just for a look and to hear some of that music which is audible at a distance.

We drove, then, in the Fiat through a number of narrow streets to the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, to see what the situation is today at number 113, where the Hemingways lived after they moved away from the rue du Cardinal Lemoine. Nothing remains of number 113. The building is torn down. The number is gone also, suppressed. Today the best you can do is number 111 or number 115.

But in the old days there was a sawmill and the Hemingway flat was above the sawmill, and there was a courtyard with stacked lumber. One way—he wrote—for Hemingway to get to the Closerie des Lilas for a cold beer close beside the

statue of his friend Mike Ney the Marshal was to cross the street and go through the back doorway of a bakery and so out into the Boulevard Montparnasse, upon which the bakery fronted, and so left up the Boulevard past the restaurant called Au Nègre de Toulouse. It was a shortcut then, in the 1920s. It still is.

Where number 113 stood, there squats now, heavily, a building of overwhelming ugliness. It could be a monument to everybody's sins, comprising, as it does, seven stories—seven ugly stories of dirty gray-brown concrete sprawling over the area from numbers 111 through 115. It appears that a great many people inhabit this repulsive structure, which also shelters the Laboratoires Bottu, the Société Chimique de l'Yvette, and the Société Duraflex, whatever these may be. The concierge, who took her time about answering my ring, is not charming. No time for idle jawing, this one. She said, How would she know about number 113? There wasn't any number 113. For at minimum thirty years there hadn't been any 113, as anybody in the street could have told me. Any more stupid questions?

The back door of the bakery carries, prominently, the number 110. Margaret and I went in at this back door and up the few steps into the bakery. We bought one of the loaves they call a *bâtard*, or bastard. Mme. Gelbe, who runs the place nowadays, is a pretty woman of a certain age who came to Paris from Alsace some years ago. She's been running the bakery for eleven years; who had it before her time she doesn't exactly remember. It seems to be a lively small business; there were many trays of multicolored cakes and a great mound of macaroons. I did not mention Hemingway, of course, because Mme. Gelbe would not have been around to see him taking the short cut. The *bâtard* she sold us was, as we established later, of optimum quality.

The restaurant's still there too, the Nègre de Toulouse, at 159 Boulevard Montparnasse, with a nine franc *prix fixe* menu, wine included, and a *cassoulet toulousain maison* at five francs, roughly a dollar. Gone, though, like Hemingway, is Hemingway's friend M. Lavigne, the proprietor, who had inquired with politeness how the writing was getting on. Today the proprietor is M. Noel, whom I didn't meet because he was downtown doing some business. An elderly woman, sweet-faced and motherly, working behind the zinc bar spoke up to say she remembered M. Lavigne, remembered him well, but he had been dead so many years. So many.

"Too bad," I said.



"It happens," she said.

Up at the corner, where the Boulevard Montparnasse meets the Avenue de l'Observatoire, I looked into the Closerie des Lilas, all red leather and red lampshades and the *côtes d'agneau Vertpré* priced at twelve francs fifty centimes nowadays. There were only a few people at the outside tables having the pre-lunch aperitifs. A waiter swooped to ask if I wanted a table, and I said, No, I was looking for a friend who quite evidently was not there. "You can take a table and wait," the waiter said.

"No use to wait," I said; and we went round the corner into the ugly rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, which could hardly have been less ugly forty years ago, and drove in the Fiat down the rue d'Assas, to the rue de Fleurus. We parked in front of number 27, a formidable and undistinguished residential building. I locked up the car and we pushed open the street door and went in as if it were forty years ago and we were dropping in respectfully to call on Gertrude Stein.

A courtyard faced us, directly ahead; the same courtyard, obviously, to which Hemingway retreated when he overheard, unwillingly, someone speaking to Miss Stein as he had never heard one person speak to another, anywhere, ever. We rapped for the concierge but got no answer. From a doorway at the interior of the courtyard, a young man looked out. "The concierge is away for an hour or so," he said.

"We were looking for a Miss Stein," I said.

"She's dead," he said.

"I put it badly," I said. "What I meant to say is that we are looking for the place she used to live in."

"The place she used to live in, with all the great pictures," the young man said. "Well, it's here. This is it. But there is nothing much left except the walls, which are badly run down. Come in."

He introduced himself as M. Nicolas. He might be twenty-five years old, or maybe twenty-seven. He is quite handsome, with, that other day, a fresh sunburn and very close-cropped hair. He led us through the doorway, which looks like the doorway to a kitchen but gives directly into a rather large room with a fairly high ceiling. There are no windows except on the front, looking into the dull courtyard. "This was the drawing room, the salon, whatever you want to call it," M. Nicolas said. "As you see, it's in bad shape."

"I see you know about Miss Stein."

"Not really," M. Nicolas said. "What everybody knows. Picasso did the portrait of her. She had other pictures. I wish I had a couple of them on the walls right now." He chuckled. "I do some painting on Sundays, to distract myself. But by preference I would take some of those paintings that used to hang here."

M. Nicolas did not say how long he had been living there, and I did not ask him. He had patched up areas of the walls with plaster, and was covering all the wall space with some kind of neutral-colored burlap. He had a long way to go, but you could see it would be attractive when he was done with it. Meanwhile, his books were piled and scattered around the floor and heaped up on furniture. He grinned cheerfully at the disorder.

"Are you disturbed by people barging in on you this way to see where Miss Stein lived?" I asked.

"You're the first," he said. "I have the impression not many people care."

"You're probably right," I said.

Then we went home, to 109 rue de Grenelle, and ate lunch. In the afternoon we got back into the Fiat and drove across the river and up the Champs Elysées to number 14 rue de Tilsitt, at the corner of the Avenue de Wagram, where Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald had rented a furnished flat back around 1925. The Hemingways had gone there for lunch one day when Zelda had had a bad hangover. The flat, Hemingway wrote, was gloomy and airless. He said they ate a very

bad lunch that the wine cheered a little but not much.

I have the impression that the building at number 14 is in all essentials quite unaltered from the building of forty years ago. There seems no reason to doubt that Fitzgerald, if he walked round the corner this afternoon, would unfailingly and instantly recognize it. He really couldn't have been very happy about it. The most you can say is that it's solid, six stories of grim stone. The ground floor is occupied by a brasserie called Le Tilsitt, with tables on the sidewalk on the Wagram side. The third, fifth, and sixth floors have wrought-iron balconies, and from the very corner there's a view of the Arc de Triomphe up the Avenue de Wagram. It is the kind of building in which you might for a while but never permanently take quarters if you wanted your friends to know you were beginning to make an impressive bit of cash return from your small but growing chain of retail bicycle shops.

A heavy-set fellow in an open-necked shirt sat at a telephone switchboard in a corner of the lobby, smoking a cigarette and reading *France-Soir*, the afternoon newspaper. I asked whether he had ever happened to hear of an American family named Fitzgerald—man, wife, and child—who'd lived here years ago, around 1925.

"My God," he said. "It's a long time. No. What name again?"

"Fitzgerald, F. Scott."

He shrugged and threw away his cigarette. "You come from some kind of police?"

"This man was a writer," I said. "I'm just interested to see where he lived. The way you'd go to see where Balzac is buried."

"I don't know where Balzac is buried," he said.

"Well," I said, "thanks anyhow. Pretty place you have here. Tell me, about how much is the rent, if you don't mind my asking?"

"I don't mind. The rent varies, depending. But more or less about eighteen hundred francs a month."

More or less eighteen hundred francs is more or less \$360. Prices were, of course, a lot different in 1925, but whatever the cost then, the rent here and the atmosphere here were a light-year away from that third floor over the Bal Musette, or over the sawmill in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. Different world, the rue de Tilsitt. Any kind of charm whatever is what it hasn't got, and surely never did have.

"Let's go get a drink at the Dingo bar," Margaret said.

We tried. We drove back to the Left Bank, but the Dingo, where Hemingway first met Scott

Fitzgerald and they drank the champagne, has disappeared, and nobody remembers it along the length of the rue Delambre behind the Dôme, except old Mme. Joly. She's been in the street for forty-four years, running a small printing shop that turns out calling cards and wedding invitations. She walked past the Dingo every day, she said, down toward the Boulevard Montparnasse end of the street, as she recollected; but then one day it was gone, out of business, converted into something else, a vegetable store or something like that, she couldn't say. There are always so many bars, bars all over the place, too many bars, eh? If it was something refreshing, a drink, we were looking for, she'd recommend the Dôme. Or La Coupole. Just around the corner.

The big cafés around the corner, the Dôme, Coupole, Rotonde, Select, the big names of the *quartier* with nothing much anymore to make them very appealing (except crowds, and the difficulty of finding a seat, which is perhaps what made them appealing to most of the people in most of the years), these would be crowded to bulging this bright and now almost hot afternoon, with the sun hanging unclouded over the city. We went, instead, back into the Fiat driving down the rue Jacob past all the antique shops, past all the galleries with the overpriced paintings, to the corner of the rue des Saints Pères, where Michaud's used to be but is no more, and drank a couple of beers in the bar—the *snack*—called L'Escorailles. Michaud's, which as Hemingway remembered it was a wonderful place for a truly grand dinner, where James Joyce and Nora and the family used to eat, all of them talking Italian, hasn't been in business for about ten years, according to a dishwashing woman behind L'Escorailles' zinc. The restaurant's customers drifted off elsewhere, you can suppose, or they died, or maybe the proprietor died, but whatever happened the bar supplanted the restaurant and everything became very different, short-order snacks and pressure beer. Not bad beer. We had two each, and then went home. It was impossible for us to call up, there on the corner of the rue Jacob, any sentimental souvenir of Joyce and Nora and the children, if you can think of them as children, eating the big dinner, Joyce studying the menu through his thick glasses, Hemingway studying Joyce. All gone, along with the *tour-nedos* and the good bottles. Floating, mobile, changeable, dead. Nothing of any kind of memory survives within the transformed walls of L'Escorailles, which is faceless and without focus. You might as well look for Voltaire in the Boulevard Voltaire.

What Computers Can't Do

by Lucy Eisenberg

The cleverest of them can perform dazzling feats—but they still don't rival a baby, or even a frog, in one basic intellectual skill.

There is a computer at Massachusetts Institute of Technology which goes by the engaging name of Pandemonium. Its creator is Oliver Selfridge, a thirty-nine-year-old mathematician, who is a director of project MAC (Machine-Aided Cognition); and in his spare time a devotee of skiing, Elizabethan madrigals, and organic farming. The task which Selfridge has set for the machine is to recognize letters like R, A, and T. Unfortunately, Pandemonium is somewhat of a dunce.

When rat is written out in capitals

R A T

it can identify the letters. But write

R a t

or

R A T

or

RAT

and Pandemonium is stumped. Many computers can make excuses, such as: THE ABOVE LETTER IS AMBIGUOUS, or, with hubris, THE ABOVE

LETTER IS IMPOSSIBLE. But the fact is that Pandemonium is nonplussed by modified forms of R, A, and T. Evidently it lacks a basic intellectual skill called pattern recognition. Children learn this skill in the crib. But it is almost impossible to teach it to a machine.

After twenty years of research, computer experts are forced to admit that pattern recognition is hard to understand and even harder to simulate. This deficiency remains a formidable barrier to building a truly intelligent machine.

Can They Think?

A computer is a calculating machine. The basic components of a computer are: the executive, which does rapid arithmetic, and the memory, which stores information. A third component, the control, directs input of data, the order of arithmetical calculations, and the printing of results. As soon as a program (i.e., the rules for input, output, and calculation) is punched onto cards, and the cards are fed into the machine, the control takes over and manages it alone.

Computer programs vary according to their purposes. When, for example, equations are to be evaluated the program contains rules for reducing the equation to simple arithmetical operations. Other programs are tailor-made for different commercial firms. American Airlines, for instance, has recently invested \$30 million in a computer that is programmed to handle airplane reservations. The program lists rules for making reservations: for looking up flight information, for calculating the available seats on a plane, and for transmitting information back to the ticket clerks.

Mathematicians, in their wisdom, have also written programs which have no use at all except to simulate such human mental activities as logic, solving theorems, and the peculiar type of thinking we call "playing" a game. Arthur Samuel at IBM has even programmed a computer to play checkers (he has been grooming it for a match sometime against the national checkers champion.) While it is hard to say exactly what kind of thinking checkers demands, there is no question that the computer "learns," remembers moves, changes strategies, and improves from game to game.

Another kind of thinking, the ability to handle language, has been simulated by the project MAC computer at M.I.T. A number of programs are stored in the machine, and new data can be introduced by typing into a keyboard which communicates with the control. Bertram Raphael, a doctoral

student, has programmed the machine to handle words according to their logical relations. Sitting at the keyboard, he types out questions, which are translated into a code that the machine understands. The computer's answers come back in seconds and are typed out automatically. Here is a typical dialogue (R is Mr. Raphael, C is the computer):

R: Every boy is a person

C: I understand

R: A finger is part of a hand

C: I understand

R: Each person has two hands

C: The above sentence is ambiguous Please rephrase it

R: There are two hands on each person

C: I understand

R: How many fingers does John have Q

C: The above sentence is ambiguous, but I assume (has) means (has as parts) I don't know whether finger is a part of John

R: John is a boy

C: I understand

R: How many fingers does John have Q

C: The above sentence is ambiguous, but I assume (has) means (has as parts) How many fingers per hand Q

R: Each hand has five fingers

C: The above sentence is ambiguous, but I assume (has) means (has as parts) The answer is ten

R: How many automobiles does John have Q

C: The above sentence is ambiguous Please rephrase it

R: Who is President of the United States Q

C: Statement form not recognized

Computers, as Mr. Raphael has shown, can handle words well enough to carry on a simple conversation. They can remember, they can learn, and they also make assumptions. In fact, they can manage most of the skills we associate with thinking.

Intelligence Turned Upside Down

Yet there is something dissatisfying about the way they think. They are exasperatingly rigid, and their intelligence is narrow in scope. They answer some questions but fail on others which are almost identical. One is hard put to name an intellectual skill which computers cannot perform, yet reluctant to say they really can think. As Oliver Selfridge put it recently, "Even among those who believe that computers *can* think, there are few these days—except for a rabid fringe—who hold that they actually *are* thinking."

Computers can do logical, deductive reasoning.

But, Selfridge explained, not all problems are amenable to these processes. To illustrate the point, he pulled out his pen, jotted down this column of letters on a napkin, and asked me to add the next one:

O
T
T
F
F
S

After a minute of silence, he gave me a hint by adding a second column:

O	E
T	O
T	E
F	R
F	E
S	X

I was still baffled. Finally he added another letter:

O	N	E
T		O
T		E
F		R
F		E
S		X

I then saw what the next letter would be.

This problem—which is taken from the British eleven-plus-examination—is the kind that intelligent machines should be able to solve. Yet they fail to do so. This is because they cannot discover the *class* of letter to which the particular letters belong. An even simpler problem in classification is to identify the figures below as triangles:



Computers cannot do this either because it requires a type of thinking called cognition or perception, or—by computer experts—pattern recognition.

To name even the simplest object involves pattern recognition. How do we decide that two different shapes are both triangles? Presumably by analyzing the visual images and reducing them to

Lucy Eisenberg became interested in computers and pattern recognition after studying similar processes in the mammalian brain. She has worked in various research laboratories and has a degree in physiology from Oxford. Her husband is a visiting fellow in chemistry at Princeton.

some common pattern. How do we identify the letter A when it is printed in one of twenty type fonts, or written with more or less flourish by hand? Again, by reducing the specimen to a pattern that represents the type. This process of categorization enables us to decide that this shape is a triangle and that shape is an A.

Programmers have generally overlooked pattern recognition in their efforts to design intelligent machines. In effect, they have turned intelligence upside down. They have taught computers to solve mathematical problems, but not to recognize digits as they are normally written. They have taught them to manipulate words like *boy*, *finger*, and *hand*, but not to identify the objects the words represent. They have programmed computers to take part in conversation, but not to analyze speech into meaningful patterns of sound.

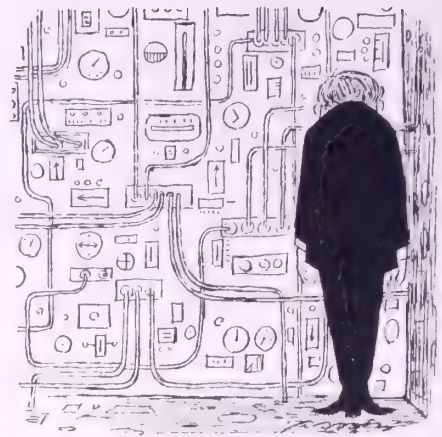
There is nothing wrong with upsetting the normal order of education. Nor is it absolutely necessary (though it would be useful) to build computers which read writing or understand speech. But pattern recognition plays an important role in the growth and development of a child's mind and it is an integral part of thinking.

Pinups and Knishes

Over the years computer experts have attempted—with little success—to invent a set of rules for recognizing patterns and program them into a machine. A different approach to the problem would be to wait for biologists to discover the rules the human brain uses to recognize patterns. This avenue of attack is even less promising according to most biologists.

What little is known today about the biology of pattern recognition is based on the work of another M.I.T. scientist, Jerry Lettvin. Trained as a psychiatrist, he worked in the Boston City Hospital, and then went to Chicago where he studied under Warren McCulloch, a philosopher and cybernetician. Later Lettvin turned to research biology, and today he is a professor of neurophysiology at M.I.T. In size, appearance, and mannerisms he reminds one of the comedian Zero Mostel.

Lettvin has studied the first step of pattern recognition; that is, how the eye processes the rays of light which it receives and reduces them to some sort of pattern. He did this by moving bits of black paper across a screen in front of a frog. Then he placed an electrode on the visual center of the frog's brain to record the electrical messages sent to the brain from different cells in the eye.



Through these experiments he discovered that most cells in the eye respond to patterns, and not just to the presence or absence of light, as had previously been thought. Moreover, the cells send messages to the brain only in response to certain *kinds* of patterns: one cell responds if there is a moving edge in the visual field and another if there is a convex edge. The basis for this phenomenon is the complicated network of nerve cells in the eye; because the cells are all "plugged" into each other, a single cell "knows" what is going on in most of its nearest neighbors.

As Lettvin explained, these cells are very useful to the frog, which is more interested in watching bugs than anything else. The frog's eye is built so that it responds immediately to "bug-ish" patterns, *i.e.*, to shapes which are circular and which move. The cell network, he pointed out, is a concrete example of what philosophers since Plato have called an "innate idea." That is to say, there is a mechanism built into the frog's eye which formulates complex ideas like "convex edge" and "moving edge," and passes them on to the brain. Presumably there are similar mechanisms built into the eye of a human being but biologists don't know what they are, and Lettvin himself is not hopeful about unraveling this mystery.

I did not immediately understand the reasons for Lettvin's pessimism. He uses an idiomatic language which is picturesque but also slightly puzzling.

"So you want us to study the brain," he said. "So how are you going to study the brain? You want to put an electrode on a brain cell? Okay, we'll take a frog and put an electrode on its brain, and then we'll bring it things from the world. We'll bring it tabletops and salt shakers and knishes and pretty girls. And then we'll count the number of times that the brain cell fires and we find that it fires 6.5 times for pretty girls. So! Now you know how a frog sees pretty girls?"

Lettvin's point, I discovered, is that it is logically impossible to describe any stimulus completely, whether it is a knish, or a pretty girl, or just a black spot on a white wall. Most biologists are not particularly concerned by this difficulty. But Lettvin is something of a philosopher as well as a research biologist, and he feels the point is important, and that it should not be overlooked. Other biologists have repeated Lettvin's work using cats and kittens. But comparable experiments on human beings are not feasible and in fact very little is known about how a man recognizes patterns.

Machines Without Guile

Oliver Selfridge—when he designed Pandemonium—did not try to imitate the exact process whereby a human being recognizes a pattern. Pandemonium was rather an attempt to program a computer to solve a limited problem, but not to fully simulate human thought.

Selfridge simplified the task of letter-recognition by choosing ten particular letters: R A E O T M I L N S. In this way, he avoided ambiguous pairs like O and Q. He then programmed the computer to carry out a series of operations. First, the letter was projected onto an electronic grid for Pandemonium to "see." Next the machine performed twenty-eight little tests, like measuring the height-to-width ratio of a letter, or the number of times the letter intersected a horizontal line. Finally, the machine searched its memory to compare the results of these tests with previous ones. Thus Pandemonium could deduce that the letter with two intersections and a horizontal line, a letter that was wider at the bottom than the top and taller than it was wide, was an A.

"The only trouble with Pandemonium," Selfridge explained, "was that it never really worked." Even with only ten letters, it made mistakes. It could not read cursive writing at all because the letters were not discrete. Rather than struggle on with the problem, Selfridge abandoned Pandemonium temporarily. Other experimenters who continued to work on the problem have met with little success.

A machine that could recognize handwritten letters would have unlimited practical uses: it could, for instance, run a post office by itself. But Selfridge is primarily interested in building a thinking machine and regards letter recognition as only a means to this end. By tackling such limited problems he believes computer experts will discover new principles which will enable them

eventually to build a truly intelligent machine. Other experts do not agree. Some feel that until a general theory of intelligence is developed there is nothing to be gained by working on any particular problem.

Intelligence, however, is a puzzling phenomenon. Psychologists cannot define it, and neither can the engineers and mathematicians. They can merely judge intelligence by its results. A child is intelligent if he scores well on an IQ test. And a machine would be intelligent if it could score well on Turing's Imitation Game.

The Imitation Game is a hypothetical test designed by Alan Turing, who was a mathematician at Manchester University in England. In Turing's game, an interrogator tries to distinguish between a computer and a man simply by asking a series of questions. He cannot see the respondents because they are hidden by a screen; he cannot hear them because the questions and answers are transmitted by teletype. All he can do is ask questions to X and to Y; at the end of the game, he must decide whether X is a computer or a man. If the computer can deceive the examiner, then, according to Turing, the computer may be said to think.

Turing envisioned the following conversation:

Q: Please write me a sonnet on the subject of the Forth Bridge.

A: Count me out on this one. I never could write poetry.

Q: Add 34957 to 70764.

A: (Pause about 30 seconds and then give as answer) 105621.

Q: Do you play chess?

A: Yes.

Q: I have K at my K1, and no other pieces. You have only K at K6 and R1. It is your move. What do you play?

A: (after a pause of 15 seconds) R-R8 mate.

No computer in existence today could possibly carry on such a conversation. They can add, or count John's fingers, or play mediocre chess, but none of them can do all these things at once (much less pause artfully so as not to give itself away).

This is not to belittle the remarkable feats that can be performed by computers. Mr. Samuel's checker-playing machine, for instance, can regularly defeat the man who programmed it. But neither it—nor any other existing computer—can decode your Aunt Agatha's inimitable scrawl. This is depressing to computer experts but something of a comfort for the man who has forgotten whatever he once knew about the differential calculus. A human brain, it would seem, is still worth having.

America the Middle-aged by Louis Heren

The New World has become the Old World without noticing its symptoms of advancing years.

The foreign observer in the United States is often surprised when Americans assert that theirs is a young country. It is not. One measure of national age is the continuity of political institutions. By this yardstick, only Britain is older and France, Germany, India, and China are mere unstable adolescents. In comparison, the United States—despite the prevailing fetish of youth—is a mature, almost ancient land, made immensely stable by established tradition.

I cannot claim originality for this discovery. It was Gertrude Stein, I believe, who said that the United States was the oldest country in the world, because it was the first to enter the twentieth century. It is a claim difficult to dispute. Britain led the way into the nineteenth century with its crude industrialism. But the United States was clearly the first to understand, if not completely master, the mass production, distribution, and consumption of the twentieth. (Indeed, a major American tourist attraction for historically minded Europeans may one day be the first auto graveyard.)

The United States has other claims to antiquity. Its political parties are the oldest in the world. In the Civil War it acquired the first modern military establishment. Admiral Mahan's theories made it the oldest modern naval power, and certainly it was the first nation to enter the nuclear age. It has gone on to think about the unthinkable, and to conceive of a nuclear balance in strategy and diplo-

macy that for the first time since the assassination of Abel makes peace a possibility. This is maturity, indeed.

I advance this unconventional view not merely out of devotion to truth. For one thing, it might help the country's enemies and friends alike to understand the sophistication of the American political system, and the not-so-common sense behind the continuous three-ring circus which editors abroad call Americana. Some of the recent attractions were the Joe Valachi hearings, the topless bathing suit, and the Minutemen—not the missiles, but the vigilantes organizing their armed posses for the day when communism takes over. I enjoy the circus as much as any tabloid reader, but it misleads foreigners.

Americans, too, need to be more aware of their country's maturity and of the dangers of national middle age. I catalogued some of the symptoms on Senator Goldwater's campaign train last year. My American colleagues had some trouble with my logic. They preferred, for example, to attribute the candidate's wilder remarks to national immaturity. But I continued to develop my thesis as the train descended the West Virginian hills, with a rousing Sousa march blaring over the public-address system, on its way to Ohio.

There the skyline of Columbus, a town I had always associated reverently with James Thurber, was dominated by a large sign commending somebody's lead-lined caskets. Athens, Ohio, was a disappointment for one reared in the classical tradition although the undergraduates looked nice, and Lima, Ohio, was demonstrably less colorful than Lima, Peru. One American colleague, re-

lentlessly masochistic, used the America the Youthful myth to explain obvious deficiencies of these cities.

In response, I argued that rawness was of negligible importance. The significant comparison would be between the United States Congress and the National Assembly of the French Fifth Republic or the West German Bundestag. If not Lima, Ohio, then at least many American cities would one day mature. Would the French and German assemblies ever acquire stability?

I mused further about American maturity as the train jugged across the cornfields of Indiana. The United States is considered young and therefore immature because the oldest known colonial settlement has yet to celebrate its 400th anniversary. Much of the mass migration also took place within the past century, and the frontier spirit has persisted beyond the television screen.

True, but the early settlers were not newly delivered from the world of time. The framers of the Constitution were fully conversant with the political philosophies then stirring the gentlemen of Europe. If the eighteenth century was the Age of Enlightenment, no country was more enlightened than colonial America. The Constitution drafted in 1789 was not only the oldest; its survival can only be explained by the framers' genius for sensing what is required and for accepting compromise. T

Mr. Heren has been chief Washington representative of "The Times" in London since 1960. Next month, Joseph Kraft, our regular correspondent, will return to these columns.



Fast Getaway...from the foot of 57th Street

...into another world that focuses on your every pleasure, every whim, every desire. A beautiful world of unspeakable shipboard luxury, of gayety and relaxation. The 'Champagne Touch' world of Moore-McCormack. And it greets you the instant you step on board the ss ARGENTINA or ss BRASIL, America's newest, most modern luxury liners. From that moment on, you're on vacation. There's a 'Bon Voyage' excitement. Streamers. Parties inside the posh cafes. Music from the ship's orchestra. And then...to your room. Spacious, exquisitely decorated, and outside. All staterooms are *first class*, regardless of the rate you pay. Each with private bathroom. Comfort-deep beds. Carpeting wall-to-wall. Ample closets. With your personally assigned steward taking care of your every need.

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ability has ensured continuity and stability, despite a terrible civil war, and has brought about a political sophistication now probably unequaled anywhere. Such have been the blessings of American political maturity.

But alas, after all these years, the country is beginning to show its age. In comparison, now Western Europe seems to have all the bounce of youth. There is a restlessness on the other side of the Atlantic suggesting that Europe is the New World, and that the United States is the Old World.

Talking with One's Elders

This comes as something of a shock to the latter-day pilgrim. What assails him is not the auto graveyard but the natives' resistance to change. It happened to me when I arrived, as a foreign correspondent, after fourteen years in Europe, India, the Far East, and the Middle East—in countries with visible reminders of ancient civilizations. But nothing had prepared me for the shock of finding in America a state of mind suggesting an elderly parent resentful of youthful innovation.

American colleagues, for example, cut me short when I casually referred to communism, as I had freely done in West Germany where the party is illegal. They were suspicious when I mentioned the mixed economy of the new India, the collectivism of Israel, and the ferment of ideas from Cairo to Tokyo. Everywhere I encountered sullen opposition to the idea of a national health service—or socialized medicine, to use the American translation. This view is utterly baffling to a citizen of the New World of Europe. After all it is almost a century since Bismarck introduced in imperial Germany a health service far more comprehensive than the miserable measure sent to Congress this year, and he was quickly imitated by that well-known Creeping Socialist, Emperor Franz Josef of Austria. In Britain and Europe no one questions every man's right to medical services regardless of his ability to pay.

In most of the European New World (which can be defined as northwestern Europe including Britain but not the Iberian peninsula), President Johnson's War on Poverty is widely applauded. But the applause does not

conceal surprise that the United States has yet to move well beyond the era of the robber barons into the new world of collective social responsibility. In Britain, under the national assistance program, it is impossible for anybody, including the most recently arrived Pakistani immigrant, to go hungry, without shelter, medical care, or unemployment pay.

That man in Newburgh, New York, who wanted to keep all but longtime residents and disabled paupers off relief would look like a survival from the dinosaur age in any municipal office from Marseilles to North Cape. So would the middling-young-in-years executive I once met in Indianapolis, who believed that there was no unemployment in the United States but only millions of people preferring handouts to hard work. "And all those illegitimate children," he went on. "There are broads who get \$120 a week [from relief] to buy gin and breed more kids. You know what I would do? Any woman with more than three illegitimate children I would send to prison. Three strikes, and she's out."

Such attitudes in an essentially generous and warmhearted people reflect an almost perfect union of middle-class affluence and middle-aged complacency.

Oh, Tepid Blood of Youth

Nowhere in America are the set ways of middle age more evident than in Congress. Watching the staid U.S. Senate, an Englishman recalls the youthful enthusiasms of the House of Commons, the undergraduate quickness of its debates, and the intellectual adventurism of some of its members. As he gazes down from the press gallery upon the Senators dozing on the floor below, the archaic politeness of the procedure is reminiscent of colonial Williamsburg, where the local matrons dress up in eighteenth-century costumes to show visitors around. Here are men, he must feel, convinced of the superiority of the established order.

The situation is no better in the House of Representatives with its well-known seniority system. In contrast, the British Conservative party, which has more than its fair share of backwoodsmen, recently elevated two youngish men, Reginald Maudling

and Edward Heath, to high positions of party power. Though recent court rulings on reapportionment presage changes on Capitol Hill, elderly gentlemen have been allowed to dominate Congress, and often to block the Administration's legislative program. Most of these elders represent safe districts, but many would not survive if their constituents were not so suspicious of change.

Although arguments do take place behind the closed doors of committee rooms, issues are rarely debated in either chamber, presumably because this might expose the complacency of the cautious to disturbing new ideas.

Even such a significant event as the ratification of the partial nuclear test-ban treaty last year was not preceded by a real debate. Before the final roll call, there was never more than a handful of Senators on the floor at any given time, and they rarely listened. Had they done so, perhaps some minds might have been influenced, including that of Senator Margaret Chase Smith, who voted against the treaty. With all respect to the lady from Maine, I suggest that here is further evidence of national middle age. This is not a matter of chronology.

Middle-aged spread is surprisingly prevalent among the nation's young folk. In Western Europe they go to the mountains with a guitar, and when the music stops the hot blooded youth takes over. Here, they go steady from the ninth grade, and the girl, while still wearing bands on her teeth, opens a joint savings account into which the boy pays the proceeds of his newspaper round, for the youthful American dream, a special level in the suburbs.

"Oh, American youth," I recalled a Chicago correspondent saying as he watched a group of GIs line up to buy savings bonds and insurance in Taigu, Korea. "Where is that frontier spirit?" Where, indeed? In Western Europe, "suburbia" is a sneer word for the limbo of hopeless middle age. Here, manufacturing label cars and clothing "suburban" are confident of its immense allure to the young in years.

This national hardening of the arteries runs from the suburban shopping center to the highest corporate echelons. Late last year when Pre

ASHINGTON INSIGHT

Johnson—a man remarkably in spirit—was preparing the Budget and Economic Report, he invited the cream of the nation's business leaders to discuss economic prospects and measures most likely to maintain the four-year business upswing. They were persuaded that they had a friend in the White House, despite his Democratic affiliation.

Adam Smith Marches On

It was an impressive gathering. The President, dedicated to the building of a New Jerusalem in the United States, ready and willing, although a Southern Populist, to establish a working consensus with the titans of trade. Explaining his program, the President expounded the New Economics (in American terms) of Dr. Walter Heller, the retiring chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, who had triumphantly demonstrated that tax cuts and deficit financing could maintain and increase prosperity. Mr. Johnson went around the table shaking hands, pressing the flesh in his inimitable Texan manner, and asking each titan what he thought should be done on the economic front. Despite all the evidence of prodigious profit and divine dividends resulting from tax cuts and deficit spending, eight out of ten magnates demanded a balanced budget.

Shortly afterward the press demonstrated that—like industry—it was not showing its age. Dr. Gardner Ackley, who succeeded Dr. Heller, invited reporters to discuss the Economic Report before its publication. Most of the reporters were financial writers who consider a discussion of international monetary policy, automatic stabilizers and repeaters, GNP potential, and the like a lovely treat. We happily immersed ourselves in tables of statistics, pondered corporate profits and inventory-valuation adjustments and per capita personal-consumption expenditures. When one of our number suspiciously asked if the Administration had accepted the theories of Maynard Keynes, Dr. Ackley guiltily admitted that it had, sort of, kind of, in a way to the extent . . .

For the foreign correspondents from the New World of Europe this was intellectual senility at its worst.



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Savings and Loan Associations

Illustration by John W. Washington, D.C. 20004

We had grown hardened to the conservatism of American labor, recalling that when the President asked its leaders for their views on foreign policy, they favored an unchanging Cold War course. We had learned that anything is better than change for union leadership, to paraphrase David McDonald of the Steelworkers.

But the reluctance of corporate conservatives to forsake the old gods of the balanced budget was less understandable. And it was incomprehensible that journalists—the skeptical and licensed dissenters of democratic society—should be suspicious of the proven theories of a highly respectable economist, already rather out of date. Perhaps middle age is past. It may be time to get in touch with that Columbus manufacturer of lead-lined caskets.

Here then is the American Paradox to add to the American Dilemma. How can Americans confidently aspire to send a man to the moon when they remain apprehensive of other projects that offend the conventional wisdom? How can industrial magnates cheerfully borrow more money than can be found in most national treasuries to finance another million cars or air conditioners and yet remain convinced of the immorality of government investment?

One hears a good deal of chatter about private enterprise, states' rights, the frontier spirit, and the American way of life. It is a lot of malarkey.

Creeping Rejuvenation

Still, I do not despair. Nations are not like men. They do not have to accept middle age, the paunch and short breath, the resentful suspicion of the new, and inglorious decline in featureless suburbia. There can be cyclical renewal—even in the State Department, where Mr. Dulles once disapproved of the young-in-heart Winston Churchill for suggesting that jaw jaw was better than war war.

Today Foggy Bottom's diplomats keep talking with the Russians, with all the enthusiasm of newly recovered youth. Apparently only the Russians understand the problems of peace. Of course they are still a bit weak on the dangers of wars of liberation. But when the Vietnamese conflict gets out of control Foggy Bottom

talks, or tries to talk, not with H. but Moscow.

And in the White House sits a President youthful enough to receive the great issues confronting American society, and shrewd enough to want to do something about them. Programs on medicare, poverty, education, unemployment, beauty, conservation—they proliferate enough to scare the middle aged. But most Americans do not seem scared. Does it mean that they are ready to throw off the years? I believe they are. I would point to the size of President Johnson's victory as proof.

Though they may not have been aware of it, when American voters rejected Senator Goldwater they were rejecting middle age. One of the most audacious frauds ever attempted was the presentation of the Senator as a man who knew what was required for America in the second half of the twentieth century, and was forceful enough to do it. That he came from a desert state, the middle-aged have learned from modern life, might have been sufficient warning. And the electorate was not misled by the trapping of youth—the jet aircraft, the sports car, and the electronic gadget. What lay behind were a stubborn attachment to the apparent certainties of middle age and perhaps a fear of the uncertain future.

So I am not despondent. I believe that this country is mature enough to avoid mental flabbiness and intellectual atrophy. Dr. Ackley may have been loath to admit a connection with Keynes, but other American economists in and out of government are groping toward a mastery of America's productive miracle. There are Congressmen on both sides of the aisle who are questioning the established order, and youngsters in the colleges who join the Peace Corps instead of suburbia. The Reuthers of the UAW have a surer grasp of the functions of trades unions than many European labor leaders, and some tycoons have even forgiven Roosevelt. There is still a lot of middle-age slack, but it can be taken up.

This prospect does not, however, alter my original premise. The United States is an old and mature country. It achieved a measure of union at the end of the eighteenth century toward which other nations are still painfully striving.

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

Europe, the countries interested in the economic union number thirteen, including the original American colonies. Present, the six of the Common Market are still in the mutually suspicious stage, but are making some progress behind tariff walls that are reminiscent. If one can switch historical periods for comparison, the members of the European Free Trade Association are a kind of confederacy which is not likely to have much more influence upon the shape of United States of Europe than the Southern Confederacy had upon the Union.

Can Europe Grow Up?

One can recall no American parallel to de Gaulle's rejection of Britain, but one can be fairly certain that somewhere behind the tariff wall of the Common Market, perhaps in Holland or Belgium, there is growing up a new hour. The wall could in future be dismantled by the smaller countries as it was presented the Tariff Acts of 1828 and 1832. His doctrine of nullification, which asserted the constitutional right of South Carolina to veto federal legislation, may eventually be translated into Dutch or Walloon. At this late stage complete economic union is not yet in sight in Europe and political unity remains a distant dream. Britain, despite its political sagacity, is still an offshore Massachusetts anxious for its mercantile trade and its connections across the ocean. Sweden is perhaps comparable to colonial Rhode Island, content with its rather special democracy and no less reluctant to consider union. There are plenty of pamphlets, but not a single Hamilton or Jefferson. Churchill could have been a European Washington, but alas in 1945, when Britain was in a position to take the lead, he was rejected by the electorate, perhaps ungrateful but convinced that he would involve the country in an Indian war. Despite the contrary mythology, which lingers on, I know that Europe would like to be as old as the United States, to have done with all the trials and tribulations of early union, and then to be exposed to the dangers of middle age. When that stage is reached I hope that a United States, old and wise but still trim, will again provide an example for its juniors across the Atlantic.

[]

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The New Books

New Books of Poems: From Last August to This

by William Jay Smith

When the Association of Literary Magazines of America met in Washington in April at the Library of Congress, there was much talk of the literary situation. Having assembled under a grant from the Carnegie Foundation, the little-magazine editors considered at length their plight, their chance for survival, and their need to continue to publish new writing of merit. What was strange, as one followed the proceedings, was that such an organization should exist at all and that its members should assemble in the nation's capital. Culture is, of course, being organized in a big way in Washington—groups of writers invited for the Inauguration were shuttled to and from the events in buses marked "Cultural Leaders," and an all-day cultural jamboree was held in June for the first time at the White House—but it seemed incongruous that the last holdouts of littleness should apparently want to get into the big act. Allen Tate, honorary president of the organization, called attention to this incongruity when he remarked that he simply did not understand what was meant by the phrase "the literary situation." "There is never," he said, "a real literary situation—just people trying to write as best they can."

The little magazine has indeed been an important part of the literary scene; it has over the years published deserving work that would never have appeared elsewhere, and much of it has naturally been poetry. It is frequently doing the same thing today, but the observations of several young editors at the Washington conference left some doubt. They often seemed prouder of the fact that they had suc-



ceeded in getting certain four-letter words into print under the eyes of their university sponsors (they spoke of the words at times as they might of jewels being smuggled over borders) than they did in serving the "people trying to write as best they can." The fact is that today poetry of merit may just as often appear initially in the larger publications or even in book form as in little magazines. The slim volume of verse is not only not neglected but it rarely appears; even first books of poems are fatter than they were twenty years ago, and most of them are conspicuously unedited. Many university presses now feel compelled to have their own poetry series, and, as a result, publish some of the best, as well as the worst, poetry. Poets have taken to the lecture circuit in droves and are bringing poetry to the masses in a way previously unheard of. Unfortunately, many of the poems they read to their audiences are unwritten to begin with, and, in their unwritten form, find their way subsequently into books.

There are two notable exceptions to the thick, uneven, unedited volume appear during the year. **The Astronomers** by Edgar Bowers (Alan Swallow, \$2.50) consists of only thirty pages, but it contains some of the finest poems to be published by a member of his generation. Mr. Bowers is one of the best poets to have emerged in the 1950s, and it is only nine years since the publication of his first book *The Form of Loss*. His poems are difficult, precisely carefully written; they reflect a wide sensibility concerned with many themes. While this book is unlikely to have any great popular reception, I cannot think that a poem like "The Astronomers of Mont Blanc" will ultimately be lost sight of. **Preambles and Other Poems** by Alvin Feinberg (Oxford University Press, \$3.75) introduces a somewhat younger poet of unusual distinction. It is rare for a first volume of almost wholly unpublished poems to display such a consistent grasp of language and such a unifying sensibility. These lines from "November Sunday Morning" illustrate this poet's special quality:

And now through the park, and across
The chill nailed colors of the roofs,
And on near trees stripped bare,
Corrected in the scant remaining leaf
To their severe essential elegance,
Light is the all-exacting good,
That dry, forever virile stream
That wipes each thing to what it is,
The whole, collage and stone, cleanses
To its proper pastoral . . .

The influence of Wallace Stevens, evident here in the title of the poem as well as in the lines themselves, can be seen throughout the book, but then

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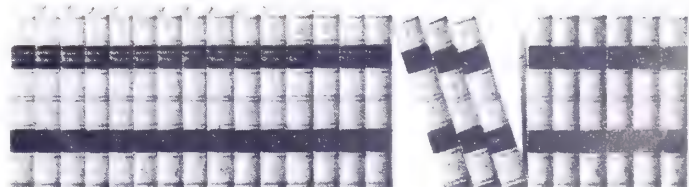
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is always a mind freshly at work in what Conrad Aiken has called "a true metaphysical poetry, a poetry of the whole consciousness. . . ."

The whole consciousness was very much the concern of the generation of poets that included T.S. Eliot and Dame Edith Sitwell, as the latter makes amply clear in her posthumous autobiography *Taken Care Of* (Atheneum, \$5.95).^{*} Humor is an essential part of that consciousness. Perhaps because they had to clear away so much dead wood, these poets went about their task with remarkable zest and vigor. Lawrence Durrell has recently called attention to Eliot's humor, only half-hidden by his "features of clerical cut," and humor sparkles on every page of Dame Edith's autobiography. "At the time I began to write," she says, "a change in the direction, imagery, and rhythms in poetry had become necessary, owing to the rhythmical flaccidity, the verbal deadness, the dead and expected patterns, of some of the poetry immediately preceding us." A London audience in 1923, hearing the poems of *Façade* recited for the first time, did not realize that it was meant to laugh at them: "Their apparent gaiety caused them to be suspect. They were useless. They were butterflies."

Gaiety and gusto are certainly not absent from the work of another member of this generation, Marianne Moore. *Festschrift for Marianne Moore's Seventy-seventh Birthday* by various hands, edited by Tambimuttu (Tambimuttu & Mass, \$4.95), issued in time for her birthday November fifteenth, contains tributes in prose and verse from admirers throughout the world. Monroe Wheeler quotes a remark from one of Miss Moore's letters to him: "Better be meek than attempt fireworks and produce only fragments." "Thank heaven, she has not always been meek," he adds. "She emits fireworks nearly every time she speaks, and her fragments are like jewels, and sometimes like seeds. The originality of her mind and spirit is equally apparent in her behavior and in everything she says and writes."

W. H. Auden, at the time of Mari-

anne Moore's seventy-fifth birthday, admitted that he had stolen from her more treasure than he "could accurately assess." Something of the extent of his debt is shown in his new book *About the House* (Random House, \$3). The major sequence, "Thanksgiving for a Habitat," which takes the reader on a tour of Mr. Auden's new Austrian house, beginning with the writer's study and ending in the living room, is, in the very choice of subject and the essayistic treatment of it, reminiscent of Miss Moore.

Or rather, in this instance, it may be that both poets share common ancestors. W. H. Auden here gives us his own poetic version of Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage Autour de Ma Chambre*. De Maistre's little prose classic was written in 1794 when he was confined to a room in his barracks because of dueling; and in traveling around it from object to object he summoned up recollections of the past and gave his views on life in general, giving, in the process, a fascinating portrait of himself and of his mind. Mr. Auden does the same thing with his house: the house becomes the world and he, its center. This is Auden *en pantoufles*, and only a poet of his stature would dare undertake so personal, direct and indirect, a journey. His answer to the possible criticism of the slightness—and homeliness—of his subject is given in a brief postscript to one of the poems:

Only tuneless birds,
Inarticulate warriors,
Need bright plumage.

"The Cave of Making," the first poem of the sequence, concerns his study, a room where, from the Olivetti portable, the best dictionaries money can buy, and the heaps of paper, "it is evident/what must go on." It is a place designed to "discourage daydreams," where all is subject "to a function," where silence "is turned into objects." Addressing Louis MacNiece—this poem is a moving elegy to his friend—Mr. Auden writes:

For Grammar we both inherited
good mongrel barbarian English
which never completely succumbed to
the Roman rhetoric
or the Roman gravity, that non-
sense
which stood none.

In handling "good mongrel barbarian English"—and Mr. Auden here acknowledges his debt as well to Tolkien in "A Short Ode to a Fugist"—he has no equal.

In *The Lyric Impulse* (Harvard University Press, \$4.25), a collection of the Charles Eliot Norton lectures he delivered this year at Harvard, C. Day Lewis speaks eloquently of the decline of lyric writing in the modern era and of the need to pay this important aspect of poetry. "Wherever we move, we are assailed or solicited by words," he says, "coming out at us from the presses, doing us from radio and television; you wonder that in this almost shiny the lyric utterance, which is still, small voice, goes unheard; that lyrical poets should be taken into straining their voices in order to be heard. . . . Poetry's language should be a heightening of the common language; but, when so much of our language is either vile or without flavour, the poet has no sound from which to work. He may then shout down the general pandemonium, as Dylan Thomas did, by weight and eccentricity of language. The same effort can be seen in recent American verse of the last few years. Vigorous and adventurous though it is, the reader cannot but notice how desperately words are often strained, dislocated even in order to get away from cliché and give an appearance of 'originality.' This distortion of language, whether it comes from complexity of thought or from a craving for novelty, is counter to the lyric impulse, which is for simplicity both in words and in thought."

The love poem, the most fruitful and exacting type of lyric, tends to get "ignored or blasted by both sides" in the Apollonian-Dionysian warfare that has taken place in poetry in the past few decades. One of the very few modern poets to have written great love poems—Mr. Day Lewis calls him along with Hardy and Yeats, one of the supreme love poets of our century—is Robert Graves. Most of the poems, and all the best of them, have been written in late middle age. Mr. Graves was seventy in July, and in his latest book *Man Does, Woman* (Doubleday, \$3.95) contains several love lyrics that can take their place beside the best.

^{*}Nora Sayre reviews Dame Edith's autobiography on page 114.

THE NEW BOOKS

... of the finest lyric poets to
ge in recent years, and until re-
y unknown in this country, is
Trypanis. His **Grooves in the**
d (Chilmark Press, \$3.50), con-
ng for the most part selections
his earlier books published in
land in 1957 and 1958, was issued
year, and now his **Pompeian Dog**
(Chilmark Press, \$3.50) has ap-
eared. Mr. Trypanis was born in
ce in 1909 and has been since
7 Bywater and Southeby Profes-
of Medieval and Modern Greek
rature and Language at Oxford.
poems have the discipline and
face simplicity of those of Robert
aves, but one is conscious always
a sharp and subtle mind at work,
ether concerned with the past or
sent. He is at times reminiscent of
P. Cavafy, but his poems come to us
ectly in English and not through
nslation, which often obscured or
nsformed Cavafy's lines. In *Pom-
in Dog* he writes of people and
ces (he can treat equally well
anbul and Williamsburg); he has
excellent visual, as well as dra-
tic, sense, and he does not waste
rds. These are poems to be read,
read, and savored at length.
One line from a poem by Randall
rrell in **The Lost World** (Macmil-
n, \$3.95) on the subject of women
akes us conscious of his debt to
bert Graves:

Men are what they do, women
are what they are.

... it Mr. Jarrell is no mere imitator;
s style, in its vigor and freshness,
completely his own. His subject
re, as in much of his previous work,
ay be summed up in the opening
ies of "Well Water":

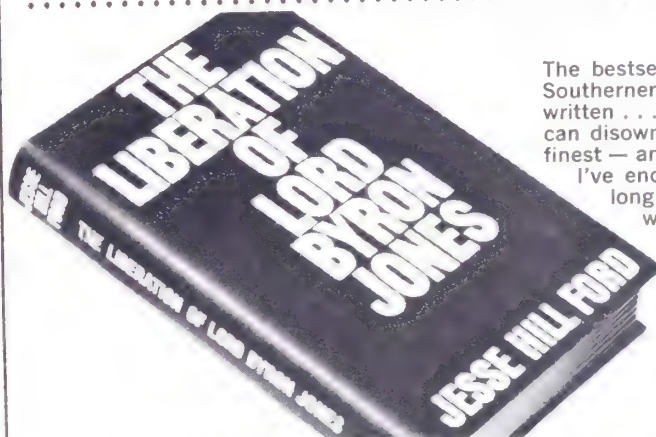
What a girl called "the dailiness
of life"
[Adding an errand to your errand.
Saying,
"Since you're up . . ." Making you
a means to

A means to a means to) is well water
Pumped from an old well at the
bottom of the world.

... it is from the depths of the psyche
that Randall Jarrell views the "daili-
ness of life." In the long title poem,
n evocation of the joys and terrors
f childhood, real objects merge with
nythic ones in a kind of fantastical
inematographic sequence that some-
ow never loses focus and is com-

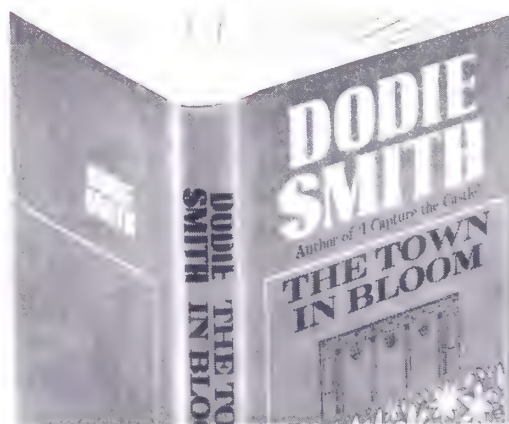
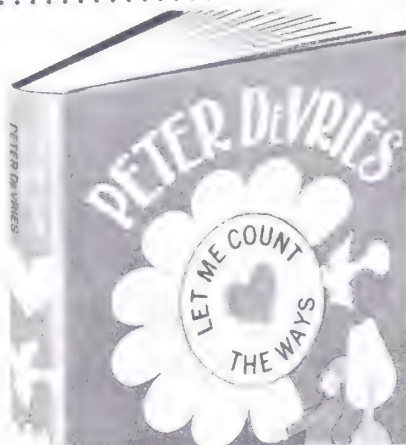
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Until I looked into a recent book, *Freedom in Education*, I had always imagined that the dialogue (the current fashionable word used in place of "argument") about federal aid to education was a Catholic affair. But this book by Virgil C. Blum offers a strong case for the idea that the issue is federal aid for *all* children. This is, in fact, the subtitle of the book.

The author begins with a ringing statement of the financial crisis facing education in general, and then moves into the situation of what he calls God-centered or church-related education. The first soaring cost he mentions is for public education. In 1929, it cost the taxpayer \$86.70 to educate a child in public school. By 1963, the cost was \$550. The strain is most intense on those parents who face the problem of supporting two educational systems. Admittedly, this is a result of their choice, but it is also forcing a situation wherein there is less free choice than before. Having started the book, I then assumed that what Catholic, Protestant, and some Jewish schools were seeking was simply a share of federal monies to help out. Instead, many of them are seeking aid for survival itself.

Whether or not one agrees with Father Blum (a Jesuit and Professor of Political Science at Marquette) is less important than whether we open our minds to hear other sides of the argument. The more I work with public figures and public issues, the more I come to see that each has not two by any number of sides.

As William W. Brickman, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Education, says in the introduction, Father Blum is eminently qualified to write *Freedom in Education*: "As a priest, he is sensitive to matters of the spirit; as a political scientist, to the complexities of government . . . as a citizen and a man, to the needs and interests of other citizens and children."

L.L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Freedom in Education (\$4.95) by Virgil C. Blum, S.J. is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 275 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland.

THE NEW BOOKS

pletely effective. Three of the poems in this book were actually written for children—they are from *The Bat-Poet*, a children's story published last year—and show that Mr. Jarrell can be simple without sacrificing any of the complex play between dream and reality that concerns him in the longer monologues. In its directness, its unity and power, this seems to me his best book to date.

Robert Lowell's much praised *For the Union Dead* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$3.95) deals also with persons and places, past and present, and with recollections of childhood. Mr. Lowell brings every scene he touches fully to life, whether it is modern Boston or Buenos Aires, New England or Italy. When he focuses his attention on a subject, it is always with terrible intensity; no detail is peripheral, everything is rounded up, swept in—brought forcefully to bear—on its central core. "July in Washington" is a good example because it

deals specifically with roundness, with circularity:

The stiff spokes of this wheel
touch the sore spots of the earth.

This is a simple enough beginning embodying a gentle irony, but by the end of the poem the wheel of Washington has become the hub of a frightening world, a whirlpool drawing everything—personal and impersonal—into itself. Certain of the poems in this book are among the finest Robert Lowell has written, and it is no exaggeration to call the poem truly magnificent.

On leave from Williams College, William Jay Smith has spent the past year in Washington, D. C. with Arena Stage on a Ford Foundation grant; next year he will be Writer-in-Residence at Hollins College, Virginia. His new book "The Tin Can and Other Poems" will be published soon by Knopf.

Hamlet Without the Prince

by William V. Shannon

The Making of the President—1964, by Theodore H. White. Atheneum, \$6.95.

Candidates have to run for President every four years because the Constitution commands elections at stated intervals, but authors are under no such compulsion. If this book were not a sure commercial success even before publication, one would be tempted to sympathize with Theodore H. White for voluntarily assigning himself to the literary servitude of producing a book about Presidential politics every four years. 1964 was a Presidential year, but it was not an election that deserved a full-scale book treatment, at least not this kind of book.

White is one of the nation's best reporters, and he is a gifted writer. But like all writers, his particular talents require certain conditions to reach their proper fulfillment. As a reporter, he needs a cast of characters sufficiently varied and interest-

ing to bear the weight of his leisurely, intimate, detailed examination with, at least one hero with whom he can identify; as a writer, he needs a dramatic situation to justify his rich, highly colored style. The election of 1960 met both of these requirements handsomely, and the result was a well-done and immensely successful model for the present work. The situation then was inherently dramatic because the retirement of President Eisenhower after eight years meant that a definable era in national life was at an end. Although the unsympathetic and essentially uninteresting Richard Nixon had the Republican succession locked up, White was extraordinarily fortunate in having no fewer than four major candidates—Kennedy, Humphrey, Johnson, and Stevenson—strive for the Democratic nomination with a typical dark horse—Symington—available as well. Kennedy, for various reasons, was the ideal hero from a writer's standpoint, and, happily, the hero won. White

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as a professional writer, would have been in a fix and his story would have ended with a dreadful anti-climax if it had been Nixon who had triumphed through to victory by a hundredth of a percentage point.

Everything went right in 1960, everything went wrong in 1964. The author, notwithstanding desperate efforts to be fair, obviously finds Lyndon Johnson gamy and unappetizing. The poor Goldwater was so intellectually inadequate for the Presidency as to be one-dimensional as a person. He makes Nixon, in retrospect, seem marvelously complicated and handsome. Burdened with two such large figures, the author does his best with the minor characters: Rockefeller, savaged by circumstance to brave in adversity; Scranton, attractive if inept; and even Nixon, who... has mellowed far more than his public statements indicate." But it goes; this is Hamlet without the prince.

The basic situation is as limp and dramatic as the non-hero and his chosen foe are dreary. "Every chronicle must make his own definition of the politics of 1964 began. The week of January 1964 is as good a choice as any," White writes. The truth is, of course, they never really met in any meaningful sense. Johnson's reelection by a substantial margin over any Republican opponent was always a foregone conclusion. There only are the American people who are to reelect any incumbent, barring a catastrophically poor performance, but also, as James Reston pointed out at the time, they were hardly likely, having lost Kennedy to an assassin's bullet, to want to experiment with a third man in the White House in a span of less than fourteen months. Because this was reasonably true to everyone even at the time, the presidential primaries, backroom maneuvers, and conventions instead of the exciting moments in a rising dramatic action as they had been in 1960, become, in retrospect, only new reasons for tedium.

Even where potentially great power was being conferred, as in Johnson's choice of Humphrey as Vice President, the events do not compel attention: Johnson's fiddling about with the Vice Presidency is in White's account just as gratuitously humiliating to Humphrey, as demeaning to

the convention, and as generally tasteless as it seemed at the time. And as for what Goldwater said to the students at Keene Teachers College or how many write-ins Nixon polled in the Nebraska primary or what Governor Rhodes said to Governor Scranton in his hotel room, who can now remember or care? One has to be a hardened political aficionado to enjoy wading through all this trivia about the struggles of these Republican Gueffs and Ghibellines.

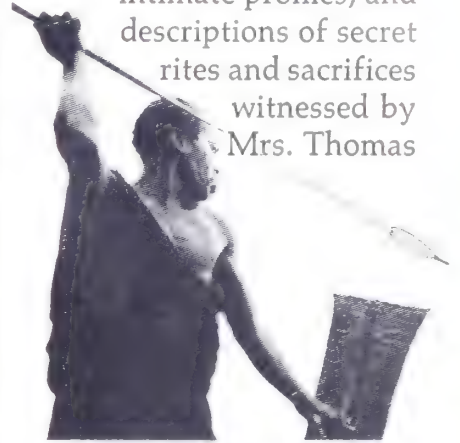
The unfortunate effect of having a lifeless story to narrate and a pair of graceless characters to depict is to make White's prose, normally pungent and effective, seem suddenly long-winded and overblown. White is not writing worse than before; it is simply that he finds it impossible to adapt his style to his material. Johnson, for example, is a useful politician in the same way that a plumber or an accountant is useful. But mere usefulness will not bear the weight of this kind of language: "And thus the supreme politician of means, seeing the opportunity and knowing the mechanics, became the communicator to the American people of a new program of ends. Politics and ideas had found a new meeting hour." Or this embarrassing finale: "From all the evil he has known in his career, from all his animal sense of weakness in other men, he has apparently distilled a desire and a decision to let the good in the American spirit play freely over its future."

This is like using the rhetoric of Tennyson to describe a trip to the supermarket.

Seeking the telling phrase, White occasionally falls into ugliness ("The King's Ear has always been the input center of political action"), or teeters on the edge of bathos ("Scranton, in a mute and profound way, loves the Republican party; it is as much a part of his breeding and spirit as the Christmas gatherings at his home or the flag of the United States"). Sometimes the language gets so inflated that I, for one, find it incomprehensible, as in this passage describing San Francisco: "From the hills one looks down on an amphitheater of history past and history yet to come. What is real and what is unreal blend; past becomes present, and so, too, does future."

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to come" sometime; it is a pretty hard trick even from the Top of the Mark.

These stylistic idiosyncrasies were present in White's previous book, but they were less noticeable or even appropriate to the unfolding of John F. Kennedy's story with all its special grace and glittering triumph. There is no concealing magic in this book.

The two best chapters are those on the Negro ghettos in the big cities and on the issues of the campaign. Goldwater and Johnson are scarcely mentioned in the former chapter and they contributed almost nothing to the public understanding of the issues discussed in the latter chapter. If

Theodore White had tossed aside his winning formula and written a straightforward book about the United States and its problems in the year 1964, he would have made a sound and useful contribution. But his formula keeps dragging him back to the candidates and to the politics and they were mostly a bore. Because of them, so is this book.

Mr. Shannon was a Washington correspondent for fifteen years before joining the editorial board of the "New York Times" in August 1966. He is the author of "The American Irish."

Miss Jewett to Miss McCarthy

by Paul Pickrel

Pioneers and Caretakers: A Study of Nine American Women Novelists, by Louis Auchincloss. University of Minnesota Press, \$4.95.

An analysis of art based on the sex of the artists considered is always in danger of mistaking genetics for genre, but in *Pioneers and Caretakers* Mr. Auchincloss suggests that the leading American women novelists share certain characteristics that go far enough beyond the accidents of biology to be relevant to their work. Women, he says in a generalization no less dangerous for being true, are the conservatives of the race, the guardians of the household gods; but in America the past that is available for conservation is a pioneer past, and so "to preserve a bit of the American tradition, one has to preserve a bit of the frontier."

The verbal formulation is characteristically adroit, but the intellectual content remains conveniently vague. In the chapters on individual novelists it is not labored; in fact, as the book proceeds it is tacitly abandoned—fortunately, for even so ingenious a critic as Mr. Auchincloss might find it difficult to specify the household gods currently guarded by Mary McCarthy or the bit of frontier at

present preserved by Carson McCullers.

Even with earlier women writers the formula works rather indifferently. It fits Edith Wharton and Willa Cather best; as they grew older both thought that the world was filling up with vulgar pushy people whose standards and breeding and taste showed a sad falling off from an earlier time, but if that is conservatism (and it probably is not), it also owes a good deal to personal disappointment and the hardening and crankiness of age. The odd New York society that Mrs. Wharton came to set up as a mark of refinement and dignity against which to measure the crassness of a later time had bored her stiff when she was a part of it and most of her days she kept an ocean between its remnants and herself. It was hardly a frontier; neither were the Maine and the Richmond known by Sarah Orne Jewett and Ellen Glasgow in girlhood.

But if Mr. Auchincloss' theory fails to advance very far our understanding of American women novelists as a group, each of the individual essays does a good deal to advance our understanding of its subject. Mr. Auchincloss writes an old-fashioned narrative criticism, biographical in

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one with summaries of the major points inserted at the appropriate chronological points. His critical comments combine a shrewd professionalism with considerable psychological insight. One of the major discoveries of most of the literary studies he discusses is that men are the most satisfactory sex that ever made.

His essays on the living writers Katherine Anne Porter, Jean Stafford, Carson McCullers, Mary Mc-

Carthy) are a little less successful than their predecessors. They come close to being "appreciations." The finest thing in the book is the chapter on Edith Wharton. A good many critics are intimidated by Mrs. Wharton's formidable social position, but not Mr. Auchincloss. His tone is delicately, even affectionately, feline. If he does not put Mrs. Wharton in her place he at least suggests that that place is not after all quite so awesome as it has sometimes seemed.

Landmark Work on Contraception

by Thomas K. Burch

The Silent Explosion, by Philip Appleman. Beacon, \$4.95.

The Population Crisis: Implications and Plans for Action. Edited by Harry K. Y. Ng and Stuart Mudd. Indiana University, \$2.95, paper.

Contraception: A History of Its Treatment by the Catholic Theologians and Canonists, by John T. Noonan, Jr. Harvard, \$7.95.

So many books on population and birth control have appeared recently that one is tempted to react as Planned Parenthood does toward babies—they're all fine, but why so many? The answer lies in the problems at issue. They are so grave and technically speaking so complex that most any serious discussion takes on a current importance, even though it may have no great inherent value and may soon be forgotten.

The Silent Explosion is a case in point. The book is neither original, authoritative nor profound, nor would we expect it to be. The author, an English professor, is a specialist in one of the areas he surveys. His credentials are a deep personal concern bringing from firsthand observation of poverty in the developing nations, journalistic knowledge of the literature of the field, and—need one add an engaging prose style.

The book is important, though, precisely because its author is an English professor, and not a social or biological scientist. That he has taken the trouble to write at all signals an

increasing concern for the problem on the part of men of letters. In turn, his work should prompt still greater concern, assuming that his fellows in the humanities will be inclined to read it because he is one of their own. That this segment of the intellectual community should take a deep interest in population problems is of the utmost importance, as our society gets more and more thoroughly involved in attempts to cope with them.

Their concern is important mainly because they are more inclined than scientists to wrestle with the intangibles of human problems, including moral values. In this case, one may well agree with Huxley's comment, "that the special value of Professor Appleman's book is that it reveals the moral nature of the population problem."

The Population Crisis is a slightly revised reissue in paperback of a work first published in 1964. It is a collection of writings on the subject, some original, some written for other purposes. The contributors are with few exceptions men of eminence in science, scholarship, or practical affairs, or well-known experts on population problems. Many are writing at a philosophical level beyond the pale of their specialized competence, a few (*emeriti*) from the vantage point of elder statesmen, all of which adds to the general interest of the book.

In style and content, *The Population Crisis* is hardly for mass consumption. Indeed a full reading would

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presume considerable motivation even for the bookish. But those deeply interested will find in it varied and substantial fare.

A particularly helpful feature is the inclusion in Part Three (on Action Programs) of a number of items of a documentary character. Among these are the text of a UN resolution on population growth and economic development, and a major speech on population policy by Richard N. Gardner of the State Department. Anyone interested in recent policy developments will find this section particularly convenient, if not comprehensive.

Contraception, by John Noonan of Notre Dame Law School is of a totally different character and totally different order of importance from either of the works just reviewed. It is a highly original and scholarly historical study of Catholic teaching on contraception and of the theoretical basis for this teaching provided by theologians and canon lawyers. Trained in philosophy, history, and law, and seasoned by a previous study of Church teaching on usury, Noonan was eminently qualified for the task.

The result of his efforts is a book whose importance is difficult to exaggerate. Coming at a time when the Catholic Church is taking a hard look at its teaching on contraception, Noonan's study may turn out to have lasting historical significance, as a piece of writing which itself becomes a crucial historical event.

The reason is simple. It is the first work by a Catholic author which offers really convincing evidence for the view that Church teaching on contraception could be developed radically without complete rejection of a two-thousand-year tradition. He does this in several ways. First of all, he shows how past Church statements were intimately bound up with and therefore conditioned by the concrete circumstances in which they were issued. In particular he points out how much of past teaching has been in the nature of reaction—in earlier times against the Gnostics, the Manicheans, and the Cathars, all of whom considered procreation evil; more recently, against a spreading secular ideology, which seemed at times to be destroying all sexual or marital morality.

Second, Noonan shows how much

condemnations of contraception were bound up with scientific and, more important, theological theories no longer considered valid, even by Catholics. It was once the common theological view, for instance, that intercourse during pregnancy is sinful.

Finally, he gives so many examples of substantial shifts of teaching during the two thousand years surveyed that a further development toward a more liberal view of contraception seems like the normal and expected course of events, rather than an unprecedented and demoralizing discontinuity. This sense of the reasonableness of change precisely in the light of past Church teaching is crucial for Catholics, including contemporary theologians. Many have long since felt that some liberalization was reasonable in the light of present circumstances. But nobody could ever get around the existing teaching, which was presented as unequivocal and definitive. Noonan's study questions the accuracy of either of these adjectives.

One historian doesn't make a church, however, and *Contraception* may be as much a starting point as a final act in current doctrinal struggles among Catholics. Noonan has covered a vast amount of territory, and his facts and interpretations will be scrutinized by all manner of historical specialists inside and outside the Church. His reading of the past and the sense of the future it engenders will no doubt be frontally attacked. And the challenge may carry the day. At this moment, probably no one can be sure.

One thing is sure. Noonan's persuasive arguments can't be ignored. He has created an intellectual watershed, beyond which all efforts to understand and to present Catholic doctrine on contraception (and willy-nilly on sex and marriage in general) will take on a new and sounder character. The inherent brilliance of the book and its dramatic timing make it as truly exciting as a book can be.

Mr. Burch, a demographer-sociologist, is director of demographic studies at the Center for Population Research, Georgetown University. In 1964, he was appointed to the Papal Commission on Population and Birth Control, the first American member.

Exquisite Insultress

by Nora Sayre

Taken Care Of: The Autobiography of Edith Sitwell. Atheneum, \$5.9

The British phrase "You've got too far" is pronounced with revulsion by the middle class, but with affection by the upper. The Sitwells are ways intended to go too far. But here one wishes that Dame Edith had gone further. Exhibitionists can startle us only by their reticence. *Taken Care Of* should have been called notebook. "Come again—when you have a little less time": Walter Sickert's remark to Denton Welch characterizes Dame Edith's autobiography.

Her "memories at random" present a fat, humiliated little girl, whose "insipid," "pitiable" father knocked her head against a fireplace fender and whose bored, violent mother threatened to fling her from a train window. Encased from armpit to footsole in a steel brace, jilted by a peacock, made "publicly sick" by any music which displeased her, she announced at about five to her disgusted parents that she planned to be a genius. The prescience of children is irresistible for poets. Elsewhere, Dame Edith glancingly compares herself to Savonarola, Rimbaud, a saint, and a bird, as well as a permanent child.

Bloomsbury—where all (and therefore none) were eccentric—and later literary society yield some devastating portraits in these pages. D. H. Lawrence, who "looked like a plaster gnome on a stone toadstool in some suburban garden," and also resembled "a bad self-portrait by Van Gogh," was later roasted for his style, which Dame Edith compared to a Jaeger knit, calling it "hot, soft, and woolly." Jaeger's protested by post: "We are soft, and we are woolly. But we are never hot, owing to our system of slow conductivity." Wyndham Lewis was "prey to the conviction that Roger Fry and Clive Bell roosted, permanently, on the roof of his studio, in order to observe his slightest movement." Gertrude

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was verbally very interesting, re so because she invariably everybody wrong." Those whom Edith disliked are often perceived as mice or gorillas. It is early that there was an commonplace world to be she found her mother too insistent on her social life—a charge which recoils on the author's recurrent scorn for nouveau riches. (She notes that remembering to forget, or, as Groucho put it, buying back an introduction, was crucial to Bloomsbury.) The salary—outside this book—for her ass and generosity, Dame Edith demolishes the mice and gorillas who have taken up the arts as a means to social climbing." (Perfectly correct the upward leap sounds like introduction to the Sitwells.) In all, she attacks the trappings of "rarity": rambler roses, bottle and a parties, the Woman with the "interesting personalities," oil-dresses, the Lido, "emotional jury systems," and Lifebuoy soap as an innocent list. She didn't to be fettered by a superior but fastidiousness cannot help and most people fly to their deaths when they're cornered. Much of Dame Edith's pleasant new now reads like exalted Mother wit, with its "Meg-leg-peg-egg" schemes, or "corn the unicorn horn." Her critical mind was not t, though she had a happy time of finding critics. Dr. Leavis (unmet) appears as "a graciously antiseptic young dentist," also "a dear old clergyman." There are some missing familiarities in her list: "the snows of time," "a veiled nun," "the desert of her days." At her best, she cannot be paraded: "a bursting woman like an advertisement for tomatoes in a railway station"; "history (that terrible in which sawdust rejoins sawdust)." Throughout, the tone of —impeccably menacing, arched a shaved eyebrow—makes the book urgently enjoyable. She mistress of the insult, and it's privilege to watch the dead men die.

American who spent five years in London, Nora Sayre contributes to British and American magazines.



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Maine, in Three Tenses

by Arthur B. Perry

The Woods and the Sea, by Dudley Cammett Lunt. Drawings by Henry B. Kane. Knopf, \$5.95.

Upriver and Down, by Edmund Ware Smith, with an introduction by J. Donald Adams. Illustrated by Maurice "Jake" Day. Holt, \$5.95.

With the existence of the finest wilderness in our largest Northeast state dangerously threatened by pending legislation, it is good to have two additional books from authors who have known Maine intimately since boyhood. Mr. Lunt's "Wilderness and Seacoast Adventures in the State of Maine" (his subtitle) are largely reminiscence, save for his excellent chapter on the jeopardy in which the Allagash and the northern areas now stand. His "Adventures" are those of the canoe man and camper, the bird watcher and botanist; for he has been, and is, an acute observer of Indians, wild and placid lakes and rivers, dams and logging, beaches, islands, bogs, and mountains. There is straight narrative, the flavor of the familiar essay, bits of history, and occasional anecdote. He is best on old Portland, his early canoeing trips, and in his delicious chapter on Maine people and their humor. Sometimes his writing suggests a too heavy reliance on his notes or journals rather than on freshly remembered experience, for not all "emotion recollected in tranquillity" turns into the stuff of poetry, or prose that is alive. Sometimes, too, faithfulness in recording defeats selection, with resultant deliberate over-detail. But Mr. Lunt knows the material of which he writes, and, read a chapter at a sitting, his voluminous knowledge of his favorite state will please many present and potential admirers.

It does not take a Maine guide's "long glance of estimate" to know that Edmund Ware Smith's latest book, *Upriver and Down*, is compellingly readable. This collection of eighteen previously published stories

and essays, with a beautiful introduction by J. Donald Adams, is for the active or armchair fisherman, camper, or hunter, and joyfully reflects the author's delight in being alive in his adopted state. From "The Last Hermit of the Maine Woods" ("The years were B.C.," he used to say, "meaning 'before chainsaws'") to the concluding "Down the Allagash with Justice Douglas," there is delectable variety in material and mood, in prose that is informed, humorous, imaginative, immediate. One does not have to have seen a silent wilderness pond erupt with trout in a mayfly hatch to feel the depth of stillness at Kidney Pond Camps—though it may help. And in the process of being taken over by the woods, the saga of "Old Come-and-Get-It" (the steel frying pan "with its proven cold-handle arrangement") will revive the smell of countless fires. The

takeover will be hastened by "The Death of a Haunted Tent," and a series of comic and near-tragic episodes, put together by suggestion and memory.

When the fishing season is over, the exploits of "Jake's Range" bring to the autumn days as much flavor as Uncle George Whitehead's fragment of dried pollock. And nearly all of these expertly told stories hang the sense of "effort, and exaltation, and desire, and some evermore about to be."

Mr. Perry, who retired in 1934 as headmaster of Milton Academy, was a dedicated fisherman, the son of a fisherman, and the father of others, all of whom over the years have fished a great many lakes and rivers of Maine.

Cathedrals of the Cut-rate

by Roderick Cook

The Great Discount Delusion, by Walter Henry Nelson.

As long ago as 1913, in this magazine, Justice Brandeis was warning the nation of the evils of the discount theory; and in this book, Mr. Nelson suggests that discount houses have done most to "erode quality, cut into the availability of goods, [and] weaken competitive enterprise throughout the nation." The book is full of facts to support this (rather too full and ill-organized—146 pages of text, 80 pages of appendixes and addenda) and gives innumerable examples of the discounteer's sales double-talk. Misleading advertisements, salesmen disparaging the real name-brand bargain in order to sell the more profitable inferior product, made-up "list" prices—and a whole host of other documented horrors that seem to lurk in these "cathedrals of the cut-rate."

Why does it happen, then, that the discount houses show the largest profit in retailing over the last few years, and why is the author afraid

that they may inherit the earth? Why, because of the dear, dumb public which, from the same facts in the book, appears almost compulsively gullible and runs to the discount house like a lemming to the cliff edge?

The author may be right in saying that the customer can be shoddily changed and soft-sold in the discount house more than in the average January sale, but he also admits that more and more people seem willing to accept these shoddier goods and shabbier treatment in the name of "a bargain." In so many cases pointed out by the author it seems that if a shopper had only kept his head and not entered the store as Doro entered Oz, he could have found a bargain, or at least emerged unscathed. Too often the author's peddled deluded customer seems just a greasy snapper-up of ill-considered trifles.

So the most valuable thing in the book is a list of Don'ts which should be compulsory reading for all compulsive shoppers in the Affluent Society today. *Caveat emptor*—mainly for himself. David McKay, \$4.95.

Music in the Round

by *Discus*

Tapes: Vogue or Revolution?

assessment of the plus and minus factors in stereophonic recording and playback moment—for music lovers and gamblers.

In the last few weeks I have been going around with classical prerecorded stereophonic tapes. Quite a bit of the standard disc repertoire is duplicated on tape, and comparison is instructive. When tape recordings were first issued, shortly after the introduction of LP in 1948, there were those who saw the end of music on disc. Tape, it was then said, was inimitable; had a better sound than disc; was easier to store; and would be the wave of the future. But it did not work out that way. People stubbornly continued to purchase discs, and tape at best was an adjunct. There were several reasons purchasers held off. Tape was, on the whole, more expensive than discs. It turned out to be inconvenient. A tape can be flopped directly on the turntable, and off we go. But a tape has to be threaded, and that in-

volves some time and a bit of manual dexterity. Another thing that bugged some prospective customers was the difficulty of finding specific items on a reel. Say you had Chopin's 24 Etudes, or Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, and you wanted to hear only the E major Etude or the "*Di quella pira*" aria. Quite a bit of monkeying with fast forward and reverse speeds had to be done, and literally it might take four or five minutes to find the etude or aria. The more expensive machines had counters, and collectors would get into the habit of notating the precise numbers of specific high points. No matter how you looked at it, it was a nuisance.

Thus tape got a foothold, but not a very secure one. The manufacturers came up with several gimmicks, none of which took the market by storm. Victor came out with a tape cartridge with a speed of $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches per second as against the standard reel speed of $7\frac{1}{2}$ i.p.s. The cartridge was easy enough to handle; it popped right into a receptacle. This, though, had two liabilities. The cartridge could be played only on a Victor unit designed

for the purpose. And the slower the tape speed, the lower the frequency response. Hi-fi addicts, who dearly love those exquisite sounds in the 10,000-cycle range, sneered. Later, Columbia announced a still smaller cartridge, also at $3\frac{3}{4}$ i.p.s., but nothing came of it.

In recent years there has been an upturn in tape sales, even though nothing particularly new has been added. The chances are that tape recordings are still an adjunct to disc recordings. But a tape machine attached to a hi-fi set is a versatile and useful instrument. There is, for instance, the matter of home recordings. The owner of a tape machine can record "live," and can also take anything he wants off the air, or off another record. If the collector is fancy, he can own two tape recorders, and copy all the tapes he wants. One suspects that this is the greatest current attraction for tape owners: the ability to create a collection by copying—either other records, or live or recorded music off FM and AM broadcasts.

Inconstant Prices

Prerecorded tapes today have much the same plus and minus factors that they always had. The newest idea, though, seems to be $3\frac{3}{4}$ i.p.s. tapes on 7-inch reels. Previously the $7\frac{1}{2}$ i.p.s. speed was standard. Thus Capitol Records is making a great to-do about its new $3\frac{3}{4}$ series. Its new *Tosca*, for example, on one reel (Y2S 3655), has even been priced competitively with the disc version—\$11.98 list (though list prices are always phantasmal; a New York discount house sells the tape at \$9.56). Most $7\frac{1}{2}$ i.p.s. classical reels are listed at \$7.95, as against \$5.95 for the equivalent disc. But tape prices are not constant, as disc prices are, and the tendency on tape is to charge for the playing time. Almost always the prices are higher than disc prices. The recent recording of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, with Nilsson and McCracken, is a two-disc set listing at \$11.96. On tape it comes in a two-reel box listing at \$16.95.

A comparison of the Callas-Bergonzi-Gobbi *Tosca* tape with the discs does show some differences. The $3\frac{3}{4}$ i.p.s. reel speed takes down the high frequencies, and raises the hiss to an almost uncomfortable level. Tape hiss

And Also . . .

Debussy: The Creation. Teresa Stich-Ball, Anny Felbermayer, Anton Bruckner, Paul Schoeffler, Frederick Scheraga; Chorus and Orchestra of the New York State Opera conducted by Eugene Wöldike. Vanguard SRV 130/131 (mono only), 2 discs.

A fine buy in Vanguard's "Everyman" low-priced series (\$3.96 for both discs). The soloists are above average, the conductor is a specialist, the recording is clear and full. And the performance is wonderful. Don't miss this one.

Britten: Albert Herring. Peter Pears, April Cantelo, Sylvia Fisher, Owen Brannigan, Joseph Ward, etc. English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Benjamin Britten. London A 4378 (mono); OSA 1378 (stereo), both 3 discs.

Britten's comic opera, with a hand-picked cast conducted by the composer. A clever, clever score that sounds very calculated after a few hearings. It is also full of musical "in" jokes. But the performance is ideal, and for once the diction of every singer clearly comes through.

is to tape what surface noise is to disc. Just as there are very few discs without some kind of surface noise (and the more sensitive the playback equipment, the more the surface noise is heard), there are very few tapes without hiss. It should be said, though, that the loss of high frequencies on low-speed tapes is merely relative. The sound is still good, eminently listenable; and it suffers only on direct comparison with the original source. Tapes at 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ i.p.s. can contain over an hour of music on each track, as against the half-hour of 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ i.p.s. tapes.

Most 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ i.p.s. tapes, on the other hand, are as good as or better than the disc equivalent. The *Fidelio* recording (London LOS 90085) is bright, full, clear, and has complete stereo separation. London engineers have never been bashful about taking advantage of the stereo medium. At the beginning of the second scene, where Pizarro is reading the letter, the soldier enters in best Gestapo style. His heavy disciplined, goose-stepping boots go click, click from right speaker to left. And when he is ordered on his mission, his footsteps retrace from left speaker to right and off into the distance.

Playback Is Easy

A sampling of tape *vis-à-vis* disc does bear out the claim that tape is better, though it is not *that* much better than a disc in mint condition. But there's the rub. Only a few playings, even on good equipment, will erase the microscopic grooves that carry the very highest frequencies on discs. And on inferior equipment, which means equipment with heavy, badly regulated tone arms and styli that are worn, any vinyl record will be badly damaged in half a dozen playings. This will not happen to tapes that are taken care of. Of course there is a certain amount of maintenance involved. Tape heads have to be cleaned and demagnetized every so often, and their gap has to be adjusted. Tapes themselves, too, can dry out and snap, which means that the tape collector has to have on hand the materials to repair broken tapes (scissors, patches, and the like). On the whole, though, a well-kept tape can be played virtually forever without any diminution in quality, and

the same cannot be said for discs.

Equipment to play back prerecorded tapes comes in various sizes and prices. We are now discussing tape on reels, rather than cartridge tapes. The simplest playback machine is the tape deck, which has to be plugged into one's own hi-fi equipment. Most people, however, end up with a unit which has two reel speeds, which can make recordings as well as play tapes back, and which is metered for optimum results in making home recordings. These, too, operate through the amplifiers and speakers of a hi-fi system. The most elaborate are those that have their own amplifiers and speakers, and are portable. But these run into the thousand-dollar class, and generally the speakers are not very good. Other complete units can be purchased for as little as \$500. Experts say that the best all-around tape playback machine is any unit that has its own preamplification, meters, the usual controls, a tape counter, provision for monitoring and editing, and ruggedly built tape heads. These do not have speakers or basic amplification. The price runs between \$400 and \$500. None of these machines are particularly easy to operate, by the way. Tape playback is easy, but not recording, which requires a good deal of know-how and finesse.

But once one learns the techniques, a tape recorder can serve in many ways, including some not openly talked about. The legalities of taking things off the air have not been resolved, but there is no way for anybody to police the airways. Many music lovers consult their FM program guides, store up reels of raw tapes and busy themselves recording for their own use anything and everything in the recorded repertoire. Why buy a record or a tape when you can copy it as it comes through a broadcast? The same goes for Boston Symphony and New York Philharmonic broadcasts, those of the Metropolitan Opera, and any other live broadcast material. (Some of it is even being sold under the counter.) It is here, many feel, that the tape recorder comes into its own, with a function—and with concrete results—that is unique. And, of course, you can also put the microphone over baby's head and record its first gurgle for all posterity to admire.

Jazz Notes

by Eric Larrabee

Pian

The problem of the piano, according to Dame Myra Hess, is to make a percussive instrument sing. Pianists have been trying to do much, after their fashion, under the disability of lacking the modular restraint and force of the brand-n concert grand which prompted Dame Myra's testimonial. Jazz piano began with the assumption that the instrument itself is worm-eaten, out of tune, and percussive to a superlative degree, but its object is still to sing.

The ancients of jazz arrived at their own solution by a rolling, rhythmic flailing away at the keyboard which reached its apogee (and ginning of decay) with boogie-woogie; to reconstitute the jazz pianist thereupon became the role of the who could make it a singing instrument again—that is to say, the old finger school, of which it can so justly be said that they blow very fine pianos. They recaptured the single melodic voice, at the cost of other voices, and the power to play chords in sequence.

Each of the three performers represented below uses the full piano to express both mind and energy; each makes it sing and each has a defect of his qualities; Denny Zeitlin's is intelligence, Billy Taylor's taste, and Earl Hines' is—well, without fault can you have if you are Fats Hines, who coped with the problem solo *vs.* ensemble, and right hand, left, before anyone else knew it existed, and fifteen years before Denny Zeitlin was born?

Zeitlin is a gynecologist, who shows how times change, and Billy Taylor is both a successful disc jockey and a continually satisfying pianist; but Fatha Hines is one of the masters, and while it may be painful for jazz musicians still live and move among us, it is nonetheless reassuring for the listener to know that the patriarchs were grappling with the right questions, and still answering them loud and clear.

Carnival. Denny Zeitlin. Columbia CS 9140. **Midnight Piano.** Billy Taylor. Capitol ST 2302. **'Fatha.'** The New Earl Hines Trio. Columbia CS 9120.

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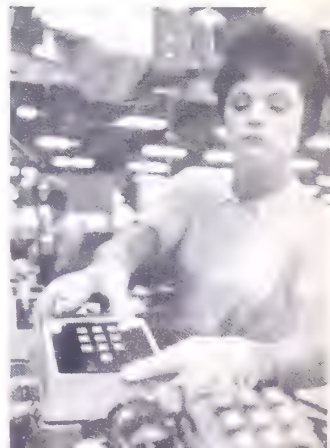
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy, \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please allow six weeks' advance notice, including old address as well as new address. Write to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
 CIRCULATION CORP. OF AMERICA
 381 WEST CENTER STREET
 MARION, OHIO 43302

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
 535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
 Telephone Area Code 212 YUkon 6-3344

PRODUCTION MANAGER: KIM SMITH
 TWO PARK AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10016
 Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Publisher: DANIEL J. BROOKS

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer and Controller.

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Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing office. This issue is published in national and special editions.

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 No. 1381

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magazine

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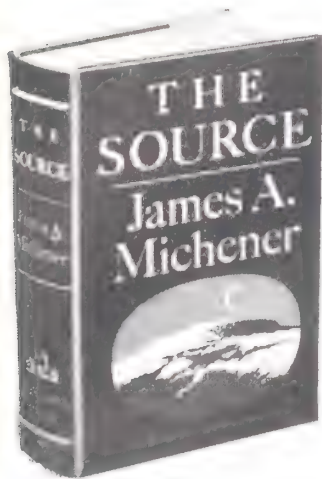


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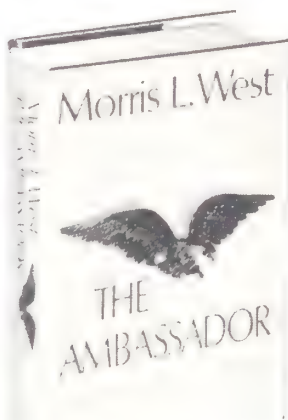
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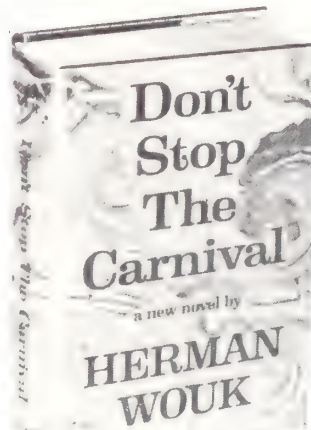
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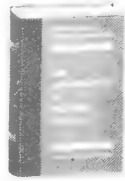
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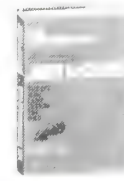
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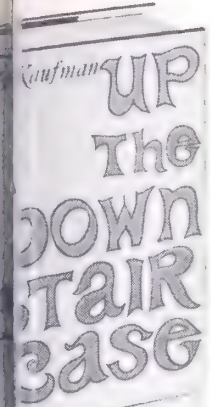
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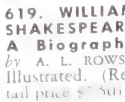
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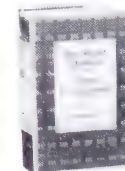
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Letters

The Radical and the Church

I agree with many of Saul Alinsky's points ["A Professional Radical Moves In on Rochester," July], but particularly with his view that the church should have no privileged position in a free society. Marx was wrong on most things, but right in his dictum "The beginning of all criticism is the criticism of religion."

But Mr. Alinsky's views on Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles may be subject to misunderstanding by those who do not know that the Los Angeles Cardinal stands well to the right, not only of most American Cardinals, including Cardinal Spellman, but even to the right of the Roman Curia itself, according to reliable Catholic journalists.

As a Protestant who has a high respect for the Catholic Church's stand on social and racial justice, the point ought to be made that the late Cardinal Meyer of Chicago was more representative of the social attitudes of his church than is Cardinal McIntyre.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR
Stockbridge, Mass.

The interview with Saul Alinsky was superb; his description of the poverty program all too true; and his strength and courage and unjaundiced eye beautifully evident throughout.

SHIRLEY EREH
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Saul Alinsky's "confessions" ought to be sufficient as an indictment of his cause which has misled hosts of well-intentioned persons onto his shortcut route to community power. I am particularly dismayed to discover churches responding uncritically to a leadership which unabashedly espouses a doctrine of "the hell with charity," "your own self-interest," and a host of Machiavellian tactics.

I am heartily in sympathy with movements which seek to involve themselves concretely in the power struggles of the day. I am willing to buy the contention that "revolutionary changes never occur without conflict." But this is hardly justification



for fomenting conflicts with such dubious goals as Alinsky seeks. Rochester and Buffalo beware! The conflict may not be worth the FIGHT.

J. RUSSELL HALE, Asst. Prof.
Lutheran Theological Seminary
Gettysburg, Pa.

After Babies, What?

I was born and raised in a Midwestern, middle-class home and educated in a Big Ten University, and I'd like Marion Sanders to know that the world has been lousy with these so-called demi-feminists for quite some time ["The New American Female: Demi-feminism Takes Over," July]. I never knew a married woman who wasn't one, and I never seriously believed I could be anything else when I got married. Frankly, the years I spent as a demi-feminist were a long yawn.

In truth, the demi-feminist tends to be a scared rather than a tranquil woman. She is afraid that developing her "talent" will conflict with home and family, or might turn out to be chasing a rainbow, so she doesn't try. She pounds into her kids the "fact" that women must be either chaste or beat to develop a talent. She kids herself that she can return to the fray when the children are grown. As Alice Rossi points out ("Women in Science: Why So Few?" *Science*, May 1965), women whose careers are interrupted in what are potentially their most creative years do not and cannot return if there is any lengthy interruption of work or training. . . .

If men and women weren't so unknowingly caught up in the demi-feminist's fears maybe we could get a system of day nurseries such as

they have in Scandinavia . . . Maybe we could get a system of employer hours and nurseries in office buildings, universities, and volunteer organizations that will allow women to forgo either/or choices. . . .

SALLY V.
San Francisco, Cal.

I was pleased to read Marion Sanders' article on the new and oppressed woman. I've often wondered why the Betty Friedanites and Phyllis McGinleyites don't just relax and let each woman decide for herself whether she wants to work, work, or have the best of all possible worlds and work part-time. . . .

SUE W. RANSOHOJE
Cincinnati, Ohio

In reference to Marion Sanders' article, we'd like to call your attention to the new Partnership Teaching Program. The Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston . . . is running a demonstration program in which two women assume a permanent, full-time teaching position, splitting the time and responsibility between them. Generally, one woman takes the morning shift and the other the afternoon shift.

We have provided and will continue to provide a limited number of partnerships on both the elementary and secondary level for the coming school year to demonstrate that teachers of high caliber who might otherwise be lost to the teaching profession will return on a part-time basis. . . .

(MRS.) NONA PORTER, D.
Partnership Teaching Program
Women's Educational and
Industrial Union
Boston, Mass.

Marion Sanders' piece was very accurate about many of us. One small point about Ladybird Johnson: Everything she does she does with the intention of "helping Lyndon." This has been her objective in everything she has done for years, from taking over his Congressional office during the war to making money so he would "be free to do what he

What you should know about stocks listed on the N.Y. Stock Exchange...the profits they earn...are they "good buys" for you?...4 pointers for investors.

Like millions of other Americans, perhaps you have asked yourself whether investing in stocks or bonds might be a sensible step toward better things for you and your family—income from dividends or interest to soften your current expenses, or growth in the value of your investment for some important use later. If so, you have probably been puzzling over the usual question: what to buy?

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with the greater safety they might offer.

3. Familiarize yourself with the financial performance of a company that seems promising for you, and try to evaluate its potential.

4. Use the services of a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange. Ask your broker for the facts he has and for his opinion, then apply your judgment. Every registered representative has had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business. This doesn't mean he's infallible, but his approach may broaden your own thinking.

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is...the principal source
of human improvement."

Dugald Stewart
(1753-1828)

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chemical research can never be
a push-button operation.

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need. Then, to devise programs
to meet those needs.

Automation expedites our research
effort. But our chemists and scientists
never forget that the human touch
must precede the push-button touch.

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LETTERS

best at." Now as First Lady it is "a program that she tries to supple-

Conversely, the President has always pushed Mrs. Johnson to do better, to learn to public-speak, to take a substantive part in what he is doing, as he has unlimited faith in both her intelligence and ability. It seems to me that all the things Mrs. Johnson has done "to please Lyndon" have made her an increasingly extraordinary person. MARIE RICHARDS McLean,

Tuchman's Tr

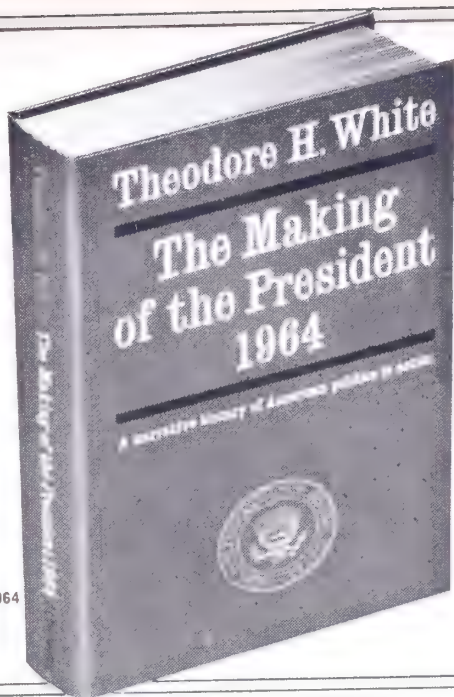
Barbara W. Tuchman is one of my favorite writers and her personal essay, "History by the Ounce" [June] was a delight. Nonetheless, somebody should tell her that when she rings the knell for a period in history, which capitalists felt proud to describe themselves as capitalists, she refers to H. H. Rogers of the wickedly 'nineties—she is entombing the proud species prematurely. See, for instance, the entry in *Who's Who in America, 1964-65*, on that remarkable man, Harold S. Vanderbilt, who might have described himself as a yachtsman, a mathematician, or in several other ways, but he identifies himself simply and proudly as, yes, capitalist.

JOHN TIERNEY
Sports Illustrated
New York, N.Y.

Many of my business associates and I were interested in Barbara Tuchman's reference to the word "capitalist." Can she really be so far removed from the competitive, entrepreneurial world to believe that men classified as "capitalists" would shut that appellation? I should think, one, no matter how artsy-craftsy, could fail to understand the positive implications of a word which means risk-taking, hard-driving, productive, master-building, innovating.

I was disturbed by this small part of the article because it presents a fact a ridiculous conclusion based on what must be her association with friends of limited interest. Writers who treat fiction as fact are a constant reminder to me that professional men and "capitalists" almost never articulate their views. If this continues, I suppose they will forever be portrayed and analyzed by people

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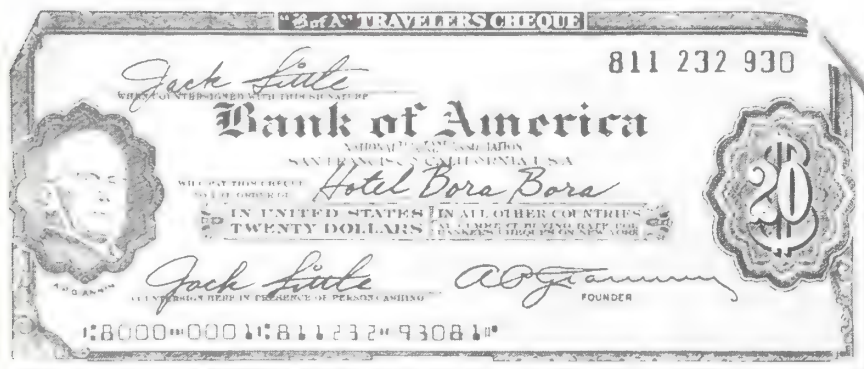
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LETTERS

who neither share nor understand the true innovator's role in society.

LAWRENCE R. CAMPBELL
New York, N.Y.

The Puzzling Mr. Secretary

After reading "The Enigma of Dean Rusk" by Joseph Kraft [Washington Insight, July], one wonders what the mystery is. Mr. Rusk was pupil and protégé of Secretaries Acheson and Dulles. Present foreign policy bears a marked resemblance to the hard line that was a consistent feature of American diplomacy during their tenure in office. . . .

Why should it be suggested that Rusk plays second fiddle to Secretary McNamara? Rusk's qualities are those which McNamara is said to admire most. Unversed as McNamara was in foreign affairs, to whom would he most likely turn for a guide and mentor? . . . Would it not be reasonable to assume that Rusk is the senior foreign-policy partner of the Rusk-McNamara team? . . .

WINTHROP S. HUDSON
Colgate Rochester Divinity School
Rochester, N.Y.

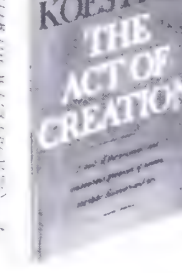
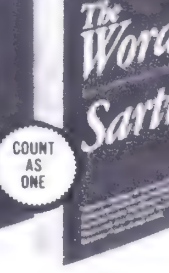
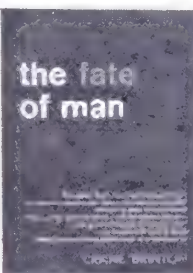
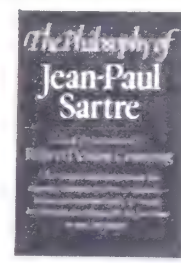
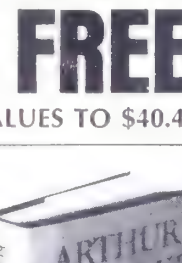
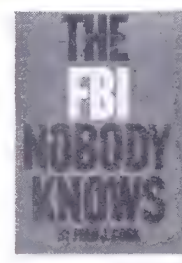
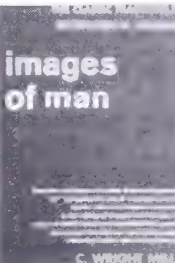
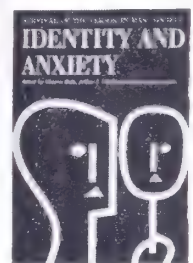
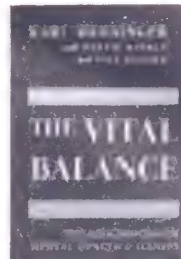
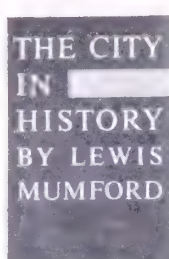
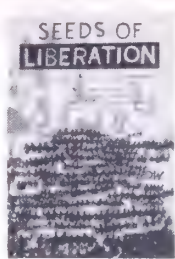
Wielding the Blue Pencil

I thoroughly enjoyed John Fischer's Easy Chair on "The Editor's Trade" [July]; as he said, there is precious little in print on the subject. . . . I do think your readers should know about four books currently available that would add to his comments: *Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell Perkins*, edited by John Hall Wheelock; *Editors on Editing* and *Publishers on Publishing*, both edited by Gerald Gross; and a very fascinating overall view of publishing, *The American Reading Public*, edited by Roger Smith.

CHARLES ANTIN
The Serendipity Press
New York, N.Y.

John Fischer declares that two of the papers on which he once worked — the Amarillo, Texas, *Globe* and the *Daily Oklahoman* — are edited "dispiritedly." He yearns for the old days and says that "most of the old zing is gone."

Mr. Fischer was on this paper during the barnstorming days of journalism. Some of the rest of us were



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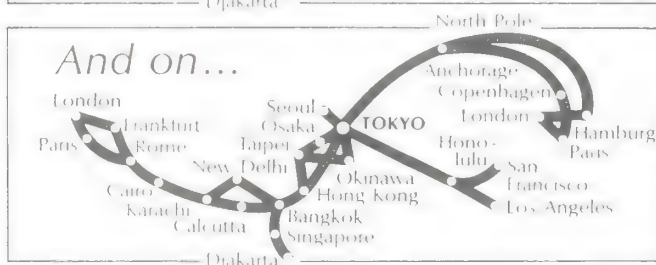
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trained under the Howe regime on ourselves and we respectfully recognize he was a great showman as well as perceptive journalist. Things got pretty exciting at times. At other times, however, the papers actually were dull. . . .

Neither Mr. Fischer nor his magazine is a subscriber to the *Amarillo paper*. You check the files of papers twenty-five years ago and compare them, day-to-day, with our current products and they just don't stack up from the standpoint of writing, or attitude of reporting, or variety of interests. After all, it wasn't until four years ago that the *Globe-Times* could collect the Gold Medal Pulitzer Prize. . . .

THOMAS THOMPSON
Editor, *Globe-Times*
Amarillo, Texas

Checkmate

As a member of the Board of the American Chess Foundation, a tax-exempt, educational organization, I am serving as a "Writers Committee for American Chess." In spite of cold and hot wars, international chess tournaments are the most peaceful and intellectual of all competitions.

The sad truth is that the Foundation seldom has sufficient funds to send our great teams to important tournaments. Our chess players earn little or no money through the game; they are forced to make profound financial adjustments in order . . . to compete against the chess masters of the world. In many, even poor, countries the game is state-supported and valued more highly than we realize.

The purpose of this letter is to enlist the support of people in the literary world: writers, publishers, editors, agents who may be willing to send us their own or a fellow-author's manuscript, corrected proofs, letters, signatures, fragments of writing, so that we could exhibit and auction the collection, probably at the Parke-Bernet, the proceeds to go to the Foundation. . . .

In this request I am following in the footsteps of Marcel Duchamp. A few years ago he appealed to the artists of the world and they responded with gifts that made up a most impressive collection. Mr. Duchamp is making this appeal together with me.

HARVEY BREIT
New York, N.Y.

"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART..." What would be *your* judgment?



THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.



THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.

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advantage, however, over reproductions thrown upon a screen in a lecture hall: they can be more faithful to the originals, can be studied for as long as one wants, and can be referred to again and again. Another advantage is that members of a family can "take the course" either separately or simultaneously—husband and wife, parent and teen-age child. Reading each portfolio aloud, and examining the reproductions together, is like visiting a museum together, pointing out to one another something to be appreciated and enjoyed.

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W. J. Cash After a Quarter Century

by Edwin M. Yoder

The guest in the Easy Chair this month is a 1956 graduate of Chapel Hill and a former Rhodes Scholar who wrote editorials for W. J. Cash's old paper, the Charlotte "News." Mr. Yoder is now associate editor of the Greensboro "Daily News." This essay will appear in the book, "The South Today: 100 Years After Appomattox" (along with essays in the April Supplement of this magazine), to be issued by Harper & Row in September.

In February 1941 Wilbur J. Cash, an erratic North Carolina journalist who wrote editorials for the *Charlotte News*, published *The Mind of the South*, a volume instantly recognized by students of regional analysis as a classic.* Subsequent works on the same subject have almost been footnotes.

Until Cash really showed how crucial the historical dimension is to an understanding of the South, its eccentricities were inflated by admirers, scoffed at by reformers. Profiles of the region ran to one of two unhelpful extremes. One saw either a bizarre wonderland full of hotheaded "Southerners," or a sterile waste from which social scientists had removed the people, whose vagaries were simply matters of poverty, pellagra, and poll taxes. In the first, the past was dis-

torted out of all recognition; in the second, it was ignored. *The Mind of the South*, striking a memorable middle ground, recalls Carl Becker's observation about Jefferson: he felt with his mind as some think with their hearts. Cash was not the first to explore the Southern mind — "a fairly definite mental pattern, associated with a fairly definite social pattern," as he defined it. But his map remains the most plausible we have.

To understand *The Mind of the South*, its muffled bitterness, its permanent value and fascination, one must understand Cash's mind—and its obsession with cotton. He was born and spent his boyhood in a cotton mill town, Gaffney, South Carolina, where his father operated a company store. When he later composed a rather self-consciously romantic autobiography for H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury*, where his early essays appeared, Cash recalled that "the keening of the five o'clock whistles . . . drilled me in sorrow."

Those whistles, beckoning the millworkers—the "lintheads"—to the spindles were the characteristic sound of Cash's South. When he thought of cotton, it was not of wide fields but of an altogether different and drearier picture: "company houses," clouds of lint, and lung diseases. Cash saw a Hardyesque pathos in his early life. He was a sensitive boy, nearsighted from secret reading, restless, as he wrote Mencken, at "the Baptist preacher's too graphic account of the Second Coming"; he expected an apocalypse every sunset. He was out of

sympathy with the brutalities of his childhood setting and with the economic nexus that brought them about. When he saw a rich cotton-mill manager passing down the street, he felt that some ingredient in the traditional myth of a sympathetic and gracious South was being betrayed. Hadn't the "Confederate captains" as the old gentry are called in his book, built the cotton mills for humanitarian reasons, to salvage the sinking tenant farmer from economic ruin? And what was one to think of the hopeless mental primitiveness of a culture, all too typically represented by the fulminations of the parson, a civilization which had not even begun to come to terms with Darwin and Freud?

A Deeper Scrutiny

From this difficulty at reconciling myth and fact there sprang, initially a lively if unoriginal iconoclasm. Like all enterprising young journalists of his day, Cash wrote in the manner of Mencken. It was in fairly good imitation Mencken that he fired his first salvos in the pages of the *Mercury* at his childhood villains. But as Cash matured, so did his tactics. Reading back now over the bombastic essays he published in the *Mercury* in the late 'twenties, one might suppose that in time he grew tired of firing point-blank and began to contemplate a more subtle strategy for solving the regional anomalies. He stopped writing for Mencken and began to look deep into the political, psychological,



* But the author did not stay around to collect laurels. Taking a Guggenheim grant, Cash, then forty-one, went to Mexico City. There, a few weeks later, his nerves apparently shot, he hanged himself in a hotel.



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The Muses

IN THE crystal panel above, the Muses, daughters of Zeus, appear within the silver frame of Apollo's lyre.

Urania, muse of astronomy, gazes with wonderment at a star. Terpsichore

frolics nearby. Clio, muse of history, faces ever to the past, even while moving toward the future.

Below them, Polyhymnia and Euterpe sing of sacred and lyric poetry.

Calliope sings of epic poetry. Behind theatrical masks are the muses of drama, Thalia and Melpomene.

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and social evolution that had set the South apart. This scrutiny, lasting for twelve years, was to culminate in *The Mind of the South*.

That mind, Cash came to believe, is primarily a frontier mind, bearing the marks of a rough and ready beginning. It is, he writes, "a tree with many age rings . . . but with its taproot in the Old South." The period of its formation was 1830-60, the setting the South beyond the coastal settlements in the backcountry, "the man at the center" the upland cotton planter. In a dense but powerful style, Cash imagines how this prototype of the Southerner scrambled precariously to imitate the coastal Old Regime whose more genteel ways he both hated and envied. The upland Southerners' struggle to assimilate the way of life of the tidewater "Virginians" covered little more than a generation before the Civil War. This process was never concluded, and it is not surprising that Cash could write of the manner of this kind of Southerner: "It was ultimately not an emanation from the proper substance of the men who wore it, but only a fine garment put on from the outside."

Furthermore, Cash concluded, the characteristic sectionalism of that frontier mind was a defense—a reaction. Before the war, the Abolitionist assailed the immorality of slavery. After the war, the Carpetbagger and Radical so plundered the South, always with high moralizing, that the Southerner was driven to assume that he *was* "different," if only in self-defense.

The ruin of the economic system was so complete that the frontier was reopened. Poverty and social ferment—"the frontier the Yankee made," Cash calls it—returned. So this new man who in antebellum days had never fully defined himself was once again cut adrift in a world that rewarded his cunning and calculation—and sometimes violence—at the same time that he espoused a romantic view of the past. The Southerner imagined, in a setting dulled by ruin, a never-never land in which his unrealized aspirations to ease, grandeur, and graciousness had once been realized after all. That this myth was false was beside the point; it became a vital factor in his mentality. Cash thought he had found the key to an enigmatic culture

that pretended to mellowness, but could be crass; that pretended to chivalry, but could be savage; whose legendary hospitality consorted with political demagoguery, violence, anti-intellectualism, and a fundamentalism on basic principles which found an occasional outlet in what Cash calls "the savage ideal"—the ideal of total conformity.

Tied to the Land

At several points historians do, after twenty-five years, quarrel with Cash. Revisionist historians of the Reconstruction period—among whom a Southerner, Francis Butler Simkins, is notable—now tell us there was more to that period than Yankee piracy and the brutal economic imperialism of Cash's "tariff gang." Other critics have found Cash's treatment of Southern religion superficial—"the trivial booing . . . we heard so much in the 1920s," says Donald Davidson.

These reinterpretations aside, has the essential character of the South as Cash described it changed radically in the last quarter century? On the whole the answer seems to me No—notwithstanding obvious economic and social modifications that are often heralded today, as in the 1890s, as constituting a "New" South. In truth "the mind of the South" seems today to defy the impersonal forces. When you put aside the spread of television sets, the advent of jet air travel, the larger cash incomes (all consistent with national developments), you are left with a mental pattern familiar to Cash: the race picture, though increasingly subject to federal legal pressure, is mostly as Cash saw it—status politics still intact. The South is still given, more than any single identifiable region, to unholy representations of wrong thinking. Its economy, though diversified, though emancipated from the cotton mills on which Cash obsessively spent almost a third of his book, has yet to transform the South into a truly industrial or urban society. Its habits are still tied to the land. But let me specify.

No sane person denies today, North and South, the existence of a second American revolution in race relations. But it is easy amidst the oneway flow of legal and legislative mandates from Washington to lose sight of those dur-

able Southern habits which, be more subtle than most critics suppose, defy political command. Race preoccupies the South today as much as (not more than) when Cash wrote in 1941. In flippant moments, South newspaper editors still call it "Te A," a label rarely applied without a weary sigh that such a preoccupation should stand, virtually immovable, between the South and its dream of modernity.

Cash's analysis of the "pro-Dorian convention" still applies:

If the plantation had introduced distinctions of wealth and rank among the men of the old backcountry, and, in doing so, had perhaps offended against the ego of the common white, it had also . . . introduced that other vastly ego-warming and ego-expanding distinction between the white man and the black. Robbing him and degrading him in so many ways, it yet, by a singular irony, had simultaneously elevated this common white to a position comparable to that of, say, the Doric knight of ancient Sparta. Not only was he not exploited directly, he was himself made by extension a member of the dominating class—was lodged solidly on a tremendous superiority, which . . . could never publicly lose. Come what might, he would always be a white man. And before that vast and capacious distinction, all others were foreshortened, dwarfed, and all but obliterated.

The grand outcome was the almost complete disappearance of economic and social focus on the part of the masses. . . .

The Cry of Status Politics

Even today, the enduring presence of Negroes in large numbers forbids, except in the most tranquil moments of truce between Washington and Birmingham or Jackson or Albany, Georgia, the practice of genuine interest politics. For whatever the South has chosen to accept in the way of racial practices, it has not yet accepted in any state that entire division of political opinion along lines of natural economic interest that could make Negro votes decisive and thus raise what Francis Butler Simkins calls "the *bête noire* of Southern politics—the election of Negroes in considerable numbers."

Governor Wallace, for instance, understands the Cash analysis. Though



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THE EASY CHAIR

he Bilbo-Vardaman standard the Governor of Alabama is an elegant refinement, his political appeal rests on a canny insight into the "proto-Dixian" standing of the Southern white—the fixture that he must never be threatened with submergence below the mass of Negroes in the social and political heap. Naturally, the new Southern demagogue has updated his vocabulary. He is not given to denunciation of foreign evils. He rarely uses the word "nigger" in public. But when he attacks parts of the federal Civil Rights Bill threatening hiring and firing rights of the longshoremen's local in Mobile, his listeners recognize, however cleverly sugared for distant consumption, the cry of status politics.

To say that Cash's analysis of race politics is still pertinent is not to say, of course, that it will always remain so. The present stage may be transitional. Certainly Southern politics of even the most die-hard kind must come to terms with Negro voters newly enfranchised by the registration sanctions of the civil-rights laws. And their votes will carry more weight if the Supreme Court persists in its current attack on malapportionment. Only another spell of fatigue such as overcame the national political consensus by 1876 can postpone this showdown; and Senator Goldwater's failure to find and exploit the rumored "white backlash" in the 1964 election makes such a prospect dim. Still, it is well to remember that the Goldwater-Wallace axis did exist, however weakly, and that it formed a precedent of sorts in American politics.

If an absence of radical change in race relations is discernible, the same is true of what Cash called "the savage ideal"—"that ideal whereunder dissident and variety are completely suppressed and men become, for all their attitudes, professions, and actions, virtual replicas of one another." The South's ideals of tolerance are today hardly those of John Stuart Mill, or even of Thomas Jefferson. Doctrinal diversity, questions about the basic assumptions of the social and economic system, are largely confined to the intelligentsia. Cash was guilty of a great exaggeration, of course, when he likened the savage ideal of his day to the mad authoritarianism then in vogue among European dic-

tators. After all, the key word is *ideal*. When repression-minded Southern legislators curtail freedoms of speech, organization, teaching, or movement, it is usually, so they say in all good faith, for the sake of a higher good. The Southern vigilante strikes out at threatening scientific or social ideas with a Rotarian highmindedness and sobriety that have little in common with Hitlerian nihilism. When fundamentalist parsons throng (as they recently did) to meetings of the Texas State Textbook Committee, hoping to put Darwin in his place; or when North Carolina legislators shut state college campuses to pleaders of the Fifth Amendment, as they did in June 1963; when a professor is given walking papers in the Deep South; when these things occur they are usually said to protect schoolchildren against dangerous thoughts. Even today the apologists for a closed society in parts of the South fall back on a premise—sometimes unspoken—that the Southerner cannot analyze an idea. And it is ironic evidence of the continued pertinence of Cash that in making this observation himself, he even borrowed on that arch-scoff of the South, Henry Adams.

Limits on Economic Change

In the Southern economy, change is most obvious to the casual eye and durability is difficult to spot. Here I think Cash himself was partially deceived. If *The Way of Zen* is not without a major flaw, it is a naïve faith in the power of specific changes in the Southern economy to revolutionize social, political, and mental patterns. To say this is not to scoff condescendingly; John Kenneth Galbraith was hardly the first to tell us that Productivity is, for Americans, a sovereign index to society. What is strange is that Cash, having for some two hundred pages stressed the basic indestructibility of the Southern mind under a barrage of economic changes, should then profess to believe that the mere unionization of cotton millworkers would herald a new day.

Of course we have heard of the "New South" for generations; and the vision differs slightly, though it usually has much to do with industrialization or industrial sophistica-



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Back to the 4 "R"s

ADD regular meals to reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic for a sound back-to-school program. Summer's grab-a-bite-and-run days are over. It's back to balanced diets and sensible eating habits for the whole family. Here are some important tips.

A tall glass of milk with meals is a great energy booster for adults as well as children. And when you plan balanced meals that include milk and other dairy foods, you

know you're providing your family with all the necessary food nutrients. So whether it's back to school or off to work, get back to the kind of eating habits that have proved to be most beneficial. Get ready for the active days ahead.

It's up to you!

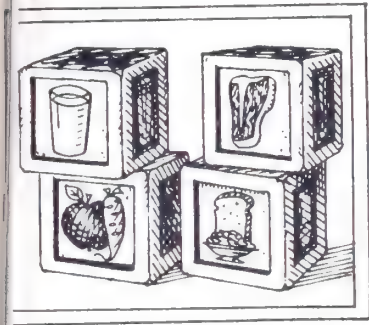
Parents who are really interested in the health and happiness of their children cannot ignore the importance of cultivating good eating habits. Allowing a child to overeat

or to eat a poorly balanced diet, with the hope that the child will ultimately outgrow these bad habits, is a good example of how some parents encourage the development of lifetime behavior patterns that cannot help but lead to unhappiness.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other

vities simply because their
es are not properly nourished,
this happens in high income
es as well as in low income
es.

here is nothing complicated
ut establishing a family meal
ern if the Daily Food Guide is
owed. The Guide suggests four
or food groupings to provide a
ndation for a balanced diet.



The foods are grouped on the
sis of the kinds of nutrients they
pply. The groups are: (1) Milk
nd Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats,
sh, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas
nd Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and
vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads.
oods not included in these four
roups may be selected to round
ut the diet and to provide adequate
calorie intake.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

Three to four glasses of milk daily
or children and teen-agers; at least
two glasses daily for adults (or
equivalent amounts of milk in other
dairy foods such as cheese and ice
cream). Milk is a very versatile
food and can be used in many ways.
For those family members who in-
sist they do not like the taste of
plain milk, it is easy to incorporate
milk into cooking, or milk's flavor
may quickly be changed by adding
any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other
dairy foods are suggested as one of
the four major food groupings in
the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce
glasses of milk each day provide
for the moderately active adult man
about 25% of his daily recom-
mended protein allowances (high
quality protein, too, with the amino
acids needed for repairing and
building body tissue); more than
70% of his calcium (calcium is
recommended for the adult diet as
well as for that of growing chil-
dren); about 45% of his riboflavin
(which is vital in the body's
metabolism); about 15% of his vita-
min A (which helps prevent night
blindness and is involved in skin
health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the per-
centages of these nutrients are
slightly higher because nutrient
allowances for women tend to be
slightly lower than those for men.
The four glasses of milk recom-
mended for teen-agers provide sub-
stantially higher percentages of all
these important nutrients. We call
milk's calories "armored calories"
because milk does provide so many
essential nutrients at a compara-
tively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it
possible to enjoy America's abun-
dance of good food because wide
choices in food selection are pos-
sible. If some family members
don't like one kind of fruit or vege-
table, for example, many other
varieties are available and should
be tried until the family tastes are
satisfied.

For more information on the
Daily Food Guide, write: Daily
Food Guide, American Dairy Asso-
ciation, 20 N. Wacker Drive,
Chicago, Illinois 60606.

tion. It is typical that in Charles
Lerche's *The Uncertain South*, a re-
cent study of Southern voting pat-
terns in the House, the author ends an
exhausting exercise in statistical
gymnastics with the old conclusion
that industrialism and urbanism will
end the "uncertainty."

Were it that simple, the South
would long since, I think, have put up
or shut up. The trouble with the in-
dustrial panacea is that it rests on too
simple assumptions about what makes
a society run. It is as tired as the anec-
dote Henry Grady used to tell about
the Georgia funeral for which that
underindustrialized state supplied
only the corpse and the hole in the
ground.

Were Cash writing today, what
might startle him is that the whole-
sale unionization he saw in prospect
never came. It was beaten by right-to-
work laws, by a plenitude of "Anglo-
Saxon labor" out of the hills, and by
high-priced legal talent. But an even
more important deterrent was that
fierce individualism, that aversion to
regimentation, that could be noted—
as Cash recorded—in the behavior of
the Boys in Gray, who elected their
officers and took unkindly to sharp
command. Why Cash, having sketched
"one of the world's most remarkable
individualists" in the person of the
Southern cracker, nonetheless be-
lieved that he could become a dutiful
and disciplined modern labor unionist
I cannot say. But he did so believe.

Even more to the point are the ob-
servations of Professor William H.
Nicholls of Vanderbilt, recently pres-
ident of the Southern Economic Asso-
ciation. Nicholls speaks not only as a
devotee of industrial progress but as
one whose firsthand inspection of the
effect (or non-effect) of foreign aid
has given him insights into the riddle
of the Southern economy. The more
he has seen of the infusion of capital
into economically "backward" lands,
he says, the more he has been con-
vinced that profound economic change
does *not* produce social change—but
rather vice versa. Regional "prog-
ress" will not come about so long as
the South remains bound by "agrar-
ian values, the rigidity . . . of the so-
cial structure, the weakness of social
responsibility, and the conformity of
thought and behavior"—just the cata-
logue of qualities which advocates of
the various "New Souths" have usu-



a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

Do It Yourself

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," said Sallust 2,000 years ago. "Man is the artificer of his own happiness," wrote Thoreau in his Journals 100 years ago. "The Lord helps those that help themselves," according to a time-honored proverb.

In other words, it's up to you to make your own future insofar as you can. One of your chief concerns clearly must be your financial condition, since that is the key to a great many other things. And what can you do about that?

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THE EASY CHAIR

ally sought to relieve by industrialization.

The picture I draw, then, assessing Cash's book twenty-five years after, is one in which stability outweighs change. Oddly, this state of affairs seems to me reinforced, and in a way made respectable, by a succession of writers and professors who with genuine critical detachment tell Southerners—and outsiders—that it is not so bad to be different. Reviewing Cash's book for *The Nation* in 1941, James Orrick noted: "What makes the mind of the South different is that it thinks it is." And while C. Vann Woodward's conception of the difference in his superb book, *The Burden of Southern History*, departs drastically from that of neo-Ku Kluxers, everyone joins in the refrain of "*Vice la difference*."

The Southerner's attachment to this "difference" in the Southern mind has two sides—one defensible in down-to-earth terms, the other admittedly difficult to reduce to sociological paraphrase.

In 1941, Cash could conclude by saying of the region: "Proud, brave, honorable by its lights, courteous, personally generous, loyal, swift to act, often too swift, but signally effective, sometimes terrible, in its action—such was the South at its best. And such at its best it remains today, despite the great falling away in some of its virtues."

*"You Have to Come Away
Now and Then"*

On the practical side, by way of apology for the Southern mind, it is hard to better Vann Woodward's formulation: that in a nation conditioned by a happy history to victory, plenty, and a consequent optimism about the susceptibility of human affairs to beneficial innovation, the South has been a tempering force. Knowing defeat, scarcity, and failure to root out an intractable social evil, the South has a sense of common destiny with the larger world (which has shared defeat, poverty, and tragedy). This departure from the unmarred triumph of the national experience has surely helped the South supply more than its quota of creative statesmen on the world scene, from Wilson and Hull to Johnson and Rusk and Fulbright. And it is the sense of abiding



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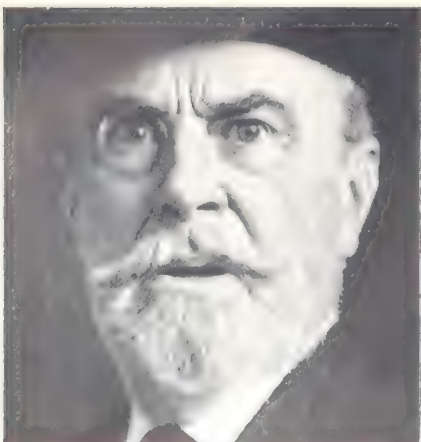
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tragedy that has enriched Southern fiction and made it preeminent.

The mystical side is best approached through Southern literature, where one encounters directly the fetishes of family, physical place, and tradition that are so important, or were, in the Southern mind. The curious difficulty of communication here is beautifully illustrated in Faulkner's great novel *Absalom, Absalom!*, when Quentin Compson pauses from his obsessive narrative of the rise and fall of the Sutpen dynasty, and is blandly interrupted by Shreve, his Canadian Harvard roommate:

"So he just wanted a grandson," Shreve said. "That was all he was after. Jesus, the South is fine, isn't it. It's better than the theatre, isn't it. It's better than Ben Hur, isn't it. No wonder you have to come away now and then. . . ."

A Tacit Alliance?

In a highly commercialized and mobile society that has replaced ties of blood and household with abstractions of a fairly impersonal sort, one is apt to confront these bloody and tortured Southern iliads just as Shreve does. They will seem out of date to some, melodramatic and perverse to many, and so, I suppose, they will remain.

Perhaps, then, Cash defined the "difference" beyond improvement—and hence gave us the key to his own continued pertinence—when he chose his title. Being Southern is a state of mind—a condition of chronic introspection reaching its highest imaginative pitch, perhaps, in Faulkner's reflective heroes like the Reverend Gail Hightower and Isaac McCaslin.

Cash himself is a case of this. He did much by writing his one book to enhance regional self-consciousness as an ideal per se—and so reinforced the tacit alliance that reaches down from the rarefied meditations of professors, authors, and journalists to the inchoate consciousness of the leather-jacketed hot-rodder who sports a Confederate battle flag on the rear bumper. These improbable allies differ in almost everything except the proposition that the South is and should remain "a nation within a nation" and so much the better so.

Naturally, I am not suggesting a continuity of motives or objectives here, let alone a dark conspiracy. It is a fair guess that the fine points of the Southern mystique are of much interest to Cash's successors than the "hell of a fellow" (to borrow a good Cashian phrase) who puts the Stars and Bars in the same decorative class with foxtails, Spanish moiré, jeweled mudguards, and twin exhaust pipes. And it is an open question how much the meditations of the regional intellectuals and creative writers sustain this unholy alliance.

There is, however, little doubt that if the South lacked working mythologists to go on holding up a mirror to "the mind of the South" this mirror would vanish as a distinctive study of self-consciousness. But I confess my own relief that Cash's successors remain at work. It is not only that human variety is instructive, if not always pleasing to the moral sense. Self-knowledge remains, one assumes, the virtue it was for the ancients not only for the South itself but for a nation which too often supposes its pride and vanity that it will eventually remake mankind in its own definitive image.

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Girls are as useful to the world as boys are. . . .

If brave men exist that aren't too callous to the possibilities of discovery, man surely is in no danger of being put out of business by a computer. . . .

—From essays written by children for the Police Athletic League annual Essay Contest, New York City, April 1965



A deaf girl blows the blocks over—an exercise to help her make the sound "O." Photo: "San Juan Star."

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After Hours



Mrs. Johnson's Cultural Cookout

by Russell Lynes

Please take a table number out of the bowl, sir," said a major in a white dress uniform and gold *fourragère*. I drew number 14.

"Where do I get a drink?" I asked.

He nodded in the direction of a clutch of people, and I moved into the crowd that milled about in a large enclosure of lawn behind a clipped holly hedge next to the west wing of the White House. There were about four hundred men and women there, most of them with glasses in their hands. Mrs. Johnson was milling too, but she did not have a glass in her hand.

"How are *you*?" an editor from New York said to me.

"Overdressed," I replied. I had on a dinner jacket, and up to that moment I hadn't seen another man who wore one. It was a docile June evening and nearly everywhere I looked I saw somebody I knew from the art world or the world of journalism or theater. I also saw a great many people I did not know, and others whose famous public faces were privately engaged in conversation.

"When I got the telegram inviting me to this shindig," a museum director said to me, "I replied that my wife

and I would be delighted to come, and the White House social secretary called me the next morning and said that *I* was invited but *she* wasn't."

"When did you get your invitation?" I asked. (Mine hadn't come until four days before this "Festival of the Arts," and I had decided that Mrs. Johnson was scraping the bottom of the barrel. I was glad she'd got that far down.) "Where do I get a drink?" he replied. (He was. I discovered a few minutes later, in the same part of the barrel.)

When he had got a drink, he said, "I think that what happened was that they asked a lot of people to perform and then decided that they'd better have an audience to listen to them."

It had been almost two weeks earlier that the poet Robert Lowell had hit the front pages by declining to associate himself with this festival lest somebody think he approved the President's foreign policy. Everyone there seemed to know (or anyway be convinced) that Eric Goldman, Princeton history professor and adviser to the President, had drummed up this cultural marathon in a burst of headlong speed. No one quite knew

why it had all been so precipitously perpetrated; I don't think anyone knows now.

I also discovered that I was part of the second, or seven o'clock, shift. There were others who had been invited to come in the morning for a full, rich diet of all-day, all-purpose culture and had manfully sat through a battery of poetry and prose readings, scenes from plays, snatches from movies, and musical performances, and they were chattering lightly about what they had seen and heard. I felt that I should have felt deprived, but the evening was agreeable and my presence at the White House so surprising to me that I could only be pleased to have arrived filled with anticipation rather than stuffed like a fruit cake with literary and artistic sugar plums. I couldn't quite make out who was performing for whose benefit . . . artists showing off to other artists, a sort of protean intellectual mutual admiration society. Catherine Drinker Bowen, who had read from her biography of Holmes, was exclaiming about the brilliance of a playwright she had met; Phyllis McGinley was stirred by John Hersey's reading from his *Hiroshima*, and the ghost of the reticent Robert Lowell hovered over the bearded critic and pundit, Dwight Macdonald, like a nimbus.

Whenever and wherever I saw Macdonald during the evening (and he was not inconspicuous) he seemed to be locked in argument with Harold Taylor, the former president of Sarah Lawrence College. Macdonald, I learned from Taylor the next morning on a shuttle-plane back to New York, was trying to get people to sign a petition supporting Lowell's stand. The petition read, "We share Mr. Lowell's dismay at our country's recent action in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic." Those who signed it ate Mrs. Johnson's lobster Newburg and cold roast beef and salad and drank champagne along with the rest of us but there weren't many of them. Taylor said there were just "a couple" but the papers disagreed: one said "four" and one said "ten."³

In a letter to the *New York Times* published ten days after the event, Mr. Macdonald said that what he was asking people to sign was not a "petition" but a "statement to the press," that the current "number of signers" was nine.



1 Did you know Tom is studying the new math in school?

Oh, yes—we were just discussing Diophantine equations.



2 I still don't understand the old math.

I notice you sometimes count on your fingers.



3 When I was in school, my best subject was lunch.

How did you ever manage to get a degree?



4 Plain old horse sense, that's how.

Well, have you ever used that plain old horse sense to figure out where we're going to get the money to put Tom through college?



5 I sure have. We're going to get it from my Equitable Living Insurance policy. If something happens to me, the policy will help pay Tom's bills. But since I intend to be around, we can use the policy's cash values to help do the job.

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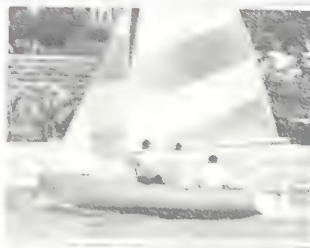


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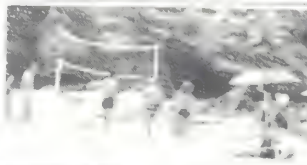
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AFTER HOURS

The military and naval gentlemen in their whites, like sheep dogs g encircling a noisy flock, finally aged to part the guests from sources of gin and tonic and mai (pre-mixed in gallon jugs) and them into seats set up facing a temporary stage farther out on the Presently a band pumped out plodding melody, "Hail to the Ch and the President appeared and a few words in favor of culture freedom and art and politics. A sitting behind me said, "Not a speech. I wonder who wrote it." the man next to him said, "It's a interesting reaction to society's sponsibility to us lousy artists."

Then we stood in line to get dinner. There were three ca striped, red-and-white marq gaily lighted, and from these, lines stretched out. Each person his or her own dinner, including Johnson, but not including Ph McGinley whose right arm was sling. ("I fell out of bed and cru my shoulder," she told me. I had pleasure in fetching her dinner sitting next to her. Any numbe people stopped by and said to her was delighted to see you on the co of *Time*."

"Were you here this morning?" asked me, and when I said I had been invited she said, "I added a couple of lines to the poem I read. And while the pot of culture is bubble-some, Praise poets, eulogize them when they're troublesome."

After dinner (it was dark by then) and Japanese lanterns glowed in the trees and the Washington Monument in the distance winked one red eye at us and then the other from its apartment. We sat in the chairs facing the stage again. Gene Kelly fumbled his way through a script that somebody had written for him, introducing the Robert Joffrey Ballet Company when he went to some unnecessary trouble to emphasize was made up of "native-born American dancers," though it mattered. The stage was backed by a crescent-shaped, rather milky plastic shell which when permeated with colored lights gave the impression that the ballet was being danced against an old-fashioned so-called fountain.

The audience was rather restless during the ballet, though it was e-



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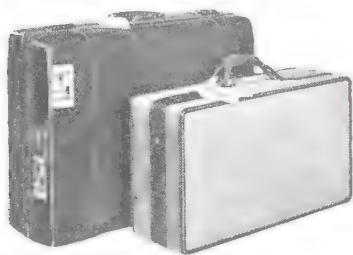
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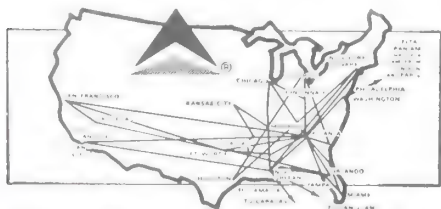
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AFTER HOURS

partly danced and ingeniously choreographed, because, as the woman I was sitting next to said, "It would help if we knew what was going on." But everyone seemed to be relaxed and ready to applaud and there was a carnival air about the evening. The ballet was followed by that great orchestral contraption, Duke Ellington's band, always a miracle in the flesh no matter how well one knows its recordings. Everybody seemed to love it, the Duke, a Washington boy, perhaps most of all.

After a few numbers Mrs. Johnson, who had been hard at it since 10:00 A.M., came out on the stage and said good night, that the party was over, but she'd be glad to have anyone who wished stay for coffee. A good many of us gathered at the apron of the stage and Ellington played a few more numbers including, in response to shouts from the crowd, a small bit of "Mood Indigo." Others repaired to the one marquee that was still lighted and from which flowed not only coffee but more champagne. The military gentlemen stood around in small groups obviously wondering when our culture

bugs would go home. It was eleven-thirty by then.

"I think," said Loren McIvor, painter, with whom I was talking, "that Mrs. Johnson would be glad we were to leave."

So we made for the White House, walked through its lower floor, which had been precipitously made into a gallery of modern paintings for the occasion, past the guards, and out onto Pennsylvania Avenue, leaving behind us the ghost of Robert Lynd. It had never for a moment been absent from the festivities, though he had somehow not dampened anyone's pleasure and had obviously made a party for Dwight Macdonald.

It was curious to consider the universal in roles. For some years artists have been concerned (however the question of government patronage has been raised) that their politics would surely get into the art. The artist be subjected to pressure from political interests. And now were artists exerting pressures on government, not as private citizens but as artists, as part of the cultural establishment.

The Actors Studio in London, or, the Broadway Boiler-house Abroad

by Penelope Gilliatt

Participants in London's annual World Theater Season late this spring were the Théâtre de France, Rome's Compagnia dei Giovani, the Greek Art Theater, Israel's Habimah Theater, and from America the controversial Actors Studio. Directed by Lee Strasberg, the Studio is known for an acting style internationally celebrated as "The Method." The following report on the two productions which the Studio brought to London—The Three Sisters, directed by Mr. Strasberg, and James Baldwin's Blues for Mister Charlie, directed by Burgess Meredith—is from the drama critic of The Observer.

calamitous. It was less sensational than that, and more serious: it was unhappy. The company probably expected that the criticism they were receiving was generated by malignity or conservatism, but I think it came really from a profound sense of betrayal and disappointment. Most of the people in the London audience had always thought of the Actors Studio as a place where acting lived in the air outside the Broadway boiler-house, but the company they saw the Aldwych seemed to have become absorbed in a technique that was as hermetic as anything in show business.

The New York newspaper reports of the Actors Studio visit to London in late spring made the reception sound

More than any other event in the World Theater Season, I suppose the company was approached by the English theatrical profession with



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instinctive protectiveness. Actors, directors, and critics were inclined to be partisan on the Studio's behalf; we are indebted and know it. Six or eight years ago, when Kenneth Tynan produced a mammoth program on British television about the Actors Studio for which I wrote the commentary, the atmosphere was not so convinced and there were still plenty of serious people in the English theater then who were prepared to fall in with the judgments of scoffing outsiders. But almost anyone who seriously cares for the theater now in England is concerned to shelter the endeavor of the Studio from the philistinism that has always dogged it. The most dismaying thing about the Studio's two productions in London was that, after all this time, they seemed to prove the scoffers glibly right.

I suppose the most trite charges against the Actors Studio could be summarized as these:

- (1) Method actors mumble and say -er;
- (2) they can't manage classics;
- (3) they have no ear for a text;
- (4) they coarsen emotion into hysteria;
- (5) they use art as a way of flexing private neuroses.

One by one, grotesquely, the Studio made the charges against them seem justified. Their production of the *Three Sisters*, which was given second, clinched the unease of *Blues for Mister Charlie* and ratified all five clauses at one fell swoop. The young actress who played Irina mumbled and erred more than the most crass revue-parody, overruling the judgment of Chekhov's repetitions with a stammering mannerism of her own that jerked through the lines like a wasp struggling up the side of a pot of jam. The company was at the most obvious disadvantage with a classic, since no one in it seemed to have a sense of the past. Nor did the director seem to have

an ear for the text. It was not the verbal surface that suffered, muscle of human motive but the pattern of the work which is exactly what the ana of the Studio are dedicated to ing. When Chekhov is done with vanity than this, the inner life characters imposes a natural ing that is as firm and lucid phrasing of Bach; but in this tion the pattern of the work e like some terrifying psychotic Emotions were vulgarized in teria, the exhibition of neuro a solemn field day, and the scen Olga witnesses Masha's last s Vershinin was diminished into thing like a nurse coping with a film star clamoring for a fix. It a nightmare inside-out experience artists proving every charge philistines' case and serious giving substance to the illusi their most ignorant enemies.

At the earlier stage when *Blues for Mister Charlie* opened, few quite liked to believe that its b could have anything to do with Studio. It was the author who generally rounded upon, in a way was unfair to the play and also misleading about English attitude the subject. Obviously the color isn't as anguished in England as now in America, but this doesn't that it is obscure to a London ence. James Baldwin is very ser regarded in England. The p rhythms of *The Fire Next Time* rung through the country like a bell. I think perhaps the play was faulted in London mostly because ple were transfixed with embarrassment to see such an incontrovertible argument traduced so that it seemed merely banal, travestied by a fastidiousness that was just as the fault of the production as of the author.

Blues for Mister Charlie is a good play, but it possesses a bold



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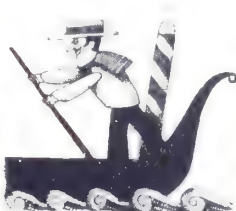
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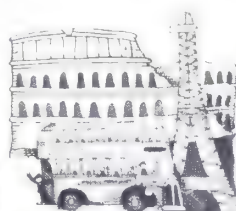
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of oratory for actors to fill in, a Actors Studio should have uniquely able to do it. If B. Meredith had approached the with half the readiness to edit Sandy Dennis showed as Che Irina, the awkward oscillation the flashbacks could have leveled out and Baldwin's devastating passionate passages in Scriptural parallelisms could have been rescued from boiling over if the company had been able to here any trace of the sensibility has always been the Method a special genius, scene after would have been transformed. people, an actress trained in the niques of the Studio should be able to handle a doll and per you that she knows what it feels to be a girl holding a baby; but it was done in *Blues for Mister U* lie the doll remained obstinately and the actress seemed never to held a baby in her life. This is a d but theater is made up of details when they are right they are as quent as the detail of “Pray you, this button” in *Lear*. No one knew better than Stanislavski, and no or so we thought, knows it now so well as the Actors Studio.

What has gone wrong? Is it that Studio is suffering from the na priggishness of being eternally in position? Why does it seem to become such a matriarchy of e mously gifted, enormously overst actresses?

Does Lee Strasberg's teaching t nique minister too much to won inward needs and not enough the public requirements of thea What has happened to the Stu vow not to work under the press of show-biz, if it can flail around complaints about not having enough rehearsal time and emit a terrifying atmosphere of strain tantrum? And how is it that a gr dedicated to the ideal of ensem playing can have come out with a p duction of Chekhov that was suc routine example of the star syste There sometimes seems to be a c and mysterious rule that anything up in opposition is liable to take the likeness of the enemy; the London productions by the Act Studio had a ghostly amount in co mon with the Broadway that the co pany most regrets.

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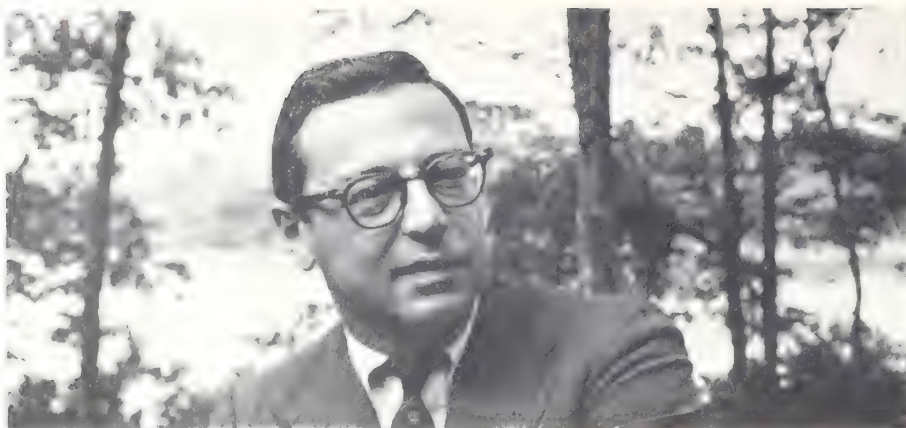
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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Joseph Kraft

Negotiating Out of Vietnam

Chances we have missed, and openings that may yet be found for a way through the political thickets of Saigon and the competing centers of Communist power.

One of Clausewitz' principia is that in the face of a single enemy you go for his capital, while against two or more enemies you go for the line of communications. Though framed for the making of war, that maxim has a distinct relevance to the making of peace in Vietnam. For the purpose of the American war there, as the President has iterated and reiterated, has been to prepare the way for negotiations. To paraphrase one of Churchill's great lines, We bomb to parley. And far from being a single adversary, there are at least four parties—Russia, mainland China, North Vietnam, and the South Vietnamese rebels or Vietcong—on the other side of the hill.

It is possible, of course, that at no

time in the past was there any chance of coming to decent terms. But it is clear that at some time there will have to be negotiations, and in that perspective it is useful to review the record. For there are mistakes to be learned from—mistakes made on a dizzying scale. Far from exploiting division on the other side, this country has solidified the opponents. It has frequently applied the wrong pressures at the wrong places in the wrong times. To borrow a metaphor from the brilliant French writer on Indochina, Jean Lacouture, the United States has tried to put out a conflagration by pouring water in the places the fire wasn't.

To measure the negotiating opportunities, it is first necessary to get a feel for the different positions on the other side. This is not so easy as it sounds. As is almost always the case with political creatures, these positions are not simple and fixed, but many-sided and subject to interaction and evolution. Moreover, the American press—though it has hung medals

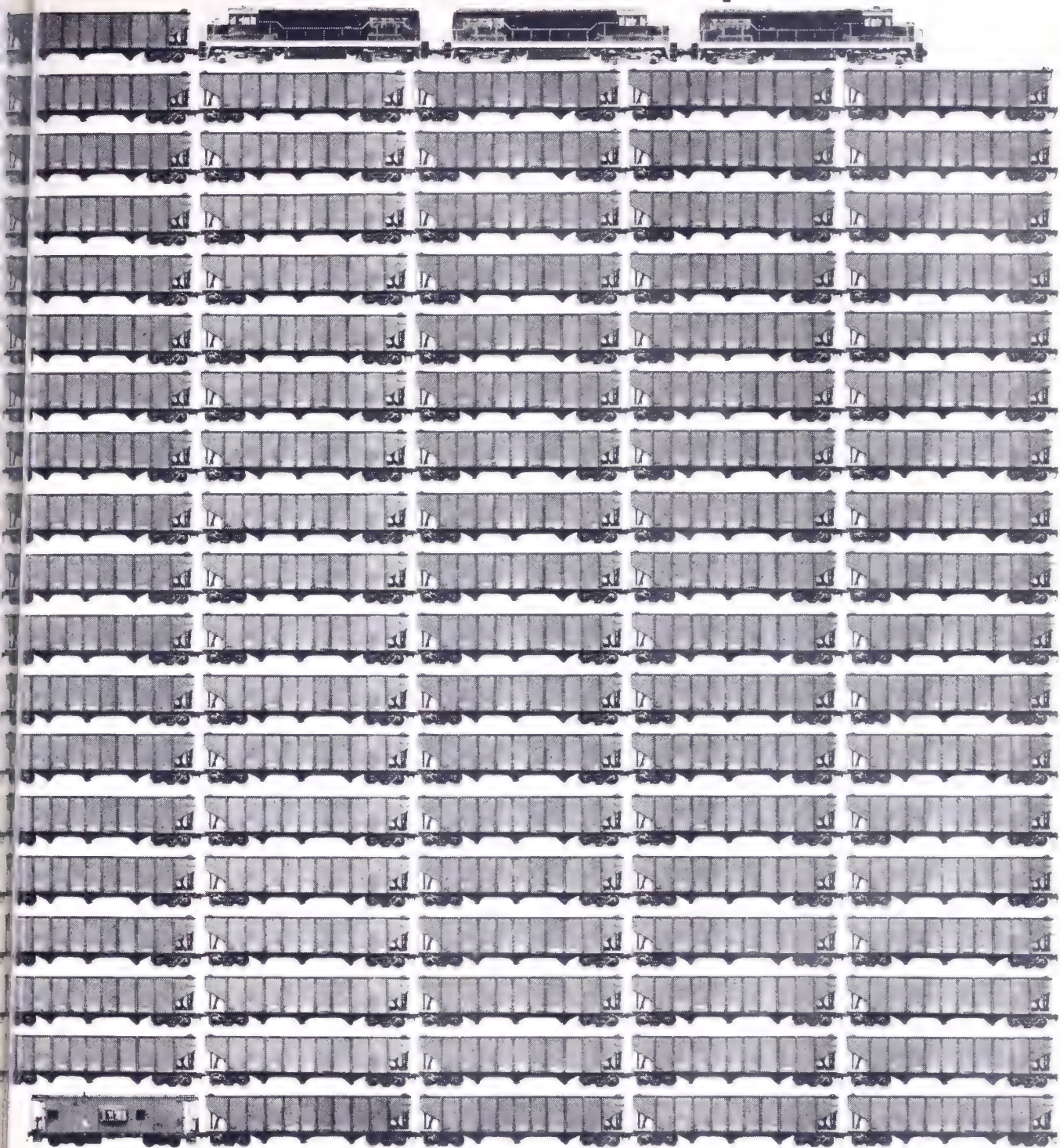
on itself for its coverage of it and though it has protested the most official interference as they were Lear being tormented by an evil—has, out of sheer neglect, paid most no attention to the politics of the war, either in Saigon or on the other side. For example, though the Vietcong has had a representative (Huyn Van Tam) in Algiers in 1962, I seem to have been the first American journalist to interview him.

And finally, out of either ignorance or the usual shortsighted reason, carry weight in a climate of American officials have filled their offices with pictures of the other side which are simply not true. Secretary of State Rusk regularly gives the impression that the Vietcong are invaders from North Vietnam. In one of his recent Baron Munchausen sessions with the press, President Johnson, after first likening negotiations with the Vietcong to negotiations with the state of Mississippi, declared, "The Vietcong . . . are controlled, directed, and mastered from North Vietnam."

In fact, the Vietcong, far from being a mere projection of the North, is an unstable amalgam of many things. It includes thousands of hard-core militant Communists, holding key posts in a guerrilla army and rudimentary administrative system. But it also has a political side—the National Liberation Front, built up as a Central Committee with a president, six Vice Presidents, and a Secretary General. The North Vietnamese government in Hanoi undoubtedly an important voice in the Front, probably through the military delegation to the Central Committee, Vice President Tran Nam Trung. Peking seems to have its men in the Front, and another one of the Vice Presidents, Vo Chi Cong, a well-known Communist, and head of the Peasants' Revolutionary party which was set up two years after the Front itself was formed in Peking.

Still, the distinctive feature of the Front is not its connections with either Hanoi or Peking, but its narrow, nationalistic, almost parochial concentration on South Vietnam. The Front was set in motion in early 1960 at a time when neither Hanoi nor Peking was pushing for rebellion in the South. The President of its Central Committee, Nguyen Huu Chanh, and four of the Vice Presidents

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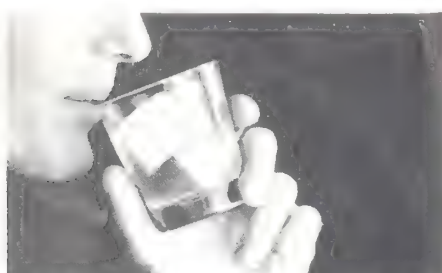
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not known Communists; neither is its Secretary General. Diversity of membership has been explicitly acknowledged by President Tho in terms very unlikely for hardened Communists to mouth. "Inevitably," he told an official interviewer in 1962, "there exist in our ranks differences, even contradictions, which are so numerous that they set some of us against others."

What the Vietcong Fears

Far more than the Saigon government, which has consistently placed refugees from North Vietnam in the highest posts, the leadership of the Front comes from the South. "We have always hoped for help from the North," one Front official told the French journalist Georges Chaffard, "but we prefer to settle our affairs among Southerners." Speaking of the Buddhists at a time when many Americans thought they were controlled by the Vietcong, a Front leader told me, "One way you can tell that we don't run the Buddhists is that their leaders are from North and Central Vietnam. If we controlled them they would be Southerners."

From first to last, Front propaganda has emphasized local issues. Its first statement, in December 1960, attacked with special vehemence Law 10-59, which the Diem regime had promulgated to allow summary imprisonment and execution. A major Front statement of March 22, 1963, picked over the same old bone. Most of all, the Front literature insists on the South as an entity apart from the North. In its very first statement, the Front said that unification with the North might be achieved in slow stages over a long period of time and by mutual agreement between North and South without "propaganda" or "use of military force against each other in the transitional period." "Those are not exactly," a Front official told me, "the terms one uses when contemplating a marriage." And on his own behalf, he added, "Even if we wanted to, which we don't, we couldn't consider unification with the North for more than fifteen years. They have a Socialist system. We are a middle-class movement. The two cannot fit together. Besides our country is devastated. We will want American help for years to come."

In part, no doubt, stress on South-

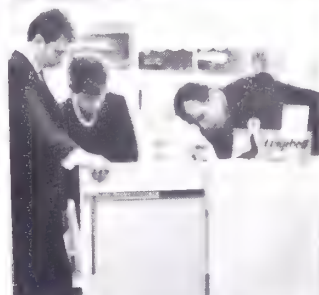
ern interests is pure propaganda would be nice for the Vietcong Americans and others thought them as mere local reformers, affiliated with any world power without any ideological coloring. The local concentration also represents in keeping with the process by which most propaganda comes to be believed most by those who put it out. The Vietcong has to say in order to marshal and hold widespread support. Finally, the local stress reflects the primordial fear that from the beginning of time infected all guerrilla movements. It is the fear that gave such importance to the Benedict Arnold story in the American revolution, and such potency to that great film, *The Informer*, the fear of being sold out. And if the Vietcong concentrates on local affairs so much, if it would prefer to "settle matters among Southerners," it is precisely because the fear of being sold out is inspired most of all by the North Vietnamese regime in Hanoi.

With good reason. By Communist standards, the Hanoi regime is dominated by some notorious softies. President Ho Chi Minh, Premier Pham Van Dong, and the famed war minister and Vice Premier, Vo Nguyen Giap, all come from middle-class backgrounds. They have all been heavily exposed, to Western education and living standards. They participated in the Geneva peace settlement of 1954, and, though victorious at the great battle of Dien Bien Phu, they were the ones, not the French, who initiated the proposal for partition of their country. For years thereafter they did not support the Southern rebels in resistance to the Diem regime. They voiced only the most *pro forma* protests while the Diem regime unilaterally abrogated the truce provision for unification by free elections. Most important of all, despite the geographic reality and their dependence on China for food, the Hanoi leaders for years steered a neutral course between the breathing Red China and the moderate Moscow position.

To be sure, there remained in the Hanoi government a clique of hardliners, keen to push the war in the South to the bitter end. But the leaders of this faction (Deputy Premier Nguyen Duy Trinh and the Chairman of the National Assembly, Truong



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Chinh) seemed to be charged mainly with domestic responsibilities. Moreover, as the name Truong Chinh—a pseudonym that means “The Long March”—suggests, the tough faction in Hanoi seemed to reflect much less the mood in North Vietnam than the mood in China.

Peking, of course, opposed any compromise peace in the South on several grounds. For one thing, the Maoist old guard seems to be asserting a hard line on all issues to resist the claims and test the mettle of a younger and less revolutionary generation. Additionally, the ultrarevolutionary posture is the ideal stance in the struggle against the Soviet Union for primacy in the Communist world; it makes available to the Chinese cause all the frustrated revolutionaries that fill the schools and cafés of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Lastly, continuing the war in the South is a means of demonstrating that China's other great foe, the United States, is a “paper tiger.”

As may be imagined, Moscow originally tended toward quite another view. From the Berlin Blockade forward, the Russians seem at all times to have recognized the extreme danger of a direct confrontation with the United States. Though Khrushchev did endorse “liberation wars” in a speech of January 6, 1961—a speech that American officials never tire of

ain) of the Geneva conference powers—a symbol of complete loss of interest in the Far East. And his successors, at the outset at least, showed, if anything, signs of following an even more cautious policy.

Given this lineup, there were two apparent obstacles to negotiation. Vietcong soldiers could sabotage any arrangement that included them out. Mainland China would work against any kind of settlement. Around these obvious obstacles, there were two obvious paths. Negotiations, as I suggested in these columns last December, might be begun with the Vietcong; Hanoi and Moscow would go along willingly, leaving China the option of being isolated or joining in the peacemaking. Alternately, negotiations might be undertaken with Moscow and Hanoi, negotiations so deft and subtle that the Vietcong would be obliged to go along, thus again leaving China the same option. As it happened both these kinds of opportunities presented themselves. And both were missed by the United States.

When it came to talking directly to the Vietcong, no doubt, the United States was in a poor position. To do so would at least seem to go back on the pledge of loyalty made by Washington to the Saigon government. The Saigon government, however, is not bound by such restrictions. On the contrary the ups and downs and coups and semi-coups that characterize politics in Saigon are really all centered around the question of negotiating with the other side. On two chief occasions when South Vietnamese officials began seriously to think about approaching the Vietcong, they were cut down by—of all things—elements of the American mission in Saigon. The first occasion came with the government that replaced the Diem regime. That government—of General Duong Van Minh, or Big Minh—was ready to take soundings with the Vietcong. It was ousted in January 1964 in a military coup staged by General Nguyen Khanh, the special protégé of the American military commander in Saigon, General Paul Harkins, who had brought him to Saigon without the American Ambassador's even seeming to know about it. The second occasion came with the government that replaced the Khanh regime, the government of Premier

Phan Huy Quat. That regime included two prominent members who were ready to make contact with the other side. They had barely begun soundings when their government was ousted this June as a result of protests and demonstrations set in motion by other American protégé, Colonel Pham Quoc Thao, who has since been killed in mysterious circumstances.

A Visit to Paris

If Washington only acted indirectly to cut off settlement talks with the Vietcong, its role in spoiling more subtle approaches from Hanoi and Moscow was blatant. These approaches were generated in the course of a visit to Paris during the fall of 1964 by Pham Ngoc Thach, Minister of Health of North Vietnam and personal physician and trusted confidant to Ho Chi Minh. Dr. Thach let it be known that Hanoi was interested in discussions without any preconditions, including withdrawal of American troops. He further indicated that for the purpose of these talks it would be useful to have Britain and the Soviet Union convene a meeting of the Geneva powers. These views were made known to the Government of General de Gaulle, which unsuccessfully tried to use them (because its role in the Far East is now wedded to Peking) to elicit Chinese sympathy for a settlement. They were also made known early in December to Secretary General U Thant of the United Nations, who acknowledged the approach in his press conference of February 24, 1965. Though it may have failed, an attempt was certainly made to have these possibilities brought to the attention of the White House.

In line with the new approach in Paris were several other moves. A Moscow office of the Vietcong was opened. In Hanoi, on December 24, an international conference gave special pride of place to markedly pro-Soviet organizations. Two days later Le Duan, the Secretary General of the Communist party of North Vietnam, suddenly turned up in Moscow. A week later it was announced that Soviet Premier Kosygin was going to visit Hanoi beginning February 5. Something was obviously up. The Russians, the chief peacemongers in the Communist world, were being in-



citing—the truly significant fact is that he had successfully fought against any such endorsement in the November 1960 Moscow meeting of Communist parties. In the Cuba Missiles Crisis he pulled the plug on Fidel Castro with the whole world watching. Later he gave signs of indicating that Russia would no longer consider herself as co-chairman (with Brit-

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vited back into the Asian preserve by the North Vietnamese. If peace itself was not being brewed, the right conditions were. And then on the night of February 5, just as Premier Kosygin was flying toward Hanoi, the Vietcong attacked the American air base at Pleiku.

The attack may have been part of a combined North Vietnamese-Vietcong plot to drag the Russians into the war effort. It may have been a field decision taken on the purely operational grounds that the base was a tempting and important target. It may even have been a Vietcong effort to sabotage the coming negotiations in Hanoi. In any event, it brought as a reaction the American bombing of North Vietnam. That response was in line with the view of the military, and notably General Maxwell Taylor, that the threatened destruction of North Vietnam would cause the Vietcong to abate their efforts and come to terms. It was a response way out of line with the losses inflicted upon the U.S.—nine killed and 140 wounded—in an ordinary guerrilla operation. Far worse, it was a response that took no account of the most recent political developments on the other side. Indeed, we now know that it could not have taken account of such developments. For the decision to bomb was a contingency decision, made in the expectation of just such attacks, weeks before it was put into effect.

And what were the results of this contingency decision? Well, disaster may be too strong a word, but boner is surely not. For the effect was to solidify the whole range of Communist opinion in defiance to the Americans in Vietnam. In every quarter of the Communist camp, the hand of the bitter-enders was strengthened. The Vietcong was able to demand and to get more military aid on the theory that the way to protect the North was by victories won in the South. Inside the Hanoi regime, the moderates were in trouble, and the Chinese faction came to new power. In the first week of April, the chief of the Chinese faction, Nguyen Duy Trinh, took over as foreign minister. The Chinese were handed a new example of "imperialist brutality" as a stick to beat the moderates all through the Communist world, and especially the Russians. For the bombing presented the Soviet Union with the spectacle of a "sister

Socialist republic" under attack. For Moscow to allow this attack to proceed without any response would be to make good the Chinese charges that the Russians were feeble revisionists in league with the imperialists. Within the context of Communist politics, in other words, the Russians had to respond. And they did. They have sent bombers and fighters and missiles to the Hanoi regime. Their propaganda, once so discreet on Vietnam, has hardened perceptibly. By May Premier Kosygin was speaking of the "inevitable victory" of the Vietcong. By July, Soviet missiles were actually hitting U. S. planes in Vietnam.

As the stiffening on the other side became apparent, this country made efforts to arrest it. But these were isolated attempts, made under the stimulus of political pressures by the domestic side of the White House staff, and therefore poorly couched, badly timed, and ill-connected with one another. There was the President's famous Baltimore address of April 7, offering unconditional discussions and a billion-dollar development plan for the Mekong River valley. Because it came in the midst of the continued bombing, however, and because the Vietcong were specifically excluded from the negotiations, it was easy for China to make the offer look like a crude bribe aimed at putting in the fix—and by that token impossible for Hanoi to accept. Even so, the Hanoi regime responded with a four-point program, approved on April 10 by its General Assembly, which contained several elements in keeping with American objectives—for example, a return to the principles of the Geneva agreement, and no demand for early withdrawal of American troops. Although the President was urged at the time to make public and favorable reference to the four points, he delayed until the end of July, when he finally sent word by Ambassador Arthur Goldberg to UN Secretary U Thant.

Pause or Ruse?

Similarly with the famous pause in the bombing that the President initiated in early May. Such a step had been urged on Washington a month earlier by Prime Minister Pearson of Canada and Senator Fulbright in public, and by Senator Robert Ken-

nedy and others inside the Administration in private. At such a time a halt in the bombing could have been represented as the exact counterpart to a letup in Vietcong ground activity that accompanied a major regroupment. It thus might have been possible to set in motion a tacit ceasefire. If linked with an explicit recognition of Hanoi's April 10 proposal plus an approach to the Vietcong, such a program might have borne fruit. But a month later, when it was actually applied, the pause was bound to look like a mere ruse. It came on the eve of the giant Washington teach-in that assembled Administration and academic spokesmen in a widely publicized debate on Vietnam, because of this timing the halt in the bombing was interpreted by the other side, and probably rightly, as a maneuver by the President designed to draw the sting of his domestic criticism. More important, the pause came after the Vietcong had completed its regroupment, after additional American ground troops had been landed and taken the offensive against the Vietcong, and just before the monsoon rains were going to put a terror to the bombings anyway. The olive branch, in other words, was proffered at exactly the moment the other side had the most to gain, and the United States the most to lose, from further fighting. It is hardly surprising that a Canadian official, after taking soundings in Hanoi, reported that "they are not now interested in any negotiation of any kind."

But the season for negotiation will come round again. There really is a stalemate in Vietnam, as I indicated in this magazine last year, and the fear of Washington that it will lose the cities is as ill-founded as the hope that it can win back the countryside. Fighting, in this context, is irrelevant. The continuation of the war, as Jean Lacouture has written, is only a "prolonged accident." Still, the war could go on for years unless the lesson of the immediate past is learned. This is the lesson that a settlement does not depend entirely upon our military relationship to the other side on the ground; but that it has a great deal to do with the political relations among the various parties on the other side. It is the lesson, in other words, of going not for the capital, but for the line of communications. []

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Harper's

magazine

The Facts of Jewish Exile

By David Ben Gurion

The distinguished former Premier of Israel here develops the special view of Jewish loyalty which for decades has rallied, perplexed, or enraged his admirers and critics throughout the world. His statement was originally expressed in the form of answers to questions asked by Moshe Pearlman, Israel's foremost journalist, and is adapted from the book, "Ben Gurion Looks Back," by Moshe Pearlman and David Ben Gurion, to be published later this fall by Simon and Schuster.

The quality of Jewish life outside Israel is different from that inside Israel.

Of course not all Jewish communities overseas are alike. Each is influenced by the nation among whom it lives, and acquires a character of its own. The differences between them may be physical, spiritual, political, or social—or all four. Good examples of such differences are the two largest Jewish centers in the Diaspora today—in the United States and the Soviet Union. Together they comprise some nine million Jews, more than 80 per cent of all the Jews in the Diaspora. American Jewry is young; at the beginning of the nineteenth

century there were only some 2,000 Jews in the United States. Russian Jewry is relatively old; at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were already some 800,000 Jews in Russia (including Russian Poland) out of the then Jewish population in the world of two and a half million. Today there are almost six million Jews in the United States and some three and a half million in the Soviet bloc.

But the numerical disparity is the least of the differences between them. The United States, in spite of its federal structure, is a unitary state linguistically and culturally. English is the lan-

age of the country and of its culture. Yet its Jewish community is at perfect liberty to maintain Jewish educational, research, and scientific institutions, and there are no restrictions on the study of Hebrew and Yiddish. American Jews are allowed to maintain close ties with Israel and they have thus been able to play a part of immeasurable importance in helping to build the new State.

The Soviet Union, on the other hand, is, in theory, not a unitary state but a federation of nominally free peoples, each at liberty to develop its own language and culture. Self-determination is laid down and guaranteed in the country's constitution. Yet insofar as self-determination may exist, it does not apply to the Jews, for the Soviet regime has condemned its Jews to spiritual extinction. The Jews have no schools and no new books being published in their own language. Soviet "science" disseminates among the Russian people false and slanderous information on the nature of Judaism, the Bible, the Jewish faith, and the State of Israel.

Just as there are these radical differences between the two largest Jewish communities, so are there considerable differences between the other, the small and medium-sized, communities in the world. The position of the Jews in Morocco, for example, is not the same as that of the Jews in France or in Britain. Some communities live in squalor and under oppression. Others enjoy prosperity and equality of rights, are "emancipated" and attached to the dominant culture.

Yes, there are differences between the various communities in the Diaspora. But all have certain characteristics in common, and this makes them all different in principle from the community in Israel. These features are common to the rich communities and the poor, the free and the oppressed. They find expression in four basic facts, unalterable under Diaspora conditions, which are not to be found in Jewish life in Israel. These facts are the reason why all Diaspora Jewish communities live in what I call a condition of exile, whether or not they are aware of it or recognize it as such.

What are these "facts of exile"?

First, outside Israel, wherever they live, Jews are a minority. They are thus to a greater or lesser extent dependent upon the will of the majority. The majority may grant or withhold from them equal rights. The minority is helpless to make its own decision in the matter. Whatever status is enjoyed or suffered by the Jewish minority rests upon the will and decision of others, and not upon its own will.

Second, the economic and social structure of such communities is on the whole different from

that of the peoples among whom they live. I am not here concerned with the reasons for this phenomenon. I am stating the fact. The majority in every country consists of farmers and industrial workers. Their status may not be the same in all countries; in some they are downtrodden, in others they live a life of dignity. But in every nation they form the majority, and upon them rests the economy of the country. In the Diaspora, very few Jews are to be found among their ranks, few among the laborers on the land, and not many in the working ranks of industry. Moreover, most of the Jews live in towns. In backward countries, this intensifies Jewish poverty and overcrowding; in the rich countries, it raises the cultural and material standing of the Jews above that of the majority. In either case, it removes them from the primary source of the vitality of every people and leaves them without solid ground under their feet.

Third, Jews in the Diaspora who wish to preserve their Jewishness find themselves caught between two contending spheres of influence. As a citizen, the Jew derives both his material and cultural substance from the non-Jews among whom he lives. Wherever he moves he finds himself in a non-Jewish environment, the environment of the all-powerful majority. It controls the government, the economy, the law, the political parties, and the dominant culture. The Jew is influenced by it, whether he wishes to be or not, whether he knows it or not. Jewish life is set apart, having no roots in the all-pervading majority environment. To remain Jews, Jews can draw only on their past and on Jewish tradition.

A Ghetto Nonetheless

This produces a constant duality in the life of the Jew who wishes to preserve his Jewishness. There is a gap between the Jewish sphere and the civic sphere, and, in some countries, often a contradiction. After all, the culture of a people is not merely its language, its storehouse of memories of the past, or even its "religious idea" or religious customs. The culture of a people is the totality of the human and social experience of the entire community, an experience deriving from nature, tradition, the economic, legal, and social systems, and from free public controversy. In this sense, there can be no such thing as Jewish culture in the Diaspora. At the most there can be a cultural ghetto. It may have a religious, social, and spiritual character, but it is a ghetto nonetheless, limited and separate, with no source of nourishment in the

experiences and conditions of the majority people. Even religious Jewry cannot completely observe in the Diaspora all the laws of traditional Judaism. The Jewish religion, unlike all other religions, is rooted in the soil of the Land of Israel, and its survival is bound up with the land of its origin. Many of the Jewish religious precepts can be observed only in Israel. Indeed, according to the ancient sages, residence outside Israel, when this is not unavoidable, is a grave religious offense, and any Jew who lives abroad when he can come to Israel is considered by the Talmud as having forsaken God.

Fourth—and this follows from the third point—there can be no such thing in the Diaspora as life within an all-Jewish framework. The Jews are there subordinate to the sovereign framework of the general community.

True, the Jews wherever they are are a “stiff-necked” people, and their attachment to the Jewish heritage is incomparably strong, whether it is religious or linguistic, or whether it is an attachment out of solidarity to the Jewish fraternity. Hence, in every country where they are allowed to do so, Jews create their own voluntary framework and organizations for Jewish activity and self-expression. But it is my point that such a framework cannot be all-embracing, comprehensive in scope, or vital in content. Only in sovereign Israel is there the full opportunity for molding the life of the Jewish people according to its own needs and values, faithful to its own character and spirit, to its heritage of the past and its vision of the future.

In Israel, the barrier between the Jew and the individual as a person has been abolished. One can be a complete person and a complete Jew, for the prevailing environment is one created by Jews. Our life in Israel has become once again, as in Biblical days, a complete and comprehensive experience, comprising within a state framework that is Jewish all the living values of the individual and the nation. In addition to the Jewish book, the Jewish laboratory and scientific research inquiring into the earth and all that is therein, there have been created in Israel the Jewish field, the Jewish road, the Jewish factory, the Jewish mine, the Jewish Army. Our way of life has been transformed. Economically and socially, we are like any other independent people living in its own land, for we do all the physical and mental work that the nation requires.

In Israel the Jews are a nation like all other nations. At the same time they are Jews in every fiber of their body and every feeling in their heart—whether they be religious or not—as no Jew

can possibly be abroad. This is a product of the special revolution which has been taking place in the land of Israel in the last three generations, reaching its peak with the establishment of the State. This was more than a revolution involving simply a change of regime. It involved the personal revolution of every individual Jew who came to the land, a revolution in his way of life, vocation, language, status, in all that is meant by the Hebrew term *geulah*, which has no parallel in any other language but to which “redemption” comes nearest.

The Roots of Unity

The profound differences between the Jews of Israel and the Jews overseas are likely to become deeper as the State advances toward the consolidation of its independence. But let us be clear about our use of the word “differences.” I do not mean it in the sense of conflict but of differences in character, for the reasons I have just given. But such differences do not mean that one can live without the other. I do not think they can. I believe that each needs to sustain the other, though the respective needs are not of the same order. Jewry in the Diaspora, notably in the two great centers, the United States and the Soviet Union, has traveled far along the path to assimilation; and even though its Jewish consciousness is still alive, it is doubtful whether, without Israel, it may not perish to euthanasia or suffocation. Similarly, without strong bonds with Diaspora Jewry, it is doubtful whether Israel can survive or fulfill its mission of redemption.

Do not forget that although Israel enjoys the friendship of many nations, it is the only country which has no self-governing “relatives” from the point of view of religion, language, origin, or culture, as have, for example, the Scandinavians, the English-speaking peoples, the Arabs, or the Buddhists. Our nearest neighbors are our bitterest foes, and they will not speedily be reconciled to our existence and our growth. The only permanent loyal “relatives” we have are the Jewish people themselves.

I am sure that many more elements of scattered Jewry will join us in the near future, as more than a million have in the recent past, both from countries of suffering and from the free and prosperous lands. We welcome the Jews who can be rescued from the lands of distress and we welcome the Jews who live in the lands of freedom. Israel needs the cooperation of the latter not only for their material assistance essential for the set-

tlement of penniless refugees and the development of the country, but also for their physical participation with us in building the State. They have the spiritual resources, the capacity for action, the cultural standards, the scientific and other knowledge that can contribute vitally to the shaping of a well-ordered progressive State capable of being a "light unto the nations."

We in Israel, in our part, must see to it that we create the moral, cultural, and political inspiration that can act as a magnet which will automatically attract the best of Jewish youth from all countries. Not since the return from Babylon in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. have the Jews been given so noble an opportunity of joining in the task of national revival and redemption.

We in Israel and those outside must take active measures to preserve the unity of the Jewish people, for the future of both is at stake. This unity, to be effective, must be rooted in a Jewish consciousness which can be felt by all sections of Jewry, Israeli and non-Israeli, religious and non-religious. This consciousness must draw its sustenance from the ancient springs of the Jewish people, and must be linked to the mission of modern Israel. Unity can therefore be guaranteed by a three-pronged effort.

The first effort will be the spread of Hebrew education. A language common to all sections of Jewry, to Israel and the Diaspora, can be the single most important factor in achieving and preserving a common Jewish consciousness.

Their Portable Homeland

Consider what the revival of our ancient language, Hebrew, as the common tongue of Israel, has done for our people here, unifying the heterogeneous communities. What has been done here can also be done by the Jews overseas with the same unifying effect. I agree that it is more difficult for them, for they live in lands which have their own official languages. But we here, too, faced serious difficulties, yet we achieved it. We succeeded in bringing to life, in our time, the language of our people which had been abandoned as a living language for almost nineteen hundred years. It is a unique act, with no parallel in history. I remember that some years ago we were visited by the Irish leader, de Valera, and the thing that impressed him more than anything was what he called our miraculous revival of Hebrew. He told me of the determined efforts which had been made in Eire over decades to revive the Gaelic tongue, efforts which had failed even though the

nation had been living in its own land all the time.

I am convinced that the experience of overseas Jewry in seeking to acquire their ancient tongue can be that of the Jews of Israel rather than of the nationals of Eire. Hebrew today is no longer an embalmed language, preserved only in old books and musty parchments. It is now a living and developing tongue, rich with the modern idiom but even richer with the spiritual treasures of old. (Incidentally, the finest modern Hebrew prose style harks back occasionally to the idiom of the Bible and of the early sages, without being archaic.) Up to the first world war, the language spoken by and uniting most Jewish communities in the world was either Yiddish or Ladino. These are now dying out, but while they lived, it meant that most Jews were bilingual, speaking both Ladino or Yiddish *and* the language of their country of residence. There is no reason why they should not now again become bilingual, the Jewish language this time being Hebrew, thereby maintaining a cultural bond with Israel and with other Jewish communities.

But Hebrew education involves not only the teaching of the language. It also means the transmission of the greatest of the Jewish classics of all generations. Foremost, of course, is the Bible, crowning glory of the Jewish creative genius and wellspring of the faith and moral teachings of Israel. It is the Bible which was the source of all the creative thinking and writing of the generations of Jews who followed, the Bible which was the prized certificate of identity of the Jewish people, the Bible which accompanied them in all their wanderings, what someone once called their "portable homeland." It is the most widely known and longest-living book in the world.

It is still the greatest and most precious creation of the Jewish people, from the national, historical, religious and cultural points of view and from the point of view of universal ethics. In the Bible, every Jew whether orthodox or atheist will find his origins, his historical and moral roots.

But Jewish creative powers were not exhausted with the completion of the Bible. In the best Jewish literature of the post-Biblical periods expressive of the Jewish genius, every Jew can find insights enabling him to know himself better.

This is what I mean by a comprehensive Hebrew education which must be undertaken by world Jewry as the prime effort in the accomplishment of unity.

The second is an increased awareness on the part of all Jews of the vision of Messianic redemption. Like the Torah of Israel, which preached the national ideal for the Jewish people but which

also uttered ideals embracing mankind, so the Messianic vision was both Jewish and universal. The redemption of Israel was bound up with the redemption of the world. This Jewish national ideal combined with a universal human ideal, one of the outstanding themes of Jewish prophecy and most of the books of the Bible, was never more topical than today. The hope of the world for deliverance from the dangers of total destruction lies in a regime of justice and peace, loving kindness and mercy, and respect for man who was created in the image of God. A three-word Hebrew sentence in the Bible says it all: "The world shall be built in mercy."

The new Jewish State integrated the Jewish people with its distant past and with the modern history of man. It is dedicated to developing the latest qualities of the Jewish people so that they may be a "light unto the nations" and mark out the path to a new world order which shall not be false to the vision of redemption. Diaspora Jewry must join faithfully with Israel to bring about the fulfillment of its Messianic mission to become a model people and help the world advance toward a system of righteousness as foreseen by Israel's prophets.

Third, the needs of both demand that there shall be a strengthening of the bonds between Diaspora Jewry and the State of Israel. The most urgent call is for the youth of overseas Jewry and for the young professional class, graduates in the humanities and the natural sciences, to join the builders and defenders of Israel and thus play a personal part in the creative work of redemption. For those who wish to remain in the lands in which they live, the ties can be strengthened by visiting Israel, sending their children to undertake a period of study here, participating in Israel's economic development. This will give a deeper meaning to their Jewish consciousness and at the same time it will heighten the effectiveness of Israel as the major instrument for the preservation of Jewish integrity. We on our part must do all we can in this country to mold a society of righteousness so that overseas Jewry will be willing to make the efforts I have outlined, and so that, above all, we can attract Jewish youth as immigrants.

Brightness Undimmed

If we become a model society, able to exert a moral influence among the peoples of the world, that influence will inevitably be felt more immediately and more strongly by the Jews. And while we are still far from achieving that exalted po-

tion, I think we have already created forces which carry within them the seeds of a model society. I am thinking in particular of our labor settlements, the educational functions of Israel's defense forces, and our scientific and cultural accomplishments.

I think I can say that we have a start toward becoming a model people. But there are still many shadows darkening the purity of our lives. Long years of exile have taken their toll. Many of our immigrants have come from poor and primitive lands, lacking in civic tradition. There is overfragmentation. There is an exaggerated partisanship. Often the customs and traditions brought with them by the newcomers are undermined before new values have had time to take root, and this causes social bewilderment. For some immigrants, integration into the life of the country is difficult and takes longer than with others. We, too, like other countries, are plagued with inferior books and periodicals, both home-produced and imported, but we feel it more keenly because we are still in the initial stage of shaping a nation. We have also carried over from exile as an organizational heritage the deplorable system of proportional representation under which our parliamentary elections are conducted, fostering the growth of small parties and breeding in them political irresponsibility.

These are grave blemishes on the face of our young State. Nevertheless, they do not and cannot dim the brightness of our accomplishments. Though young and small and with slender natural resources, our State has been able to stand up against its many enemies, to open wide its doors to immigrants, to provide free primary education for all, to conquer the desert, to revive towns and villages which had been dead for some two millennia, and to create a comprehensive system of social services of a very high standard. This has been achieved in the face of tough difficulties and limited means. It surely reflects unusual qualities in our citizens.

We have always been a small people numerically and we shall remain a small people, unable to compete with our rivals in the size of population, extent of territory, richness of natural resources, and strength and equipment of the armed forces. But our place is in the history of humanity and the place of our country in the world cannot be measured in quantitative terms. Few peoples have had so profound an influence upon so large a part of the human race. And there are few countries which have played so central a role in world history as the Land of Israel. It must be our aim to achieve a future that can be worthy of our past.



The Pilots Who Saved England

by Ruth Langdon Inglis

Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.

—Winston Churchill

The "few" were the 2,949 RAF pilots and aircrew who fought in the 66 operational fighter squadrons from July 10 to October 31, 1940, the precise dates for "The Battle of Britain," Churchill's own name for this crucial, defensive war. Over a thousand men have survived to wear the distinctive rose-gilt emblem on their 1939-45 star. Like proper "Old Boys," they also have a tie, gold rosettes of England mounted on a blue background of the British Isles (sold exclusively to the Battle of Britain Fighters Association airmen at Gieve's in Bond Street—a thorough check is made before a sale can be made, ruling out aspiring phonies). In emotional terms, it must be one of the most expensive ties in the world.

Hitler ordered the invasion of England on July

10, giving it the code name of "Operation Sea Lion." Fresh on the defeat of France and the Dunkirk routing, he didn't think it would take long; capitulation might even take place before he had to mount an invasion. He ordered Goering to weaken the Air Force bases on the southern flanks of England with concerted Luftwaffe aerial assaults prior to a land take-over.

With around 700 serviceable planes, two-thirds Hurricanes, most of the rest Spitfires, the RAF successfully repulsed the Luftwaffe invaders, who had 3,500 aircraft positioned in the Low Countries, France, and Norway, by the end of the three long Battle of Britain months. The blackest and most ferocious day came on August 15 (75 German aircraft shot down; 34 British), and the decisive, turning-of-the-tide day a month later, September 15 (60 German aircraft destroyed, 26 British), when the German High Command realized that

such losses couldn't continue; it would have to abandon its invasion plans. It was as if the Germans, putting their hand into a cage to snap the neck of a weak, dying animal, had it savaged, nearly bitten off.

The crisis period of August-October 1940 ranks in strategic British history with the Armada; but for the first time, the country's survival depended solely on a conflict in the sky. Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, who never had enough men or planes, was dependent through it all to a large extent on that indefinable human quality, high morale. This, fanned hot and high by Prime Minister Churchill, was generated in staggering abundance.

Still, none of the Battle of Britain historians has managed to explain the galvanizing spirit that produced the unlikely British triumph. It took a writer, Richard Hillary, a Battle of Britain pilot fresh up from Oxford, to describe it succinctly in *The Last Enemy* before he himself was killed in the air. (The title of his book in the United States was *Falling Through Space*, published in 1942.) He wrote: "Yet the Squadron showed no signs of strain, and I personally was content. . . . We had little time to think, and each day brought new action. No one thought of the future; sufficient unto the day was the emotion thereof. At night one switched off one's mind like an electric light."

If a generation is as interesting as the literature it produces, then the RAF heroes were let down rather badly. Hillary's *The Last Enemy* is a pellucid, poignant autobiographical account of the author's struggle with pain brought on physically by severe face burns and disfiguration and emotionally by unrequited love for a girl too sunk in her own grief to face a relationship with the half-alive Hillary. Compare this pure, bittersweet narrative of one man's war to Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* with its gutsiness under the tropical sun, the four-letter words, stench, hairy chests, and rugged courage.

An air of hurt sweetness also prevails in the works of the RAF poet John Pudney, whose saccharine "For Johnny" struck a deep sentimental chord in the English heart of the 1940s. Unfortunate for Pudney that the film, *Way to the Stars*, which fixed this poem in the public imagination, should be remembered for little else. He deserves better. But Pudney was no Wilfred Owen, no Siegfried Sassoon. Even the tragic, knightlike Hillary, killed before his considerable talent could develop

further, gives us none of the deeper evocation of grueling wartime experience produced in Robert Graves's *Goodbye to All That*.

It could be argued that the Battle of Britain was too poetic an experience in itself to produce poetry. If any war can be called clean, this one came close to it. It was one of the last examples of individual combat in which man and machine synchronized, neither one ascendant over the other, and group camaraderie in the single aim of smashing the invader out of the sky reached an unprecedented purity of purpose. One pilot suggested to me that even the death was clean—quick final rite by fire—a viewpoint he may possibly hold alone. Airmen in the Battle of Britain literally saw the whites of their opponent's eyes, usually in their rear-view mirrors. It is probably the last battle in history about which it is feasible to be romantic. As Edward Bishop writes in *The Battle of Britain*: "Bombing on both sides had been remarkably scrupulous by the more barbarous standards later in the war. . . . Not until September did aerial bombardment of civilians begin the steady crescendo which culminated with Hiroshima."

Their Long Hot Summer

Though it would be nonsense to imply that it was always enjoyable for its participants, it is a curious fact that a good number of the RAF aces, many of them now urbane civilians in successful executive posts, recall that period with gusto. Such a one is Air Commodore A. R. D. MacDonell, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, Chairman of the Battle of Britain Fighters Association, and an executive of John Brown Ltd., a large shipbuilding firm. A natty Scot with gray, close-clipped moustache, blue eyes, and military bearing, MacDonell is now fifty-one-years old, with over four years of POW experience behind him. Seated at his desk, he looks more durable than most businessmen his age. His eyes sparkle as he recalls the Battle, in which he downed thirteen German planes, a "baker's dozen," as he blithely calls it.

"An extraordinary time . . . the like of which has never happened before or again," he told me. "I loved it. Talk about finest hour. It was remarkably exhilarating. And clean. No being covered in oil, no trenches . . . a supreme game, comparatively young people fighting it out together. Fighter planes could turn round in small spaces at enormously high speeds in dogfights so you could see each other's faces. I'm not a very brave man but I had no fear of death. It never entered my head."

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Of the dozen Battle of Britain survivors I have seen and spoken to recently in and around London, the majority, like MacDonell, used the word "exhilarating" to describe their feelings during that long, hot summer. No one suggested that there might have been good reason to crack, living as they did on interrupted snatches of sleep, undertaking three or four daily "scrambles" (air take-offs for defensive action at a few minutes' notice), witnessing each day in the mess hall the gradual diminution of their comrades, the empty, freshly vacated seats. Air Commodore A. C. Deere speaks of the air of "desperate urgency" that overhung them as the German attacks crept closer and closer to London. Yet when many of the survivors speak of the Battle, they might be recalling a halcyon love affair instead of the holocaust that it was; 515 airmen, the cream of the prewar regulars, were lost in three months' time, most of them by being burned alive in the sky.

If killing man is the most dangerous game, as Gavin Lyall, postwar RAF pilot turned thriller writer, suggests in a recent book, it was a game



relished by the RAF pilots and the German Luftwaffe airmen as well. There is evidence on both sides that the pilots had to be restrained from piling up kills. In his history of the Battle of Britain, Edward Bishop cites several examples of this overstimulated state. He quotes the following extract from a report by No. 609 Squadron:

Thirteen Spitfires left Warmwell for a memorable tea-time party over Lyme Bay, and an unlucky day for the species of Ju 87 of which no less than fourteen suffered destruction or damage in a record squadron bag, which also included five of the escorting Mes.

And again in the case of an officer who, "though his aircraft had been badly damaged in action . . . followed and shot down a Do 17, twenty-five miles from the coast and eventually had to abandon his own aircraft over the sea." Airmen frequently tended to indulge this to the point of self-hypnosis or catatonia, and of course in this last case, as in many others, the obstinacy was not particularly valuable to the RAF Fighter Command, planes being expensive and in short supply: Spitfires came at a high price.

Most of my attempts to extract an analysis from the one-time pilots on the emotional condition that produced such fervor met with the special kind of hauteur and withdrawal the English can register so well when they fear an American is about to be psychological, or try to be. I had found in the French psychiatrist Le Bon's study of the group mind² what I thought might be one description of the state of mind of the RAF fighter pilots. "Under the influence of a suggestion," Le Bon writes, "he will undertake the accomplishment of certain acts with irresistible impetuosity." Freud also throws light on this particular form of group dynamic³ when he says that "where a powerful impetus has been given to group formation, neuroses may diminish and at all events temporarily disappear." This could be one explanation for the apparent Battle of Britain nervelessness.

But former Wing Commander Patrick "Paddy" Barthropp, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Force Cross, now director of a Rolls-Royce car-rental firm, which has serviced such celebrities as Christine Keeler and the Beatles, would have no truck with this brand of psychiatric delving. "You got up into the air because you were shot if you didn't," he says.

Perhaps as the logical corollary of being men of action, the pilots I met were nearly all prone to be studiously anti-egghead, eager to discourage overanalysis and motivational probings, even certain words. When I asked Jack Perkin, a former Flight Lieutenant who had shot down one German plane and then been shot down himself over Whitsstable, Kent, in September 1940, if he found life in Britain today "prosaic," he paused, reached into his desk for a dictionary, looked up the word and said, "No." As an importer of aluminum foil in a small office off Fleet Street he admitted to feeling "chained to his desk" but said his family life was too fulfilling to allow for boredom. (I suspected, after hearing him talk, that he'd known what prosaic meant all along.)

²*The Crowd: a Study of the Popular Mind* (1920).

³*Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* (1922).

Group Captain Douglas Bader, most famous of the British RAF aces, who led five squadrons in the Battle of Britain in spite of the brutal handicap of having two artificial legs, is consummately the man of action and today, in his early fifties, continues to fly and to play golf expertly and frequently. Though he would probably be the first to admit that he was not bookish, I found him to be one of the few pilots who had attempted to analyze the state of mind which gripped him and his comrades twenty-five years ago.

Bader serves as Managing Director of Shell Aircraft Ltd., on the nineteenth floor of one of London's tallest office skyscrapers on the south bank of the Thames. Symbolically enough, he has a perfect aerial view of Big Ben. A restless dynamo of a man who looks ten years younger than he is, he has the stubborn thrust of head seen in Japanese prints of Samurai warriors. He loves his job with Shell, he says, because it enables him to work continuously with planes and to fly.

"The Battle of Britain pilots hated the impertinence of these enemy airplanes flying over our country," he said. "Of course we were brave. Courage, like cowardice, is infectious. The really brave men and women were the Resistance fighters in Occupied Europe. Those who fought on their own without the protection of a military uniform, who were tortured and killed because they would not betray their comrades."

Bader and the psychiatrist, Le Bon, may be strange intellectual bedfellows, but I found it significant that they both speak of group contagion, though Bader refers to it as infection. Le Bon writes: "In a group every sentiment and act is contagious, and contagious to such a degree that an individual readily sacrifices his personal interest to the collective interest."

Appeal to the Rebel

In those three crucible months, the RAF airmen developed a style, speech, dress, and set of mannerisms that set the pace for pilots during the remainder of the war. The survivors I have met have carried this ineradicable stamp into maturity, the civilians as well as the peacetime staff officers. The RAF Fighter Command was a hardship university and it is as if its alumni have been blowtorched into a way of behavior they have no desire or intention of discarding, even if they could. Richard Hillary felt the transfer from Oxford to the more fiery institution of RAF life perfectly natural. "Superficially we [at Oxford] were selfish and ego-centric without any Holy Grail in which we could

lose ourselves," he wrote in *The Last Enemy*; "... the war solved all problems of a career, and promised a chance of self-realization that would normally take years to achieve. As a fighter pilot I hoped for a concentration of amusement, fear, and exaltation."



As we have seen, the RAF airmen did succeed in achieving exaltation. But they never liked to consider themselves a disciplined force acting as a unit. Rather they pictured their service as the rebellious branch of the forces where individual flair was nurtured and appreciated. In class-conscious Britain, the son of an upper-class family who joined the prewar RAF was often considered the black sheep. My husband, who was an RAF Squadron Leader in Coastal Command later in the war, recalls that at one public school a friend who told his master that he wanted to join the RAF when he grew up was taken out and beaten for what the teacher regarded as cheekiness. The Force achieved respectability in the war, but it never lost its basic appeal to the rebel. Uniforms were worn casually, allowed to crease, with the top jacket button left undone. All stiffening was removed from the caps so that they sagged dashingly and were deliberately pulled down low over the ears. Jokes about death were determinedly irreverent. The melodramatic World War I expression "to dice with death" was shortened to the ironic "dicing" and when an airman was killed, his companions often threw off the epitaph: "F— his luck; he shouldn't have joined if he couldn't take a joke."

This humorous, relaxed-upper-lip attitude to death has familiar English precedents. The ex-

plorer, Robert Falcon Scott, who froze to death in the Antarctic in 1912, had time to pen a farewell letter to his friend, J. M. Barrie. It began: "We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot . . . feet frozen, etc., no fuel, and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . ."²

The men who took this style to the furthest extremes became the "prima donnas" of the Battle of Britain, an expression used to describe the most flamboyant aces by the now middle-aged former airmen, not with acidity but with matter-of-fact acceptance of celebrity. Robert "Bob" Stanford-Tuck was the archetypal example. "I'm just a nobody but you must see Stanford-Tuck" became a kind of closing refrain during my interviews. One described him in his Battle of Britain days as "handsome, flamboyant, with white sweater and aquiline features, a wow with the women"; another told of the way he would light up a cigarette, nonchalant-like, as soon as his Spitfire touched ground, smoking casually as he alighted (in one day, May 23, 1940, he downed five enemy planes; he was shot down four times during the Battle himself).

I was relieved to find that he was life-sized when I met him at his mushroom farm in Eastry, Kent, still slim and elegant in his early fifties, and unmistakably ex-RAF (perhaps it was the presence of the foulard scarf folded into the V of his brown pullover, a famous RAF mufti fashion). A successful farmer, he supplies London hotels with mushrooms, finding the fungi "funny little brutes, difficult to grow, but a good, convenient way of making money."

The country life he leads seems in every way enviable—he pities his former RAF colleagues who have to eat "heavy, business lunches" and endure the city tempo. He breeds pheasants (in fact, I nearly ran over a wild cock who, full of springtime lust, couldn't keep away from the caged pheasant hens); makes reproduction antique gun cabinets, chairs, stone fireplaces; shoots in the season, travels a great deal, and concerns himself with his wife and two grown-up sons. Once a POW in a German camp, he carries his gracefulness to the extent, even, of forgiving his enemies. In this, he differed from the majority of the other pilots I saw, most of whom echoed Wing Commander I. B. Westmacott's sentiments: "Maybe they're good Europeans now but I don't trust them—I never have."

Stanford-Tuck stated an opposing view: "I think it's immature to go on conducting a hate campaign against Germany. They've done everything to

eradicate what's happened. And in the war, they were damn good pilots, let's face it." At the time of our interview, his twenty-year-old son was staying in Germany with his great friend, former Luftwaffe ace, General Adolf Galland.

Airmen and Spacemen—Cut from the Same Cloth?

In their offhand, nose-thumbing attitude to danger, the RAF pilots share some of the characteristics of the current spacemen. It would be easy to imagine the Battle of Britain pilots throwing off wise-cracking endearments from the skies to wives and sweethearts in the manner of McDivitt and White if they had been given the opportunity or had the time, which they hadn't.

Squadron Leader Richard "Dickie" Turley George, a tall, hollow-cheeked former peacetime test pilot who was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross during the war, is now, at forty-six, a senior executive in the Air Division of Decca Navigator Ltd., a company which has recently erected two of its chains of air transmitting stations in the United States. He thought that most pilots or fliers tended to be cut from the same cloth of character.

"There is a great bond between Battle of Britain pilots—we have these annual get-togethers, you know," he said. "In fact, there's a bond between all pilots. Though airline pilots and test pilots might be a different breed, I think they tend to have a similar outlook on life. For one thing, our shop talk is apt to be more interesting than most."

Air Commodore A. C. Deere, author of *Nine Lives*, his personal account of the Battle of Britain, wrote me from RAF Neatishead headquarters in Norwich, Norfolk, his estimate of the fraternity of fliers. "There is a similarity between all men who expertize in a particular field," he says, concurring, but not knowingly, with Turley-George. "And spacemen, after all, are simply airmen in another guise. But in my humble opinion they require a somewhat more rigid sense of control and self-discipline by virtue of their, at present, much restricted say in a space operation. To a large extent the sense of freedom felt by a pilot is lost when confined to a spacecraft except, of course, the recent innovation of "walking in air." Certainly, I should not myself like to be confined in a space aircraft subject to the absolute control of scientists on the ground, but I have no doubt that given the opportunity to go into space some twenty-five years ago, I might well have felt differently."

I wonder if he would? The essence of the excite-

²*Courage*, by J. M. Barrie (1922).

ment of the Battle of Britain which has made it the last of the wars of glory was surely its appeal to the individual.

Where Is That Co-pilot?

As individualists in a supreme game, they placed little reliance for comfort on God. The sentimental American song about coming in on a wing and a prayer, more Hollywood than Air Force, but popularly emotive in America at the time, would have been greeted derisively by the RAF pilots. I suspect that with such strong helmsmanship as Churchill's, a stronger, unseen guide was not required. It's no accident that his death in February caused a resurgence of religious feeling in Britain, the country with the lowest church attendance rate in the Christian West. There was a frantic search among the TV commentators and press to track down some evidence of deep religious feeling in Churchill's make-up at the time of his funeral. It seemed ironical that God and Churchill had become suffused in the national mind with no stimulus from the great man himself.

Wing Commander W. P. Hopkin, a Battle of Britain pilot, now forty-four and still serving as Secretary to the Battle of Britain Fighters Association with an office in the presently sleepy halls of the old War Office in Whitehall, is the only deeply religious former pilot I met and he concedes that his old flying chums find his new-found devoutness bewildering, unable to reconcile it with his wartime attitudes. "It was an extraordinary period, certainly," he says; "at eighteen to be plunged from Flying School into a Spitfire with red

cannonballs coming at you like cricket balls. The fear sticks. After the war, I felt something was missing until I became a Christian at thirty-three. After my retirement from the RAF, I hope to become an ordained minister."

In general, I found that the characteristics and reactions of the pilots I met, badly battered—all had crashed at least once, some three or four times—but very much unbowed, were surprisingly similar. Their speech resounded with engagingly rusty RAF expressions (even to the frequent use of the word "Hun"); they shared a disenchantment with government, both Tory and Labor, a conviction that their own actions in the Battle of Britain were unremarkable while finding the epoch itself exhilarating, a spirit of comradeship with other airmen, undiminished affection for Churchill and wholehearted optimism about the younger generation (Mods and Rockers were headline creatures; nobody's child was one). Though they may find England duller twenty-five years later, they continue to love her passionately. "What we want is a Prime Minister who bats for England as President de Gaulle does for France," Bader said.

Group Captain T. P. Gleave, a government war historian heavily scarred from burns acquired in the Battle of Britain, a pilot who endured the necessary agonies of plastic surgery in a bed next to Richard Hillary at the late Archibald McIndoe's famous East Grinstead Hospital, delivered their most firmly rooted conviction: "The English are born fighters."

Gleave, like others of the surviving Few, hoped the occasion would never arise when they'd have to prove it again. Clean wars, they agree, are a thing of the past.



A Country and Some People I Love

An Interview by Hank Lopez with

Katherine Anne Porter

Katherine Anne Porter, whose "Ship of Fools" and many other stories have ensured her place as one of the great American writers of this century, talked with Mr. Lopez in Mexico City last December. This summer, at home in Washington, she reviewed and filled in the text of their tape-recorded conversation. Mr. Lopez, director of the Inter-American Cultural Institute, describes Miss Porter as a "fascinating conversationalist—volatile, pensive, profoundly humorous, and almost disturbingly speculative."

Interviewer: *Miss Porter, since our magazine, Dialogos, is based here in Mexico, we're especially interested in your Mexican experiences. You once stated that "I went to Mexico because I felt I had business there, and there I found friends and ideas that were sympathetic to me. That was my milieu." Could you expand on that?*

KAP: Yes, of course. But let me approach it this way: I've had a great deal of difficulty persuading young people who want a beginning in what they call a literary career, that we don't begin it as a literary career. We begin as a vocation, and you don't go looking for material. They're always looking for material. And that was the reason why at this time in my generation all the young people were heading off for Europe. It was all this going into exile and being so romantic about it and turning their backs on this "crass American civilization" and so on. Well, I am an old North American. My people came to Virginia in 1648, so we have had time to become acclimatized. I can leave it when I please and go back when I please. Every-

body was hastening off for Europe, at that time and going into exile. It seemed so provincial and so ignorant, and they were ignorant and provincial.

You're talking about those young writers that went to Europe?

I'm talking about that whole gang that headed out and made Jimmy's Bar famous, you remember. The so-called Hemingway period in Paris. Well, I had no business in Paris. I was born in Texas, brought up there partly, and my father brought me to Mexico when I was ten years old. We were not rich people, we were Southern people who had many losses in that famous war and we didn't travel to Europe because we weren't able to. Our foreign travel was Mexico, which we loved, and so when the time came for me to travel and get out in the great world a bit, I just came back to Mexico.

Had you met some Mexicans in New York? Were they your entree?

I was brought up in San Antonio, which was al-

ways full of Mexicans really in exile—since Díaz was overthrown. It was a revolutionary city, so we kind of kept up with things in Mexico. But in New York almost the first people I ran into were all these charming young Mexican artists, and Adolfo Best-Maugard was among them. He died a few days ago; was a lifelong friend of mine from that day to this. And there was a wonderful lad—he called himself Tata Nacho. He's still living—he was at Adolfo's funeral the other day. He was playing the piano in a Greenwich Village cabaret to make his living, and he was a great revolutionary. I was living in Greenwich Village, too, and we got to be friends. I was thinking of going to Spain. But they told me, "Don't go to Spain. Nothing has happened there for four hundred years. In Mexico something wonderful is going to happen. Why don't you go to Mexico?" We talked it over and I finally decided I would. I headed down for Mexico in December 1920.

Just about the time of the Obregón Revolution.

Yes, just a few days, just a little while after he came into the City.

How did you come down here then? Train? Boat?

Very simple. Train. I went out all by myself, and this crowd of Obregón revolutionists stayed in Greenwich Village.

I call that courage.

When you're young you don't know that you have courage. It never occurred to me I was doing anything unusual at all. When I got on the Mexican train, the whole roof was covered with soldiers and rifles and young women with charcoal braziers and babies, you know. So I said to this man who spoke to me, "What's going on, what's happening?" And he said, "Well, we're having a little revolution down here." I thought this was interesting, kind of exhilarating, you know.

Were there many other Americans on the train with you?

Two others, two men. They didn't seem to think it was so strange for a young American girl to be traveling by herself. The worst thing was that the coffee gave out. But we did get to Mexico City perfectly safely.

Did you have trouble adjusting to the revolutionary turbulence of Mexico?

Not at all. I went and looked for a room, and I got a very nice one on 20 Calle Eliseo. I had the ballroom on the third floor, absolutely open, no glass in the windows, no furniture, and I went to the National Pawnshop and bought furniture, an old desk, a bed, and a couple of chairs. I was absolutely comfortable with that. Then Adolfo Best-Maugard sent me to Manuel Gamio and Jorge

Enciso, who were then young, extremely learned, attractive young men.

Were they engaged in the Revolution?

No, they were sympathetic, but they were not active. They were, after all, already in the National Museum, in archaeology and that sort of thing. They were altogether pleasant to me, gave me all kinds of advice, introduced me to a few revolutionaries, and sort of handed me around.

The Dissenting Party

When one reads *Flowering Judas* one can't escape the conclusion that you yourself were rather actively engaged in the Revolution.

Yes, I was.

Can you tell us about that?

I didn't do it on purpose. I just got drawn in because I was interested. I always used to say that if I were English I would be the Loyal Opposition. I am always the Loyal Opposition. I'm the dissenting party, by nature. My father was a real old-fashioned conservative stubborn Jeffersonian Democrat in the most absolute tradition that you can imagine, and he rejoiced when the Russian Empire fell because he said that nothing could be worse—it must be a change for the better. Well, that's the way he felt about Mexico at that time.

So you had a predisposition yourself in favor of the Revolution?

Yes, I did. I was involved in that atmosphere. I was drawn into it like the girl who took messages to people living in dark alleys. I was really like that girl.

I rather suspected.

But I'm not the girl entirely. I'm not the girl the young Zapata captain tried to take off of the horse one day. That was Mary Doherty. She's still here.

Now that you mention some specific characters, was "María Concepción" based on some actual event or some specific person?

I would tell you as an absolute rule that has never been broken yet, that everything I ever wrote in the way of fiction is based very securely on something real in life.² In the case of *Flowering Judas* it was just exactly this: There was a man (you would know his name if I mentioned it, but I rolled four or five objectionable characters into that one man) who was showing Mary a little attention. Now Mary was one of those virtuous, intact, straitlaced Irish Catholic girls. Paul Rosen-

²A new volume, *The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter*, will be brought out by Harcourt, Brace and World on September 15.—*The Editors*

feld once said that the Irish were born with the fear of sex even before Christianity. Well, this fat revolutionist got in the habit of dropping by with his guitar and singing to Mary. Goodness knows, nothing could be more innocent. But you know, she wasn't sure of him; so one day she asked me to come over and sit with her because so-and-so was going to come in the evening and sing a little bit and talk. She lived alone in a small apartment. The way I described the place was exactly as it was. There was the little round fountain, and what we call a flowering judas tree in full bloom over it. As I passed the open window, I saw this girl sitting like this, you see, and a man over there singing. Well, all of a sudden, I thought, "That girl doesn't know how to take care of herself."

And so you undertook to help her.

I decided I could stand guard or something. Baby-sit, you might say. As I came in this fellow gave me kind of a sidelong look, but I sat down and sat and sat and finally outsat him. I think that's a universal international situation, don't you? But it just had its special flavor and color for being where it was and the time it was and the kind of man he was. You know this thing stuck in my mind and stuck in my mind, the whole situation. So that story is made of a great complex of things that really happened. But not all at once or to the same people. I had come in all fresh and wide-eyed and taking in everything, and suddenly I began separating the villains from the heroes, don't you see.

I gather from the story that there were some presumed heroes who weren't all that heroic.

They certainly were not. The fighting heroes nearly all went out when their war was won. You know the trouble with every movement, every revolution, is that the people who do the work and

do the fighting and bloodshedding and the dying, quite simply are not the people who run the thing afterwards. It's a phenomenon that exists everywhere. And it was happening here in Mexico, but you know they didn't quite get away with it. I never heard of a revolution more successful than this one was.

The Mexicans would say is . . .

Yes, *is, is*. But I saw things as they were, *then*, and everybody said, "You mustn't say this, you mustn't say that because, you know, it's . . ." And I said, "It's absurd to pretend that all these people are good and brave, when this man is distinctly trying to undercut his own people." This wicked sort of man had got his own intrigues, and I couldn't see where I was obliged to say that he was a hero when he wasn't. Even as "propaganda" this was no good. You know it's not true that wickedness is more interesting than goodness. I don't find it so, but I do find it compelling because it is so often unrecognized, it so often gets away with its murder for the reason that no one has had the courage to oppose it; or perhaps they sympathize with it secretly.

Dug Out of the Earth

I am just wondering if the Mexico of that time offered a more authentic reason for writing than Europe?

In retrospect? Why yes, of course. But it would depend so much on the person. It certainly offered more to *me* because I was not running from anything. I wasn't living in exile. I just came to Mexico because it seemed the natural place for me to come after meeting my young friends in New York. When I got here, a little *chamaco* (is that a nice word now?)—named Covarrubias, Miguel Covarrubias—was a great favorite of mine. I have caricatures he made of me when he was fifteen. I took his first caricatures to New York and showed them to Frank Crowninshield and editors on *Vanity Fair* and places like that. And they brought him to New York and he had a tremendous career there. By the time he was nineteen years old he was the most famous caricaturist in the United States.

Now that you've mentioned Covarrubias, you said the other day at the North American-Mexican Institute that you had some role in arranging for that Mexican exhibit that first went to the United States. Would you tell us about that?

We, myself and the Mexican artists and archaeologists in Mexico, were all passionately interested in the Indian and Mexican popular arts, not the

K A P—

AFTER the long-awaited publication of *Ship of Fools*, Katherine Anne Porter continued the moving around that has been part of her life since her childhood days in Texas. She spent a year in Italy and France, went to Texas and Mexico, survived two bouts of pneumonia, and now has settled in Washington, D.C.

She is writing a series of memoirs, returning to her book on Cotton Mather, and trying to collect her letters—from universities and libraries, and from friends who may have kept them. She would like to have her letters photocopied for her use—"fragments of myself, my affections, memories, and my history."



M. EVAREZ BRAVO

Katherine Anne Porter, Mexico City, 1931

bourgeois arts of the mid-nineteenth century which I find very interesting now. Of course, the Pre-Columbian things hadn't been discovered—what we were interested in was the whole history of the Indian art from the beginning, things they had dug out of the earth in buried cities. It was Adolfo Best-Maugard who headed the whole thing. He was in a way the intellect of the crowd, the really conscious person who had a plan. It was he who suggested to the President that he needed me as the North American representative and organizer and subsequently appointed me formally. I was to go back to the United States and get the galleries lined up for the show. The plan was to have an enormous traveling show, the first that had ever been sent out of Mexico.

What went into this Exhibit?

It was a grand idea. It had eighty thousand objects of the most beautiful work that was ever made in Mexico. We had the most beautiful statues. We even hauled this enormous Chac Mool around—then known as the Mayan Bacchus. It was a tremendous idea and the whole thing was done by very young people—I was almost the oldest person in the crowd. I was twenty-seven. Adolfo Best-Maugard was twenty-eight. But Covarrubias, who developed into a perfect genius of discrimination and selection, was about fifteen; and Lozano and Merida, the young painters, they ran around twenty-one or twenty-two. All of us taking advice from Jorge Enciso and Manuel Gamio in the National Museum. We collected it in about six months, and I did the monograph in about the same time.

Then I went on back to the United States to see if I couldn't get galleries, and I couldn't get any. I tried the Corcoran in Washington, the Anderson in New York, and in St. Louis and Chicago, and in all cases they wouldn't let us have the gallery—because the political pressure had been put on. The U. S. government did not allow the show to come into the country because it was "political propaganda" and the government hadn't recognized Obregón's government. I could tell you one of the most appalling stories about our active enemies who really stopped us.

You can't imagine the number of powerful men who were determined that the government was not going to be recognized. And they attacked that show, they wouldn't let us take it into the country. Finally somebody said if we'd bring it to California they would see that we got it going. So we took it up there, a great trainload of specimens, but we were stopped at the border. They said we couldn't go through unless we declared it as a commercial enterprise and paid duty.

That must have been heartbreaking.

Yes, this is what we were up against. It was the hardest thing that ever happened to us. They kept us on a siding for nearly two months. We tried everything in the world. But you know you can't fight international politics, at least we couldn't. So there was a dealer who came and said that he would buy the whole show.

A Los Angeles merchant?

Yes, he bought it. And so we had this great show that made the most enormous hit. All the tremendous interest in Mexican art in the United States stemmed from that. People poured into that place from all over the country and they bought all of these beautiful things. It was scattered all over the world. And so we were all in simple despair. I just threw up my hands and quit. Xavier Guerrero, Covarrubias, Best-Maugard, Tito Turnbull the photographer (the working team), we were all separated and scattered by that time, off in different places, trying to salvage the pieces. All of us really heartbroken. Honestly we were emotional about it.

Did you ever write about this incident?

Not immediately. I just put it aside, and thought, "That's a defeat if ever I saw one."

You saw parts of the Exhibition later?

Yes, in 1952, which was exactly thirty years after our disaster in Los Angeles. I was one of the representatives of North American literature to the International Festival of the Arts in Paris in 1952. Just after the exhibit began, my good friend and French translator, Marcelle Sibon, said to me, "Do you know that the Mexican exhibit here is the best thing in the show? Why don't you go to see it?" And I said, "I've seen a Mexican show, Marcelle. I don't want to see another." I was still as bitter as gall that politicians could have been allowed to do so much destruction, so much damage; that internal politics, and oil and finance could ruin art . . . was just to me horrible. Then she said to me one day, "I never saw you behave like this before; I don't understand it. You're just missing something."

I did finally go by myself; and oh, they had it laid out in the most marvelous way. I walked into that great hall with the great dome over it, and there was our show. Re-collected from all over the world. It's incredible, isn't it? And this is the strange thing—everybody on the committee was still alive then and everybody had worked on it again except me. They hadn't invited me again because I had gone into such a rampage the first time.

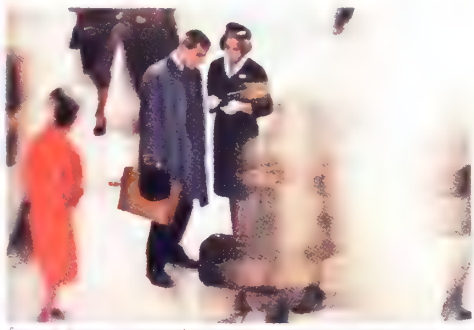
Had anything been added?

Yes, they had gone into the Pre-Columbian



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things, brought us right up to the Diego Rivera thing which happened immediately after. And I must say it was the least interesting of all the things there, because I never (after sort of being hoodwinked by that particular school of art) appraised Diego quite the same way. Before I was finished I didn't like his character—he was a treacherous man and a dishonest artist. When I was there I used to go and grind paints for Rivera over at his place. Everybody did—it was the thing to do—go and grind paint for Rivera. I knew all of the people around Rivera—Siqueiros, Tina Modotti, and Dr. Atl—all the young artists and would-be artists.

Haunted and Bedeviled

Y*ou have visited Mexico many times since your first visit here in the 'twenties. How do you feel about the intellectual and cultural climate of Mexico today?*

I always thought it was good and do now. You know I am an artist and I am really not an intellectual, but I feel the atmosphere of the living arts, and I think I know intellect when I meet it; I've always had a very comfortable feeling here. I like the way people talk, the way they are not afraid of talking about the serious things of life, at least the things that appear serious to me. There are certain atmospheres in the United States where there seem to be airless little ghettos, full of people who live in tight knots trying to run things, making a cartel of the arts. There doesn't seem to be that kind of competition here in Mexico, as if the arts and literature were an arena or a gladiatorial contest or something of the sort.

Recently here in Mexico there was a conference at Chichén Itzá of writers and artists. What do you think of that kind of conference?

I think it's just nonsense.

For what reason?

Because—when I left to go to Europe in 1931 they had established in the United States a dreadful thing called writers' conferences, in which they were trying to teach young people to write. They'd have these cut-and-dried sessions, and I just think they are death-dealing. The French writers used to have a summer session in the abbey of Pontigny, in Burgundy, where they used to meet once a year—the men of letters. They would simply spend a season together in which they talked, discussed, associated, reminisced . . .

Without any formal structure?

Without much formal structure, just enough to hold the thing together. I think that artists and

such people associate by nature, they're birds of a feather. But these conferences to "teach" writers to write—absurd.

You know, we haven't had a chance yet to talk about Ship of Fools at any great length. I've wondered how you decided upon the structure.

I didn't, really. Do you remember the little set of three short novels, *Noon Wine*, *Old Mortality*, and *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*? When I signed a contract for those stories I had had them in mind for years. Then all of a sudden, it's like an egg forming, they were ready to go. So I went to see my publisher and said I'm ready now to make those stories that we were talking about. They gave me a contract for four short novels and so I took my little notes and papers and went up to the country and sat down in a little inn and wrote the first one in seven days—*Old Mortality*. I wrote the second one, *Noon Wine*, in another seven days. And then I was interrupted, as usual, you know. People came and caught up with me and I had to jump up and run to another place. I went to New Orleans and sat down and wrote *Pale Horse, Pale Rider* in nine days. It was nearly six months later.

And then I came to the really tough one, which I called *Ship of Fools*, based on my voyage from Veracruz to Bremerhaven, my first voyage to Europe. Would you believe it wouldn't accommodate itself. I couldn't do it in 25,000 words. And I said I'm not going to do anything more. This is my limit. I'm a short-story writer, and if I can't say what I've got to say in 25,000 words, I won't begin. And this kept haunting me and bedeviled me and I kept writing and taking notes and thinking about it—how to get this into 25,000 words. And it would not. It just obstinately would not. I finally just kept writing and writing. Years passed and I'd go back and add some more and then I'd worry about this thing. I couldn't get rid of it. It had to be written and I had to find a way to write it. And I couldn't, because I was obstinate, you see. I would not write a novel. They'd been after me to write a novel for years. I kept telling them, "I will not—you have to leave me alone. This is my way of working and I am not going to do anything to change it." It was partly obstinacy, partly professional pride, partly the fact that I thought I knew what I could do and what I couldn't do. And I had to work it out. It took me years and years. I'd go back and add again, and I'd go back over it, and little by little it shaped itself in my mind. But I was doing so many things, you see, I was teaching and lecturing and I published three other books. I also did some translating and was very tired most of my time. And finally I thought I must begin and it's going to be maybe not a

novel, but a long long story. I simply sat down in the middle of July or August. I think it was 1942.

I recall writing *Flowering Judas* in that same frame of mind. It was a cold January evening about seven o'clock when I started. And I was out on the corner just after midnight dropping it in the mailbox to send it to Lincoln Kirstein, who was running the *Hound and Horn*. And he published it.

You wrote that story in five hours, then.

Five hours. And just corrected a little with a pen. And that's the way with this novel. I just sat down and started it. And all of a sudden my mind cleared. In about six weeks I wrote the first forty-eight pages of that novel. And then I was interrupted. A terrible domestic crisis—I had something practical in my life I had to do, and I stopped writing for a little while. From then on, and for years and years, I was separated from that book sometimes as much as five years. And sometimes I was interrupted in the middle of a paragraph with all kinds of things. You know how life is. I've never had any protection or margin, nor any buffer between me and the economic grimness of life. So I would leave it in the middle of a paragraph and maybe not get back to it for months. I said once upon a time, "This story has been cracked and mended in a hundred places. And does it show?" And someone said, "If you hadn't told me I wouldn't have known it wasn't one piece." Well, it was one piece in my mind. But getting it down on paper was the hardest thing I ever did in my life.

"Ship of Fools": The Finish

Finally I said I'm going to finish this if I die for it. And I did finish. I took three months off and went up to Cape Ann and sat there just the way I sat in the inn when I was doing the short novels. I said to the people, "Now, don't let anybody come near that door. Give me my breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning. I will leave the room for an hour for the maid to do it up, and otherwise I'll come out when I get hungry." Well, they left me alone, and I finished it. It took me three months. It took me another month to do the proofreading, but it was over. I think it was from '42 to '62, just twenty years almost to the month.* They keep saying, "Why did you take so long?" They stand over you in the United States, and breathe down your collar while you are work-

ing. They say, "Why don't you finish that book," as if you had promised to turn one out every year. And I just say to them, "Look here, this is my life and my work and you keep out of it. When I have a book I will be glad to have it published." You know, they don't understand anything. They invade. They have as much right to do that as they have to break into other peoples' houses, but they don't understand that either.

There's talk of the movie version they are going to do. Have they started on this?

Oh, they've done it. They're going to bring it out, I think in January or February.* And they tell me they've absolutely changed it; you couldn't recognize it to save your life. Everything I did—the whole point of my book—has been completely put aside, I am told by friends who saw a preview.

Speaking about movies, you had a movie experience yourself, didn't you?

Oh, dear Lord, do you know about that? It's the funniest thing—the most curious thing. Oh, dear, I cannot say it. Well, they used to think I had good legs and feet! I never could see it myself, but I couldn't help but be pleased. There was a little man here. His name was Roberto Turnbull, and he came and asked me if I would pose for the legs and feet in a little comedy he was going to make about a young man who was working in a half-cellar and fell in love with the legs and feet of a girl passing by the narrow window above. The whole story was his pursuit of the upper part of this girl.

It was just about as silly as anything could get, I expect. But, you know, it was fun. They made me seventeen pairs of the most beautiful shoes you ever saw, everything from red and gold brocade to the most exquisite black satins and colored shoes and beautiful suede—oh, lovely shoes. And these beautiful thin stockings. I said, "Oh, I'll settle for that." Of course, I wore them in the picture, you see. That was what they were made for. I went to see it later. It was really very funny. From the knees up was played by an extremely beautiful girl and I felt that her feet and legs were quite as good as mine and certainly her hands were just perfect, exquisite. I never had good hands. And so they finally got us together. But there was some embarrassment. The camera wasn't quite good enough at that time and they never did get my legs matched to that Mexican actress. But where did you hear of it?

I don't remember. I heard this years ago.

Yes, and do you know something? Several years later I met a Mexican artist who gave me that

*The movie opened in New York City in late July this year.—*The Editors*

*Three excerpts from *Ship of Fools*, then called *No Safe Harbor*, were published in *Harper's* in October, November, and December 1950.

ad-fish-eye look in the face and then his gaze wandered on down past my knees to my feet and said, "Oh, I know you, I know you, I remember you now." I never did ask him why.

All Ages, Sorts, and Sizes

You make those Revolutionary days sound amusing as well as exciting.

Yes, they were lovely. But we also knew what the tragedies were. Many of my friends died in that time, and some of them just threw their lives away as if they were throwing off an old coat. They did it so well though. After all, Felipe Arillo was lined up against a cemetery wall with fifteen of his cabinet members, three of his brothers, I believe. Death was there among us all the time. Every kind of tragedy, and the most incredible criminality, international criminality. But the young can't be crushed by it. They have to live. Even with all those problems, it was a very good time. I remember saying this to poor Hart Crane. He came down here a long time after, and tried to take care of him. He said once he wished he had come to Mexico in the first place, when I first told him about it, that he would have done better than to go to Paris. "Here I feel that life is real, people really live and die here. In Paris," he said, "they were just cutting paper dollies."

I believe you yourself said that you felt Scott Fitzgerald was writing about people who were of no importance.

I did. And I still think so. Somebody said I shouldn't feel like that, that everybody was important. Well, that's just one of the fallacies of the world. That's one of the things we say when we think we're being democratic. Eighty per cent of the people of this world, as Ford Madox Ford said, are stuff to fill graves with. The rest are the ones that make it go round. We might as well face that. I was in New York at the time they were having those tea dances and Scott Fitzgerald's romantic dreams about all the collegiate boys and girls dancing in the afternoons of false romance and luxury, and the low sweet fever of love. That sort of thing. And I simply couldn't stand it because I couldn't stand the society of those people. I ran like a deer every time I got near them. And poor Hart, he came here and said they were just cutting paper dollies. Poor man, what a terrible time we had with him. He was doomed I think. His parasites let him commit suicide. He made such a good show and they had no lives of their own, so they lived vicariously by his, you know. And that of course is the unpardonable sin.

Who of this newer generation of writers do you like most?

I never got the habit of thinking in generations of writers: my living favorites are of all ages, and degrees of reputation. We have always with us the professional promoters of the trade of writing, who appear to choose their candidates by lot, who drum up a new school of writing every five years or so, and while raising their new group they try to destroy the older ones. This is not necessary at all, there is room for all, but just the same I too have my choices, every one very dear to me—all ages, sorts, and sizes. I leave out the spectacularly famous (except Eudora Welty), but here are the names of writers whom I found for myself and chose from the first work of theirs I read, with no advice from anybody, and disregarding then as I do now the commercial reviewers. I want to tell you there are some good ones in this list, and I'll bet you never heard of some of them; we have some big-time rotters who are getting all the foreign and most of the national publicity.

Peter Taylor is one of the best writers we have—do you know him? He has published three books, and the latest one, *Miss Leonora When Last Seen*, is a collection of splendid short stories. Then Eudora...

I remember The Ponder Heart...

Yes, but *A Curtain of Green*, *The Wide Net*, and *The Golden Apples* have her finest stories. Do you know J. F. Powers, a great short-story writer whose latest book is a fine novel, *Morte d'Urban*? He has been for a good while a superb artist, so at last one of our prize-giving organizations got round to giving Mr. Powers an award, and high time, too. Flannery O'Connor, who died lately, was greatly gifted, a dreadful loss to us all. Glenway Wescott and Caroline Gordon are two such different kinds of writers it seems strange to put their names in one sentence. But they are both quietly geniuses, good working artists who have yet to publish a bad piece of work; as with all the writers I admire so much, I read everything they publish with pleasure, and I have my favorite works, too. Wescott's *The Pilgrim Hawk*, a masterpiece; and Caroline Gordon's *None Shall Look Back*—the best novel I know set in the South during the Civil War. It is a grand book, and I am amazed to learn that it has been allowed to go out of print...

It's that kind of neglect that sometimes disheartens me about—not American writing, that is safe and sound in some good hands—but American publishing and debasement of American taste. I don't suppose I could like an artist—not only

writers, any kind of artist—if I didn't like and respect his work. In fact, I can't separate anybody from his words and acts, but especially this is true with artists.

You know, when I read Noon Wine I had a feeling that Flannery O'Connor was very heavily influenced by you.

She said she was. But I cannot see it. William Humphrey, who has just published a brilliant novel, *The Ordways*, is the only writer I know who ever said in print that his writing and his style and his feeling about writing have been influenced by me. I have read carefully everything he has published, and I cannot see a trace of my influence to save my neck. But if he wants to say I influenced him, I'm very flattered, for I do so like what he writes. There is young Walter Clemmons, who has a first book of short stories, *The Poison Tree*—he is not well known, but he will be. You watch him. Another good beginner is George Garrett.

It is probably my own personal preference in forms, but every one of these writers are also first-rate short-story writers; in fact, with one or two exceptions, I prefer their short stories to their novels, but their novels are among the best being written too. We are being sluiced at present with a plague of filth in words and in acts, almost unbelievable abominations, a love of foulness for its own sake, with not a trace of wit or low comedy to clear the fetid air. There is a crowd with headquarters in New York that is gulping down the wretched stuff spilled by William Burroughs and Norman Mailer and John Hawkes—the sort of revolting upchuck that makes the old or Paris-days Henry Miller's work look like plain, rather tepid, but clean and well-boiled tripe. There is a stylish sort of mob promoting these writers,

a clique apparently determined to have an Establishment such as their colleagues run in London. It's perfect nonsense, but it can be sinister nonsense, too.

The Unclobbered

Also it is very hostile to the West and, above all, to the South. They read us out of the party ever so often; they never tire of trying to prove that we don't really exist, but they haven't been able to make it stick, so far. New, gifted, unclobbered heads keep bobbing up from all points of the distant horizons, and they can never know from what direction they may come. Truly, the South and the West and other faraway places have made and are making American literature. We are in the direct, legitimate line; we are people based in English as our mother tongue, and we do not abuse it or misuse it, and when we speak a word, we know what it means. These others have fallen into a curious kind of argot, more or less originating in New York, a deadly mixture of academic, guttersnipe, gangster, fake-Yiddish, and dull old wornout dirty words—an appalling bankruptcy in language, as if they hate English and are trying to destroy it along with all other living things they touch.

But I have named my candidates for a living American literature, only a prime few of many whose work I love and treasure; they cannot be destroyed and they will keep coming on, decade by decade, one at a time—never in a group, never with a school, never the fashionable pet of a little cartel, never in fact anyone but himself, an artist—no two alike.

We can afford to be patient.

The New World (Plastic) Promise

Yet even these inverted romanticists cannot entirely ignore the older passion for nature which still survives as an essential part of our New World heritage; for they have invented a prefabricated substitute for the wilderness, or at least an equivalent for the hunter's campfire. That ancient paleolithic hearth has become a backyard picnic grill, where, surrounded by plastic vegetation, factory-processed frankfurters are broiled on an open fire, made with pressed charcoal eggs, brought to combustion point by an electric torch connected by wire to a distant socket, while the assembled company views, either on television or on a domestic motion picture screen, a travelogue through Yosemite or Yellowstone. Ah wilderness! For many of my countrymen, I fear, this is the ultimate terminus of the New World dream.

—Lewis Mumford, at the AIA Annual Convention, Washington, D.C., June 1965.

LSD and the Anguish of Dying

by Sidney Cohen, M.D.

A report on a controversial drug that may one day provide a technique for altering the meaning—and lessening the dread—of dying.

My extinction is not of great consequence at this moment, not even for me. It's just another turn in the swing of existence and nonexistence. I feel it has little to do with the church or talk of death. I suppose that I'm detached—that's it—away from myself and my pain and my decaying. I could die nicely now—if it should be so. I do not invite it, nor do I put it off."

These are the words of a woman dying of cancer. For a single day she was given a minute dose of LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), the strange drug whose potentialities are only beginning to be defined. The experiment was part of a very limited and still inconclusive research project. The results which I will describe shortly in more detail suggest that LSD may one day provide a technique for altering the experience of dying.

Awesome—and even inspiring—though this possibility is, it is one still limited to a handful of people in a few hospitals where LSD research is conducted under rigid government controls. The need for such caution is understandable in the light of the checkered history of LSD since its discovery. We know today that it is a drug of many uses—and misuses.

They were scarcely imagined by Dr. Albert Hofmann, a biochemist at Sandoz laboratories in

Basel, Switzerland, when he synthesized LSD in 1938. At the time his firm was particularly interested in the ingredients of the dark purple fungus, ergot—a club-shaped, minute chemical factory that spoiled rye fields during a particularly wet European summer. From it, chemists had already extracted migraine relievers and uterine contractants. So it was quite natural for Hofmann to study another of ergot's constituents, lysergic acid, and to make a series of new compounds from it, including the diethylamide of lysergic acid.)

On a mid-April afternoon in 1943 he was attempting to separate LSD from its mirror-image isomer—an identical molecule which turned polarized light to the left instead of to the right. Accidentally he inhaled an infinitesimal amount of the new compound.

The experience that followed he later described as "a not unpleasant delirium which was marked by an extreme degree of fantasy. In a sort of trance with closed eyes, fantastic visions of extraordinary vividness accompanied by a kaleidoscopic play of intense coloration continuously swirled about me."

After recovering he realized that the unusual reaction was probably due to the chemical he had been studying. He deliberately took a quarter of a milligram and experienced a second, even stronger, dissociation state.

In the intervening twenty-two years LSD, one of the most powerful drugs known, has had a varied and controversial career. The chief questions debated in the 1950s can be recreated from rather dusty medical journals. These were the

issues: Did LSD cause a toxic delirium or a model psychosis? Was it an intoxication similar to that produced by dozens of other drugs, or was it a schizophrenia in miniature sufficiently safe and reversible to be used as a laboratory device to understand and even find a better treatment for that "scourge of mankind"?*

It took a decade to determine that the "LSD state" was no ordinary drug delirium. But to the disappointment of psychiatric researchers, it also became clear that it does not reproduce the symptoms of schizophrenia faithfully enough to cast light on its cause and cure. However, a few researchers, working with the mentally ill, felt it might be useful to take LSD themselves, believing they could better understand their patients' odd behavior if they became transiently mad.

Madness or Mysticism?

Some of the researchers did indeed induce a temporary insanity in themselves. They also found that LSD produced a condition outside of normal experience which was variously described as blissful, ecstatic, transforming, and full of meaning and perceptual beauty.

The people used as subjects in LSD experiments often spoke of the vibrating undulations of fixed objects, the fresh, vivid glow of ordinary colors, and the enormous slowing down of clock time. More remarkably, instead of experiencing feelings of disorganization and chaos, a number of subjects said they had a sense of integration and unity with the universe as the boundaries of the ego dissolved. Consciousness was not impaired nor was memory disrupted. Instead they seemed exquisitely sensitive to their environment and had an enhanced recall of important events in their past. Some of them claimed that afterward they felt more open, less defensive, less tense, more understanding of themselves and of others.

One of the most vivid and detailed descriptions of such an experience was published in 1954 by the late Aldous Huxley in his book *The Doors of Perception*. "I was now a Not-self," he wrote, "simultaneously perceiving and being the Not-self of the things around me. To this new-born Not-self, the behavior, the appearance, the very thought of the self it had momentarily ceased to be, and of other selves, its one-time fellows seemed . . . enormously irrelevant. . . . I longed to be left alone with Eternity. . . ."

*Then-current studies of LSD were discussed in "Toads, Mushrooms, and Schizophrenia" by Howard D. Fabing, M.D., in *Harper's*, May 1957.

A state such as this has no precise psychiatric name, although Freud did write of the oceanic feeling of the infant prior to its recognition that it is a separate entity. Philosophic and theological literature describe it as "cosmic," "visionary," "mystical," "religious," and "transcendental." Eastern religions are particularly familiar with phenomena of this sort.

A considerable number of people have experienced the transcendental state spontaneously without the use of drugs. Like its chemically induced counterpart it has qualities of indescribability, loss of self, visions of dazzling light and overpowering feelings of awe, bliss, or complete tranquility, and a sense of union with all nature. While the chemically induced state may last for a whole day, the spontaneous event is likely to be only a transcendental flash. But it is much more impressive, for it seems to come out of nowhere. Some of these spontaneous states may be due to derangements of the internal chemistry of the body provoked by fasting, isolation, lack of sleep, or mental exhaustion. However, the more prolonged forms such as satori—the spiritual goal of Zen Buddhism—may be achieved by faithful meditative exercises over extended periods. How this is accomplished remains a mystery still to be explored—perhaps by a new breed of scientists—theochemists or theophysiologists.

Enigmatic though this frontier remains, a good deal has been learned about nerve-cell chemistry and about the transmission system connecting brain cells. LSD has contributed to this knowledge. Psychiatric researchers have also amassed revealing data about illusions, hallucinations, delusions, ego defenses and other facets of personality structure. And we are beginning to understand how—out of the same bottle—both madness and mysticism can be poured.

The key to this riddle lies in the personality of the subject, his reason for taking LSD, the degree to which he trusts those with him and the setting in which it is given. The personality, motivation, and expectations of the investigator also play a part in the result. These factors, of course, influence the effect of every drug acting on the mind. But LSD subjects are exceptionally sensitive and hypersuggestible. Thus if LSD is given to an unstable or overly suspicious person in an im-

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personal, insecure situation by someone who seems uninterested or even provocative, it will probably evoke a horrendous mental disorganization. But when a more stable individual takes it in pleasant surroundings, with trusted people around him, then he is likely to experience a pleasurable, if not rapturous state. LSD, then, acts as a trigger releasing a burst of primordial, nonrational psychic activity quite foreign to ordinary mental processes. Whether the burst goes in the direction of a psychotic or of a mystical process depends upon the above factors.

Therapy by Self-transcendence

LSD and drugs like it are now known among scientists as psychotomimetics (mimickers of psychosis) or hallucinogens (producers of hallucinations). In fact, true hallucinations seldom occur, but to "see" something that does not exist is such a spectacular event that the term has been retained.

Research is still under way to determine the therapeutic potential of LSD in treating mental illness. To date it has been tried out experimentally on a great variety of psychologically disturbed patients. Sometimes it has been used as an adjunct to conventional psychotherapy in the expectation that it would make the patient less defensive, improve his memory for "forgotten" traumatic events, indeed, permit him to "relive" these incidents fully. It was hoped that his relationship with the therapist would be intensified, and help him to perceive the defects in his relationships with the important people in his life.

Other psychiatrists have deliberately given the patient a large dose which would overwhelm him and induce a state of self-transcendence. Perhaps, it was thought, this experience would reduce unrealistic feelings of guilt, increase self-esteem, and provide a sort of psychic death-rebirth experience which would give life and living new importance and meaning. Such an episode is analogous to a religious conversion, and like it, may have either transitory or long-lasting effects.

This theory would seem to have particular validity in the treatment of alcoholics, many of whom are alienated, lonely people searching for a relationship or an experience outside themselves. For example, among six hundred alcoholic patients treated with LSD at University Hospital in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Dr. A. Hoffer reports, one-third remained sober and one-fourth improved. Following this report from Canada, sixty alcoholic men are currently being treated with

a single high dose of LSD in an experimental study being conducted by Dr. A. A. Kurland at Spring Grove State Hospital in Baltimore.

No method of using LSD therapeutically has as yet met rigid scientific requirements, which include long-term follow-up and a comparison of patients receiving LSD with a control group who receive identical treatment except for the LSD. But, in truth, no other type of psychotherapy has been fully tested by these exacting standards.

The National Institute of Mental Health is supporting thirteen grants totaling nearly a half-million dollars for studies of LSD in a few selected research centers. (These and a few State Hospitals are the only places in the United States where doctors have access to LSD and the patients are chosen for their appropriateness to the research project rather than their own interest or needs.) At present LSD is not accepted by the psychiatric community as a safe therapeutic tool. Whether it ever will be depends on the outcome of the research now under way.

In Pursuit of Ecstasy

The prospect which, from the research investigator's standpoint seems promising, is beclouded by an increasing vogue for LSD and similar drugs for nonmedical purposes. About three years ago small groups became aware of the transcendental state and it became their prime preoccupation. They call the loss of self induced by LSD "consciousness expansion" although "unconsciousness expansion" would be more accurate. And they have hailed the experience as The Truth, the answer to all problems, the real reality. It is everything for everybody, and everyone—they argue—has the inalienable right to pursue ecstasy via unlimited access to the "psychedelic" (mind-manifesting) drugs—a name they prefer to "hallucinogens," which they regard as too negative.

The most publicized LSD incident occurred at Harvard University in the winter of 1962-63. Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert were relieved of their posts in the psychology department by President Pusey after it was disclosed that they were conducting experiments with LSD and other psychotomimetic drugs on undergraduate students, at times while themselves under the influence of these drugs, and under other conditions that many of their colleagues considered unscientific. Leary and Alpert defended their activities on the grounds that the orthodox scientific method was a "game" they could not play while experimenting with such revolutionary drugs. Later

they set up so-called "consciousness-expanding" colonies in Mexico and New York State.

The resulting publicity contributed to a widespread illicit traffic in LSD and such "natural" hallucinogens as peyote and morning-glory seeds. A brisk black market has come into being; the same pushers who might peddle heroin or goof-balls may also be a source of supply for LSD. It is an instance of paradise regained in some back alley. Today considerable numbers of venture-some individuals have consumed LSD either alone, at parties, or in other group settings.

The casual and carefree consumption of this mighty mind-shaker has, at least, provided us with a few very obvious facts. It is clear that unstable people—particularly those with paranoid tendencies—definitely must not take the psychedelic drugs. Others can take them safely only in a hospital under professional supervision. To be sure, many "cubeheads" (LSD is sold saturated on sugar cubes) manage to get away with the experience and have a grand time of it. But for pitifully few of them does it solve any personal problems even after dozens of exposures. And the indiscriminate use of LSD can cause extended psychotic states, severe depressions, suicides, and prolonged paranoid reactions. Doctors see the consequences of such catastrophes in hospital emergency rooms and in the morgue.

The illicit use of LSD is increasing and spreading to new communities and new campuses. Meanwhile the government has tightened restrictions on the legal use of the drug, and research continues under difficulties.

Surrender to Extinction

What follows is an account of a single experiment in a study involving only a few individuals. The treatment is not invariably successful. But as a result of these investigations a good deal is becoming known about the nature of the psychic encounter with death and how LSD might affect it.

"Ah, yes, I see what you have done. You have stripped away ME. This is a touch of death—a preparation for the big one when the No-Me will be more permanent," she said quietly.

It was Irene talking. She had been dying, all too slowly of a cancer of the rectum which recurred two years after major surgery and X-ray treatments. Now it had spread beyond the range of surgical hope. Her liver and bones were involved. Nothing was to be done except to keep the pain down. But despite large doses of narcotics and sedatives she continued to be agitated and

tearful while awake, moaning and tossing in her drugged sleep. Her sister and doctor asked whether anything more could be done to help her through the fear-ridden process of dying. LSD was suggested with some hesitation because it had been given to only one person in a similar situation. The doctor hoped that the drug might—at least for a few hours—set aside her absorption with herself and the prospect of death. If her awareness could be focused beyond herself perhaps she might learn that her obliteration, soon to come, need not be a thing of terror. So—with the consent of all concerned—she was given a small dose of LSD. She talked to her doctor who took detailed notes.

"But there is something else here. For once I can see the order upon order. What looked like a mess, a confusion, is just the vast complexity of it all, towering layers of interweaving movement. Once you see the pattern of the vortex, it all fits. Right here and now, the No Meaning to Life concept, the theory that it's all an accident, is the greatest improbability of all. What an accident! What an amazing, dazzling accident!"

Irene had been a nurse up to a few months ago, a good one. She was forty-five years old and divorced. Her marriage was the biggest mistake of her life, for she had thought she could reform a confirmed drunk. There were no children, and except for her sister, no relatives. At one time she probably was attractive, but now her skin was a deep yellow-green and her face and arms were emaciated and wrinkled. Her hair was auburn except for the first two inches, which was brown with streaks of gray. Her abdomen and legs were grotesquely distended with fluid. Any doctor passing her room would know at a glance that she was terminally ill. She knew it, too. She knew what her large liver, the jaundice, the bone pain, and the swelling meant.

Before the LSD experiment, we had spoken a few times about death and other things. It's not easy to talk freely and comfortably in such a situation. There is so little to say. The usual platitudes would have been an insult to someone like Irene. She told of her childhood in the East, her schooling in Wisconsin, her three-year marriage: *"It was all right during the day; I worked. At night it was a nightmare."* Now there was nothing, no religion, no hope, only a half-dozen Get Well cards on the bedside table and a few red roses in a vase on the dresser.

"I am dying—I see it very clearly. Soon the patterns of the mind will stop because the complex patterns of the body can no longer support them. It will all collapse into a waste heap of molecules




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from which a new matrix will be drawn. The new will have little to do with me. I see I must accept and surrender to this possibility of total extinction as a person."

Man is probably the only species concerned and distraught about personal extinction, for only man has the capacity to scrutinize himself. Only he can conceive of a future, and perceive himself as a separate creature, more or less apart and alienated from any communal form of existence. We are born into an egoless world, but we live and die imprisoned within ourselves.

This self-awareness—without faith that it all has a meaning—can breed an overpowering fear of death. Freud said that no one could actually imagine his own extinction. And so the dread of dying is the ultimate agony.

In Irene's case, we hoped that a speck of this uncanny drug would allow her to accept her suffering and her death to come. We wanted to provide a brief, lucid interval of complete egolessness, to demonstrate that personal intactness was not absolutely necessary, and that perhaps there was something "out there." In the process we hoped that she would somehow come to terms with her pain and misery.

"How fantastically easy it is to bring human life onto the earth! A single sperm from a single copulation—a single egg fertilized—an embryo—the foetus—birth. The ease of creating life. And sometimes the ease of death—in sleep—a sudden encounter with a hard, unyielding object—the quick closure of a coronary. Then, there are the difficult deaths, like mine. Well, I see that the hard deaths too, must be borne—like the difficult births, it is a part of you.

"I never fully realized the rhythm of the thing—oh, I did intellectually, the cycle of birth, growth, decay, death. Growth always seemed to be at the peak. I don't want to make a virtue of death, but right now they all are at the same level. Decay and death, are no less than birth and growth. Can this be the final rationalization? Hardly. At this moment values don't matter. Life and death matters—they are of me.

"I could die now, quietly, uncomplaining—like those early Christians in the arena who must have watched the lions eating their entrails. Will I remember any of this? And what about the pain? I suppose I'll be a baby about it again. Right now, the pain is changed. I know that when I pressed here yesterday, I had an unendurable pain. I couldn't even stand the weight of a blanket. Now I press hard—it hurts—it hurts all right—but it doesn't register as terrifying. It used to throw me and make me beg for another shot."

Death must become a more human experience. To preserve the dignity of death and prevent the living from abandoning or distancing themselves from the dying is one of the great dilemmas of modern medicine. It is the doctor these days who is in closest touch with those near death and he must still treat the patient even when the disease is long past remedy. How shall he prevent those closest to the patient from retreating out of grief, guilt, or aversion? And what shall he tell the dying man or woman? Leading cancer specialists generally believe the doctor should tell the patient the truth about his future, a truth tempered with some optimism. This is not only a kindness, but realistic, for patients with far-advanced malignancies have, unaccountably, recovered for years. However, there are incurable patients who do not want to be told. The sensitive doctor knows this and allows them to deny the undeniable.

The Meaning of Pain

Irene did not need telling; she had spelled out her prognosis to her doctor many weeks ago. He had tried his best to make her comfortable. Though he was a busy man, and there was little he could do for her, he always found time to come in to talk, and implicitly to let her know that he would be with her to the end.

Continuous, severe, deep pain disintegrates all but the strongest of personalities. When the patient knows the pain will terminate only in death, the pain takes on the meaning of death and is hardest to allay. To relieve dread, counteract depression or reduce pain, the narcotics have been mainstays since prehistory. Opium has been replaced by morphine and other derivatives and new synthetic chemicals. All these medicines reduce pain, enable the patient to sleep, and may raise his spirits. With those near death, the danger of addiction is no problem and skillful use of drugs can circumvent the body's ability to adapt to them.

We have a whole array of sedatives and hypnotics for resistant insomnia. We can control waking anxiety with tranquilizers, and alcohol has not been completely abandoned. When depression is severe, stimulants and antidepressants are available. Ideally we would like our patients to be calmly awake for at least part of the day. But sometimes one must settle for a continuous drugged stupor. Medications and a few nerve-cutting operations are the doctor's weapons in the battle that is always lost. Possibly LSD will add something quite new to his arsenal.

A recent study by Dr. Eric C. Kast of Chicago

indicated that LSD exceeded two other narcotics in the effectiveness and duration of its pain-relieving action. My own research confirms this finding. It would seem that LSD does not act directly on the part of the brain that receives pain impulses. Instead, it appears to alter the meaning of the pain, and in doing so, diminishes it.

This is what happened to Irene. Attending to thoughts and feelings beyond herself, she was unconcerned about pain which had been the main focus of her waking existence for months. No longer did it have ominous significance. During the long day of her LSD treatment, nurses came into the room twice to remind us that her pain shot had not been given.

"Then, there are the nurses. There are those who want to snare me under—because of their own fears, or maybe because I am a nuisance. But there are also a couple who, for some reason, don't want me to die an addict. As though that makes any difference whatsoever. They give me placebos and sometimes I scream at them and accuse them of taking my Demerol themselves. I scream, knowing it's a lie—but I'm hurting. I had the same thing

screamed at me when I was in training—I can still remember how it shook me. I must not ever be that cruel again, not even in pain.

"When I die, I won't be remembered long—the aren't many friends and hardly any relatives left. Nothing much accomplished—no children nothing. But that's all right, too."

It was late afternoon before she spoke again. "I'm coming back. It seems to come and go, but it wasn't like it was before."

"The important thing is to remember," the doctor said.

"Yes—oh, yes, but will I remember it all?"

"You will remember a good deal, and I have some notes here that we can go over to help bring some things back," he answered.

The next morning the deep lines in her face had returned. But she still had a quietness about her. "The pain is back, but I think I can cope with it. What a day yesterday was. A sort of holiday from me."

During the next three weeks she was noticeably more relaxed. There was a calmness about her. She occasionally needed narcotics. Then she died.

They Don't Read De Quincey In Philly or Cincy

by Ogden Nash

Consider, friends, George Joseph Smith,
A Briton not to trifle with,
When wives aroused his greed or wrath
He led them firmly to the bath.
Instead of guzzling in the pub,
He drowned his troubles in the tub.

In France, however, thrifty land,
The bathtub must be filled by hand,
And that is why that fabled fiend,
The laziest ever guillotined,
When shedding his prospective brides
In multiple uxoricides
Just combed his beard and shined his hat
And led them to the Landrumat.

Oh why then doth our home-grown spouse
When tired of mate around the house
Just seize on any weapon handy?
A dreary *modus operandi*,
Proof we belittle in our hearts
Fine murder with the other arts.
As connoisseurs have often snorted,
Murders, like wines, are best imported.



The Way It Spozed to Be

by James Herndon

The junior-high-school faculty knew how they wanted their classes run, but "The Tribe" had other ideas. A report from the scene of the clash.

We had come out of the library from our first meeting with the principal, just the new teachers. I walked down the hall with a man named Skates whom I'd just met. It was mid-afternoon; the hall was dark. Suddenly, a trio of girls burst upon us as if they had been lying in ambush. One jumped ahead, pointing a finger at me.

You a new teacher?

Uh-huh. Yes.

What grade?

All of them, it looks like.

You teach the eighth?

Yes. Eighth too.

What you teach to the eighth grade?

English. Social studies. No, only English to the eighth grade.

The other two girls were hanging back, giggling. This girl crowded me, standing right next to me, looking straight up. I kept my head absurdly raised, feeling that if I bent down I'd graze the top of her head with my chin. I kept stepping back in order to get a look at her, and also to get away from her. She kept moving forward. She talked very loudly, smiling and grinning all the time but still almost shouting every word, having a fine time. It was okay with me.

What your name?

Herndon. Mr. Herndon.

Okay, Mr. Hern-don, saying Hern-dawn, accent last syllable as I was to hear it spoken from then on by all students. Okay, Mr. Hern-don, you all right. I'm gonna be in your class. You better believe it! I'm in your class!

Well, fine, I said. Good. The two girls giggled in the background. Skates stood around, waiting.

The girl ignored all of them; her business was with me.

It seemed to be over. I waved my hand at her and started to move off. She grabbed me by the arm.

I ain't done! Listen you Mr. Hern-don, my name Ruth. Ruth! You'll hear about me, don't worry about it! And what I say, Mr. Hern-don, you don't cause me no trouble and I don't cause you none! You hear?

That suits me, I said. Well, see you later, Ruth, girls. Skates and I started off.

You don't cause me none, and I don't cause you none! she yelled once more, and then the three of them took off, sprinting down the hall away from us, laughing like hell and yelling at the top of their lungs.

The first day, sure enough, there was Ruth in my eighth grade B class. She was absolutely the craziest-looking girl I've ever seen. Her hair was a mass of grease, matted down flat in some places, sticking straight out in several others. Her face was faintly Arabic, and she was rather handsome, and very black. Across her forehead a tremendous scar ran in a zigzag pattern from somewhere above the hairline on her left side across to her right eye, cutting into the eyebrow. The scar was dead white. Her entire figure seemed full of energy and power; she was, every time I saw her, completely alert and ready. She could have been any age from fifteen to twenty-five. I once tried to look up her age, but on every sheet, the space after *Age* was simply left blank. No one knew, and apparently no one knew why it was that no one knew.

True to her word, she didn't cause me any trouble that first day. She sat in the second desk in her row and all she did was grab all the pencils I handed out for that row and refuse to pass them back. The row burst into an uproar, demanding their pencils. The other rows, not having thought of this themselves, yelled derisively. That row ain't gittin' any!

Please pass the pencils back, Ruth, I said, reasonably but loudly, since I wanted to be heard. In the back of my mind I was still wondering how she got in my class, or at least how she knew she was going to be in my class.

Ruth jumped up immediately. Don't go t hollowing at me! she yelled. You got *plenty* o pencils! You *sposed* to give 'em all out! The ain't your pencils! You *sposed* to give 'em out I *need* these pencils!

The class yelled out, Whooooo-eee! Whooo-eee! They all made the same sound. Everyone stood up, laughing and yelling whoo-eee except for the kids in Ruth's row who all screamed, We ain't go no pyenculs!

I advanced on the row. Sit down! I shouted at everybody. I did have plenty of pencils, and was going to give one to each kid in the row and forget about it. Let her keep the goddam pencils. But as I came toward the row, Ruth suddenly flung the handful of pencils out into the room, screeched No! and launched herself backwards into space. She actually flew through the air and landed on her back on the floor after crashing—some part of her body or head, I couldn't tell—against a desk and a kid or two. Later—as other girls from other classes landed on their heads with a bang—I came to call this the Plop Reflex but all I could think of at the time was getting this damn girl off the floor. As I moved, she jumped up, full of life, and fled for the door.

I'm trying to tell about my year teaching—learning to teach—in a junior high school near San Francisco. It was a Negro school, about 98 per cent Negro they told me downtown in the district office, as if to say not entirely Negro. Its principal, Mr. Grisson, announced candidly that he was new at his job, that he expected to make some mistakes himself and certainly would not be surprised if we made some too. The vice principal, Miss Bentley, likened us to the Army. The Army, she submitted, was an organization of people given certain tasks to perform. So was a school. The school's overall mission was the education of children. "So that learning may take place," Miss Bentley explained, "there must first be order."

Skates had another comparison to suggest. He called our students "The Tribe." Watch out today, he'd yell to me, coming down the hall for lunch, The Tribe's getting edgy! Or, Come into my room; The Tribe's holding a talent show, tap-dancing, strippers, the whole bit. It's a little gift from me, in appreciation of the fact that they didn't eat me up last week.

Still, that was later. On this first day all I knew about my students was that they were divided up into four different groups—a seventh-grade B class which I had twice, an eighth-grade B class, a ninth-grade D class, and a seventh grade H

James Herndon, who now teaches in junior high in a district near San Francisco, has written a book about his earlier classroom experiences from which this narrative is taken. With the Army he worked in Heidelberg and Paris for six years; he has taught for the University of Maryland, has written a novel, and plays the oboe.

class. Inquiring around the coffee tables in the teachers' rooms, I learned that the kids were all rated A (high) to H (low) and placed in classrooms together accordingly.

The first day, third period, I pretended to ignore 9D—making out cards and alphabetizing lists while trying to figure out what they might have in mind. They ignored me in turn, steadfastly and actually, roaming the room to try out new seats, applying cosmetics, and listening to transistors. So on the second day, I determined to pass out English books and spellers, to make everything official, and get down to work. The main work, I'd decided, was going to be composition, freely done and at length. The kids were bound to be interested in things they'd written themselves and we could later make some corrections, show up some common faults, use the books to find practical standards for usage and punctuation. The spellers I'd use for regularity; they weren't much good, being just lists of words and a number of rather silly things to do with those words.

Nine D scrambled around for the books and spellers, but then quickly withdrew as soon as it became clear there were enough to go around, which was only when every single person had one of each. Cosmetics came out, kids got up and began searching for new places to sit, a boy took out a transistor radio. I passed out paper; I began to talk about what we were going to do. Cosmetics and conversation continued—not loudly or aggressively, but just as if I weren't addressing them. I began to insist on everyone's attention. Finally a voice said, Teacher, why don't you let us alone?

That stopped it. Ooooooh? they all went. The speaker was Verna, a tall, lanky girl, brown, lithe and strong-looking, plain-faced, kinky-haired, without make-up. The tone of the class implied apprehension and excitement; I was now going to throw Verna out. Actually I didn't give a damn. We had everyone's attention; they had momentarily lost. Verna had to say something. I expected an outburst, but instead she said, You should have made us get to work yesterday. All the other teachers made us get to work. If you want us to do work, why didn't you make us yesterday?

She stopped talking and immediately turned around, her back toward me. The class rallied to her support by taking up their conversations where they had left off. Now I was losing. I got ready to start insisting again, wondering what I was going to say if and when they started listening.

Then the door swung open, and a kid walked in, came over and handed me a slip, and found a seat near the back of the room. The class turned around and conversed in a different key. The subject was the newcomer, Maurice, particularly the fact that he had just gotten out of Juvenile Hall in time to make the second day of school. Teacher, Maurice just back from Juvi! shouted somebody, so I wouldn't have any trouble finding out. Maurice himself was subdued, having been warned, I suppose, to be nice or find himself right back in Juvi. But I was winning again; they were so curious about what I was going to say to Maurice that they had to recognize me. I passed a book and speller down the row to him. You spozed to report to the parole officer about Maurice, Teacher! How he do, if he do his work! Do he get in trouble or fighting! . . .

Well now, I said, actually this is not a class about Juvi, but about English. Whoooo-eee! That broke them up. But when they stopped laughing they were attentive enough. I began to talk about how English meant using the language; I was well into my speech about figuring out together what was relatively interesting to do and then figuring out how to do it—which was, naturally, crap since I already had the business of composition in mind—and they were just beginning to get bored (they knew it was crap too) seeing as how I wasn't going either to lecture Maurice about Crime Not Paying or to say anything humorous again, when Bang! Maurice and another boy, locked in each other's arms, fell over their desks and across the desks of the next row and lay there stretched out, struggling. Books, papers, and kids scattered. Whoooo-eee!

Hell! I got over there. Silence. Let go! I shouted, but nothing happened. Maurice was on top, the other kid across a desk, and as I got there Maurice loosed an arm and belted the other kid in the face. Cut it out! I grabbed Maurice. The kid on the bottom let go, but Maurice didn't. I tugged him rather gently. He belted the kid again. I got mad, grabbed Maurice under the arms, and heaved as hard as I could. He flew backwards over the row of desks and landed with a crash on the next row. He landed plenty hard; I imagine it hurt and, also, he must have thought it was all up with him, back to Juvi. He was frantic and mad. He jumped up and started for me. I stood there; he stopped and stood there. He glared. Everybody was frightened. No one in the class looked forward, suddenly, to what was going to happen, which was that Maurice was going to come for me and hit me or I him; the end would be the speedy return of Maurice to Juvenile Hall



beaten up by me previously or not. It was inevitable.

We stood there quite a few seconds and then I nodded, turned, and walked swiftly back to my desk and sat down. I hoped I was implying a mutual cease-fire among equals. When I turned around toward the class, Maurice had likewise retreated and was sitting at his desk. We carefully didn't look right at each other, but still in the same general direction, so as not to be accused of avoiding anything either. Maurice had seen the issue—I'd say we saw it exactly alike. We both had something at stake, and we cooperated perfectly.

The class was dumbfounded. They waited, disappointed, but certainly somewhat relieved. The Tribe courted disaster; that doesn't mean they liked it. But they didn't believe the action was over, so they were all attention when I got ready to say something. All right, I said, I guess we can start classwork. The first English assignment is to write a story about what just happened. You can begin writing now, finish it tonight, and have it ready for tomorrow's class.

Whatever they'd expected, that wasn't it. It suddenly seemed like a lousy idea to me, and I decided to admit it and do something else, but before I could Verna said Sh—! loudly and turned around in her seat so her back was to me. The class woke up at that signal and began to yell demands and questions at me. What to write! How we spozed to write without no paper! That ain't no schoolwork, Teacher! You can't make us write about that! I ain't got no pencil! You trying to get us into trouble! No pen! No paper! What to write! What to do!

Shhh — loudly again. This time not from Verna, but from Leon LaTour in the back. None of The Tribe said Shit, only Sh! or, to express extreme disgust, Sheee...! Sh! said Leon LaTour, nobody going to write that. He was addressing the class, not me. He just want to pin it on somebody. He want to find out about it. He want to pull you in on it!

Protestations of innocence and as many accusations and counter-accusations followed that. Finally people's Mamas

began to be mentioned, and I had to yell Quiet! again. Well, what if I do want to know? I yelled. Do you know? Something started it didn't it? Here's Maurice pounding on somebody, on Fletcher there, all of a sudden. Do you think he wanted to? So who did start it then?

Accusations, etc. Leon LaTour grinned in the back. Finally Verna jumped up and yelled, Hush up you-all! Sit down big-leg! came an unidentified voice. Forget you! said Verna coldly and everybody hushed. You don't have to get all shook up, said Verna. She was talking to me. Everybody know who start it. Earl he took hold of Maurice's notebook while Maurice writing on them cards you give him for the books, and slip it over onto Fletcher's desk and Maurice look up and find it gone and then he see it on Fletcher's desk and grab it, but Fletcher don't know it Maurice's because he didn't see that Earl put it there so he grab it back and there they go.

No one denied it. Earl was out of his seat and backed up in the corner of the room like John Dillinger facing the FBI. Sit down, Earl, I said. Ooooooh? went the class softly. Sh! said Leon LaTour. Verna wasn't convinced. Ain't you sendin' Earl to the office, Teacher? she said flatly.

I was tired of the whole thing. Property. Your Mama. It seemed likely that at the moment Earl was slipping Maurice's notebook over, every other kid in the class was grabbing, poking, pushing, or pulling at some piece of someone else's stuff. I told them so, and looked at the clock; there were only about five minutes left. Okay, I said, now go on and write the assignment, now we all know all about it.

Actually no one wrote the assignment; no one,

that is, except for Maurice, who perhaps figured he'd better. The next day all denied any knowledge of its being assigned. I read Maurice's Compostion, as it was entitled. A boy took another boy [']s notebook] in the class and so the boy jump [ed] him to beat [him] the teacher broke it up But the teacher didn't send the boys to the office. (*Corrections mine.*)

Teachers are always willing to give advice to new (or old) teachers, and I talked to them all during those first six or seven weeks. The advice was of two kinds. The first kind, useful enough, was about methods and equipment—sets of flash cards, controlled readers, recorders, easy-correcting tests, good films—but after a short time I was already using most of these. My problem was not what to use but how to get the kids to respond in such a way that they learned something. That brought up the other kind of advice, which was also the most common and which was useless to me. It was about a conglomeration of dodges, tricks, gimmicks to get the kids to do what they were spozed to do, that is, whatever the teacher had in mind for them to do. The purpose of all these tricks was to get and keep an aspect of order, which was reasonable enough I suppose. But the purpose of this order was to enable "learning to take place" (so everyone said—not wanting to be guilty of the authoritarian predilection for order for its own sake) and we all knew that most of the kids weren't learning anything. Everyone agreed that our students were on the average a couple of years below grade level, everyone agreed that was because they were "deprived" kids, but no one agreed that simply because their methods weren't working they ought to try something else.

It's not my purpose or even desire to criticize these teachers—they were as good as or better than most and they had a difficult job—but frankly I could never come to terms with their attitude. They knew certain ways to get control of the class, although even these didn't work consistently because the kids were not easily threatened, having little to lose. The material which was so important, which had to be "covered" once order was established, was supposed to lead toward specific understanding and broader knowledge. But actually what was happening was that teachers were presenting the students, every day, with something for them either to do or not-do, while keeping them through "order" from any other alternative. If a kid couldn't or wouldn't copy a paragraph from the board, he had only the choice of not-doing it, of doing nothing. Al-

most every teacher admitted that this last was the choice of half the class on any given day. Since their teaching methods were right in other schools, they argued, it must be the fact of "deprivation" which was at fault here. If deprivation was the problem, then something should be done about that deprivation. After that, the school program, being essentially right, would work, since the only reason it didn't work now was that the students were of the wrong kind, *i.e.*, they were deprived.

But I began to think something else was the trouble. Long before we met, my wife had worked for Dr. Thomas French at the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago, and during this time I was reading the first volume of his book *The Integration of Behavior*, which he had sent her. In it he noted that the disintegration of reactions in abnormal behavior seemed to show up goals and processes in a kind of relief, and motivational patterns which might be overlooked in normal behavior were clearly shown in the abnormal. It occurred to me that The Tribe's reactions to this teaching were not different, only more overt, violent, and easily seen than those of normal (or nondeprived) children. Where the middle-class kids were learning enough outside of the classroom or accepting conventional patterns of behavior more readily, so as to make it seem that they were actually learning in school, The Tribe was exposing the system as ineffective for everyone.

During Christmas vacation I came across something that did seem effective: Paul Roberts' book *Patterns of English*, the first high-school English text based on modern linguistics or structural grammar. What impressed me about it was that the exercises seemed both practical and extremely interesting. I immediately tried them out on 7B and they were a great success.

Very briefly, the idea was to teach kids the various different kinds of words (the "parts of speech") by the way in which they occurred in sentences, instead of according to the meaning of the word. That is, a word wasn't to be called a noun because it was a person, place, or thing necessarily, but because it occurred in normal sentences in a certain way. If you took a sentence, "The ——— is new," you could see that only certain words would fit that blank, and those words we could call nouns or anything else; whatever we called them, they still were the only kinds of words which would fit there.

This seemed simple and interesting, and 7B was enthusiastic. They learned the various "patterns" easily, and by the time the year was over

had gone through about half the book, which was meant for upper-grade high-school kids. I began now to try it out with 9D and 7H and the results were, relatively, quite as good. We did these patterns once a week and almost all the kids enjoyed making up huge lists of words which would fit certain patterns, and became fairly sure of themselves when it came to naming the patterns. The opposite exercise, that of taking a nonsense sentence like "*The groobs fleegled the grinty wilpentops*" and trying to figure out which words were nouns, adjectives, etc, was a great favorite; it had all the virtues, being new, fun, and not difficult. At the same time, Roberts assured the reader, they were learning the signaling devices for the parts of speech in English. This was the only thing I was able to point to to prove I was teaching something, in the ordinary classroom sense, and I was happy about it.

February and March are dull times in the morning sports page—nothing but the interminable scoring of pro-basketball teams and a vague sense of something about minor-league hockey. The season made itself felt at school. It was the beginning of the second semester and although it was impossible to see just why, it was clear that we were pretty stable. We had our schedule of events—reading, library, spellers—so that everyone would know just what they were not-doing, and the interminable and intellectual discussions of the radicals, led by Verna, about what was wrong with everything. Yet even the sports page began to tell us that some baseball team was contemplating a trade, a new manager; and we had a few changes too about this time.

In 9D Leon LaTour stopped coming to my class. In fact, he didn't come to any classes for the rest of the year. He didn't stop coming to school. He came on time, and spent the day roaming the halls or the yard, joining his class at passing periods to talk, going with them, stopping short at the door of whatever classroom they went into, and going on. Kids began to speak of students beaten up by him, of teachers threatened in the halls, of his talk about setting the fires in the big cans in the halls, which now became almost daily events. In the teachers' room it was branded a scandal—something had better be done, was the consensus. Skates told me that a number of his ninth-graders were coming in after lunch half-drunk and the kids all said they were buying wine from Leon LaTour at a nickel a drink. Skates was in favor of the whole thing, both on account of its being a revolutionary act and also because the student-

drunks were too sleepy in class to cause any trouble or make any noise.

I began to stop regularly at the Plantation Club after school for a beer or two myself. The Plantation had South Seas decor, a good jukebox and was dark and warm. There were always several businessmen from the Negro hotel next door, a traveling man's hotel as the bartender said. He often treated me in an extravagant Uncle Tom manner; he would hurry to serve me, wipe the bar over and over, ask me if the beer was cold enough, if I was comfortable, if the music was too loud or not loud enough. At other times he ignored me completely when I came in, until I began to think about getting up to leave, at which instant he would hurry over and become Uncle Tom again. I couldn't see any resemblance between the salesmen here and The Tribe, and indeed whenever I tried to imagine The Tribe grown up I found I couldn't do it. I could only imagine them now. I counted on something happening in my classes and soon, hoping I could hold out long enough for it. I counted on it. It did occur to me now that perhaps it wouldn't; there were too many things against it, the school structure, other teachers, America itself.

But something did. I still have an ordinary yellow-covered notebook which used to belong to Cerise. Open the cover, and there is a page decorated in ink with curlicues and flourishes which enclose a paragraph: "This is the Slambook belonging to Cerise, who says that nobody can read it without her permission and also anyone who steals it is guilty of a crime." It was all spelled correctly and signed with an elegant and unreadable script.

On the next page there is a list, numbered, of the students of 9D, and this is the key to what follows. For on each page afterwards, there is the name of a kid, and on that page other kids have been invited to comment on his or her character, appearance, courage, brains, or wealth, signing themselves only with a number corresponding to the key in the front. The beauty of this system is that the owner of the Slambook may then show the comments to the kid whose name is at the top of the page and have the pleasure of listening to him beg and plead with her to see the first page so that he may identify the commentators, the girl who said he was good-looking or the boy who said he was chicken. The authors of the remarks can also plead for her not to show it, and the owner thus becomes the center of frantic social activity.

I picked this Slambook up from the floor after

the class left one period; when I gave it back to Cerise the next day, saying I didn't want to be guilty of a crime, she said it was already out of date and she had another, so I could have it.

Slambooks suddenly took precedence over everything. Charlene, Connie, and Cerise—the Three Cs, we called them—had them one day; everyone else was making them the next. The Three Cs were the prettiest and whitest girls in the class and their lead was bound to be followed. Since making up slambooks involved doing more work than many kids had done the entire year, I was delighted. Everyone was avidly writing in them, not perhaps in “complete sentences” or the rest of the paraphernalia expected for classwork, but the books were carefully made, the names spelled right, the style of the opening paragraph elegant and complicated and formal. From the appearance and behavior of the class, they might have been involved in some kind of engrossing class project or group work (as of course they were) discussing their progress with each other and writing entries into notebooks to be reported later with the results of their research, discussion, and inquiry.

The whole talk now in the teachers' room was about Slambook season and voices rose in excited competition about how many had been confiscated or destroyed. Methods for ridding the school of Slambooks forever were discussed and, I guess, tried out. All I could see, though, was that The Tribe had finally come across something which *needed to be written down* to be successful or interesting to them, which couldn't even exist without writing, and they were as enthusiastic about it as possible.

The next change in 9D began around the same time. It was, I think, the day I started reading Cerise's book that Geneva came into the room and, instead of going over to sit down, went to the board and began to write a list of the Top Forty songs on it. Geneva was a tall, big girl, middle in the hierarchy of skin-color, hair, features, etc., and middle in other ways too. This morning, as far as I could tell, she simply felt like writing tune titles on the board and did it.

The Top Forty, of course, were those forty rock 'n' roll songs played over and over, all day long, by the disc-jockeys of the local rock 'n' roll station. Geneva planned to write down only the first twenty—at least that's all she did write down and later on twenty became established as the proper number although we all still called it the Top Forty. As kids noticed Geneva chalking up titles, they began to question spellings,

order, simple correctness; she made a couple of changes. Top Forty soon became a program, like the pledge of allegiance (or a paragraph on the board for everyone to copy). Something everyone could expect to start the class with from now on, except that almost everyone thought it was something important in itself, which made the difference.

During library periods I kept looking in the back storeroom for anything I could use with my classes and eventually I came across a series of playbooks. I kept them stacked in a corner of the room, since the librarian said that no one else ever used them. Occasionally kids from 9D or 7H would take a look at them.

One day, near the beginning of the period in 9D, with the kids hard at work or not-work, the Slambooks going through their courses, the Top Forty being laboriously written on the board under the watchful eye of Verna and a few critics, I was astonished to see the Three Cs approaching my desk in a body. They were clutching playbooks and they asked me why couldn't we read these plays out loud in class, everyone taking the parts? Why not? I'd already tried to get 9D interested in play-reading some time before. So I said it was a fine idea, but who was going to do the reading? It was an idiotic question. With the Three Cs planning to do something, everyone in the class was suddenly eager to take part. The Cs' own big table was quickly moved up to the front of the room—ten boys shoving each other for the honor of grabbing hold of it—desks shoved out of the way, folding chairs set around it. Trouble began as twenty kids dived for space around the table. I yelled. Everyone finally fell back and, taking the easy way out, I announced that the Three Cs, having introduced the idea, could pick out the players. There followed plenty of threats and counter-threats, some refusals-in-advance-of-expected-rejection, an incipient Plop Reflex or two; the Cs finally extorted enough promises and, with perhaps fifteen minutes left in the period, they began to read the play. That was the first time I realized that the play the Cs were so excited about was *Cinderella*.

It was a terrible reading. Unprepared, the kids stumbled and read too fast, giggled among themselves or argued, forgot their turn in haste to correct someone else, and the audience, prepared at first to listen, soon lost interest and drifted back to their spellers, Slambooks, and cosmetics.

The source of the trouble was the Three Cs. In their haste they had picked *Cinderella* be-

cause they saw there was a Prince and a fancy-dress ball and two sisters and a mother who were going to that ball; they saw themselves in starring roles, dancing, dining, diamonds shining and all. They weren't prepared to find Cinderella the heroine and had given that part to a girl named Grace, not concealing the fact that Grace looked, in their opinion, like someone who stayed home and cleaned up all the time. As the play went on and Grace steadily read all the most interesting parts with the fairy godmother and the Prince, the Cs became more and more upset and began to interpose remarks. How could the Prince dance with that ugly old thing? they wanted to know.

By the end of the play they had really become the three jealous women, so much so that they were almost speechless as the Prince began to go around with the glass slipper. When he got to their house and tried the slipper on the first of the mean sisters, he was supposed to read the line, "Oh no! Your foot is much too big for this slipper. You cannot be the lady I seek!" But by the time he got as far as "big," Charlene



jumped up in a fury and yelled, Don't you say my feet too big you black monkey! and slammed her book down.

That broke up the play. Everyone began to laugh and yell Whoooo-eee! The other two Cs, having looked ahead now and seen the same fate reserved for them, quit the play too. We ain't playing no part where they get to say our feet too big, Mr. Hern-don! The bell rang about then, and the class rushed out still yelling Whoooo-eee!

They left *Cinderella* scattered about the room, the chairs knocked over, the table still up in front.

I left the table there. The next day the Cs tried to recruit someone to move it back for them, but the class objected. A number of them had playbooks out and were planning to read another play. But first, they called out to me, we got to finish that one about Cinderella. They wanted to know how it came out.

Springtime was the rioting season. The Tribe had given up and was becoming violent. By April the story of the year was over—some details, some dramatics left to tell, but the score was already in. All the promises had lost their appeal and The Tribe was busting out. Fights. Fires. Windows. Food thrown all over. Neighborhood complaints about vandalism. And we lost Ruth. She'd remained in the elite 8B all year, getting along well enough, but in the spring she became determined to carry out minor disturbances to the bitter end, insisting on her rights, why she didn't have to give back the other kid's pen or book, what I was spozed to do. One afternoon after school she imprisoned the school nurse, a secretary, and a woman teacher in a room for forty-five minutes, threatening them with an upraised chair if they moved, thereby giving us an idea of what she meant by trouble. Teachers who had kept things in check all year began to have their problems. Oddly enough, the faculty took it in stride. It happens every year, they seemed to say. We try. We hold 'em for as long as we can. . . .

I viewed the daily slaughter with detachment and no little vanity. If they were beginning to lose, I was just starting to win. If their programs were falling apart, we were just starting to move. 9D not only read almost every day, but they were discussing—all right, they were arguing, squabbling, making a lot of noise, using a lot of bad language—certain questions about play-reading. They were discussing who read well and why, they were telling each other what the play was about, they argued about where certain characters should sit at the table. The most important question to them was what relationship the reader should have to the character he was reading. Two solid factions arose, the first arguing that if the character was a giant, a big kid had to read the part. The second disagreed; they thought that, if the character was a

beautiful girl, any girl who *read* beautifully, who *sounded* beautiful, should read it. The kids were making it. Rolling. I was enthusiastic, pleased, proud of them.

In this mood I met with Mr. Grisson in April for his official evaluation of my year's work. He opened the interview by stating that it was always painful to him to have to make judgments, but that it was best to be frank. In short, he found my work unsatisfactory on every count, he could not recommend me for rehire in the district. Furthermore he must say that he considered me unfit for the position of junior-high-school teacher in any school, anywhere, now or in the future, and would so state on my evaluation paper.

On the last day of school, Ramona and Hazel told me I was the nicest and best teacher they ever had. I told them I bet they said that to all their teachers; the class agreed loudly that they did.

Grisson had scheduled an assembly for the afternoon. I sat with Skates in the balcony of the auditorium, surrounded by excited students. On the stage Grisson was giving out awards for the year—for good citizenship, class officers and athletes, and finally for the district-wide spelling contest. He called off the names, waited for the kids to climb up onto the stage, shook their hands, led applause, and frowned into the audience as The Tribe expressed occasional disbelief in the spelling ability of such-and-such a watermelon-head. After it seemed that all the awards had been distributed, Grisson paused significantly. Everyone waited. Then he said, there is one more spelling award which may come as a little surprise. It is my great pleasure now to call up the last winner in the spelling contest—Leon LaTour!

The Tribe went wild, roaring out in what seemed to me equal parts of disbelief, astonishment, glee, and disgust, keeping it up long after Leon LaTour shook Grisson's hand and left the stage. Around us I could see other teachers nodding and smiling; it was another victory—the rebel brought back into the fold, a threat to the system conquered by the carrot. Grisson was leading the way, and everything was okay.

Unfortunately, I was aware that Leon LaTour hadn't ever taken the spelling tests. They were given only in English classes, and Leon LaTour only had one English class—mine; he hadn't been there when I gave it. He hadn't been in any classes then: I suppose Grisson could have called him in and given him the test privately, but it

didn't seem likely, nor did it seem likely that Leon LaTour would have come in and taken that test.

In any case Leon LaTour couldn't spell.

So why the award? What the hell? Either Leon LaTour threatened some good-spelling kid to sign his—Leon's—name to his own spelling paper, or else the whole thing was rigged. Like many another event that year there wasn't an answer available, but it was the last day and I didn't have to worry about it. Forget you! I said, talking to myself out loud. Two kids in front of me started to giggle. You hear Mr. Herndon? one of them said to the other. He say, Forget you!

The movie came on then, something about a Bullfighter and a Kid. The Tribe was restless during it, standing up, talking, scuffling. I was brooding about the position I found myself in. I couldn't remember when I'd worked so hard or concentrated what intelligence and energy I possessed so seriously on a single effort. It seemed unlikely that any kind of work besides teaching was going to satisfy me now, but it seemed even more unlikely that I was going to get another teaching job very soon. It was a kind of bind I wasn't used to.

Around Skates and me the kids stopped scuffling and began to cheer and yell. I looked at the screen. In the movie, the bull had just gored a matador. Two men came out to distract it, and the bull began to chase them around the ring, crashing into the wooden barriers as the men dodged behind them. Time and time again, the bull chased and crashed. The kids yelled and laughed and stood up and fell down again helpless with laughter. Hey Jim! Skates yelled to me, look, The Tribe likes it! They like it! He was laughing now too, raising his fist and waving it in the air.

Suddenly the lights went on in the auditorium, the film stopped, and Grisson appeared on the stage. He warned them that any further demonstrations of that sort wouldn't be tolerated; if it happened again the film would be stopped and they could return to their classrooms. Sh! said The Tribe.

Let 'em alone! Skates called out loudly from the balcony. Hell, he said to me, it's the first time all year they like something. So let 'em alone . . .

Well, the lights went back out, the bull chased everyone around the ring, the kids yelled. In time the movie was over, the lights came on, the kids dismissed, the season over too, and we all went home.



I'm Not Going to Ask You Again

A story by Anne Tyler

Her bedroom was spotless. Every piece of furniture was freshly dusted and gleaming in the morning sunlight, and the vase of asters and the Baby Ben alarm clock on the bureau were in their exactly right positions. Even her tufted bedspread, rising over the mound of her body, was almost as smooth and taut as it had been before she went to bed. She blinked her eyes to clear the mist of sleep from them and stared at everything a second time, enjoying all this neatness. Anything could happen now, any number of ambulance drivers or excited policemen or stamping firemen could come barging in and she would be ready for them, calm in a well-ordered world with nothing to hide or apologize for. The corners of her mouth stretched farther apart for a minute, not in a smile but in a full-cheeked expression of satisfaction, and she folded her arms behind her head and gazed up at the white plaster ceiling.

It seemed to Noona that there must be something else, something far in the back of her mind that she hadn't thought of yet, that was making her feel so happy. She frowned at the ceiling and flipped through the days of the week. Not Thursday. Not Friday. Saturday, then. The word Saturday was important, for some reason. With the palm of her hand she gently smoothed her forehead, and then her hand dropped back sharply on the bed and she sat up. Of course: Saturday was the day for Paul Harberg's lesson. He would come at eleven, promptly, lugging the cello in its big canvas case behind him, and where would he find his teacher? Still in bed, if she didn't hurry. She threw back her covers and slung her feet over the side of the bed, pulling down her bunched nightgown at the same time. She had less than half an hour now; she would have to move fast.

In the bathroom, swishing the peppermint-tasting toothpaste water around in her mouth, she wondered how she could have forgotten. Last month Paul's mother, red-haired and brassy-eyed, had come in person to say that Paul would only be taking on alternate weeks now—cello on one Saturday, Mr. Ham King's new Boys' Club on the next. "Maybe we could change the *time* of the lesson," Noona said. "Afternoons, maybe, instead of mornings, so he could do the lesson and the Boys' Club both, all right?" But Mrs. Harberg said the Boys' Club lasted all day, with bird-watching and knot-tying and all; and yes, she knew that once-a-week lessons were a good thing but not for Paul, who never seemed to go around with other children enough. Nor would she consider changing his lessons to a weekday. She had poked her hands into her gloves again

and taken her leave, smiling brightly at a spot on the wall beside the front door but never meeting Noona's eyes, and Noona was left now with two weeks to wade through instead of one. For two weeks she taught piano to little girls with tiny painted fingernails and stand-out skirts, and violin to cross little boys whose mothers wanted them to play the fiddle when company came. It was a wonder she had forgotten even for a minute, even in the blurry daze of first waking up, that this was the Saturday for Paul Harberg.

She dried her face with a rough towel, replaced it neatly on the rack again, and then she looked into the medicine-cabinet mirror for the first time that day in order to see how to comb her hair. She rarely looked in mirrors. She had been fat from birth almost, once so fat that people had gaped at her unbelievably and she had not dared to try to enter the narrow folding doors of city buses. Now most of the weight was gone, starved away a few years ago when the doctors had insisted, but her skin had lost its elasticity by then and had never tightened up again. The skin hanging from her upper arms could be wrapped around her arms like sleeves; it swung from her bones gently when she demonstrated a passage on the piano, causing her students to stare round-eyed. But as her father had often said, it was music she was born for, not the movies. She smiled briefly and then frowned, concentrating on finding a part in the stubby gray haystack of her hair.

Because she was in a hurry she plugged in the coffeepot as soon as she had finished washing. Then she went back to her room to dress and to smooth the covers of her bed. Inwardly she was naturally messy, but she forced herself to be neat because it somehow kept her mind in order too. She hung her nightgown on a hook in the closet and closed the closet door, and then she stood for a minute looking everything over before she left the room again.

In the kitchen the coffee was bubbling, making her feel cheerful and brisk. She poured herself a cup and took a Ry Krisp out of the cupboard, but she didn't sit down for her breakfast. Instead she headed for the living room, carrying her coffee with her and crunching on the cracker. There were some things that had to be done here. The straight-backed chair had to be moved closer to the grand piano—she set her breakfast on an end table and dragged it over. Then she placed the music stand in front of the chair and took some sheet music out of the piano bench. She

swung the crane-necked floor lamp over at just the right angle and pulled the little tasseled chain that switched it on, and after that she went back to the kitchen and took a box of vanilla wafers from the top shelf. None of her other pupils were served vanilla wafers; those were just for Paul. Partly because he played the cello at all—it was her favorite instrument, and one that she had never been able to truly master because all her fat got in the way of it. But mainly because he was good on it, he was wonderful on it, and had made every note sound beautiful even when he was on “Ding Dong Bell, Pussy's in the Well.” So at every lesson she arranged vanilla wafers on a cut-glass plate, as she was doing now, and stretched his hour to an hour-and-a-half and talked about plans for his future. There was nothing she would rather talk about than plans for Paul Harberg's future.

When everything was ready she looked at the kitchen clock and saw that it was 11:05. He would be here any minute then; he wasn't usually late. She finished her coffee and washed the cup, and then she went back to the living room and sat down in an easy chair with her hands folded in her lap. For a while she watched the front door, waiting for the small thin shadow that would be Paul Harberg blurred behind the yellowed lace curtain. But when he still didn't come she looked elsewhere, to keep her mind occupied. At the radiator with its spindly claw legs denting the maroon carpet. At the faded daybed, covered by a flowered bedspread that was beginning to fade.

This house had been willed to her by her parents. They had moved into it when Noona was in her teens, and on summer evenings when the three of them sat out on the porch, not talking, they would always ask eventually for Noona to play the piano for them. She would rise, large and soft in her pastel dress, and find her way into the dark house and over to the piano. Once playing, she never thought about *what* she was playing. It drifted out from her fingers while she sat staring into the dusk, feeling dreamy and formless. And once in a while the rumble of her father's voice would float in through the open window (“That girl's going to go somewhere. Go somewhere”). After her parents died, she found that playing for an empty silent porch

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was not the same. Now she did her playing in the daytime, and read at night. And now the little house was hemmed in by other houses, cheaper and uglier, and Norton was a city instead of a town, and Noona Long was still playing in this dark little living room instead of in some concert hall up North.

When she dared to look at the clock again, she saw that it was 11:45. The empty cello chair and the bare music stand had stopped looking expectant and seemed merely snubbed and pathetic now, and Noona's face when she rose to peer out the window was unbelieving. He couldn't have *forgotten*, could he? Yet the street was bland and silent, with only a few children (much too young to be Paul) playing among the leaves left by yesterday's wind. She turned back and looked again at the chair, as if he might have crept in to sit upon it when she was looking in the other direction. The blank seat of it gleamed in a narrow ray of sunshine. If it were any other pupil—Jamie Cartwright, for instance, whose dream was to be a square-dance fiddler—she would have dialed his number on her telephone and said, "Well, come on. What's holding you up, did you forget?" with one squared-off fingernail tapping irritably upon the cover of the telephone book. "I am *waiting*," she would say firmly. "I'm not going to ask you again." Yet Paul was different. She couldn't talk that way to him; she couldn't call his red-haired mother. ("Even the doctor said it," Mrs. Harberg told Noona. "He's getting high-strung. At night sometimes, I find him snapping his wrist in his sleep." "Snapping his wrist?" Noona asked. "Yes, snapping his wrist. Like he was holding a cello bow—bringing his arm up, flicking his wrist, and drawing his arm down again." "Oh, my goodness," said Noona. And looked at Mrs. Harberg dumbly, at those brass-and-copper eyes flashing in her tight white face.)

She crossed now to the daybed, making her motions brisk, and began pulling the faded bed-spread off the daybed. It was time she dyed it, instead of sitting and mulling her thoughts around. She had bought two boxes of navy-blue dye over a month ago and never used them, and now it was time. With the spread clutched to her chest she crossed the room quickly, not letting herself look at the chair and the music stand. She stopped to click off the crane-necked lamp before she went on into the kitchen.

The biggest thing she owned was a laundry sink. She threw the spread into that and then

turned back to the directions. No, the spread shouldn't go in yet. Laboriously she pulled it out again, and then read the directions more carefully and all the way through this time. Wet the material thoroughly, they said. Fill dyeing tub or washing machine, empty packet of dye into it. The navy dye, swirling in angry clouds at the bottom of the water, reminded her of what octopus ink must look like. She leaned one elbow on the edge of the laundry sink and watched as the water slowly rose.

In the music part of her mind, violins tuned up. She shifted her weight irritably to the other foot and tried to shut off the music part of her mind like a radio, only the knob wouldn't work. The violins were tuned; they hesitated, and then all the strings together began to play. It was something by Mozart, sifting down sadly over her like sand settling to the bottom of seawater, but she tried not to listen. Sometimes she thought that that far little part of her mind had already selected a piece of music to accompany every moment of her life, past and present. Where music made other people see memories, seeing memories made Noona Long hear music. And whenever something happened, there always seemed to be background music to go with it. She straightened up sharply and began sinking the spread into the water, working fast so as to forget about Mozart. Stir constantly, the directions said. She pulled out a large wooden spoon and then leaned down and began stirring the spread around and around in the bleak gray metal tub.

Someone stepped onto the wooden floor of her front porch. She straightened instantly, with her spoon forgotten in midair. But no, these were grown-up feet, high-heeled. She began stirring again, more violently, instead of going to the door. The bell rang. (Paul Harberg always knocked, with his sharp little knuckles making a fragile tapping that didn't even rattle the loose screen door.) The bell sounded once, and then twice again very rapidly. That would be Sarah Cobbett then, coming for her Saturday lunch date. She always rang that way. So without ceasing to stir the dye Noona called out, "Come on in, I hear you," and was surprised at how her voice turned out to be—heavy and rough, with a little broken edge to it.

"Noona?" Sarah called.

"I'm in the kitchen."

Sarah's high heels crossed the living room crisply, and a minute later she was in the kitchen

doorway and speaking to the flat of Noona's back:

"I guess I'm early."

"Yes. Well, maybe not. I don't know."

"Why don't . . . What're you doing?"

"Just some dyeing."

"What a mess. Why don't you turn around and see my new fall suit?"

Still stirring, Noona looked around. Sarah was posed in the doorway, with her back in a C-curve and her flat stomach slouched forward like a model's in order to show off her tweed suit. Sarah was always buying tweed suits. She was that type of person, square and bony, nearly forty but looking younger. She always said "hell" and "damn," which was more than Noona had ever done, and she taught Marx and Engels for her high-school history course, but underneath she was the same as anyone else. She could ramble on for hours about how scandalous Elizabeth Taylor was, or how her invalid father always turned so crotchety with the change in seasons.

With her mind on the invalid father now, Noona said, "How's your dad doing?"

"You mean you *don't* like my suit."

"Oh, goodness no, Sarah—my mind was wandering. Turn around."

Sarah turned, still holding her pose. "I found it in Landersville," she said. "I couldn't resist it. Dad is fine, thank you. He is entering a 'Why I like such-and-such' contest; got all these blanks and soap wrappers scattered around him."

"That's nice," said Noona, not listening.

"It's the change in seasons, you know. I'm never sure how it's going to affect him."

"No."

Sarah pulled out a chair from the kitchen table and sat down upon it, crossing her legs. "What's in the sink?" she asked.

"Just a couch spread."

"Ah." She pursed her lips a little and stared at Noona. "Well," she said finally, "I'm sure it'll turn out pretty."

"I doubt it."

The blue water swirled around the wooden spoon. Noona reached down and pulled up one corner of the spread, pinching it between

the tips of her thumb and index finger. It was the ugliest color she had ever seen—like medium-blue window curtains faded and streaked by the sun. In the chair at her right, Sarah shook her head and made a tsk-tsk sound.

"Why did you have to go and dye a *flowered* spread?" she asked. "Look, they're turning purple."

"They'll go away."

"No, they won't."

"Well," Noona said.

"What're you giving me for lunch?"

"I hadn't thought."

"It's your turn, remember."

"Paul Harberg never showed up today," said Noona. She stopped stirring and just let her hands droop over the sink edge. "I waited all this time for him."

Sarah was busy getting out a Pall Mall now. She flicked the little wheel on her lighter several times, impatiently, and then when it caught flame she took a long time to put the cigarette in her



mouth and light it, frowning all the while to show that she wanted to say something when she was through with this. "Well," she said finally, "that's what happens with boys, Noona. I honestly don't think it's fair—all through life it's the girls who study (boys sit in the back of the class and throw spit-wads) but who is it that ends up famous? The boys." She looked at her lighter blankly for a minute and then clicked it shut and popped it back in her purse. "There's a *moral* there somewhere," she said.

"But *Paul's* not like—"

"Oh shoot, Noona, Paul's the same as any. Why don't you call his mother?"

"I can't."

"Sure you can."

"Well, I don't want to talk about it," Noona said. She plunged the wooden spoon back into the water with a small splash.

"Still don't know what to feed me for lunch?" Sarah asked.

"No."

Sarah stood up and began moving around the kitchen, circling Noona. When she reached the doorway she kept on going, into the living room, trailed by a long thin curl of smoke. Noona switched the spoon to her other hand and turned around to look after her.

"I thought maybe a salad plate," she called. "That all right?"

"Sounds fine."

The doorbell rang again. And there went Sarah's high heels, hurrying to the door with little businesslike clicks. Noona took the spoon out of the water once more and leaned upon the sink with both elbows, frowning at the faucets as she tried to hear who this was. She heard Sarah saying something, her words blurring into one long ripple. At the end of the ripple a man laughed gently, and Noona sighed and sank the spoon into the water again. If it was one of those life-insurance salesmen, she hoped Sarah would get rid of him. She'd had enough of those lately.

Noona," Sarah said. She was not yet within sight, but she was hurrying toward the kitchen with that man, whoever he was, close behind her. "You've got company, Noona."

They had reached the door now, but Noona kept on stirring and didn't turn around. "Who is it?" she asked. Her voice had that broken edge in it again.

"Turn around and *see*, will you? Noona, I don't know if you met Mr. Harberg ever, I taught his daughter in school one time—"

She hadn't met him. She knew him by sight, but no one had ever actually introduced him to her. So she swung around immediately, looking startled, and found him standing beside Sarah with his hand on the shoulder of Paul himself. Paul was looking at his own belt buckle. But Mr. Harberg was looking straight at Noona, with his mouth a little open, and Noona suddenly remembered that after all, he had probably never seen her before. He was finding her peculiar-looking—such a large droopy lady, huddling over her cauldron like a witch with a wooden spoon. She set down the spoon and turned full-face toward him, smiling.

"I'm dyeing," she explained.

He frowned.

"Dyeing *material*."

He relaxed, and even smiled a little. The hand on Paul's shoulder moved slightly, pushing Paul forward and closer to Noona, and Mr. Harberg said, "Miss, um, Miss Long, I reckon Paul's got something to say to you."

"Yes?" Noona said.

Paul kept on examining his belt buckle. There was that one threadlike line of worry across his forehead, and his face was pale and tense. But he was always pale. He was a black-and-white boy—black hair, black eyes, and stark white skin. His hands were bony and his fingers long and thin, with knotty joints in them. He was cracking his knuckles, the way he did when he was nervous.

"That's all right," Noona told him. "You don't have to explain. Tell you what: I'll just give you your lesson right now. You won't mind, will you, Sarah? We'll just have our lunch another day."

"I can't," Paul said. "I'm playing ball on the playground. I already told Mama about it; she said—"

"I saw him playing there," Mr. Harberg said. He was black-and-white too, only his sleeves had been rolled back to show a red Madras wristwatch band on one arm. "I asked if he'd forgotten his lesson and he said yes, he had; so here we are to make our apologies to you. I told him he couldn't go on with the game without he'd done it."

"I'm the shortstop," Paul said. Behind him, Sarah Cobbett gave a sudden sharp sigh and began absently drumming her fingers against the doorframe.

"What I figured," said Mr. Harberg, "you could maybe give him his new assignment anyway, Miss Long."

"Well—" She turned back and began stirring again, very fast. Stir constantly, the directions

had said. Don't just let the material mope around.

"It was real inconsiderate of him, I know," Mr. Harberg was saying. "We'll pay for the lesson anyway, of course. It's only fair to—"

"Oh, no."

"I'm serious, Miss Long."

"No, thank you."

"What the hell, go on and take it," Sarah said. She was still drumming her fingers against the doorframe, never the same rhythm twice in a row.

"See, Miss *Cobbett's* sensible," said Paul's father.

"But I didn't do anything to *earn* that money, Mr. Harberg."

"Please. I—"

"I don't *want* it!"

Everyone was silent. A piece of couch spread surfaced and showed itself deep blue now, with the flowers barely visible. Noona reached down and pulled the plug out.

"Son," Mr. Harberg said, "I haven't heard you tell Miss Long you're sorry."

Noona wrung the spread out, handful by handful, squeezing so hard her fingers ached. Blue water ran under the tips of her nails and around the rims.

"I'm sorry, Miss Long."

"Why, that's all right, Paul. I guess maybe we needed a vacation anyway, didn't we?"

"I guess so."

There was no rack long enough to hold this spread. She stood there helplessly with the wet twisted mass in her arms and the blue water dripping all over the floor, and then she thought of hanging it on the open door of the kitchen and edged over towards it. The others moved away.

"You got to rinse it out first," Sarah said.

"Oh, well."

"Got to rinse it till the water stops running blue, Noona. Can't you read directions?"

Noona slung one end of the spread over the top of the door. The material slapped against the wood, and Mr. Harberg wiped a blue drop from his shirt sleeve.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Noona said. "Here, let me get you a—"

"No harm, no harm. Can I help?"

Without waiting for an answer, he reached up and began pulling the cloth over the top of the door. Paul stood to one side, still not looking at anyone.

"There we are," Mr. Harberg said.

"Oh, why, thank you—"

"Glad to help, Paul, I guess we better go now. You tell Miss Long you'll see her in two weeks, okay?"

"I'll see you in two weeks," said Paul.

"Well, don't feel you have to hurry off. Paul, would you like some vanilla wafers?"

"No, thank you."

"I'll tell you what," Noona said. "I'll just walk back with you two. I and Sarah will. We always have our Saturday lunch together and this time, why, I just feel like eating out for a change. So we'll walk with you."

"I thought you were going to serve me up a salad plate," Sarah said.

"The S and W has better salad plates than any I could make. We'll walk on up to where the bus stop is, and get us a—"

"That's an awful lot of trouble for a salad plate."

"Oh, just hush," Noona said.

"Be happy to have you," said Mr. Harberg.

So Sarah shrugged and gave in. "Better wash your hands first, though," she told Noona. "Look at them."

Noona looked. Her hands seemed to be encased in transparent blue gloves, darker around the nails. She crossed her arms above her stomach so that her hands were partly hidden.

"We just *need* a walk," she said. "Right this minute."

If only she had Paul's hands, and his long bony fingers to play cellos with.

The air outside was cool and fresh and smelled of fall. Across the street three college boys were moving from one house to another, just two doors down. Their wastebasket, covered with college pennants, and their sway-backed couch sat on the sidewalk, and the three boys had stopped work to have a cigarette. "Need any help?" Mr. Harberg called politely. The boys said no, and everyone smiled.

When they had descended the three wooden steps to the sidewalk, Paul stopped for a minute to button the collar of his shirt. Everyone stood around in a circle watching him, awkwardly silent. Sarah had her hands in the pockets of her new suit, with her thumbs hanging out, and she was gazing at Paul and yet through him as if he were some china do-dad from the dime store that she knew too well but that reminded her of something else important. Mr. Harberg was smiling a little. Paul stuck his bottom lip out fiercely and frowned down at the button that he was jamming into a too-small buttonhole, and it was that buttonhole and those twisting fingers that Noona watched. She wished now that she could go back to her little house again. That, or

have the others go on ahead and leave her to tell Paul what she wanted to tell him. Why couldn't they let her straighten things out right away so that she could leave them alone again?

"The days are getting colder," Mr. Harberg told her.

"Yes."

They began walking. Paul led the way, going stiff-legged and with his head down. Sarah followed, and then behind her came Noona and Mr. Harberg. As they walked, Mr. Harberg kept looking at Noona sideways and then looking away, and then looking back again.

"I look like this on account of losing weight," Noona told him. "I was once very stout."

"Oh, well, I—"

"*Music* is what I was *really* born for."

Mr. Harberg cleared his throat. "You never gave Paul his new assignment," he said after a minute.

"Well, I had to hear him play the old one, first."

"I see."

They stopped at the corner to wait for a red light, the four of them all standing abreast now, and he said, "I can see how it upsets things, him not showing up this way. But I swear it won't happen again."

"Well, I hope not."

"He does practice. Really. All the time he practices. His mother says—"

"Oh, I'm sure of that. I can tell it in his lessons. Mr. Harberg, I've got great hopes for Paul—"

She bent forward a little, peering around Mr. Harberg to aim a smile at Paul's averted face. Paul hunched his shoulders up and then, with no more warning than that, dashed across the empty street while the light was still red. He kept on running even after he had reached the other side. His too-large feet clopped noisily on the cement, and even when he rounded the next curve and disappeared, that clapping sound rang back to them through the bright air.

"Well," said Mr. Harberg.

Sarah kept on watching the traffic light but Noona and Mr. Harberg stared down the street where Paul had vanished, their eyes narrowed with the effort trying to see what wasn't there any more.

"Come on, light," Sarah said.

Because there were no cars coming, and they had only waited for the light in order to set a good example for Paul, it seemed pointless now to keep on waiting. They crossed on red and then

divided up again—Sarah in front, Noona and Mr. Harberg one step behind.

"It's only just growing pains," said Mr. Harberg.

"Of course it is."

"Nights, we have to leave his bedroom door cracked. 'Paul,' his mother says—"

"Someone's burning leaves," said Sarah.

"'Paul,' she says, 'you ought to get out of the house more. All work and no—' Still, I wonder."

They had rounded the curve and now they could see Paul again—a tiny black-and-white figure a long way away, still running, his feet shooting out at awkward angles behind him. He must be abreast of the Harbergs' house already, but instead of turning in there he was crossing the street in the opposite direction. Heading for the playground, probably; it was only one block over. Noona made herself stop watching him and looked up at Mr. Harberg.

"I wanted to be a musician myself once," he was saying. "Though about as far as I got was the right-hand part of 'Carolina, Carolina' on the piano. But Paul now, if he could get somewhere *serious* with that—"

"This S and W place," Sarah called. "How long does lunch *last* there?"

"If he gets good, why, I'd find the money if I had to dig for it. I'd send home to New York so some really good cello teacher—"

"Teacher?"

"Why, yes, and not begrudge a cent of it. You agree with me, Miss Long?"

"Of course," she said.

He seemed to be waiting for her to say more but Noona just walked on blank-faced and watched the stiff straight seam at the back of Sarah's left stocking.

When they reached Mr. Harberg's small near house, the three of them stopped. Somewhere in there, Noona thought, was *Mrs.* Harberg, maybe watching them even now and creasing her white plaster forehead. Noona turned away and looked up the street.

"Miss Cobbett, Miss Long," Paul's father said.

Sarah turned, on the point of one high heel and Mr. Harberg bowed formally.

"It was good of you ladies to walk along with me," he said. "I hope you have a pleasant *salac* plate."

"Thank you, Mr. Harberg."

Noona and Sarah smiled at him, and they watched as he turned in through his white picket gate.

"You really want to go to the S and W?" Sarah asked.

"Well, of course."

They walked side by side now. Ahead of them stood the white post that was the street marker, where the bus stop was. Noona kept her eyes fixed on that post and plodded along stolidly, panting now because she couldn't take much of his walking.

"Person would think I was a smoker," she said, "as short of breath as I get."

"It's your own damn fault," said Sarah.

"Sarah, I have a low metabolism. If I just eat a soda cracker a day, just a *half* a soda cracker even, it would still all go to—"

"I'm not talking about your *build*. I'm talking about taking this walk."

"Oh."

By the time they reached the bus stop Noona felt she couldn't take another step. She leaned against the street marker, breathing heavily, while Sarah stood calmly to one side and narrowed her eyes at her. "I hate to tell you this," Sarah said, "but you didn't bring any money with you."

"What?" Noona looked down at her hands, hanging empty at her sides, and then up at Sarah. "Oh, my goodness," she said.

"I only just noticed it myself. You can borrow from me, if you want."

"Well, I know, but—" For some reason, forgetting her money suddenly seemed like something terrible. It was all she could do just to find the strength to keep standing. "Why am I so silly?" she asked, and although she said it aloud it was to herself that the question was directed. She wasn't even looking Sarah's way; her eyes were fixed unseeingly upon the street marker.

"You're not silly," Sarah said. "Look here. Noona, I have plenty of money for the both of us. We'll just—"

"No. I'm not going, Sarah."

"What on earth?"

"All I wanted was to tell Paul Harberg something, and now I don't even know what it was. I didn't want to go to the S and W; I *hate* all that chrome—"

"Look," Sarah said. "You think I don't know. But it's the same thing in history classes. Some one pupil comes along and might not even know a date in the world, or a name, but *feels* it and hangs on to every word of the New Deal like the plot of next week's Perry Mason show, sort of—"

"Oh, well," Noona said.

"What'd you say?"

"Well. You are thirty-nine years old, Sarah—"

"Thirty-eight," Sarah snapped.

"Thirty-eight," said Noona. "Excuse me. That's

more than ten years' difference there. More than a decade."

"What? That mother?"

"Matters a lot." She had straightened up from her position against the street marker now, in order to think more clearly. "No matter *how* old you get to be. Why, when I was ten I was going to be Queen of the Western Hemisphere, and thin, and married to a train engineer. I tell you this just to show you. I had composed me my own Coronation Processional and could sing it for you this minute, if I wanted—"

"Why, Noona—"

"What's more," she said, "when I was twenty, I had made up my mind to be the world's greatest violinist instead. Which I guess is one step down but still *something*, after all. And now here it is three decades after that and three *more* steps down, and I only want to turn out one good pupil. That's all. Here I have gone from year to year like a tenant growing poorer, like moving from a castle to a house to a smaller house than that, and barely admitting to myself the change from one house to another—"

"Now, Noona," Sarah said.

But Noona said, "Which house do you guess I'll end up in? I declare, it's like musical chairs. Which house will I be stopped in?"

"You be serious now," Sarah said, as if Noona were giggling or cutting up. "You're talking crazy, Noona."

"No."

From the top of the cross-street came a wheezing sound, and the two of them turned in that direction. The city bus had just stopped at its last stop before it reached them. The sun flashed on its large windshield, nearly blinding them, and then moved off again as the bus began rolling down the hill toward them.

"There's the bus," Sarah said needlessly.

"Well, I'm not going."

"Why not?"

"I just don't want to. Besides, that little Frankel girl's coming early today. I almost forgot."

"We could just get a *bite* somewhere."

"No."

When the bus had come to a stop, filling the air with the smell of rubber and gasoline and sun-heated metal, and its door had folded creakily back, Sarah hesitated a minute and then climbed onto the first step. She stood half in and half out, ducking her head in the sunshine because she was trying to see into her coin purse.

"Hurry it up," the driver said.

"Um," said Noona, "even if I did, Sarah—are you listening?—even if I did turn one good pupil out, just by chance—"

"Come on," said the driver.

"—how could I know?"

Sarah looked up at her, with her body turned halfway to the driver now to let him know she was coming.

"I mean, what part of him could I know—for sure, I'm saying—was really my own doing?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Sarah. "I didn't—"

"Lady!"

"Oh," Sarah said, just then figuring it out without Noona's having to repeat it. "Oh. None, I guess. You have no right."

"Well, I know that."

Sarah clambered on up into the bus, her heels ringing tinnily against the metal steps, and the door folded shut behind her and the driver wheezed off again.

"I sort of know," Noona said. She held both hands up, palms down, in front of her. At the tips of her dye-stained fingers were callouses, from fingering strings, and her nails were cut short so as not to click against the piano keys when she played. Sometimes, she thought, taking care to say this silently, sometimes I think my hands are the only part of me that ever learned anything. And with that she folded her arms to hide her hands again and began walking back.

It was true that she was walking toward her house, but not the direct way that she had come. Instead she cut over a block, which meant that sooner or later she would have to turn a block in the *other* direction in order to reach home. But this way she passed the playground, which was what she had had in the back of her mind all along.

Ordinarily she never planned ahead about what to say to someone. It seemed like cheating, to do that. But now was different, and all the way down that long sunlit block she thought out every act and word. She would come with dignity; that was first. With dignity she would approach the playground, walking slowly, holding her head high and looking straight before her. When she reached the playground—but that part was hard. She wasn't sure *what* to do. Anything but what the others did—the children dawdling their way to the grocery store, the old men stopping to remember things—their faces pressed to the fence, all ten fingers poked through the little interlaced diamonds of wire and clutch-

ing on air. No, she would simply stop on the side walk about a foot away from the fence, with her hands to herself. She would wait quietly and with dignity for Paul Harberg to see her.

A little girl on roller skates shot past, with her face rigid in a grin and her fists clenched. Noona moved over absently. She had reached the question of what to say now, and that was the most important.

"There is something I would like to discuss with you, Paul." Or: "I feel we should have a little talk, if you can spare a minute." Both in that dry, crisp, almost English tone that she had learned to use with other pupils. (I am *waiting*. Is it expecting too much . . .) Yet she didn't want to frighten Paul; only to talk to him. Maybe just draw him aside and say, "While I was by chance passing by, I thought of something I wanted to tell you. I wanted to say—"

But after that, no more words came.

What she really wanted to say was just something orderly, something that would make things straight and simple again. She wanted to say something like: I am your teacher, and you are taking cello from me. Now I am not going to ask anything more from you, any more than it occurs to you to give of your own free will, and you in turn will please stop looking at me scary-eyed like I *am* going to ask you, now that I've said I'm not.

There should be something more, but she couldn't think what it was.

When she reached the playground fence, she paused and took stock of what was going on. First she looked at the fence itself, that fence made up of little wavery wire diamonds, and she focused solely upon it so that the faraway running children behind it were blurred. Then she focused on the children, and it was the fence that was blurred.

They were playing at the far end of the field, so far that their faces were only dots against the wide green field. She couldn't tell one from another, and even knowing that Paul would be black-and-white, among boys who were all colors, she could not pick him from the rest. She must either pass through the gate and cross the field in search of him, or do what she was doing now: just stand there, pressed against the fence, fingers looped through the wire, straining her eyes for him and hoping he might see her.

She looked down at her hands and then pulled them away sharply. For a minute her fingers seemed caught in the wire, making her panic. She wrenched them loose. Then she turned and ran, with her fists balled up at her sides. She

had never thought she could run so hard. She knew she did it badly—her face was tense and beaded with effort, her feet shuffled, the loose skin pounded down at each jolt. Yet she kept on, and ignored how winded she was. She only wanted to go home now; she wanted to be there, instantly, without this terrible wait between two places.

A little girl, sitting straddle-legged on a red tin wagon, said, "Ooh, will you *look!*" and pointed with perfect aim at Noona Long who was bearing down upon her. Her little brother opened his mouth but said nothing.

When she had passed them, shuffling and puffing and clutching one hand to her ribs, she heard them laugh. It had taken them that long to decide: should they laugh, or cry? Now that they had made up their minds they laughed endlessly, and wisps of their laughter floated after her—high uncertain sounds that deliberately went ha-ha. Noona listened for a while and then stopped running. Her heart was beating right through her dress.

By the time she had reached her own street her breath came evenly, though small drops of sweat ran down her temples. She had folded her arms again so that no one would see she had blue hands, and she looked about her calmly, with her head high, as if she had just returned from a walk. Across the street, where the college boys were moving still, she saw two of the boys pushing a baby-blue upright piano on large wheels. As they scuttled it along, a little girl ran sideways beside it, her curls bouncing, and played "Chopsticks" jerkily. She and the boys seemed not to notice each other; she seemed unaware that the piano was even moving, and her feet in their white Mary Janes kept perfect pace with the rolling of the piano. When they turned at right angles to enter the house she turned too, still playing, her curls still bouncing.

"Betty Jo Frankel, come *here!*" Noona called.



"Chopsticks" faltered, and then trickled off into silence. Betty Jo watched regretfully as the piano left her behind, but after a minute she turned and came across the street, dragging her feet.

"You weren't here, Miss Long," she said accusingly.

"I'm here now."

"You weren't when I came."

"Well, now I *am*. Come along inside, Betty Jo. Why are your knees so dirty?"

"Game of jacks. You hear me play 'Chopsticks,' Miss Long?"

"Oh my, yes," said Noona, and sighed as she climbed the steps. "I am always afflicted with background music, Betty Jo. Even if it's only on a traveling piano."

"Ma'am?"

"Come on."

She pulled the screen door open and let Betty Jo in ahead of her. After the brightness outside the living room seemed dark and a little dank-smelling, and the straight-backed cello chair in its forgotten place near the piano made everything look stiff and old-fashioned. Noona crossed to the piano and snapped open the exercise book, which

Betty Jo had left there before she went out to play, and turned to a finger-smudged "Country Gardens." "All right," she said. "All right. Start with this."

That Betty Jo: she thought half the art of piano-playing lay in knowing how to sit down. Which was probably why she always came wearing organdy—she could bush it out, and then smooth it down, and sit on the edge of the piano bench prinking each separate ruffle with her little finger daintily pointing out until Noona said, "You may *begin*, Betty Jo."

"Yes'm."

Then the squirming about, working herself into the wood of the piano bench like someone testing out a new mattress. And the delicate stretching of toes toward the pedals, measuring distance, trying each pedal in turn (she wasn't even allowed to use them yet) and finally the tentative fluffing of her curls which was the last step and had, as far as Noona could see, nothing to do with piano-playing.

"*Now?*" Noona asked.

But she had spoken out of turn; Betty Jo had already pounced upon the first note without warning. She stopped playing and twisted around in her seat to glare.

"Sorry," said Noona.

"Country Gardens" began again, as deliberate as a military march. One thing Betty Jo didn't need was someone to count for her (she moved her lips, saying numbers, as she played, and even her notes sounded like numbers) so Noona just wandered around the room haphazardly and picked things up and put them down again. She even went as far as the kitchen door, to see how her couch spread had turned out. It was half-dry, a splotched and stained peacock blue purpled with hideous flowers. She dropped the corner of the spread that she had been holding and leaned against the door, tilting her head back.

Out in the living room the music pounded on very determined. Well, there was a good strong rhythm there, even if it was misplaced. And precision. Who knew, maybe Betty Jo would be a good musician someday. At that moment one note slurred into another, and the next note was missed altogether, and then Betty Jo found the tune again and bore it away triumphantly, but Noona's expression never changed. She wasn't listening, anyway. In her mind she was hearing the beginning of a Processional she had composed once, tinkling far away in the music part of her mind.





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The Vatican Council Ends

Reform on Borrowed Time?

by F. E. Cartus

A Roman Catholic observer finds the prospect for a modernization of the Church quite dim, and pins the blame on Pope Paul VI and the traditionally conservative Vatican bureaucracy.

On the eve of the fourth and last session of the Vatican Ecumenical Council, which opens in Rome on the fourteenth of this September, it is quite clear that a profound change has been effected in its character, function, and destiny. Even the prevailing mood of those who originally expected realistic and progressive steps in the Roman Catholic Church through the Council has changed. The mood is now one of sober realization that any further hope in this direction must be abandoned. One West Coast Bishop, returning last June from Rome, where he participated in the preparations for the fourth session, said quizzically, "I guess that this Council has had two phases, the phase of Pope John when hopes were high, and the phase of Pope Paul when all is returning more or less to a new status quo. Nothing can be achieved by prolonging the agony. Thank God it's ending."

This agony and this end must be understood. Bright-eyed endorsement of the Council would be as naïve as a Cassandra-like pessimism would be misleading. Unrelenting skepticism and pietistic simplism are equally inaccurate. The Council has decided neither for nor against the grand design John XXIII formed when he summoned the Council six years ago. The Council's existence and ef-

fectiveness have been severely adapted to suit the personal mentality and policy of Paul VI.

In the phase of John XXIII, the image of the Council was a very definite one. It was a human event and a world drama. The main protagonists were the Bishops of the entire Church together with the first Bishop of the Church, the Pope. The drama was that of the Church turning its gigantic resources of wisdom and power to the human situation. The Council was a human event because for the first time, perhaps since the Crusades, the Roman Catholic Church in Council attracted the gaze of all men and created in them an unformulated expectation.

A peripheral but necessary element of the drama was the traditional bureaucracy of the Vatican, the Curia (or court), as it is traditionally called; it had concentrated supreme power in its hand. The Curia was a necessary element in the Council because only by eventual transference of its power to a truly representative government of the Church could the central problem of Roman Catholicism be solved. The Curia was peripheral because it was a purely human institution. It was not the Church in any sense, but it belonged to the Church in a functional way, albeit disproportionately overgrown and afflicted with the mordant ills of absolute power wielded absolutely. John XXIII as Pope and as Bishop stood with the Council in dialogue with the world.

In less than two years all this has been changed. The Council has ceased to be a human event; it now has become an event of the Roman Catholic Church. It attracts the interest of theological ex-

perts, Church historians, and political exponents. It arouses the curiosity of the informed public. Humanity at large, it is felt, is not directly involved. Both the plot and the protagonists are different. Now the protagonists are the present Pope, Paul VI, and his Vatican government. The drama is now the personal mentality and policy of Paul; the Council is peripheral but necessary to this drama. It is peripheral because Paul VI, served by his Vatican government, is deciding the fate of both Council and Church. The Council is a necessary element because the wishes of the majority of the Bishops have been largely responsible for the present policy of Paul VI. Pope and Vatican government stand together; the Council and the world at large stand apart. "You belong to the Church, but we *are* the Church," is a statement attributed to one of the highest-ranking Roman officials, Monsignor Pietro Parente, and the most fiery spokesman of the Roman government.

The Council has taken, under Pope Paul's subtle but authoritarian hand, a rather untenable position in the center of the conflict between rigid conservatism and outright progressivism. Ambiguity and indecision, therefore, becloud it. And this Council is ending neither with a bang nor a whimper. It is merely ending. It cannot serve its original purpose. To prolong its existence would mean a prolongation of ambiguity and indecision and strife. Under the circumstances, as the Council is now directed and managed by the power centers of the Vatican, to be brief is to be inspired.

"There Are Knots to Be Cut"

At first sight, the Ecumenical Council would seem to be a resounding success. More than two thousand Roman Catholic Bishops have met for three lengthy periods during the last three years in the Vatican. All Council events have been reported in newspapers, on radio and television. No important commentator in any country has been able to avoid comment on the Council.

The very subjects discussed at the Council are vital to this half of the twentieth century: atomic warfare, population explosion, world poverty, contraception, communism, world peace, distribution of wealth, man's freedom from discrimination on the grounds of race, color, or creed, the unity of the Roman Catholic Church with all the Christian bodies, the meaning and value of the new communications media, education, marriage, the relation of religion to politics, God's message to man, and so on.

All of man's hopes today are delicately balanced

between the millesimal heart of the atom, and the boundless stretches of space between the stars. Man is torn between the possibility of annihilation and the hope of an age in which peace, plenty, and prosperity would be assured by his newfound knowledge. Small wonder that the Council discussions on these matters provoked world interest. "Catholicism may be unacceptable to many," said the late Nehru of India, "but Catholics are actually discussing our very own problems. We must listen."

And no matter how unacceptable the Roman Catholic Church is in her teaching, her laws, her exclusivity, her methods, her purpose, and the behavior of her members, it is known that she is the largest and most influential moral body in the world. Her political influence, economic significance, and social value are undeniable. It was not surprising that all the major non-Roman Catholic Churches sent observer-delegates to the Council, that Council proceedings were closely followed by Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist, and Confucianist leaders, that the Kremlin insisted on sending its chosen observers, and that Mao-tse-tung made at least one effort to have his representatives admitted to the observers' gallery. "The Pope's divisions are not always visible on parade," Churchill once remarked sardonically. "Those pot-bellied clerics and their Church are one all-important barometer of the capitalistic world," Khrushchev said in his days as master of all the Russias.

The worldwide interest in the Council and the swelling tide of expectation aroused by discussions could not be satisfied with mere words. The Ecumenical Council was proposed in 1959 and started in 1962 by Pope John XXIII in order that something might be done. He did not intend it to approve existing conditions in the Church and the world, or to leave his Church tied to outmoded ways of thought and action. Both the world and Roman Catholics have expected thoughtful, profound, far-reaching action. "We have not come here just to rubber-stamp the status quo," said Bishop Primeau of Manchester, New Hampshire, in 1963. "There are knots to be cut." The Council under Pope John's direction would have cut these knots. Paul apparently wishes to untie them all. But this policy has created a new knot—the Council itself. And this one Paul is willing to cut.

A lot of pleasant nonsense, amusing legend, and wishful speculation has been written about John XXIII. To fit the composite picture apocryphal

F. E. Cartus is the pseudonym of a Roman Catholic observer who has watched developments in the Vatican Council very closely indeed.

research has etched for us, John would have had to combine the statecraft of Richelieu, the gentleness of Gandhi, the foresight of Washington, the down-to-earth realism of H.S. Truman, the mirth-provoking comiery of Friar Tuck, the historical knowledge of Lord Acton, the showmanship of Sophie Tucker, and the organizing genius of Henry Ford. The reality is far simpler and therefore far more impressive.

John had little knowledge of book theology but practiced the fundamental law of love for his fellowman. He had specialized in no branch of his-

tory but was endowed by nature with a historical intuition. He spoke foreign languages abominably, yet communicated warmth, welcome, and humanity in broken accents. He was a bad judge of individual men, but an excellent judge of historical events and their irrevocable claims. He suffered at one time or another from all the traditional myopias of Roman Churchmen but could shed the scales because he was willing to change (in November 1940 he wrote that it was "the Jews who put Christ to death," yet in November 1962 he approved of a Council decree which condemned

The Hard Kind of Patriotism

by Adlai E. Stevenson 1900-1965

... OUR vision must be of the open society fulfilling itself in an open world. This we can love. This gives our country its universal validity. This is a patriotism which sets no limits to the capacity of our country to act as the organizing principle of wider and wider associations, until in some way not yet foreseen we can embrace the family of man.

And here our patriotism encounters its last ambiguity. There are misguided patriots who feel we pay too much attention to other nations, that we are somehow enfeebled by respecting world opinion. Well, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" was the very first order of business when the Republic was created; the Declaration of Independence was written, not to proclaim our separation, but to explain it and win other nations to our cause. The founding fathers did not think it was "soft" or "un-American" to respect the opinions of others, and today for a man to love his country truly, he must also know how to love mankind. The change springs from many causes. The two appalling wars of this century, culminating in the atom bomb, have taught all men the impossibility of war. Horace may have said: "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country." But to be snuffed out in the one brief blast of an atomic explosion bears no relation to the courage and clarity of the old limited ideal.

Nor is this a simple shrinking from annihilation. It is something much deeper—a growing sense of our solidarity as a human species on a planet made one and vulnerable by our science and technology. . . .

Perhaps younger people are especially sensitive to this growing conviction that nowadays all wars are civil wars and all killing is fratricide. The movement takes many forms—multilateral diplomacy through the United Nations, the search for world peace through world law, the universal desire for nuclear disarmament, the sense of sacrifice and service of the Peace Corps, the growing revulsion against Jim Crowism, the belief that dignity rests in man as such and that all must be treated as ends, not means.

But whatever its form, I believe that, far from being in any sense an enemy to patriotism, it is a new expression of the respect for life from which all true love springs. We can truly begin to perceive the meaning of our great propositions—of liberty and equality—if we see them as part of the patrimony of all men. We shall not love our corner of the planet less for loving the planet too, and resisting with all our skill and passion the dangers that would reduce it to smoldering ashes.

I can, therefore, wish no more for the profound patriotism of Americans than that they add to it a new dedication to the worldwide brotherhood of which they are a part and that, together with their love of America, there will grow a wider love which seeks to transform our earthly city, with all its races and peoples, all its creeds and aspirations, into Saint Augustine's "Heavenly city where truth reigns, love is the law, and whose extent is eternity."

Published in *Harper's Magazine*, July 1963
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this view). He hated hunger, feared pain, and suspected his own ambitions. He was susceptible to the approval of crowds. He liked to look at television in the evening until the chorus line came on when he rose saying, "*questa roba non è per noi*" (that sort of stuff is not for us). He kept a diary which reads, as Hannah Arendt remarked, like an elementary textbook on how to be good and avoid evil. He indulged in an occasional cigarette, loved to gossip with old friends, and had the supreme quality of a leader—total lack of fear for the future.

John's summoning of the Council was characteristic of him. When, in the aftermath of World War II, Pius XII conceived the idea of such a Council, he consulted all his advisers in his own entourage, those in the Roman offices of the Vatican and in the political circles of Italy, his best and closest friends abroad. And he finally shelved the idea. John shot, not the idea, but the decision to hold a Council at a half-awake Cardinal Tardini, his Secretary of State, who had come in for the usual morning briefing. Tardini thought and said that John was mad. John later announced the Council to an assembly of Cardinals. But none of them quite understood John XXIII or shared his vision of the twentieth-century world.

In September of 1962, almost one month before the Council opened, John wrote in his diary that he thanked God for the strength "to accept as simple and capable of being immediately put into effect certain ideas which were not in the least complex in themselves, indeed, perfectly simple, but far-reaching in their effects and full of responsibilities for the future." And he added, "I was immediately successful in this." The "simple ideas" of which John spoke can be outlined briefly.

The Double Inadequacy

His experience in Istanbul, Sophia, Paris, and Venice had shown John two dangerous inadequacies in the outer structure of the Roman Catholic Church. First, the people of his Church were men of the twentieth century. Yet they were being taught the vital message of Christianity in words and ways of worship which belonged to bygone ages. Hence the rising tide of indifference and what he once called the "harrowing harvest of fallen-away believers." This was all the more lethal for any hope Christianity had of putting its message across to the vast mass of nonbelieving men.

Second, the external government of his Church, throughout all lands and embracing all nations and cultures, was reserved exclusively to the Itali-

anate tradition rooted in the papal Curia of the Vatican. Not only could such a narrow group not make adequately wise laws for such a universal Church, they could not even understand so many differing mentalities and outlooks.

This double inadequacy of his Church was highlighted by the spectacle of the world moving toward the twenty-first century. The keynote element of this world was contained in a phrase often recurring on John's lips: "the unity of the human family." No one today can judge and condemn his intuition as vain and utopian; only the dim tomorrow will verify its accuracy or demonstrate its falseness. But John's judgment is seemingly shared by the majority of religious groups today. A recent issue of *Intercom*, the publication of the Foreign Policy Association, devotes sixty-five pages to a description of the interest shown by the major religious groups of America in the problem of world unity.

John was convinced that such a unity was coming. He saw a centripetal tendency everywhere. The iron-fisted hegemony of Russian and Chinese Marxism had already created two mighty world blocs through an imposed unity in political, economic, and military affairs. The countries and peoples adhering to Islam were becoming more and more conscious of their need for a unity greater than the Prophet had ever envisioned. Europe, including Britain, was well on its way to unity. The early dawn of pan-African unity was heralded by that new phenomenon in the Dark Continent, Africanization.

For many decades now, non-Roman Catholic Christian bodies had been drawing together in what was called the Ecumenical movement. The Vatican authorities had looked askance at such a search for unity, had forbidden its members to participate in it, and had expected no good from it. Even Far Eastern religions—Buddhism, Confucianism, Hinduism—were awakening and organizing themselves on a national and international scale. Officially and effectively, the Roman Catholic Church stood apart from all such religious movements. It stigmatized other bodies as heretical, schismatic, pagan, or otherwise. It invited converts from them. With all it maintained tensions.

To cope with these failings, and to enable his Church to keep march with mankind, John developed three simple interreacting ideas: to make the ancient message of the Roman Church intelligible to the modern mind, to effect reconciliation with all other Christian bodies, and to build bridges of mutual respect and cooperation with other groups of believers—Jews, Moslems, and the religions of the Far East.



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SPIRITUAL Just before he made the final entry in his diary, Pope John said: "My soul is in these pages." Indeed it was. But there was something far deeper in his words: the soul of humanity and vigor of disciplines that mold character and sympathy in mankind. Such was the dedication of this gentle man that his *JOURNAL OF A SOUL*, published by McGraw-Hill, may well have as much influence on our lives as he did.

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To achieve these objectives, John summoned the Vatican Council. The first session met from October to December of 1962. This was the only session which John lived to see. His successor has governed the second session (September-November 1963) and the third (September-November 1964); he has organized the fourth and last session for this fall.

If such were the objectives of John XXIII in 1959, why did he decide to summon a meeting of all Roman Catholic Bishops in Rome? The Pope, because he is believed to be the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Christ, is supposed to be all-powerful, and his subjects from the most high-ranking Cardinal in the Vatican to the most distant and lowly member of the Church in Asia and Africa are supposed to obey his smallest command. Could not John have achieved his objectives by simply issuing commands?

The answer is no. The Pope in the twentieth century is not the autocratic head of a monolithic organization. He is the elected head, supposedly the chief executive, of a vast bureaucracy centered in the Vatican but governing, hitherto with absolute power, every phase of Catholic life throughout the world. The Curia stood effectively in John's way.

Until the Council started in Rome, the nature and even the existence of the Vatican bureaucracy was unknown not only to the world at large but to the greater majority of Roman Catholics. The Curia is a tightly knit organization held together by an interlocking directorate composed of not more than a dozen men who themselves or through their direct representatives maintain an absolute stranglehold on every decision made by any department of the organization. The various departments carry on the day-to-day government of the Church. Practice and necessity have it that the decisions involved in this government are prepared according to the mind of Vatican employees and adopted by the Pope as chief executive.

The mentality of the most important members and their aides in this government is an Italianate one. The huge majority of the top officials and the lesser employees are Italians. Vatican representatives with foreign governments all over the world are, with a few egregious exceptions, all Italians. The resulting character of their knowledge and appreciation of the outside world, and the breadth of their mind, can be easily assessed. Knowledge is filtered through the myopic gaze of men reared and nurtured in a narrow tradition according to which they are the principal part of Christ's Church.

It is quite impossible for any such highly "local-

ized" and nationally minded group of men ever to understand the diverse mentalities, cultures and problems of all races and nations where the Roman Catholic Church finds herself today. And the Roman Curia has an added liability in that it is affected by that most ingrained law of all genuine bureaucracies: change must be resisted.

John realized that what the Pope alone could not do the entire Church could do, if it acted as a Church and not as the unthinking and powerless puppet of central bureaucracy. For the Roman bureaucracy had acquired power through usurpation, and it maintained its position by a parochial exclusivity. To end the usurpation, to dissolve the exclusivity, John proposed to call the Bishops and let them realize that it was they who held the power and they who should govern the Church.

Had John Lived...

The Council, therefore, became from the beginning an arena in which the conservative bureaucratic party struggled with the attempts of foreign Bishops to reassert their privilege in Church government and direction. Despite its seriousness, the struggle sometimes sounded like a good-and-bad-guys tale. And John's plan succeeded so well that his death seemed to some of his opponents a providential solution. It was neither joke nor malicious remark but a serious reflection when, as reported in *Time* magazine of that period, Cardinal Ottaviani, one of the intransigent leaders of the Curia, told the dying John his death was "due to the hand of God."²

Conservatives quickly realized the threat posed to their time-honored position of privilege and power. The regular voting strength of the progressives in the Council hit an average of 82 to 87 per cent. The emergence of this conscious progressive majority struck fear into the conservatives. They had identified the safety and health of the Church with the safety and health of their own position.

Before the Council started, there was never any talk about a progressive or conservative party in the official Church. Progressivism was rather rife throughout Catholicism, but flourished as a

²The struggle inevitably gave rise to much humor. Last year when the Pope was in St. Peter's Basilica with all his Cardinals at a ceremony to celebrate the handing over of the preserved head of St. Andrew the Apostle to the Greek Orthodox Church, a friend is supposed to have whispered to Ottaviani, "The Germans say they want your head!" The Cardinal reportedly retorted, "Yes. It would be the first time that these Nordics had any brains."

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branded weed and was considered officially to be the breath of irreligion and incipient infidelity to true Catholic belief.

The initial leaders of this forward movement were the German, Dutch, Austrian, and French Bishops. (Conservatives referred to them scathingly as the Central European bloc.) They quickly gained adherents among the American Bishops. Conservatism flourished mainly among the Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, and Latin Americans. Among American Cardinals, only one—McIntyre of Los Angeles—has stood out as a staunch conservative from the very beginning.

As far as human judgment can see, it is certain that, if John had lived, the progressive element in the Council would have been all-dominant, and a fundamental structural change would have taken place in the Church. The opposition and fierce disapproval which hindered Pope John's plans was a constant proof of the vivid suspicion gripping his Roman government that the foreign Bishops were bent on ousting them from privileged positions. "But you must see the handwriting on the wall," he remarked gently but rebukingly to the late Cardinal Tardini (one of his most disappointing collaborators). "Holiness, I cannot read the Gothic script," came the quick-witted retort, a reference to the German progressives.

A Council such as John wished would have frustrated the single-minded purpose of the Curial "minority which attempts to defend the Pope against the Pope while showing hostility to the Council Moderators," as Bishop Charrière of Lausanne declared. It would have prevented the coming heartbreak over the indifference that will grow among Catholics, and over the suspicion and frustrated expectations of non-Catholic Christians, Jews, and nonbelievers. Such indifference and such frustrated feelings are by now inevitable.

The Ancient Order Reigns

The achievements of the Council, and the attitude of Paul VI to the Council, can now be assessed. Paul's major decision concerns the power centers of the Church. He will not allow the Council to dictate or even suggest any reform of the Roman bureaucracy. He will not directly try to break the power of that bureaucracy. In fact, the end of this Council sees the representatives of the conservative party more strongly seated than ever.

Paul VI intends to introduce an added quota of foreigners into the existing offices of the Vatican government. He also has tentative plans for an advisory committee of foreign Bishops. He is well

aware that some form of internationalization is inevitable. He does not mean to allow this to take place overnight. And in a real sense, the Roman bureaucracy partakes, for Paul VI, in the privilege of the office he discharges as Pope. It has therefore a certain sacrosanct character.

The general direction of Church policy throughout the world will continue to be in the hands of men dedicated to the ancient order and the maintenance of a Church attitude and policy which is outmoded and antiquated.

The second major decision of Paul concerns the function of the Council itself. The Council could have been the official voice of the Church. This, in the Pauline outlook, is impossible. On various other major issues, Paul has chosen to ride roughshod over the clearly expressed wish of the majority. In November of 1964, he chose to foment a movement against the will of the majority, and thus put off any decision on the crucial question of religious liberty. Against the express decision of the Council and to the disappointment of the Protestant observer-delegates, he conferred publicly the title of "Mother of the Church" on the Virgin Mary. When the majority approved a document laying down the lines of approach to non-Roman Catholic Christians, Paul chose arbitrarily to qualify this document with his own comments. The question of birth control and the use of the "pill," originally slated for Council discussion, was deftly taken from the Council's grasp by Paul, who appointed a special commission responsible to him and him alone. And in recent statements he has made it clear that no courageous steps will be allowed this commission.

Paul, however, is too schooled a diplomat and much too skillful at public relations to simply wipe out the John-like appearance of the Council. Already the Council has approved and promulgated, with Paul's permission, several documents. The Catholic form of worship had been modified: local languages are used for certain parts of the Mass which is now said by a priest with his face, not his back, to the people; a certain liturgical reform has thus been effected. On the other hand, application of all the decrees of the Council in liturgical matters is strictly reserved to a special commission set up by Paul in Rome and under his direction.

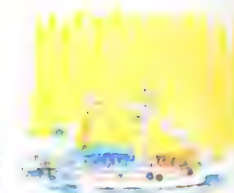
Another approved document speaks about the communications media. But it is such a restatement of outmoded views and a limp repetition of useless banalities that John Courtney Murray and two other prominent theologians signed a statement criticizing it as "a classic example of how the Second Vatican Ecumenical Council failed to come to grips with the world around it." The Coun-



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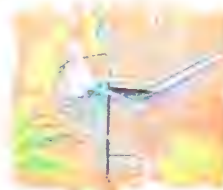
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cil approved and promulgated a document concerning its powers. There is a document on Relations with other Christian bodies (the decree on Ecumenism) which is destined to help along unity among all Christians. But Paul has attached conditions and explanations to it over the head of the Council.

For this last session, there are several themes to be treated. Of these, by far the most significant are the document on religious liberty, the originally proposed document on the Christians' attitude to non-Christians and specifically the Church's attitude to Jews, and the document setting forth the Church's views on modern world problems such as atomic warfare and birth control. Any prognostication of the fate of these documents in the fourth session must necessarily be a sober one. The Council is not going to produce a blanket statement conceding that all men have a right to practice the religion of their choice. The document on religious liberty will be discussed, but no matter what form it takes as a result of Council discussions, Paul VI has already decided that it needs some explanatory and restrictive note of his own. Already by June of this year, on Paul's order, the document condemning anti-Semitism and rejecting very ancient calumnies against the Jews ("the Jews killed Christ," "the Jews were cursed and rejected for all time by God") had been subjected to a severe revision. Finally, the document on the problems of the modern world is not going to present any pat solutions; nor is it going to modify the Church's traditional stand on contraception. On atomic warfare, world poverty, world peace, there are going to be repetitions of the Church's stand on these themes, repetitions that lack any specificity. No sensational solutions are going to be presented. Nor will the existing status quo be disturbed.

Paul and the Papal Mystique

It is often said that Paul VI suffers from a Hamlet-like ambiguity. One Italian writer expressed this view most pungently: "A reality documented by the whole life of Montini is this see-saw of pros and cons; of affirmations immediately denied; of negations as promptly transformed into affirmations; of consent granted and at once withdrawn; of restrictive clauses added to any explicit declaration; of ambiguity adopted as a system; of reticence chosen as the most valid defense; of indecision masked as prudence." Yet, this analysis rings false, for no recent Pontiff has so clearly indicated his view of the world, of history, of men, and of the Church's role.

In his public letter of August 6, 1964, Paul spoke quite unequivocally. The Roman Catholic Church represents an inner circle where salvation and truth reside. Outside this circle there are other and wider circles, non-Catholic Christians, Jews and Moslems, Buddhists and Hindus and Confucianists and Shintoists—the non-Christian religions—and the widest circle of all, nonbelievers, atheists, and agnostics. Paul wishes to establish a dialogue with those outer circles. The dialogue consists in those outside coming to the inner circle to discuss the Church's message of salvation and truth. And thus the inner circle will slowly expand and become coextensive with the outer ones. This is a very ancient view, as old as Augustine. It is the City of God set in the middle of the City of Mammon.

It is here that the basic difference between John and Paul emerges. For John, the Church was not as isolated fortress, a city under siege, in the center of a hostile world. The Church was potentially and actually everywhere. John had a vision of the Unique Circle, the whole diameter of man and his life.

Central to Paul's view is the position, the power, and the prestige of the Roman Pontiff. No speech or allocution of Paul's is made without some direct reference to his privileged position and the obedience and deference due to it. And Paul will allow no diminution of the almost flamboyant and certainly exaggerated adulation and reverence traditionally manifested to his office. On this point he is intransigent and unrelenting. He considers it a matter of life and death: Christianity depends on the maintenance of this point of view. But there is more than mere practical politics to his standpoint. There is a mystique of office and an interpretation of history.

During World War II, when Paul VI was Monsignor Montini of the Vatican Secretariat of State, there was a State banquet at which the ambassadors of the two warring nations, Britain and the Third Reich, were invited. As protocol seniority would have it, the representatives of the two nations should sit beside each other. Monsignor Montini chose to sit between them. In order, however, to indicate his perfect neutrality, he addressed neither of them, nor did he pay the slightest attention to their wants. He just sat in silence and ate.

An Italian attendant at the table was overheard remarking to a companion, "How does he do it? I would be mad by now!" His companion answered knowingly: "*Montini! eh beh! lui ha le sue voci come Santa Giovanna d'Arco*" ("Montini! oh, he is like St. Joan of Arc, he has his voices").

There is a certain point to this apparently offhand remark.

Paul VI is a conservative man, fearful of change, suspicious of liberty, myopic on certain areas of modern life. He has refused the beckoning finger of history, and has chosen to act as his inner voice dictated. While only those who ignore history are condemned to repeat it, Paul has set himself to recreate an old function in a new pattern.

This new pattern is the transference of all the traditional prestige and power of the Pope to the international plane on which the Council as originally conceived by John would have functioned so efficiently and impressively. Paul has substituted the exalted office he occupies for the Council. It is the Pope, not the Council, according to Paul's outlook, who must effect any changes necessary for the Church.

Paul is, in a certain sense, a Pius XII *redivivus* under the skillful direction of some public-relations genius. He has chosen and will continually choose to perform almost histrionic actions in the eyes of the world, and to make the fanfare of papal trumpets resound in India, Palestine, behind the Iron Curtain, and on the banks of the East River in New York. There is to be no change, however, in the traditional function either of Pope or of his Vatican government. His announced visit to the United Nations in New York has the avowed purpose of boosting the morale and increasing the prestige of that staggering society of nations. But Paul's purpose is also to impress on men as a family the solicitude, the prestige, and the importance of the keys of Peter of which he is the wearer and the holder.

Paul will chide those who oppose the new laws regulating Catholic worship. He will use his power to combat racialism. He has pleaded on the themes of world poverty and hunger and peace in more than fifteen public speeches in one year alone. And he is using all of Vatican political influence to pacify troubled areas like Cuba, Santo Domingo, South Vietnam, and elsewhere. When Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, Apostolic Nuncio to the United States, was presenting the new Archbishop of Chicago at a press conference, he praised him as "a moderate in dogma, a progressive in liturgy and race relations." This also is the portrait of the Pope. Basically it is his own dogmatic considerations, conservative in character, which hinder Paul from any further enlargement of his outlook.

At one stage in the Council's history, disgruntled progressives used to quip that the present Vatican Council had only two times: the first

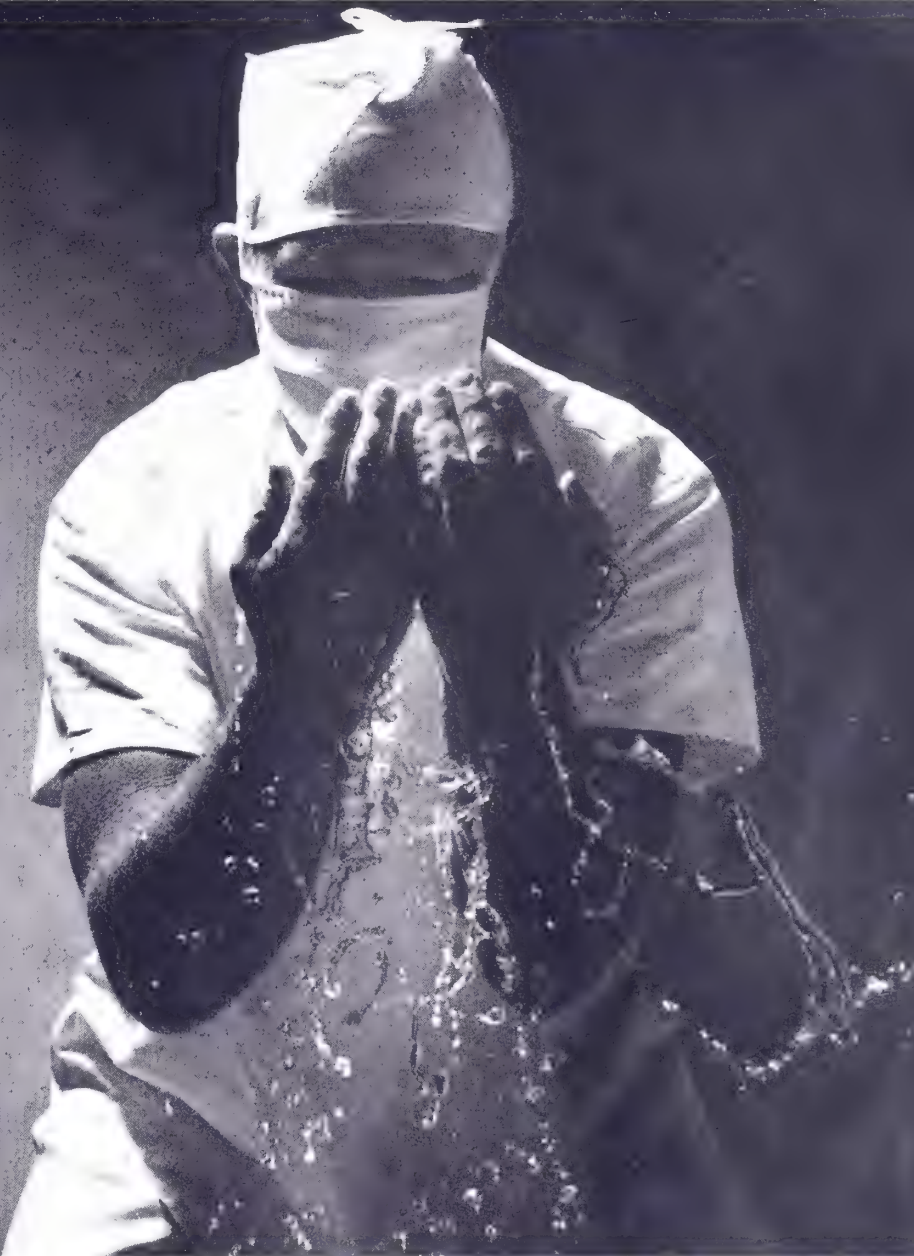
time and the last time. But perhaps a more accurate reading of events would lead us to say that this Council has witnessed two short one-act dramas, and that the world with the Catholic Church is now about to witness a long one in many acts. The unfolding of a widespread progressivism in the Church was succeeded by the spectacle of Paul's domination of Council progressivism and by the reassertion of conservatism. After this Council is finished, there begins a new and more hazardous drama.

The Future of American Catholicism

The chief protagonists then will be the progressives, the conservatives, and Paul VI. The action will center around the clash between the former two; the major question will be the ultimate decision of Paul VI. For a number of reasons all this will be more deeply felt in America than in any other country—the progressivist tendencies among the laity, the vibrant nature of the problems that confront the American Church today, the forward-looking steps taken by the American Bishops as a group, and the persistently conservative intent and influence of Archbishop Vagnozzi, Paul's official representative in the United States.

Archbishop Vagnozzi has said more than once that when the Council is over, things will return to "normal." In the administration of Nunciature affairs his aides have more than once heard him state that they must act in such and such a matter as if the Council had not functioned or spoken. The Archbishop has earned some measure of unpopularity with members of the American hierarchy by his intrusion into their affairs. And even an outstanding figure such as Cardinal Spellman of New York has reportedly suggested in a moment of anger that the Archbishop be sent on a diplomatic mission to Lapland.

The question of birth control is a good example of a significant issue on the American scene which will be shaped by wider developments in the Church. Paul VI recently received appeals from seventy-eight Nobel Prize winners in science for a modification of the present official Catholic prohibition of artificial controls of birth. Cardinal Cushing of Boston has expressed the hope that the final session of the Council would solve the dilemma of many Catholics in this matter. The American Bishops are known to be split on the question. Yet lengthy procrastination only makes it increasingly difficult for Catholic couples to practice their religion in peace of mind. In addi-



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tion, birth control is rapidly becoming a public issue in the United States. The U. S. Supreme Court has declared the Connecticut anti-birth-control law unconstitutional. General Eisenhower has publicly written in support of a study of birth curbs, and a Senate subcommittee has begun its first Congressional hearings on the subject.

On other important issues, there is scarcely one American Bishop who has not at one time or another voiced his support for the proposed document on religious liberty and for the proposed Jewish declaration. Cardinal Cushing's statement in 1964 that "the declaration on religious liberty and the declaration on the Jews are the touchstones of our sincerity" has been repeated in other forms by scores of American Bishops. Yet in the Vatican the Jewish document and the document on religious liberty are both in the doldrums. Hence a certain amount of embarrassment for American Churchmen in the eyes of their Protestant and Jewish counterparts up and down the country will become apparent.

The American Bishops have already formed a Commission for Ecumenical Affairs and a Subcommission for Jewish Affairs. They have already had one meeting with representatives of the American Episcopal Church. Guidelines are being issued for Catholics in their relations with non-Catholics. The door is being opened here for closer ties with other Churches. As the American Catholic Church becomes more and more progressive in its practices, the resentment and resistance of the conservatives will mount. But there will be no sudden change. And all the signs point to, first of all, a "low" period during which repressive action will be taken by the conservative minority—since they happen to have the power to do so for the moment—and then a lengthy period during which the progressive movement in the Roman Church will be eclipsed.

If this turn of events is likely in America, it will be all the more so in such traditionalist strongholds as Italy, Spain, and most South American countries. Papal representatives will be on the watch to make sure that things do not get out of hand. There will be an overall liberalization in the way Catholics worship, but it is highly doubtful if there will be any substantial change for the better in the methods and manners used to instruct the people and to make Catholic doctrine both intelligible and palatable to the modern mind.

In the already troubled areas of Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, and England, the pace of post-Council development could cause even more apprehension. In these countries there is a large self-conscious intellectual Catholic laity. They are

already dissatisfied with the traditionalist mentality. Further dissatisfaction with the Church, increased irritation with any repressive measures, and disgust at any future backsliding from Council decrees and opinions on the part of higher authorities could very well mean gradual but wholesale desertion from active participation in the Church by very large numbers over a period of two or three decades.

Beyond the Ambiguity

There is, finally, in all these countries, including the United States, a small but significant traditionalist group who are determined to resist all change. Recently some American Bishops had to come out strongly against the Catholic Traditionalist Movement, an organization which objects strongly to implementation of the Council decrees concerning the way in which Mass is said. And one French Cardinal said in a moment of exaggerated pessimism this year that he fully expected a schism to take place in the French Church—this time not by heretics but by loyal Catholics known as *intégristes* who cannot accept the Council document on religious liberty.

Despite the minor but sincere changes which Paul will permit, he has imposed both ambiguity and indecision on the Council's closing days. This will induce a seesaw period which may last several decades and, indeed, well on into the twenty-first century. The men of the Second Vatican Council will all be in their graves. Both John and Paul will be at the mercy of history. Only history can judge their stewardship of the Council.

Nothing can be done to stave off this clash between conservatism and progressivism. Neither Paul VI, nor his Roman administration, nor Vatican representatives anywhere in the world, nor even the Bishops themselves, once they have returned to their dioceses, can either predict the future evolution of this Catholic consciousness or forcibly contain and repress its movements by the trammels of authoritarianism or the dreadful spells of compromise. John XXIII started an irreversible movement that will brook no final delay.

The progressives in the Catholic Church must necessarily suffer the fate of all such movements which have not got the blessing of the authorized head and his government. The leavening effect, however, of this movement—and this is John's real achievement—has already created a new disposition of the Roman Catholic soul. At a later date and a more favorable time, this disposition will enable Catholicism to step fully into modern life.

False Youth: Summer

by James Dickey



I have had my time dressed up as something else,
Have thrown time off my track by my disguise.
This can happen when one puts on a hunter's cap,
An unearned cowboy hat a buckskin coat or something
From outer space, that a child you have got has got
For Christmas. It is oddest and best in the uniform
Of your country long laid in boxes and now let out
To hold the self-betrayed form in the intolerant shape
Of its youth. I have had my time doing such,

Sitting with Phyllis Hunsinger as though I were my own
Son surrounded by wisteria hearing mosquitoes without
The irritation middle age puts on their wings: have sat
By a big vine going round the rotten, imperial pillars
Of southern Mississippi. All family sounds drew back

Through the house in time to leave us hanging
By rusty chains. In the dark, dressed up in my militant youth,
I might have just come down from the black sky alive
With an ancient war dead with twenty million twenty
Years ago when my belt cried aloud for more holes
And I soft-saluted every changing shape that saluted me,
And many that did not: every tree pole every bush
Of wisteria as I came down from the air toward some girl

Or other. Decked out in something strange my country
Dreamed up I have had my time in that swing,
The double chair that moves at the edge of dark
Where the years stand just out of range of house-
light, their hands folded at their fat waists, respectful
As figures at a funeral. And from out of the air an enormous
Grin came down, to remake my face as I thought of children
Of mine almost her age and a mosquito droned like an immortal
Engine. I have had my time of moving back and forth
With Phyllis Hunsinger and of the movement of her small hand
Inside mine, as she told me how she learned to work
An electric computer in less than two afternoons of her job
At the air base. The uniform tightened as I sat
Debating with a family man away from home. I would not listen.
To him, for what these boys want is to taste a little life
Before they die: that is when their wings begin to shine
Most brilliantly from their breasts into the darkness
And the beery breath of a fierce boy demands of the fat man
He's dying of more air more air through the tight belt
Of time more life more now than when death was faced
Less slowly more now than then more now.



The Split Personality of USIA

by Albert Bermel

Naïve ideas hatched at home hamper the job of telling America's story credibly and effectively overseas.

After a fitful infancy during World War II and a stormy youth during the McCarthy era, America's propaganda machine—now known as the U. S. Information Agency (USIA) at home and the U. S. Information Service (USIS) overseas—has come of age. In the family circle of Washington bureaucracy it is today almost as respectable as the Department of Agriculture. It employs some twelve thousand people and has relatively little trouble extracting more than \$140 million a year from Congress to produce documentary films and TV programs for distribution overseas, to publish magazines, comic strips, and books in some fifty languages, transmit some eight hundred hours a week of radio broadcasts over the Voice of America network, run libraries, fairs, and information centers, and conduct a host of other activities designed to make the United States seem comprehensible—if not appealing—to the rest of the world.

Technically USIA's performance is impressive. Its movies and magazines are skillfully put together; the radio commentators speak in the right accents over transmitters of awesome power; many USIS men toil with heroic dedication in remote outposts to win the trust of local populations; and if the latter seem to spend much of their time defacing U. S. Information libraries, it must be remembered that the people who burn, loot, and

stone are not the ones who use those libraries.

But when one examines the messages that USIA disseminates to the world in such variety, the verdict is bound to be mixed. The output ranges from the subtle and tasteful to the inexplicable. A sample—and by no means a unique one—of the Agency at its best is the film *Nine from Little Rock*, which won a deserved Academy Award this year.

The movie, written and directed under contract to USIA by a young independent producer, Charles Guggenheim, is a twenty-minute documentary report on what happened to the first nine Negro graduates of Little Rock's Central High. The film honestly revives the ugly scenes that ignited a blaze of anti-Americanism abroad eight years ago. It does not attempt to prove that the transition from segregated to desegregated education is anything but painful. But in a quiet way it also points to the beginning of a new era in American social relations. Any audiences, here or abroad, who watched this movie would be enlightened by it.

At the opposite extreme is the kind of radio programming in which the Voice of America engaged during the Vietnamese and Dominican crises last spring. Our Ambassador to Moscow, Foy Kohler—a one-time chief of the Voice himself—was sufficiently disturbed to cable the State Department complaining that “news citings and comments seemed too obviously selected to bolster the official government position; correspondingly, there was a notable lack of hard news from either the Caribbean area or Southeast Asia—and this precisely when hard news was wanted by the Russians.”

Commenting on Kohler's protest, another State Department official just back from Moscow told *Newsweek*, "We are getting like Radio Moscow, which never quotes unfavorable reaction to the Kremlin line."

Even if one overlooks the moral issues involved, this distortion by omission is bad propaganda. The truth has a way of leaking out—often on our own American Forces Network, which relays news overseas, or by way of the legion of foreign correspondents stationed in the United States. These journalists have no inhibitions about cabling home full reports on the Vietnam teach-ins or poet Robert Lowell's objections to the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs.

Last spring USIA came in for a spate of acid comment from the domestic press, which may have been one reason for the sudden resignation in July of the Agency's chief, Carl T. Rowan. Rowan, however, pleaded that his bank account had become "anemic" and that he wished to resume his more lucrative free-lance writing. The President replaced him with Leonard H. Marks, a Washington lawyer who has worked for the Federal Communications Commission, the Comsat Corporation (of which he was a board director), and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, who has owned a little network of broadcasting stations in Texas.

Crash Landings and Takeoffs

Marks's assignment is a thorny one. There is, in truth, a certain ambivalence in the role of an agency which in theory purveys "objective" information but in practice is an arm of the American government. To a degree, USIA's efforts under President Johnson reflect the Administration's sure touch in domestic affairs and its wobbly course abroad. Another consideration is the Agency's own troubled history. Grown-up it may be today, but beneath the manly front is an insecure, even tremulous youngster, a little nervous about standing up for its principles, particularly when a patriarch named Lyndon B. Johnson sits in the White House.

Just over a decade ago USIA's predecessors were the favorite whipping boys of critics in Congress and the press. The information program was regularly accused of harboring do-gooders, subversives, and incompetents. At its annual budget hearings the issue was not so much how the money was to be spent but whether the United States should squander one more nickel on such folly. Congressman John J. Rooney of Brooklyn, a champion watchdog of the Treasury, presided over

these inquisitions and took particular pleasure in wittily scourging the heads of the Agency's divisions. Some of his victims came close to collapse during the ordeals and several later resigned.

All this is changed. Mr. Rooney still enjoys taunting USIA about its expenditures. But his tone nowadays is more that of locker-room banter than of the bullring. Afterward Mr. Rooney smoothly conducts the USIA budget through a complaisant House of Representatives.

The disarming of Congressman Rooney is sometimes credited to the compelling presence of the late Edward R. Murrow. In 1961 President Kennedy asked Murrow to become Director of USIA, a seat then considered one of the least comfortable in Washington. Murrow accepted, at about one-seventh of the salary he had been earning as head of the CBS news department. In due course he brought about a dramatic change in USIA's standing, not only on Capitol Hill but also within the Executive Branch. Before Murrow, USIA had been regarded as a marginal activity; its top officials had little access to the inner councils of government. All of Murrow's predecessors had fought hard for a place at the policy-making table; one, Edward Barrett who is now Dean of the Columbia School of Journalism, got so far as to achieve the title of Assistant Secretary of State. But even he was not really on the inside. As a result, the Voice of America sometimes learned of important government policy decisions in the early edition of the *Washington Post*. It was, for example, sadly unprepared for the Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961 and inevitably floundered in the confusing job of explaining America's reasons to the world. Afterward Murrow is reported to have said to President Kennedy, "In future we [USIA] want to be in on the takeoff and not just the crash landing." As a result Murrow was asked to sit in on meetings of the National Security Council and the Agency had won for itself a voice in the shaping—as well as the reporting—of policy.

Murrow's successor, Carl Rowan, took over his place on the NSC. A respected journalist and one-time Ambassador to Finland, he was not only kept abreast of policy; his advice on it was sought. When General Maxwell D. Taylor returned to Washington to brief President Johnson on the

Albert Bermel, a free-lance reporter, is also theater critic for "The New Leader" and has a Guggenheim Fellowship as a playwright. His translations of Molière's one-act comedies, published last year, will shortly be reprinted as a Meridian paperback, and his play "The Overdog" is due to open in London this September.

Vietnam situation, Rowan's name was accidentally omitted from the invitation list. The President, on learning of this, sent Taylor to Rowan's office for a separate briefing.

Rowan had had ample experience in talking overseas about American life and aims. When he was a young newspaperman on the *Minneapolis Tribune*, the State Department invited him to travel through Asia to present the strictly unofficial views of an American reporter. After the trip he wrote a book, *The Pitiful and the Proud*. He left India, he related, "happy that I had not lied about the faults of my country . . . and I wished the people in Washington would realize that in dealing with today's Asian complete honesty is the best policy."

Then Rowan himself became "one of the people in Washington," inheritor of Murrow's mantle as a counsellor to the White House. It has always been hazardous to advise princes or presidents. The man on top needs honest critics but doesn't always want them, a characteristic often noted in Lyndon Johnson. Rowan was charged by some newspapers with bowing to pressures from the White House and the State Department; and in protest against what were said to be persistent deviations from "objectivity" in the handling of broadcast news, Henry Loomis, head of the Voice of America, resigned last March. His complaints appeared well founded. In addition, USIA and its chief seemed unusually sensitive to outside criticism—notably that from self-appointed experts in propa-

ganda and "communications" in and out of the government.

The critics of USIA no longer threaten its existence. But they make speeches, write books and generally manage to keep a sizeable staff busy throwing off theories about what the Agency has done or failed to do. Just as the President is said to be surrounded by hard-line hawks and soft-liners, so USIA's critics may be divided into parrots and owls. The latter advocate a "soft-sell" program that is in keeping with the conclusions of modern propaganda studies, while the parrots are in favor of various muddle-headed hard-line schemes.

An extreme instance of the parrot mentality is cited by Edward Barrett in his book *Truth Is Our Weapon*. He was once asked to give serious consideration to a plan for distributing in France a million yo-yos bearing American propaganda slogans. Almost equally absurd are the proposals made by people who believe that, since we have mastered the techniques of selling chewing gum, refrigerators, and tomato juice *en masse* at home, we should be able, in much the same way, to merchandise America's "image" abroad. Fortunately, no one in USIA takes these fancies too seriously. But from time to time USIA is advised to replace its staff of news, magazine, and radio writers with advertising men. This is a suggestion offered by Walter Joyce, author of *The Propaganda Gap*.

A more insidious parrot argument says that USIA should devote its energies chiefly to extolling capitalism (a word that is detested by most of the uncommitted nations of the world, who equate capitalism with imperialism), denouncing the villainies of communism, and singing the praises of American foreign policy. Parrots cannot reconcile themselves to the fact that, as John Foster Dulles once put it, "We seem unable to articulate a basic philosophy for our times which carries deep conviction and strong appeal."

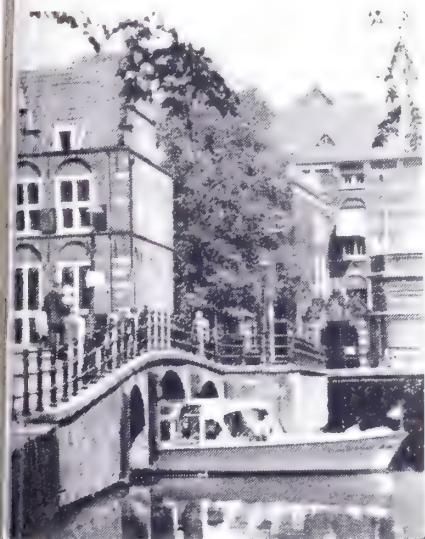
Owls, on the other hand, take account of our pluralistic society: they realize that a divergence of opinion is precisely what we stand for, and is in the end the most engaging and distinctive quality of the American way of life. They know too that news pours out to the world through the commercial press associations and that



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the USIA can play only a very small role in creating a picture of the United States abroad. American movies, television, books, magazines—and tourists—all contribute to the foreigner's information and misinformation about us. So do the seven hundred foreign journalists based in this country.

One of the most useful services maintained by USIA is the modest Foreign Correspondents' Center located near the United Nations headquarters in New York. It has an attractive, well-stocked reading room and library, and the USIA staff men are experienced journalists who understand a foreign correspondent's needs. If a similar center opened in Washington it would probably be equally successful and equally well patronized. But the Agency's parrot critics are not impressed by low-keyed activity. Nor do they appreciate the oblique message delivered by a movie about an American city, which startled an African audience because it showed white women scrubbing floors.

Failure of the Voice

Most of the news put out by the Voice of America and USIA's Wireless File has to be cleared in a hurry so that it conforms with government policy. During crises—the times when there are most likely to be misunderstandings—the news is more rigorously vetted. It is not surprising that the material prepared for USIA's "slow" media—the movies, TV programs, publications, and diverse scientific information—is more balanced, convincing, and therefore palatable.

However, the Voice is by far the largest division of USIA; it takes a big whack out of each year's budget. In 1963 it built a \$23-million transmitter complex in Greenville, North Carolina, as well as a relay complex in Liberia to boost the transatlantic signals to almost all parts of the world. The Voice has a splendid library of tape-recordings which are made available to radio stations abroad for the price of the "raw" tape. They include talks, plays, biographies, readings, opera, orchestral music, and—a highly popular category—discussions of scientific advances. One of the tape series stresses "the freedom of the American writer to criticize and disagree with his society."

But the bulk of the Voice's expenditure goes to news presentation. And it is here that the Voice propaganda is weakest. Not only does it fail in its primary objective which, as Rowan said, is "to tell the *whole* story . . . to put it into its true and total dimensions." It also fails to tell the story in a way that captures the attention of its lis-

teners. Too many news features are stuffed with jargon and State Department phraseology. As one unhappy staff man said, "You can't convince a Bulgarian peasant with a diplomatic note." For this reason, it is widely conceded that in many areas listeners tune in more readily to the BBC or the American Forces Network for U.S. news because "they feel we're not always giving them the straight goods."

For example, during the Congressional investigation of James B. Hoffa, a Voice broadcast included two lines of information on the subject; shortly afterward the American Forces Network, which often shares the Voice's broadcasting facilities, was heard on the same transmitter, and its news program talked about the hearings in detail. In April this year the Voice carried a story that ran as follows:

Australia's Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies denounced proposals for negotiations with the North Vietnamese regime which, he said, had violated a truce, ignored its international obligations, and which would keep on shooting after the United States has stopped.

To find out what the proposals were, the listener had to tune in to the BBC. On the same Voice broadcast, time was devoted to the record number of sightseers in Washington for the cherry-blossom festival.

Shortly after U.S. marines landed in Santo Domingo, Tad Szulc reported to the *New York Times* that two Voice stations had been set up in the city. Szulc went on: "Some American officials here say privately that the Voice of America has lost its credibility in Santo Domingo because of what they concede to be a biased selection of items." It is a maxim of news communication that if you strain credibility, you strain the loyalty of your audience; if you lose credibility, you lose your audience, perhaps for good.

In this respect, USIA could learn a lesson from the BBC, which tries to give time to all sides of complex political questions, and even puts out full reports of nationally embarrassing events such as the Profumo scandal, the race riots in Notting Hill, and the clash in Parliament between Labor and Conservatives over the 1956 Suez crisis.

"If we hadn't," said a pragmatic BBC engineer, "how would we have kept our listeners?"

The Voice of America takes direct aim at its foreign target; the news and commentaries go around the world in English and foreign-language broadcasts that closely follow Washington directives. Most other materials—the magazines, books, pamphlets, news features, and texts of speeches

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for placement in the foreign press—are sent to the Agency's overseas posts which operate in 106 countries, under the direction of the American Ambassador. The head of each post is known as a Public Affairs Officer (PAO); he usually has several American aides—an Information and a Cultural Officer—plus a staff of local translators, writers, clerks and other assistants.

Many foreign correspondents and others who have visited USIS posts in recent years have found that these Americans abroad are doing a conscientious and capable job. But there is disagreement among USIS men, as there is in Washington, on the precise nature of their mission and how it should be carried out. There is, on the one hand, the PAO with a "striped-pants" attitude, who regards himself as a junior Ambassador, cultivates the elite of the country, and spends much of his time on the diplomatic social circuit; on the other hand, there is the PAO who goes resolutely indigenous, learns the language and customs, sends his children to local schools, meets and makes friends with people at different levels of society.

Last year the *Foreign Service Journal* published an illuminating exchange between spokesmen for these opposing ideas: whether USIS should attempt to reach "the classes" or "the masses." John P. McKnight argued that "the Agency does not have the men, money, and materials to reach carefully identified mass audiences overseas." McKnight said that a touring Congressman once asked him, "What would you do if we gave you just \$20 in program money for the entire year?" My reply: 'I'd take the Minister of Education out, give him the best lunch money would buy, and try to persuade him to install courses in American civilization in all the universities.'"

In a subsequent issue of the *Journal*, Arthur Goodfriend wrote:

I too once was confronted by the same hypothetical question. (In my case, the Congressman upped the ante to \$50.) Shooting from the hip, I said I'd invest \$5 in a week-long bus tour of the boondocks, living off the land and talking to the people. On the basis of what I learned, I'd try to figure out how USIS . . . could sensibly meet their felt needs. . . . The remaining \$45 I'd turn back to the Treasury.

Goodfriend's point is that if we don't get directly to the people, the Communists will. And do. It may be desirable for USIS to keep in touch with "the classes," but not exclusively. Communication works both ways. While we are trying to win statesmen and influence editors by taking

them out to dinner and having them over for cocktails, their constituents, at the instigation of the Communists, may be pressing them to resist our blandishments.

Goodfriend, who was a USIS officer in Asia and Africa for many years, is convinced that American ideals can interest other peoples only if they are presented in terms of foreign cultures and traditions. In his book *The Twisted Image* he writes that during his tour of duty in India he simply jettisoned most of the canned material that had been shipped out from Washington; he traveled and lived in villages and found ways to talk to Indians about America in language they understood. For example, he found that Gandhi's doctrine of the Trusteeship of Wealth and the principles of Sarvodaya, or the supreme good, provided an intellectual and spiritual link with Jeffersonian concepts of democracy. "To open Indian minds to American viewpoints, we first had to open our minds to theirs," he writes.

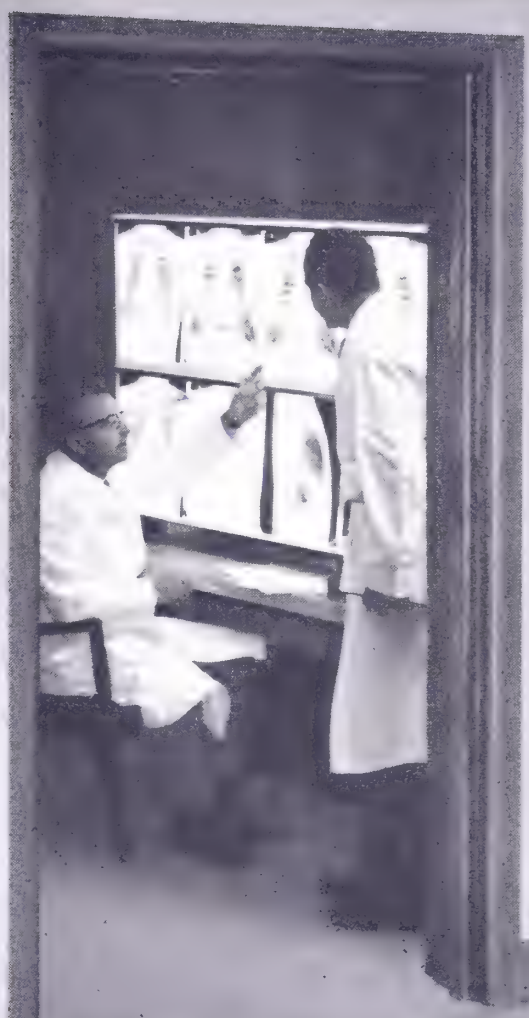
The effectiveness of his methods was demonstrated at the time of the American landings in Lebanon in July 1958, an event regarded as "another Suez" by most Indians. Goodfriend wrote a detailed interpretative statement, "to make clear America's appreciation of Indian sensitivities," and to explain why the intervention did not constitute "an imperialist action." His article was widely published in the local press and had a perceptible effect in moderating Indian resentment.

The only New Delhi periodical of importance that did not use his piece—another interesting case of USIS schizophrenia—was *The American Reporter* which is published by USIS itself. The day after the Lebanon landings the *Reporter* featured articles about Alaskan statehood, the vacuum tube of Lee De Forest, American aid to Indian highways, and a picture story about some American historical dioramas.

In due course, Goodfriend's superiors in India accused him of "unwillingness to play on the team." He was shipped back to Washington, where he worked for some months with Murrow, before being reassigned to Africa. He left the Agency late last year.

Sending Cultural Ambassadors

While he was in India, Goodfriend complained not only of the vast quantity of irrelevant material shipped to him from Washington but also of the mountainous reporting he and his staff were required to do. Much of it came under the heading of "evidence of effectiveness," consisting of



RADIOLOGY

Caught in the act

These doctors—a radiologist and a surgeon—are studying a routine chest x-ray taken of a patient hospitalized for virus infection. Because of an x-ray examination by the radiologist—a physician specially trained in the use of x-ray—an important discovery was made. ■ Through skillful interpretation of the x-ray film, the radiologist observed suspicious "coin" lesions—small, round growths that are usually considered danger signals. These lesions can be an early sign of lung cancer. ■ This discovery was followed by immediate exploratory surgery to determine whether the lesions were benign or malignant. In this case, the lesions were benign, lung cancer was ruled out and the patient was released to

the care of his personal physician. However, in countless other cases the early discovery of disease such as cancer, adds months, and even years, to a patient's productive, out-of-the-hospital life. And extra hospital beds are made available to a community. ■ Discovering unsuspected disease in its early stages is just one of the responsibilities of the radiologist. As a physician specially trained in the use of x-ray he helps other specialists in every area of medicine. ■ Helping the radiologist is General Electric—the Company that cares and continues to care by providing the medical profession with the finest, most advanced diagnostic and therapeutic x-ray equipment.



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such items as a measurement by column inches of USIS material published in the local press. USIS men across the world still spend a good deal of their energy, as does the Agency's headquarters in Washington, on producing largely spurious proof that USIA activities are worth their weight in currency. The publication in an Egyptian paper of a large picture spread about Niagara Falls, for example, hardly signifies that we have changed Nasser's views about American policy toward Israel.

The successive directors have been well aware of the Agency's built-in handicaps.

"How well are we doing?" Rowan asked in one speech. "Because no bell rings or light flashes when a man chooses freedom over tyranny, ours will always be in part an exercise in faith." In other words, statistics—the number of listeners to the Voice of America, the size of the audience watching a USIA film, the readership of the USIA magazines *Ameryka* (in Poland) and *Amerika* (in Russia)—offer no dependable clue to the depth and quality of USIA's "impact." For the not-so-simple truth about propaganda is that when you sow a dollar's worth of information you dare not count on reaping a dollar's worth of good will.

What the Agency *can* do, however, is complement the work done at one level by official diplomacy and at another level by Peace Corps volunteers. It can deliberately offer information not provided by Hollywood, *Bonanza*, Mickey Spillane, and tourists in the swank international hotels. It can do these things well only if its staff seeks to learn what other people genuinely think about America and how they react to our policy; if, in short, it fosters a real exchange of ideas.

Senator J. William Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, believes that the USIA should not concern itself at all with what it calls "targets," or limited objectives, but should sponsor more visits to this country by foreign novelists, poets, scholars, and painters without expecting them to go back and write favorable stories. In return, we should send more cultural ambassadors overseas.

USIA's limited experiments with cultural exchanges have yielded encouraging results. For example, after a recent series of readings in Cairo, sponsored by USIA and the State Department and given by Fredric March and his wife Florence Eldridge, an Egyptian critic wrote: "For the first time most of the audience was hearing American literature and American poetry done live. Many went out of curiosity to see the Marches. But from the first moment this curiosity was replaced by the magic of their art."

Similarly, in Leipzig this year Louis Armstrong, sometimes unofficially dubbed America's Greatest Diplomat, played jazz and swing with his "All Stars" to six thousand East German spectators. An American correspondent on the scene reported: "Mr. Armstrong also made two brief appearances in a dressing gown after the audience continued applauding and crying 'Satchmo' for eight minutes."

Cultural exchanges have, of course, long been an important part of the British, French, and Soviet propaganda arsenals. Yet in spite of our own freedom of speech, we seem to be almost as reluctant to take risks as the Russians, who prefer to send abroad citizens of demonstrated ideological purity. This diffidence is not entirely USIA's fault. On foreign exchanges it works in conjunction with the State Department's cautious cultural division. If the program were entirely at USIA's discretion, and if the Agency were to induce such well-known persons as Ralph Ellison and Linus Pauling to travel abroad, it could not guarantee that they would say that all is well in America. But their presence overseas under government auspices would tell more than a dozen official speeches about our freedom of thought at home.

The Agency is unlikely to engage in such "controversial" activities in the near future—unless the men who now control its policies show more openmindedness and confidence in their professional skills than has been evident so far.

It is a fair conjecture that Leonard Marks, who has been connected with educational television and has represented America at a number of telecommunications conferences, will lay heavier emphasis on USIA's video activities. Although radio remains a potent news medium, and transistor sets are getting cheaper and more popular every year, television has overtaken radio in the West and Japan and is catching up in many of the "newer" countries. John W. Chancellor, NBC's White House correspondent, was appointed in July to head the Voice of America. "Of course we want to project American policy," he said. "But we also have to admit our own problems. . . . We can't be Buddhahlike."

Both Marks and Chancellor appear to enjoy the President's confidence; in the future USIA may thus become more closely allied than ever before with the White House and with policy-making. But will the USIA be able to establish a greater objectivity in its news material? If it cannot, USIA's personality will remain split. It may win the trust of the President at home but abroad it will continue to incur suspicion and even hostility.

Meaning Up the Illinois Legislature: A Follow-up Report

by Paul Simon, State Senator

Is it pay to speak out against political abuses? Or are Americans excessively cynical about corruption—particularly in those little-honored legislatures of our government, the legislatures?

I have a threefold interest in these questions—as a newspaper publisher,

Senator, and co-author of a Harper's article. With the able help of Alfred Balk I produced an exposé of a sometimes sinister alliance between lobbyists and state legislators in Springfield, Illinois. It was published just a year ago. I am reporting what has transpired since then, in the hope that it may hearten others to feel a moral compulsion to tell the truth out of school or—as in my case—out of the Senate "club."

The day it appeared, the magazine was out quickly in Springfield; among its buyers was an assortment of lobbyists and politicians who, I suspect, never have heard of Harper's article. Most of my colleagues were happy about what I had done. One asked: Why hadn't I simply turned my facts over to the State Crime Commission?—an absurd proposal since that body was dominated by legislators and could be guaranteed to act without public prodding. The climax came when, at the biennial state dinner, I was presented with the Benedict Arnold Award." Previous years, they said, were Judas Iscariot and Aaron Burr.

Nonetheless, the climate in the legislature changed—and for the better.

A code of ethics and a lobbyist control measure were seriously discussed. A number of long-buried anti-syndicate laws were passed, and surprisingly few bills were introduced that had that familiar "Come down to Springfield and pay me off" look. So far as my own job as a Senator was concerned, few avenged themselves by voting against my proposals. Perhaps it seemed too dangerous.

In January, after the legislature convened, the Crime Commission began its investigation—by its own statement because of the "immediate and widespread" reaction to the Harper's article. The majority issued a bland six-page report, from which two of its four public members dissented. Many legislators heaved a collective sigh of relief while the press cried "whitewash."

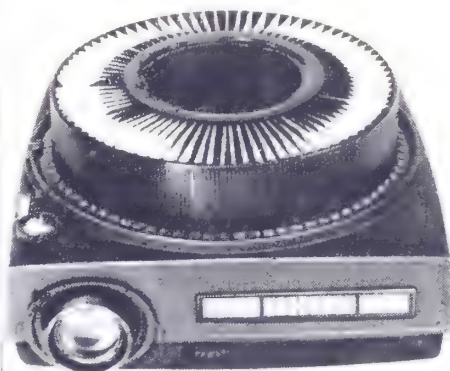
Shortly afterward, the Chicago Daily News revealed payments totaling more than \$70,000 by a lobbyist and racetrack spokesman to a high state official who, at the time of the payments, was a member of the legislature. The latter said it was simply a business agreement which made it possible for him to serve in the legislature without taking bribes. The Chicago American topped this story by producing tape-records which documented a hotel-room discussion of the going price for state legislators among several lobbyists.

Suddenly a conflict-of-interest bill and a lobbyist-control bill, which had been all but buried, were revived and passed overwhelmingly in the Democratic House. To their credit, both Governor Otto Kerner and Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago gave these measures strong support. Unfortunately, both bills perished in the Senate; but they will be much talked about in next year's state elections.

I hope, of course, that they will be enacted into law. But the important lesson for me is that public exposure of corruption of itself has value. The men who buy and sell votes cannot stand the spotlight. To alter their brazen habits, and to encourage the many who are honest but timid, there is no finer medicine than exposure. If the honorable majority can be given heart and backbone, we can create a new moral climate in our state legislatures. []



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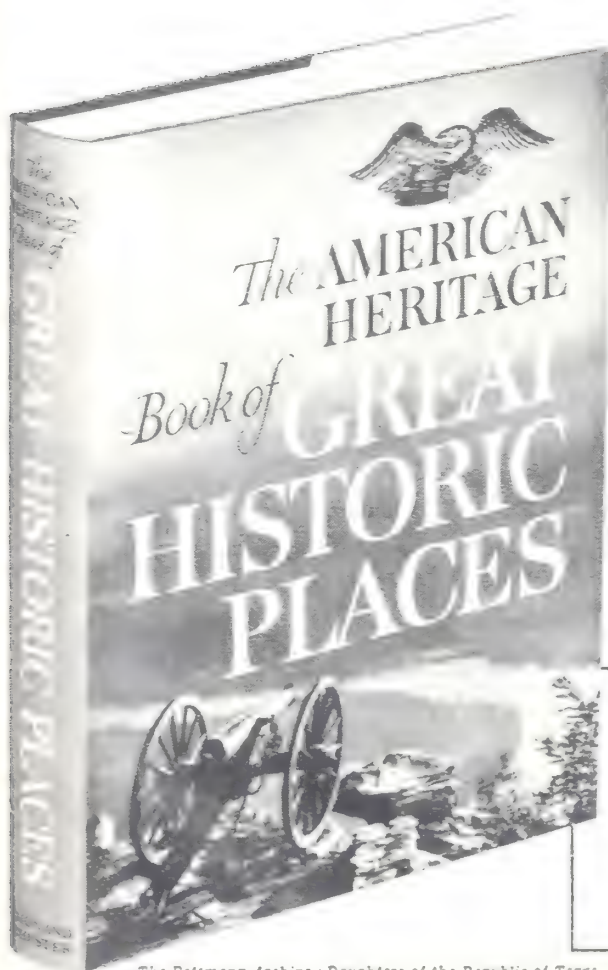
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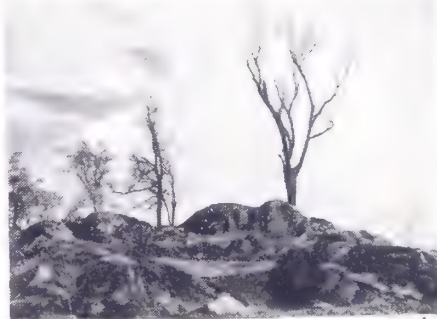
Grand Tour



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Special Issue: THE TWENTIES

The gaudiest, saddest, most misinterpreted period in modern history, the Twenties was a time when everything was changing with the speed of a Pierce Arrow. While America nursed a hangover brought on by bathtub gin, the jangle of jazz, or the memory of a war nobody won, the press was full of boxers, gangsters, bizarre murders, barefaced government corruption and a clean-cut young man who soared above it all in his *Spirit of St. Louis*. It ended with a great Crash, and millions of the ex-rich went to

bed, like bad boys, without supper. The special Twenties issue of AMERICAN HERITAGE brings you John Held's flappers; angry Indiana klansmen; the infamous Teapot Dome; the death of Rudolf Valentino ("The Overloved One"); tales of Moriarty's wonderful speakeasy by Lucius Beebe; the great Florida land boom; a memoir of early days of radio ("Program coming in fine, please play Japanese Sandman"); a brief but pungent anthology of writers of the 1920's; a collection of great photographs; and more.



The New Books

From Various Roots: Some Recent Novels from Abroad

by Paul Pickrel

The Woman from Sarajevo, by Ivo Andric, translated by Joseph Hitrec. Knopf, \$5.05.

The Wailing Mountain, by Mihaljo Lalo, translated by Desima Witten. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75.

A Sitter for a Satyr, by George Andrzejewski, translated by Celina Wieniewska. Dutton, \$3.75.

The Mechanical Pianos, by Henri-François Rey, translated by Peter Wiles. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95.

An Ancient Enemy, by Pierre Moirand, translated by Francis K. Price. Doubleday, \$4.50.

The Giant Dwarfs, by Gisela Elsner, translated by Joel Carmichael. Grove Press, \$5.95.

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis, by Giorgio Bassani, translated by Isabel Quigly. Atheneum, \$4.95.

A Green Tree in Gedde, by Alan Sharp. New American Library, \$5.

If diversity is a sign of vitality, then the European novel is very much alive these days. In the last few months two or three dozen novels from seven or eight countries have been brought out by American publishers, and the most striking thing about them is how unlike one another they are, how many different traditions of story-telling they represent.

The author with the largest reputation—Ivo Andric, the Yugoslavian who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1961—is represented by the most conventional (and also one of

the best) of recently published European novels to be noticed here. His book, *The Woman from Sarajevo*, is very much like a nineteenth-century French novel—in fact, very much like a novel by Balzac. The story is dominated by a single character, a spinster named Miss Raika; and Miss Raika is dominated by a single passion, stinginess. The development of this passion is traced through the first third of this century, from the time Miss Raika's dying father, a ruined merchant, solemnly enjoins his school-girl-daughter to guard with her life the little property he can leave her, until some thirty-five years later when she herself dies, a scrawny old woman, unloved and unlovable, but faithful to her trust.

The book is carefully thought out and fully imagined, with solid passages of description in the nine-

teenth-century manner and scrupulous attentions to the job of relating the individual life to the broader pattern of social and economic change. With brilliant economy Andric sketches the stages through which Miss Raika hoards and increases her inheritance: Sarajevo in the era of provincial usury, the economic upheavals and disintegration of the first world war, staid Belgrade hesitantly embarking on the jazz age when the war is over, the pinched depression years during which Miss Raika dies. The requisite drama—the test of the ruling passion—is presented in the form of a young man whose physical resemblance to a beloved uncle long dead touches Miss Raika's heart enough to make her swerve, though only momentarily, from her object of never parting with her money.

The Woman from Sarajevo would seem to be another bit of evidence how often novelists in the Communist-dominated Central European countries turn to the past for their subjects and techniques, especially older writers like Andric with old-fashioned literary educations. But in fact the book was originally published in Serbo-Croatian twenty years ago; it is a product not of the Communist period but of the Nazi occupation when Andric was under something like house arrest. Yet that fact is less significant than it might seem, for the book is indirectly a tribute to the greatness and vitality of a kind of European novel that has survived

The Swivel Chair



Some fortunate critics have obviously fled the city's monotonous heat and taken their typewriters to climates cool and crisp. Their pronouncements are both lively and benign and enjoyment of their work sparkles in every paragraph.

Two books on this page celebrate men who have languished far too long in footnotes. **Rogue's Progress: The Autobiography of "Lord Chief Baron" Nicholson** (\$5.95) was first published in England in 1860 and has been out of print for many years; now edited with an introduction by John L. Bradley, this rogue's story obviously captivated an early reviewer, "Alas the mutability of human affairs!" cries the Baron midway through his memoirs. As you can see, he tried to write like a good Victorian but his trouble was that he wasn't. After an in and out career in debtor's prisons, he established an entertainment and catering company called the Judge and Jury Society which specialized in raunchy skits and suggestive songs filled with some poisonous legal puns. (Some few of these are reproduced.) He also introduced Poses Plastiques, a forerunner of striptease. His style is heavily facetious or (in Victorian terms) he displays 'a silverless wit' at every turn. His cheerful amorality is undoubtedly what allowed him to survive. In an age that equated running debt with punishable sin (today Renton Nicholson would be a master juggler of credit cards and installment buying) he simply couldn't stay out of the red." — Virginia Kirkus

When a man reminds a historian of Daniel Boone and James Bond in one, it is time he was rescued from the small print. In Robert Alberts' **The Most Extraordinary Adventures of Major Robert Stobo** (\$6.95) Stobo enters the pages of history on horseback, at the head of a company of Provincial Virginia troops, marching as reinforcements into Colonel George Washington's encampment on the western frontier. "Vivid picture of life in 18th century colonial America, the tense excitement of a capture, escape and pursuit that recall, somehow, the disparate exploits of a Daniel Boone and a James Bond," said Martin Blumenson. "Heel or hero — you can take your choice — Major Stobo struts, swaggers, and slashes his way through this scholarly and immensely readable book, much as he did in life." — Walter O'Meara. "... picaresque tale which brings the 18th century to life ... a thrilling story," — Oliver Jensen of the *American Heritage*.



When a critic finds an 800 page book a 'bonanza' the weather must be wonderful! **The Fifty Best American Short Stories 1915-1965**, (\$6.95) touched off a lot of eloquence. And no wonder, for the contributor's names are spell binders from Hemingway and Ring Lardner to Updike and Shirley Jackson. As the critics say,

"... this volume is one that, for all who have any interest in the immediate past serves as a remarkably vivid record of a changing America. ... story after story reveals, in gradual chronological progression, the changing feel and tone and climate of the passing years. As a golden anniversary celebration, as an informal historical document, and as a bright, rewarding anthology ... (this) demands warm and grateful reception. — Richard Sullivan, *Books Today*. "This is a collection but the book deserves definition by another and better word something synonymous with super-collection. ... this is truly the cream. Any doubts about the short story being an art form are dispelled by these masterpieces." — John K. Sherman, *Minneapolis Tribune*. "... few readers will be able to resist this 800-page bonanza." — John Barkin, *The Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin*.



One of the most beautifully illustrated books of the summer rated some jewelled prose, **Avignon in Flower** by Marzieh Gail, illustrated by Pauline Baynes (\$6.00). "I think it's wonderful. I like her short, vivid, pungent sentences and the book has full many a generous helping of wit and charm. She also gives a rare perspective on Islam and other oriental aspects of medieval history." — Guy Murchie. "... a kind of tapestry come to life with brilliant scenes from the lives of Petrarch and the Popes alternately interwoven." — Dr. Robert Gulick, Jr. "... very fine historical work, impeccably documented, yet never pedantic or overfull with details. It conjures up the atmosphere of Avignon in the age of the Popes with vividness and it is rich in psychological gifts as well as in historical imagination." — Henri Peyre.

Ever since *One Boy's Boston*, admirers all over the country have watched for another chapter in the personal history of a great official historian. **Spring Tides** by Samuel Eliot Morison (\$4.00) decorated by Samuel Bryant, is an affectionate reminiscence that will trigger an epidemic of sea fever.



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

several shifts in power and ideology, and indeed often used those shifts, as Andric does, as material for fiction.

Another new novel recently translated from the Serbo-Croatian, *The Wailing Mountain*, is by Mihailo Lalic, a writer younger than Andric and altogether different. This is the story, told in the first person, of a Partisan in the second world war, a young fighter named Lado, who is stranded, at first with two other soldiers and then utterly alone, in the Chetnik-dominated mountains of his native Montenegro. Here the broader social and political context of the action is indicated at most in fragments; traditional European culture, suggested by a volume of Goethe and an English grammar that Lado for a time carries with him, is almost absurdly irrelevant to the kind of life he is living.

Lado is a convinced Communist, but *The Wailing Mountain* is hardly a Communist novel. It is certainly not socialist realism, often hardly even realism. Probably it has its roots less in previous fiction than in personal experience—partly the experience of a young intellectual from a peasant background who fought in the Yugoslav struggle, partly the experience of growing up in the myth-haunted Montenegrin mountains. The story is full of encounters with the devil, dreams that have the authority of daylight, sly tricks and wily dodges, feats of strength and daring and brutality—the stuff of folklore and saga. As Lado becomes increasingly isolated his adventures sound less and less like either twentieth-century warfare or twentieth-century fiction; the story becomes primitive and bardic, like tales told late at night around a dying fire.

A *Sitter for a Satyr* is another new novel from behind the Iron Curtain—the author, George Andrzeyewski, lives in Warsaw and writes in Polish—but anyone who came across a copy of the book with the title page torn out would assume that it was French. The setting is Paris; most of the characters are French; in style, method, political indifference, its affiliations are all with recent Western fiction. In fact the book is so up-to-date in its allusions and techniques that it is in some danger of leaving the mere provincial reader behind.

The main character, obviously based on Picasso, is a very old and very famous painter with a young mistress. The others are various writers, dealers, photographers, society swells, and so on who are trying in one way or another to enhance themselves through their association with the painter. Some of these are recognizable portraits of famous people; perhaps all are for a reader sufficiently current with Parisian gossip.

The book is witty, scandalous, satirical, parodistic. In the original Polish it must be a brilliant performance, and even in translation it has real distinction. And behind the cleverness and malice of the surface it is concerned with a genuine subject: the price an artist pays for his art, how he uses others and is used by them.

Oddly enough, another of the novels from abroad recently published here—*The Mechanical Pianos*—also has as a central character an old artist who is almost certainly drawn from Picasso. Here the author is a Frenchman, Henri-François Rey, but his book is much less French than Andrzeyewski's; it belongs instead to what is now unfortunately an international school of fiction: a story waiting for the movie cameras to lend some life or reality to its empty characters, its contrived events, and its manufactured sex. The scene is the Costa Brava of Spain, and it should look very handsome filmed in color.

Another, and very much better, French novel just published here in translation—*An Ancient Enemy* by Pierre Moinot—is also set in a seaside village turned resort, but here the setting has more than cinematic significance: its apparent timelessness and innocence become the framework in which two old friends on vacation from Paris have to come to terms with their own involvement with history and evil. One of the friends has been horribly mutilated in surgical experiments carried out on him during the second world war, and he lives for vengeance; the other escaped such a fate through what was certainly carelessness and may have been cowardice, and he is looking for exoneration.

The way in which the two men work out the acceptance of what has happened to them and what they have in consequence become is presented with unobtrusive symbolism, telling

drama, and mature intelligence. *Ancient Enemy* is not a great book but it treats great themes fully and wisely.

The only book from German discussed here—*The Giant Dwarf* by Gisela Elsner—arrives with the ring of a large international prize, an ecstatic international press. It is a savage satire, made up of a series of extended scenes from the adult world as witnessed by a little boy too young to go to school. The formula for each scene is more or less the same: adults start out to do something perfectly commonplace—eat a meal, push a button, go to a physician—and then their action grows more and more obsessive, more and more compulsive, until it becomes grotesque and monstrous. The world which the child sees them operate in undergoes a similar transformation: things become increasingly terrible; a pious motto, for instance, which the boy cannot read but which he describes in relentless detail, page after page turns into a sequence of perfectly arbitrary marks on a sheet of paper. This is a vision of a world as pure gesture, a world without significant action, without connections. It is all rather brilliant but a little tedious.

The best of the recent novels from abroad discussed here come from Italy and Scotland—*The Garden of Finzi-Continis* by Giorgio Bassani and *A Green Tree in Gedde* by John Sharp—though the only thing the two books have in common is their excellence, for once more they remind us of the extraordinary diversity of international fiction today.

Bassani's book is an example of a fictional memoir, a gentle, meditative, uneventful account of a rich Jewish family (the Finzi-Continis) in Ferrara on the eve of the second world war. It might seem trivial if we did not know what was to happen to them; not knowing that, we see them as a cultivated and sensitive people living on; knowing that, we see them as a sum of the scale-enhancing golden glow of sunset.

Sharp's book, on the other hand, is very much of the present, a superb example of what is now the most vigorous tradition of fiction in the English-speaking world, the contemporary picaresque. The central character, John Moseby, recalls Lucien

Encyclopædia Britannica says:

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
So is a lot.

the more you know, the more you need to know—as Albert Einstein, for one, might tell you. Great knowledge is a way of bringing with it great responsibility.

For people who put the Encyclopædia Britannica together the same way. After all, most of the world had come to rely on you as the best single source of complete, accurate, up-to-date information on everything, you'd want to be pretty sure you knew what you were talking about.

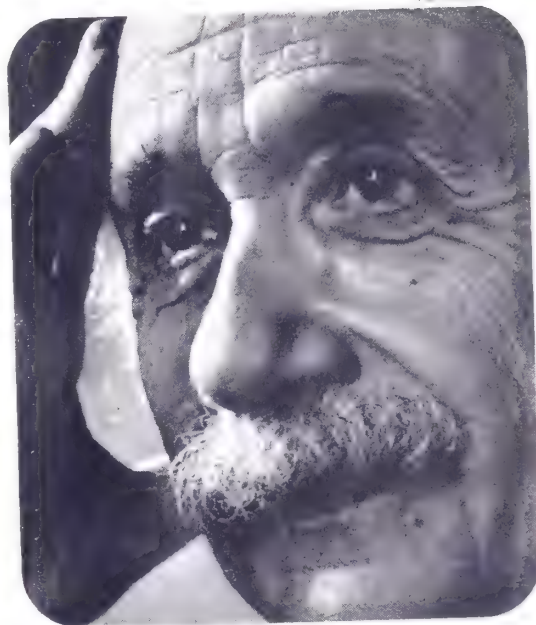
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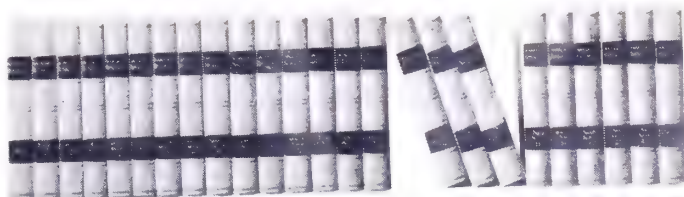
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"... space and time are welded together into a uniform four-dimensional continuum."
From the Britannica article SPACE-TIME
by Albert Einstein,
Volume 21, page 106.



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Watch National Geographic's "Americans on Everest," brought to you by Encyclopædia Britannica, in color on CBS Television at 7:30 p.m. (Eastern Daylight Time) Friday, September 10.



Last June, *CBS Reports* presented an extraordinary television program on "The Berkeley Rebels." A few days later I was expressing my enthusiasm for the program to a recent Eastern girls' school graduate who remarked doubtfully, "Yes, the program was interesting, but I thought those California students were revolting."

Well, she was right, of course, the students were revolting, and the TV program showed some of the things they were revolting against. For an especially good insight into the recent events at the University of California, I commend to you a new Anchor Book, *The Berkeley Student Revolt: Facts and Interpretations*, edited by two political scientists at Berkeley.

In this paperback book are to be found not only a wide range of significant interpretations of the event by participants on both sides, faculty members, and outside observers, but also the basic documents issued by the administration and the Board of Regents and a generous sampling of the pamphlets, broadsides, and manifestos handed out by the students, which give an extraordinary and immediate sense of the emotions that ran so high. To balance this, a detailed chronology explains exactly what happened when.

What happened was, of course, unprecedented in American university history, but the rapidity with which other colleges and universities throughout the country followed the Berkeley example, to a greater or lesser extent, gives this volume far more than a local interest. The Berkeley revolt made clear that a new generation has appeared on our campuses. In *The Berkeley Student Revolt: Facts and Interpretations* that generation is allowed to have its say.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Berkeley Student Revolt: Facts and Interpretations (\$1.95) edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Sheldon S. Wolin is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 3301 W. Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

THE NEW BOOKS

Jim, the Ginger Man, and Bellow's heroes, not because he derives from them but because he shares with them (though more of course with some than with others) a certain way of encountering experience and a certain strategy for survival: he lives the way a hen walks, by sticking his neck out and hoping that his legs will catch up with him.

But Sharp significantly alters the form of the modern picaresque. In the hands of Amis and Donleavy and Bellow it has been essentially a one-character form; other characters tend to be fixed points of reference, "society," the non-self the self uses to achieve definition. Sharp has at least three main characters independently presented, with the result that "society" tends to melt away into a collection of many selves all seeking definition in and through and against one another. It is an emancipating alteration, healthily opening up the

form. In fact health is the most remarkable quality of Sharp's work. He can do extraordinary things with language, yet the linguistic power is almost always used to reveal the subject rather than to display its rare thing in a first novel. He shocks with shocking episodes and words, without prurience, with, instead, decorum: they are necessary and

A Green Tree in Gedde is a reminder too of how often a very good material seems to be exhausted and to reappear in one of its finest manifestations. The book is another presentation of the life of many young artists and intellectuals in a grimy provincial city (Glasgow at the time), like the cold-water-flat-and-young-man novels and movies were the stylish cliché of the 1930s and yet it is not only clearly better than most of them but it is also original, independent, and beautiful piece of work.

Understanding the New Math?

by Darrell Huff

New Curricula, edited by Robert W. Heath. Harper & Row, \$5.95. College Edition, \$2.95.

Mathematics for Parents, by Carl B. Allendorfer. Macmillan, \$2.95 (paper).

The New Mathematics for Parents, by Ralph T. Heimer and Miriam S. Newman. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$2.95.

Understanding the New Math—an Introductory Program, by Daniel Quinn and Royce Hargrove. Systems for Education, \$6.95.

The "New" Math, by Charles M. Barker, Jr., Helen Curran, and Mary

Metcalf. Fearon Publishers, \$3.95 (paper).

Modern Elementary Mathematics, by Albert F. Kempf and Tom E. Barthart. Doubleday, \$3.95.

A New Look at Arithmetic, by Irving Adler. John Day, \$6.95.

Understanding the New Mathematics, by Evelyn B. Rosenthal. Crowell, \$1.60 (paper).

Understanding the New Math, by Evelyn B. Rosenthal. Hawthorn, \$4.95.

A Parent's Guide to the New Mathematics, by Evelyn Sharp. Dutton, \$4.95.

When I first encountered long division I was, like most of my classmates and our kind over the centuries, hopelessly baffled. But I knew what to do about it. I fetched my homework to my father and ordered him to help me. With any other subject I would have gone to my mother, of course. My father entered the first problem on a piece of scratch paper. I didn't let him make even the first computation.

"You're doing it wrong," I said, and

I still remember the scorn I turned upon him. "That's not the way we do it in school!"

His crime was this. Instead of running a line over the quantity to be divided and writing his answer above it, he had scrawled an L-shaped mark at the right and within its arms had begun to place the quotient.

If this tiny discrepancy led to a scene of wrath and tears—and it did—please visualize what is happening

THE NEW BOOKS

in living rooms all over America. Tender children are bringing Venn diagrams and all the vari-tilted cup-shaped symbols of set theory. They are talking about open sets and commutative laws and, greatly advanced ages, modular arithmetic, symbolic logic, and—although the ordinary kind weren't enough on parents—Boolean algebra.

For every father, and occasional mother, who is being handed such exercises as these, many more are being rudely introduced to the "new math" at the high-school level. That here it is in widest use, although there is little doubt that it will continue to work its way into more and more of the lower grades in more and more school systems.

Mathematics teaching will continue to change. The instigators of the new math have no wish to see their subject simplify into the kind of year-after-year uniformity that characterized it in the past. But one thing is sure about the old gray math; she ain't what she used to be; and she never will be again.

This puts it squarely up to parents. They will have to abandon the field entirely, or they will have to go back to school themselves in one manner or another. If the first seems the cowards' way out, it is nevertheless not without endorsement. In his introduction to *New Curricula*, Paul Woodring marks on the helplessness of parents faced by today's math but wonders if it may not sometimes be just as well. "Many parents who say they are helping their children could more accurately be said to be doing the children's work for them in order to insure that they will get better grades. In such cases it is the parent rather than the child who learns and it might be better if he kept hands off except to offer encouragement and answer occasional questions."

For parents who would rather fight, going back to school is literally possible in some communities. Schools and PTAs have offered short courses in the new math. But for most fathers and mothers the unroyal road to learning will have to be some fairly tough reading.

From *New Curricula* they will be able to pick up a few hints about the content of today's math teaching. But in the three chapters (out of fourteen)

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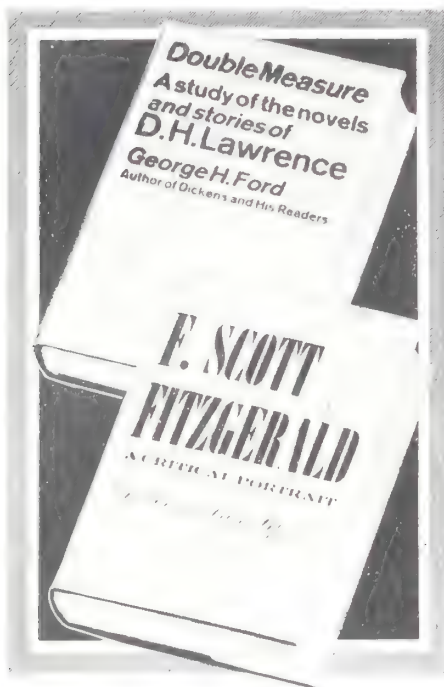
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THE NEW BOOKS

this book devotes to mathematics are more concerned with the history and purposes of the revolution and the controversy surrounding it. With the other chapters they provide a useful, somewhat academic, fill-in on the nature of curriculum changes and how they are being brought about in sciences, social studies, English, and math. Oddly, foreign-languages, which are in rather livelier ferment than most subjects, are neglected here.

Professor Allendorfer's book also gives substantial attention to the nature of the change and to what parents can do to prevent abuses. He warns against crash programs that do not wait for teachers to be retrained; and against confusing gadgets and devices with real progress in teaching methods. But he writes mostly for parents who want to learn what their children are learning, and covers the same range that most youngsters will in school today. That is, he deals with some algebra, geometry, and trigonometry.

The Heimer-Newman book, somewhat briefer, limits itself to grade-school arithmetic. The approach is that of a simplified text generously supplied with homework for parents to test their understanding on. It omits the sidelights and relevancies that many readers will need when coming fresh to this subject, and so it somehow makes the new math almost as dull as most of us found the old.

The Quinn-Hargrove offering is indeed "an introductory program." Consisting of a sixteen-page booklet, twenty-four worksheets to slip into a magic slate, an abacus, and a pair of long-playing records, it can only cover a few high spots. Its use of the spoken voice gives it a novelty value that might be just the thing for a family interested in tackling the elements of the new math in a body. Most people working alone would probably find one of the books more appropriate and certainly more thorough.

The "New" Math, like the Heimer-Newman book, covers its limited subject—grade-school math—adequately and unexcitingly without pretending to supply background or setting. Its explanations are often more detailed, as, in the absence of problems to work, they need to be.

Modern Elementary Mathematics does much the same job but more

thoroughly and at a substantially higher level of difficulty. It is more than most of the other books for parents who already have some mathematical sophistication and will have the determination to master this subject. Those who are simply interested in finding out what is going on may prefer to cover that a volume like this one will tell them more than they want to know.

Irving Adler's work is a little more circumscribed than the others, though it stops short of the subject matter met in high-school courses, and is other than a belabored parent's book to dip into it and having dipped a little to get the habit. More of the real meaning of math comes through in this volume than in some of the shorter ones. Adler's title is precise: *A New Approach to Arithmetic*.

It should be remembered that the new math has not one but several interconnected aims. It wants to teach each year of mathematics to be part of a whole. It tries to add meaning to an occasional moment of discovery by showing the old preponderance of rote learning. And it tries to discover a way to fit within the crowded curriculum a subject which can be inserted some of the more urgent branches of mathematics have seldom found a place until now.

The books by Evelyn B. Rosenthal and Evelyn Sharp find room for a few of these things because these teachers and authors are dealing with high-school as well as elementary-school mathematics. In their volumes you'll meet not only algebra but algebras; not only geometry but geometries; and some of the fascinating aspects of probability and statistics.

The two Rosenthal books, incidentally, are essentially one: a paperback original and a new hard-cover edition. The latter blows up the type a bit, which is a boon, and corrects some errors. There is one questionable statement in the closing pages, though, that might better have been changed. It simply is not true that "a group of 100 might be a fair sample of 10,000 or so, but it is very unlikely to reflect accurately the view of a million." This perpetuates a common fallacy. In numbers like these the absolute size of a sample tells us more about its adequacy than the ratio of its size to that of the population being sampled.

But, then, it was this branch of mathematics, probability, that a great

THE NEW BOOKS

ematician once described as "the one, I believe, in which good writers frequently get results entirely new."

elyn Sharp's guide was the first in the whole list to appear, in 1964, and nobody has done the job better since. At least not for the parent who wants to know a little of what this education is about and at the same time to learn a fair amount of mathematics in a new manner. It won't do quite the instructing job of some of the other books, but it will nicely back up parent's understanding of what appears in his child's school texts. Reasonable attention to any of these works will do at least one thing for you as parent, or even uncle or grandparent, of a school child. Seeing a youngster scribble $3 + 4 = 2$ or something equally unlikely onto his paper, you won't immediately conclude he's wrong. You'll recognize that he's just doing an assignment in the modulo-five system or in one with a rule other than the ordinary, everyday 10 that was good enough for his father but isn't—in a math-oriented world—good enough for him.

For the years Mr. Huff's four daughters have trained him in both the old and the new maths. He is the author of three books on mathematics, one of which—"How to Lie with Statistics"—originally as a "Harper's" article.

Sex Crimes in the Spotlight

by Reinhold Niebuhr

Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Crimes, by Paul H. Gebhard, John H. Gagnon, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Cornelia V. Christenson of the Institute for Sex Research, Inc. founded by Alfred C. Kinsey, Harper & Row, \$2.50.

How Many More Victims? by Gladys Penny Schultz. Lippincott, \$6.95.

Two new works on an important unsolved problem in our national life—the problem of the sex maniac—are now available in the bookstores. One

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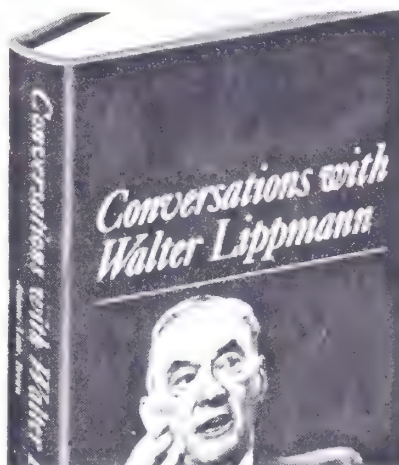


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A biography of Isabella
Stewart Gardner
by LOUISE HALL THARP

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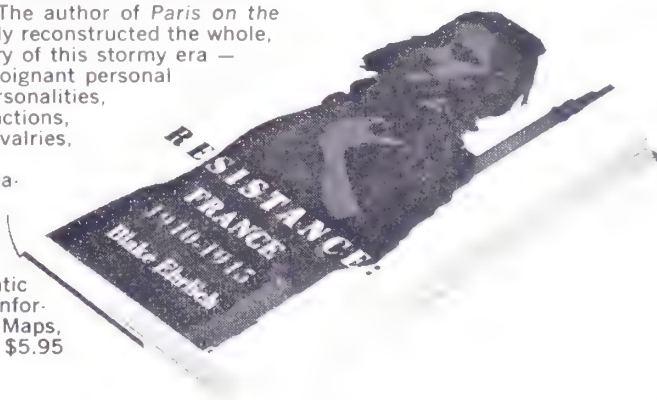
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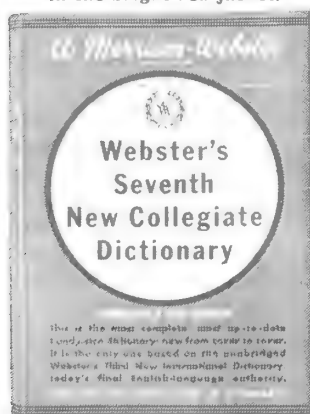
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THE NEW BOOKS

is the latest "Kinsey Report," *Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types*. The result of a twenty-five-year study of 2,721 men, it is a large volume packed with diligently gathered statistics and precisely drawn tables, all of which will prove helpful, no doubt, to specialists. But I confess I was bored by its elaborate comparisons of the sex habits of peepers and exhibitionists, for example, in terms of early life, masturbation, sex dreams, premarital coitus, animal contacts, and a long list of other uses and abuses of sexual potency. When I put the book down, I felt I had sloshed through the mire of rut and rot without learning anything significant about human nature, except that it can reach very low levels.

For myself, a complete novice in this field of science, I prefer the imaginative treatment in *How Many More Victims?* by Gladys Denny Schultz. Miss Schultz is neither a legal nor a psychiatric specialist (she is, instead, a professional writer) but she has mastered so much relevant material that her book will genuinely instruct its readers. Moreover, she has been personally involved with the problem, for she herself was nearly raped. Having courageously and miraculously succeeded in repulsing her attacker, she took the hazardous course of conversing with him and thus learned something of his schizophrenic insanity and its childhood roots. Unfortunately, when this offender was turned over to the police, he languished in jail for months without psychiatric help.

This experience led Miss Schultz to one of the two main themes of her study: Loopholes in judicial administration may allow the criminally insane to escape incarceration in hospitals and sometimes to be set free while they are still dangerous. But Miss Schultz is not wholly alarmist about the way our lawyers and courts deal with criminally insane sex offenders. She pays tribute to the states which, like New York, have studied and radically revised their legal procedures, and she credits Wisconsin and Massachusetts with adequate methods of treatment. One of the most informative and thrilling sections of the book tells of a California hospital for insane sex offenders and its impressive attempts to heal the

most stubborn cases. The other main theme running through this book is to do with such cures and the causes which make them necessary.

Miss Schultz discussed many horrifying cases involving rape, murder or sadistic cruelty to children and women. But she has an imaginative pedagogical objective which the Kinsey study lacks. She cites details even those about cannibalism, to reveal the terrible nature of the crimes with which enlightened jurists and psychiatrists must deal, and she summons the testimony of specialists to prove that sexually deranged criminals challenge the community and judicial system to protect women and children as they challenge the scientists to reclaim those who seem to be hopelessly lost.

Dr. Niebuhr edits the biweekly "Christianity and Crisis" and is the author of several influential books including "Christian Realism as Political Problems" and "The Second and the Dramas of History." He taught at Union Theological Seminary from 1928 until 1960.

Books in Brief

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

Commander-I, by Peter George.

"Well," as I said to them, "if a system is geared to prevent instant war, and the system breaks down, instant war is what you get." Mr. George sees World War III as taking not much more than an instant and being almost totally destructive. It is provoked by a sneaky move from China leading the U.S. and Russia into thinking that one has attacked the other, and everything (China included, of course) goes up. The few thousand survivors of the whole globe are then rounded up and organized into a World Community by the commander of a submarine that had been stationed under the ice-floes for

BOOKS IN BRIEF

months and missed the general must. As revealed by his diary, Commander-I (as he later styles himself) is blood brother to that sub-crazy officer who set the bombs in *Dr. Strangelove*—so the fate of homo sapiens is not exactly in the best of hands.

The author of *Red Alert* (on which *Strangelove* was based) Mr. George obviously sees the world as militantly bent on self-destruction. It's a pity, from the novelist's point of view, that his characters (except from the title one) are such old cardboard; but their machinations are so awfully plausible that we can only hope that the publication of this book will be in time to prevent their taking place. The real holocaust is timed for next Christmas, by the way.

Delacorte, \$4.95

Looking-glass War, by John le Carré.

The author's new anti-spy spy novel involves an organization that is trying to check on a possible nuclear leak in East Germany. But it becomes clear, as the book meanders along, that it is not at all about whether the goodies will blow up the lies. It is about a group feeling, a mutual commitment that happens to have this object, at this time. Above all, it is about the character of the men involved, who are "the un-named dead of the last war." The author's point is that their impetus and idealism are stuck in the 1940s and cannot connect with the subtler demands of the 1960s. Their camaraderie is of necessity, because their mission no longer makes any great sense to them. Despite its apparent excitement and importance, the men have to live it reflected in themselves (look-glass fashion) to prove that they really exist at all.

It is a fascinating theme, treated with a cool compassion; but it demands much more in the way of pity and terror to make it all really engaging or moving. By the author, and we say, of *The Spy Who Came from the Cold*.

Coward-McCann, \$4.95

Me Count the Ways, by Peter de Vries.

In his new light novel, Mr. de Vries wants to have some serious things to

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Director, Institute for Physical Fitness

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"The Professional Radical: Conversations with Saul Alinsky"—which appeared in Harper's June and July 1965 issues—is available in pamphlet form. Price: 45 cents each.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

say about religion and scholarship, among other things. His first character is a grass-roots atheist, a furniture mover by trade, whose wife is given to tracts and gospel missions. When their arguments reach a deadlock (which is nearly always) he just shuts his eyes and pretends she's Hawaiian.

De Vries' second main character is this couple's son, part Christian, part infidel, a teacher, who has some sharp things to say about the academic racket—the reverence imposed on Shakespeare's lightest word, for example—and he produces some good pastiches of some of the Bard's most unblotted lines. He takes potshots, quite literally, at a trio of Harvard professors (known as "The Three Little Prigs") and manages to end up being taken very ill after a trip to Lourdes.

While the plot remains carefully fantastic, the father is producing Truths like, "We're not primarily put on this earth to see through one another, but to see one another through," and the son is advocating a return to Heart, via Whitman and Delius. The total effect is of sophistication playing at innocence playing at farce. But the playing is very funny.

Little, Brown, \$5

The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones, by Jesse Hill Ford.

Before one can groan and say, "Not another Important Racial Novel from the South," Mr. Ford has led off with a good knockdown dramatic situation and an ambitious cast of characters. The starting point of the book is a Negro divorce case that is being handled by a firm of two white lawyers in Tennessee. The grim and macabre chain reaction that this sets off will seem melodramatic only to those who don't read the newspapers. The story is told from the viewpoint of each of a dozen people, which is a complicated way of telling a complicated story, but Mr. Ford has a good ear for dialogue and dialect, and keeps you with him most of the way.

The best-written character in the book, with whom it begins and ends, is the key figure—one of the white lawyers. He is an elderly man, respected in the community by both white and colored, who is persuaded by his idealistic younger partner to

take on this unpopular case, who does what he can with the facts and who is defeated (as he knew he would be) by the powerful and corrupt political force. He is amiable Big Daddy, who knows what things may be but are not, yet, whose opinions one comes to appreciate and respect, and who ends up saying, "At least I know where I'm going to walk through the gate marked 'White Only,' be it fire or pearls." Mr. Ford has not taken the easy way out, and has written a good meaty book that doesn't quite bludgeon one's conscience.

Little, Brown, \$5.

Nonfiction

America at Last, by T. H. White.

The late T. H. White (author of *The Once and Future King*) kept a diary of the lecture tour he made in the U. S. in 1963, shortly before his death. It is the least considerable of his books, and as a travelogue it is far too simplistic and ingenuous, as if no one had ever before found Philadelphia from New York. In his introduction, David Garnett says that it was probably never meant for publication. But what keeps one reading through the thick and the thin, is to see how this history-steeped European, a specialist in the English middle ages and eighteenth century, who lived most of his later life on one of the tiny Channel Islands, deliberately apart from all the modern hurly burly, twigged immediately what is the real charm and excitement of the U. S. for the live European—which is not always the charm and excitement that the natives think it is. This slightly irascible, iconoclastic old Englishman is surprised into finding he still has an open mind and an open heart, both of which are brought out by the U. S. and responded to so directly. As he leaves, he says, "All the mountains, deserts, rivers, forests, homes, people, kindnesses, warmth, love, yes, love, novelty, discovery, beauty, grandeur, simplicity, seriousness, youth, vigor, enormity of the United States combine to look over our shoulder and say, Don't go. I have become an addict to America—worse than alcohol."

Mr. White's last journey is worth following for this sort of warmth and enthusiasm.

Putnam, \$4.95

BOOKS IN BRIEF

es from a Sea Diary: Heming-
All the Way, by Nelson Algren.
the summer of 1962, Mr. Algren
a trip on a freighter to the Mid-
East in order to have a think
ut Ernest Hemingway and his
cs. His conclusions are that Hem-
way was one of the Greats, and
his critics (Dwight Macdonald
particular) were a scurvy, per-
ety, and downright jealous lot.
also concludes that the brothels of
utta are better than those of
bay. The book is this wild sort of
hmask of reportage and reflec-
, and one is never quite sure which
be the sugarcoating and which
be the pill. But it doesn't matter
h, because it all leaps off the page.
live, so racy, so positive, whether
agrees with the conclusions or
The narrative is as direct as
non Runyon and the jokes are
rly all in the style of Groucho
rx. One hopes that now Mr. Algren
got that off his chest, he will take
ther trip and have a think about
neone else, very soon.

Pennam, \$4.95

o Blocks Apart, by Juan Gonzales
d Peter Quinn. Edited by Char-
te Leon Masterson.

This is a short book composed of
ted, verbatim conversations with
o seventeen-year old boys, one
erto Rican, one Irish American,
o live in New York City, two
cks apart. Geographically this is a
nmonplace in New York, so the
nt of the book is to hear the credos
these two growing young men, in
eir own words, from their different
ckgrounds.

Juan Gonzales' talk gives a fright-
ng picture of a world where pover-
gang warfare, violence, and mur-
are accepted as the basic fabric
life; even more frightening is his
tainty that it is never going to be
ch different. What is depressing—
d baffling—is to observe that while
is saying that his people should
ve their "rights" and not be re-
ired to live like animals, he is also
ling stories of boys who did try to
prove themselves, studied hard,
rned English, for the chance of a
od career in the new world they
d adopted—and who were beaten up
ery day by the rest of the class,
d who eventually gave up. Gon-

zales knows that his people have to
"get smart"—but doesn't know (as
who does?) what magical process of
racial education can be evolved to
give them a necessary sense of respon-
sibility and break the current vicious
circle.

Quinn's only problems seem to be
that his father is pro-Goldwater and
that he has a difficult time finding a
girl friend with good diction. But he
is getting along fine, and will obvi-
ously be a good, sober pillar of his
community.

Neither boy seems greatly inter-
ested in the other's existence. They
are two blocks apart in location, but
whole lightyears apart in develop-
ment. They appreciate each other's
position but see no possibility of com-
munication, as things are, and that's
that. It is a very vivid book, and con-
tains some of the simplest, most di-
rect observations about one of today's
racial impasses.

Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$3.95

Son of Any Wednesday, by Muriel
Resnik.

The author describes this as "the
story of any Broadway production,
with slight variations." This is true—
all the routine madness is there, and
possibly no more interesting to the
layman than any other similar chron-
icle. The slight variations stem from
the fact that *Any Wednesday* was the
author's first play, that the manage-
ment was also very new at the game,
that it went through five directors
during production, and that it was
confidently expected, even by those
who liked it, to be "off on Saturday."
It had nothing going for it but its
own little self. And overnight it be-
came a big, big hit. It's another
theatrical Cinderella story.

Miss Resnik appears to have total
recall of the whole three-year farrago,
even to the amount of Mounds bars
she consumed; but she has written it
all down with remarkable clarity and
a crisp wit. It is especially nice to
see that, now she is safely ensconced
in the Palace, with row upon row of
glass slippers, she is not tempted to
take a sharp kick at anyone. Prince
Charming (the author's husband,
Wallace Litwin) has illustrated the
story with a lot of quite exceptional,
on-the-spot photographs.

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tions, maps. \$8.95

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by *Discus*

Summer Nights with Music

Discus took his record player along on vacation, and did a lot of listening on damp cold evenings by the sea. Enjoyed it.

The past few months have seen the release of several recordings of unusual interest and importance. Possibly the one attracting most attention is the recording of Wagner's **Götterdämmerung** (London A 4604, mono; OSA 1604, stereo; both 6 discs). When it was released in England earlier this year some critics cast aside all reservations and flatly called it the greatest recording ever made. And, indeed, it is hard not to be impressed with this recording of the great opera. In the cast are Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Gottlob Frick, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Claire Watson, and Gustav Niedlinger—as good a group of Wagnerians as can be assembled today. Nilsson, of course, leaves all the rest of today's Wagnerian sopranos far behind, and here she sings not only with tremendous authority—those soaring high notes, that accuracy of intonation, the awe-inspiring volume—but also with a feel for characterization that makes Brünnhilde come vividly alive. She is a worthy successor to the Flagstads and Leiders of a previous day.

But the other singers in this *Götterdämmerung* operate on an equally high artistic level and, in some cases, on an equally high vocal level. It may be true that Windgassen does not have the ultimate power for Siegfried, and he is more lyric than dramatic. Nevertheless he is the best we have today. The Hagen—Gottlob Frick—can take his place in any all-star cast. His is a solid bass, firm and clear, used with impeccable musicianship. Never is there a touch of burlesque in his characterization, and he brings to the role immense dignity. He suggests the

kind of evil Wagner intended; but, for once, there is a feeling that Siegfried is up against a worthy opponent. And so on down the line. Fischer-Dieskau, who sings everything from Renaissance music to Henze, brilliantly suggests the weakness of Gunther, and Claire Watson is an appealing, very feminine Guttrune, in sharp contrast to the godlike outpouring of Brünnhilde. Completing the cast is the pointed, malevolent Alberich of Gustav Niedlinger.

Electronic Witchery

Georg Solti conducts the Vienna Philharmonic. His contribution, full of color, life, rhythm, vitality, is tremendously exciting, and he is one of the heroes of the album. The recording director is John Culshaw. Normally one does not mention the recording director. But this is a culmination of Culshaw's efforts. He already has put his mark on present-day recording philosophy. Culshaw believes that a recording, especially an opera recording, poses its own problems and demands its own techniques, problems and techniques that have nothing to do with opera as presented in an opera house.

He unabashedly takes advantage of the stereo medium to get certain kinds of effects not available elsewhere. The most talked-of effect in this *Götterdämmerung* is the alteration of Siegfried's voice. Siegfried disguises him-

self as Gunther and penetrates the magic fire to bring Brünnhilde back as Gunther's bride. But Siegfried is a tenor, Gunther a baritone; and when Siegfried sings, one always asks oneself how Brünnhilde can be deceived. This worries Culshaw, too; and through some electronic witchery, he has lowered Windgassen's voice to make it sound something like Fischer-Dieskau's.

There are other special effects. As expected, the stereo version has an extremely wide separation. There is some juggling in the scene where Alberich confronts the sleeping Hagen, and the way Alberich's voice fades away is positively eerie. About a third of the way in Side 7 some peculiar noises are heard. These come from instruments known as steerhorns. Wagner scored those, but all present-day performances use trombones. The London people, after a good deal of search, came up with replicas of the steerhorns used in the original Bayreuth performance. It remains to be said that the over-all sound of the recording is extremely vital and lifelike, and that surfaces are smooth and noiseless. Yes, a great recording.

Highly Blessed Partner

From super hi-fi to non-hi-fi: the album of a recital by Josef Szigeti and Béla Bartók. This is of extreme importance. Early in 1940 the great Hungarian composer came to America as a refugee, and one of the first things he did was to appear at the Library of Congress with his countryman Szigeti. The event took place on April 13, 1940. Fortunately the Library recorded the program, which consisted of Beethoven's **Kreutzer Sonata**, the Debussy **Sonata**, Bartók's **Second Sonata** and **First Rhapsody**. Now it is released on two Vanguard discs (1130/1, mono only).

In the past there have been several minor examples of Bartók's piano playing, almost all in his own music. Here he is heard in a much more representative repertoire. It is not generally remembered that Bartók was a first-class pianist. He did not "play like a composer" (i.e., with musicality but technical roughness). He played like a real pianist, with a supple, obedient technique coupled to his superior musical mind. Szigeti at that time was at the height of his





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powers, and what a team the two make! They thought alike; and, indeed, had through the years made quite a few appearances together. Both musicians dig into Beethoven, Debussy, and Bartók with style, verve, and musicianship, ending up making most violin and piano partnerships sound insipid. For here are two musical equals, blessed with perception of a high order and the power to put their ideas into effect.

Event

Another item of historic importance is the release of Vladimir Horowitz's return concert in Carnegie Hall on May 9 of this year, **Horowitz at Carnegie Hall** (Columbia M2L 328, mono; M2S 728, stereo; both 2 discs). The entire concert, including the encores and some of the applause, is present: the Bach-Busoni Toccata in C, Schumann's Fantasy in C, Scriabin's Ninth Sonata and *Poème*, Chopin's C sharp minor Mazurka (Op. 30, No. 4), Etude in F (Op. 10, No. 8), and G minor Ballade, and the encores—Debussy's *Doll's Serenade*, Scriabin's C sharp minor Etude, Moszkowski's A flat Etude, and Schumann's *Träumerei*.

Horowitz, it will be remembered, had not played in public for twelve years. His return concert was one of the musical events of the decade. It certainly attracted an extraordinary degree of attention in journalistic and musical circles, making even Maria Callas' return to the Metropolitan Opera a minor event in comparison.

One can imagine the great pressure under which the pianist was operating. He is a legend, and the recordings he had made during his retirement had done nothing to dispel that legend. But would a man so long away from the concert stage make the kind of impact over the footlights that he does in the recording studios, where there is no pressure and where mistakes can be rectified?

On this recording, Horowitz does make the expected impact, and triumphantly so. Horowitz himself, it is said, insisted that the Carnegie Hall concert be released exactly as he played it, finger slips and all. There are a few bobbles, none of them major. But throughout the recital it is abundantly clear that those finger slips

are accidental rather than evidence of a diminution of the pianist's technical powers. Any pianist who can so dissolve the complexities of Scriabin's very difficult Ninth Sonata, who can run up the octaves in Chopin's G minor Ballade so deftly, who can whiz through the arpeggios of the F major Etude and still have plenty left over for all kinds of shadings, who can finger the scales of the Moszkowski A flat Etude with such clarity at such a velocity, who can thunder the chords of the second movement of the Schumann—no, we do not have to worry about the Horowitz technique. It is as resplendent as ever, and so is his unique sonority.

Basically it is the same old Horowitz, though it appears that there is more of an over-all line to his playing. He does not, at least here, suggest the neurotic quality he used to have, and he outlines the architecture of a piece with more solidity. Everything else is much the same. The one thing that Horowitz used to have above all other pianists was a feeling of electricity, and that he still very much has. It is hard to describe. Part of it is the result of his overpowering technique, part of it is the terrific volume he is able to draw without banging, and there also is an *x* factor: some kind of mysterious communication that has people on the edge of their seat—and that includes people who do not especially care for his interpretations.

This kind of magic and electricity comes right through the recital. It is all the more impressive in that the album will be, for all history, an illustration of what a great virtuoso is able to do under actual recital conditions. Studio recordings are all right. But recordings drawn directly from actual live performances, such as the Horowitz or the Szigeti-Bartók, are even better. They may be less hi-fi, but they are much more honest. And they have much more of an immediacy, of a direct impact, of involvement with an audience. (The audience noises and background coughs, which raise hackles on audio engineers, actually add to this kind of recording, supplying the feeling that the listener is part of the audience.) Thus those who get the new Horowitz discs will not merely be purchasing a recording. They will be participating in an Event.

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

The noise begins like movie music in big crashing chords, and the expression is reinforced by a piano solo which owes as much to the *Wars Concerto* as to jazz. This is the Stan Kenton composition *Artistry Rhythm*, and the recording is from 1943, reprocessed in pseudo-stereo. The theory has always been that Kenton was at his best in those days before he branched out into "experiments" more embarrassing for pretentiousness than for outrage. He is a chance to test that proposition.

Kenton is a cult, and to doubt him raises the ire of true believers. Perhaps there is something about a big band in its heyday which makes for loyalty. The ones that popularly successfully become instruments of education as well, the places where you heard something first and in a receptive mood to boot.

I offer this explanation in way of an advance apology to Kenton for my inability to share the faith. What I hear even in this "authentic" Kenton of the 'forties is not the bounce and freshness, but the intimations even then of the road he was to follow later on—the liking for effects, for glossiness, for vocal jocularity as a substitute for warmth and humor. The Kenton of the 'fifties was implicit in the original.

There is something very Californian about him, a sense of an institution embedded in nowhere, going through all the motions but somehow missing the point, adequate enough to a sun-tan and open-convertible culture and strangely disembodied when removed from context. The emphasis is on arrangements, and there is a great deal of talk about "genius," but what comes through is mainly good intentions. If the criticisms when they came seemed so unfair to Kenton's followers, one reason may be that to them the overblown product seemed not a betrayal but a logical extension—just doing business with the same old Stan.

Stan Kenton's Greatest Hits. The Original Recordings. Capitol DT 2327.

Harper's

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The Writer's Life

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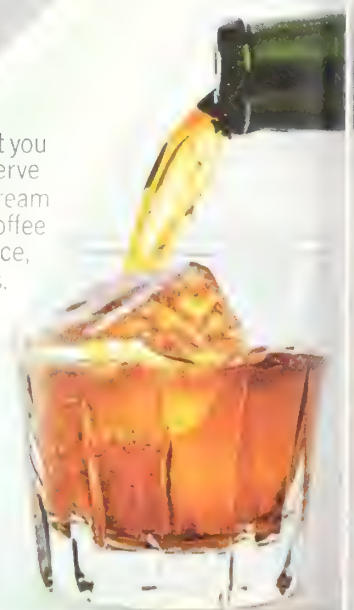
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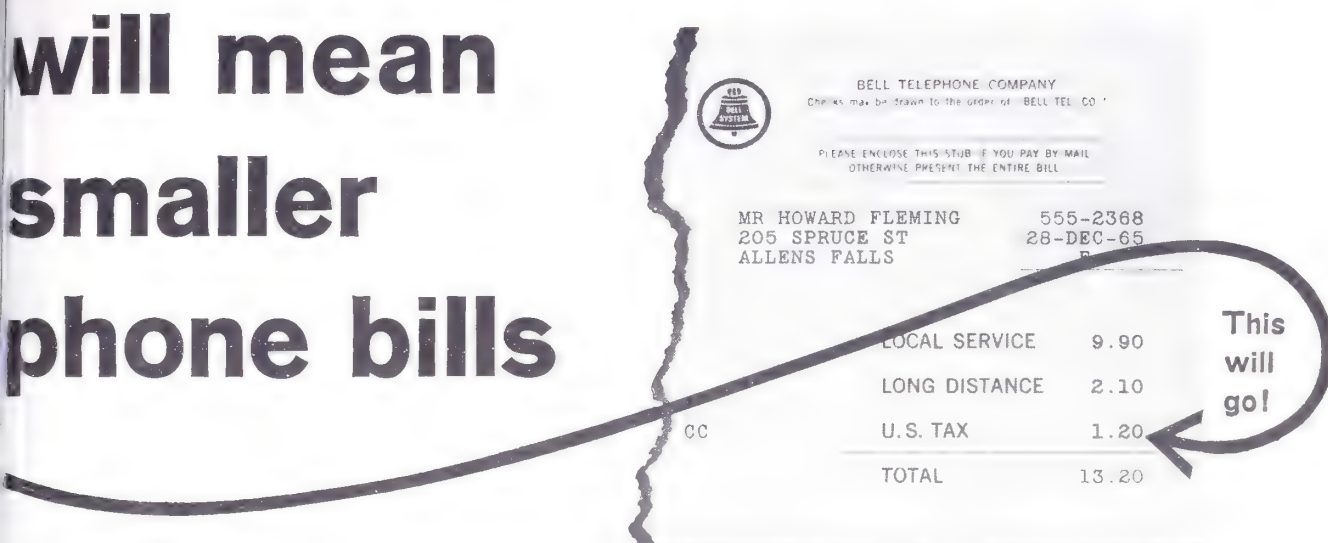
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CIRCULATION INFORMATION

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy, \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan-Amex—\$2.00 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please allow a month's advance notice, including old address as well as new, to ensure continuity.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
COLUMBIAN PUBLISHING CORP. OF AMERICA
381 WEST CENTER STREET
MEXICO, OHIO 43130

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone Area Code 212 GR 8-7100. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer; *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer and Controller.

PRODUCTION MANAGER: KIM SMITH
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Telephone Area Code 212 GR 8-5100

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Publisher: DANIEL J. BROOKS
Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 GR 8-7100. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer; *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer and Controller.

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Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing office.

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No. 1385

Harper's®

magazine

October
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Letters

The Lesser Evil?

Could John Fischer perhaps tell us a bit more about the ally that we would betray if we withdrew from this cruelest of wars in Vietnam ["James Bond, Mr. Johnson, and the Intellectuals," *Easy Chair*, August]? Is it Ngo Dinh Diem, whom we were relieved to see finally murdered by his own people? Is it Nguyen Cao Ky, whose only hero is Hitler? Or is it the Vietnamese people who, according to former President Eisenhower and Senator Richard Russell, among others, would choose Ho Chi Minh as their leader if they had a chance?

Vietnamese nationalism, and Ho Chi Minh's dominant leadership of it, predates the establishment of Mao Tse-tung's regime in China. Therefore, to say that "genuine peace in Asia does not seem possible so long as the Chinese revolution remains in its virulent, aggressive stage" is a very poor justification for the war we are now fighting in Vietnam. It is not even rational.

And there is a very real moral issue here. To blast and burn large numbers of innocent civilians along with the Vietcong is too high a price to pay to save a nation from Communism, even if we could be sure that they want to be saved. I know that to speak thusly of morality is not very sophisticated in the day of McGeorge Bundy's "wise use of power," but I am not yet willing to concede that the existence of this movement we call Communism has caused our basic moral concepts to become outmoded.

HENRY P. JONES

Asst. Prof. of Political Science
Hardin-Simmons University
Abilene, Tex.

John Fischer's August *Easy Chair* seems to me the ablest and most convincing exposition that has appeared on the Vietnam dilemma. . . . I spent the first three months of 1965 in East Asia, visiting nine countries around the China perimeter—all except Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam itself—with opportunity for intimate consultations with political and religious lead-

ers, both nationals and foreigners returned with the strong conviction that . . . the most pressing need in the western Pacific is a political and economic association of non-Communist states, roughly parallel to NATO in the Atlantic; it is needed both for mutual support of the Asian nations which are threatened by Communist take-over and to give the U. S. a more defensible posture in the western Pacific.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

President Emeritus
Union Theological Seminary
New York, N.Y.

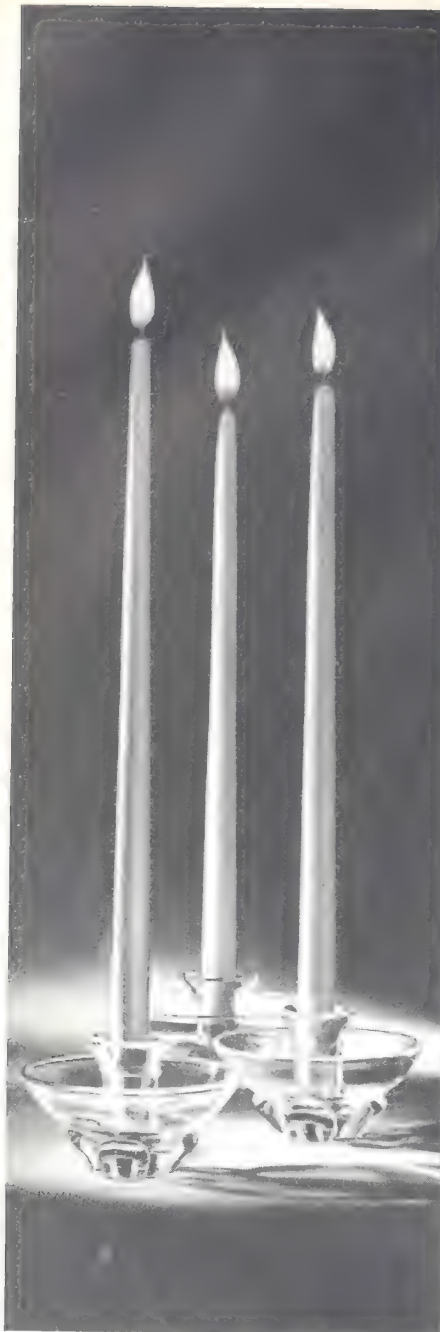
I want to thank John Fischer for pointing out how few historians and professors of international relations . . . have taken part in the "Quit Vietnam" teach-ins. At the University of Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, this has been a conspicuous fact. . . .

Unfortunately, while many Indians may share Dr. C. Rajagopalachari's views about the danger from China, few seem prepared to cooperate with the U. S., Japan, or any other countries in developing concerted measures to resist the Chinese invasion. Somehow we must find ways and means of convincing other countries that the struggle in Vietnam is not just "our war," but that it is of vital concern to them as well. This objective obviously cannot be advanced simply by the increasing application of American military power in Vietnam. It will require much more effective diplomacy and deeper understanding than we have been showing on official levels in recent months.

NORMAN D. PALMER

Prof. of Political Science
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

John Bartlow Martin has convinced John Fischer that there was "real danger of a Communist take-over" in Santo Domingo, which I doubt but won't debate. In any revolution against right-wing governments there are going to be some Communists and there will always be a possibility that they will gain control. Do you let the country in question work out its



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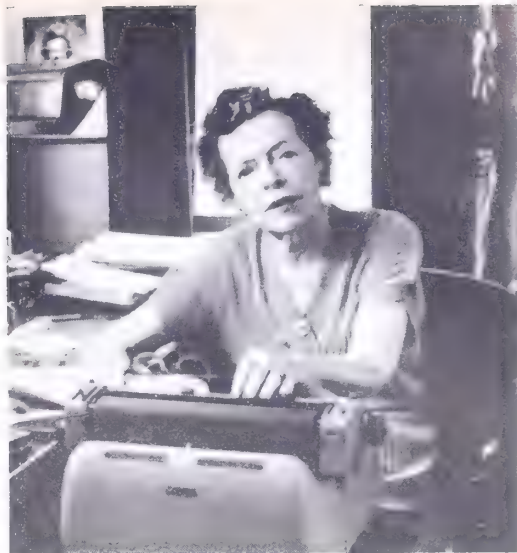
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Faith Baldwin



Faith Baldwin. She raised four children — yet managed to write more than 70 books, including many best-sellers

I think it's very unfortunate that many men with real writing talent bury it under a mountain of dishes.

Actually, writing is an ideal profession for women. You don't have to go to an office, you don't have to be away from your mind on your household . . . wondering, if it rains, did you close the windows? And for the woman who is tied down to her home, writing is a wonderful emotional release, to say nothing of the extra income it can bring.

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Don't say, "I don't have time"

Saying you "could write" if you "had time" is no excuse. The fact is I've had a chance to run most of my life. And, what the unexpected illnesses, I think I've spent more time in hospital waiting rooms than almost anyone.

Even without the responsibilities of a home, starting my career wouldn't have been easy. It's hard to learn to write when you're working all alone.

I've often wished that when I was in my twenties I had known a professional writer who would have been honest with me. As it was, I learned by rejections and failures — by trial and error.

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LETTERS

own solution or do you impose your solution? To do the latter in a case of possible Communist take-over is reactionary folly. . . . What happens when a population *chooses*, through revolution or election, to become Communist? Have we the right to interfere? Would it, in most cases, even be in our interest? Does Mr. Fischer approve, for example, of India's response to the free election of Communists to the government of Kerala, which was to imprison them?

The question is central, since we are in Vietnam largely because we feared that elections in 1956 would bring the Communists to power. It must be answered with some sense of the right of nations to make their own choices and even their own mistakes, and with some sense of our own fallibility . . . [and] moral bankruptcy [as] a government that prohibits trade with China because it is a sacred duty to harass Communism, yet proclaims that government hasn't the right to interfere with private business in one of the most brutally totalitarian states, South Africa. . . .

ANDREW FITCH
New York, N.Y.

Aviary on Capitol Hill

In "Washington's Money Birds" [Larry L. King, August], your magazine did a fine job of revealing some of the big bankers' lobbying activities. You also performed a real public service in disclosing the fact that the American Bankers Association, one of the nation's largest lobbyists, did not file spending reports on its efforts to influence legislation. This is but one more example of the ABA's "public be damned" attitude and *Harper's* is to be congratulated for calling it to the attention of the American people.

However, there is a glaring error in the article where it states that "Representative Patman, opposing an investigation of the nation's banking institutions, was so defamed by many financial executives one might have thought he had advocated going back to animal pelts as legal tender." Instead of "opposing" this should have read: "Representative Patman, *encouraging* an investigation of the nation's banking institutions. . . ."

WRIGHT PATMAN

Member of Congress, from Texas
Washington, D. C.

As a political scientist who spent a year working on Capitol Hill and is beginning his third year in Washington studying Congress, I would like to compliment Larry King for his thoroughly amusing article. This essay, together with his tale of his tribulations as a Congressional employee ["Washington's Second Banana Politicians," January], firmly establishes him as the Henry L. Menckin of the Hill. Like Mencken, however, King's gift for hyperbole must be savored by rolling it around on one's tongue rather than by digesting it as an accurate description of the real world. . . .

A few examples of errant lobbyists cannot support a wholesale condemnation of lobbying and, what is more, the evidence gathered by political scientists casts doubt on the accuracy of his generalizations. From my own experience on the Hill with two House members I can testify that lobbyists do perform services which Congressmen deem valuable. . . . Scholars such as Lewis A. Dexter, coauthor of a book on foreign trade that won the Woodrow Wilson prize of the American Political Science Association, conclude that contrary to political mythology most lobbyists do not have an abundance of funds to reward their friends and punish their enemies. Indeed, many lobbyists are hard up for money, overworked, understaffed, inept, and ineffectual. Even those lobbyists whose coffers appear inexhaustible find that Congressmen rank vote ahead of campaign contributions. Witness Medicare 1965. . . .

JOHN F. MANLY
(Syracuse University)
Washington, D. C.

The Sisters' Side

In that derogatory feature "The American Nun: Poor, Chaste, and Restive" [Edward Wakin and F. Joseph F. Scheuer, August] . . . the ideas about our prudery and ignorance of sex are generalizations. . . . Our Novice-Mistress had been a farmer's daughter whom the facts of life had come naturally and wholesomely. I was a novice when she lectured us about "false modesty" and cited the example of a Sister who embarrassed her by not letting a doctor examine her back. The Novice-Mistress' thesis was "womanliness and common sense." . . .

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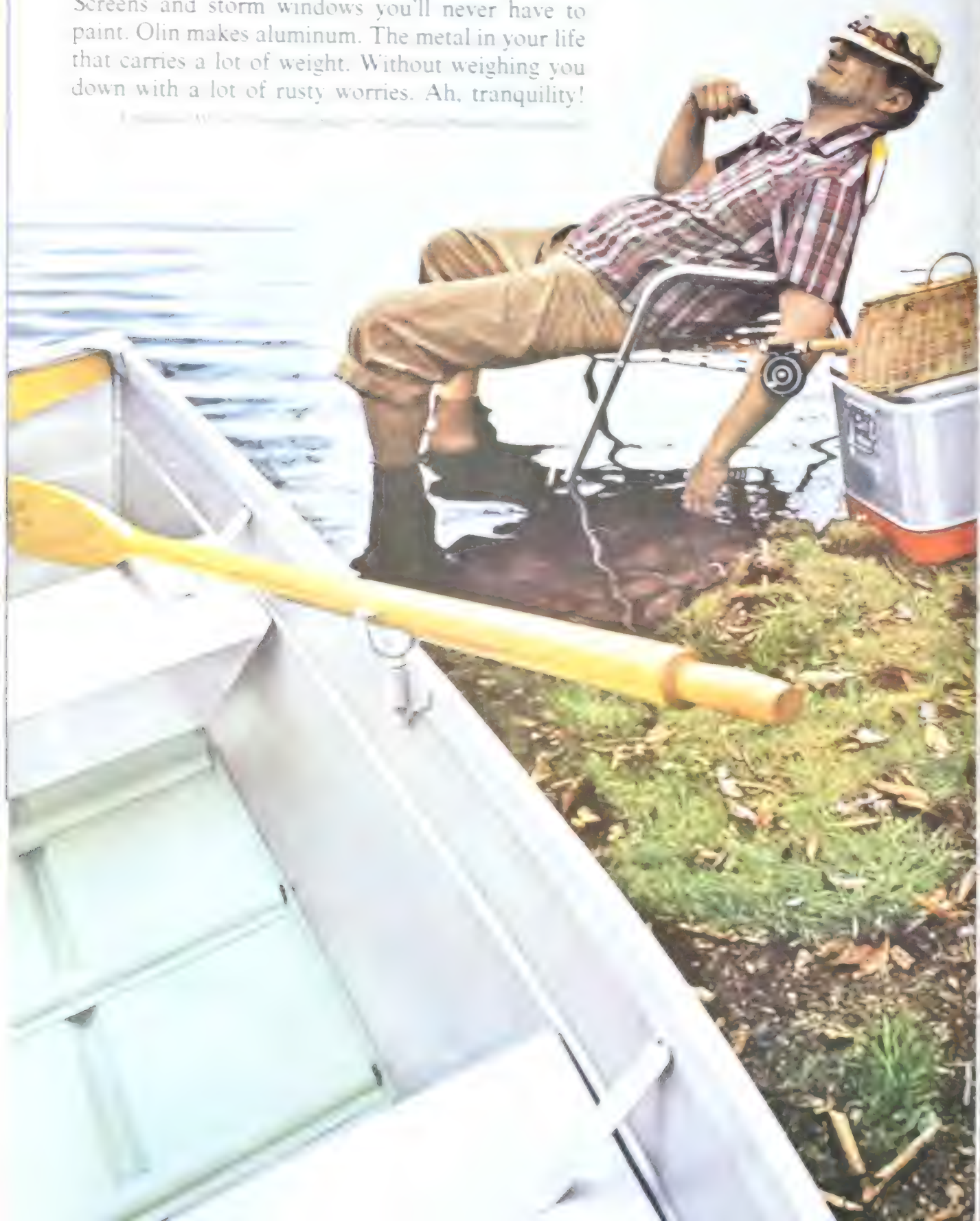
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LETTERS

semester all teaching Sisters traveling distance were re-to attend a series of lectures given by a priest who "called a spade." Some of his topics: venereal disease, illegitimacy, sexuality, menopause, and such social problems of adolescents: masturbation and menstruation. They will have opportunities for lectures and institutes on such subjects. They have two homes for dependent children, another for unwed mothers and foundlings, plus numerous junior and senior high schools. How could we work in these without some knowledge of prostitution and other matters? Are they part of some of the young Sisters' case histories? How could we teach literature? . . .

Must we still have the eccentric nuns who go around turning over newspapers on freshly scrubbed floors if newspapers have underwear ads. Sister X has become practically a legend. We must accept her as she is, for we practice charity. . . .

SISTER MARY VIANNEY, S.S.J.
St. Benedict High School
Highland Park, Mich.

There is, of course, much truth in Fr. Scheuer and Mr. Wakin say about the shortcomings of religious life. The single image to emerge from their essay is, however, depressing and discouraging. Are we stuffy, prudish, pietistic, faceless creatures without personality? . . . It seems to me that better use could be made of this reservoir of competent, cooperative and creative human talent hidden in religious houses. Anxious to enlighten the myriad modes of modern life in church and state, we are the last to be asked.

(HER) PATRICIA BARRETT, R.S.C.J.
Prof. of Political Science
St. Louis College of the Sacred Heart
St. Louis, Mo.

"The American Nun" is an excellent statement of the present challenges facing American Women Religious. Roman Catholic and Anglican.

Episcopal Visitor to one of the Anglican Communities (the Community of the Transfiguration) I am willing to make three generalizations: (1) The Sister Formation movement will succeed in helping the

many orders work more closely together sharing know-how and in achieving a high degree of competence and relevance to present-day needs; (2) the male-dominated establishment is on its way out; and (3) the religious vocation of poverty, chastity, and obedience applied with fresh vision and insight to each new generation is so glorious a part of the full expression of Christianity that it will endure and flourish as long as Christianity.

EDWARD R. WELLES, D.D., S.T.D.
Bishop of West Missouri
St. Louis, Mo.

I must object strongly to the manner in which I was quoted in "The American Nun: Poor, Chaste, and Restive." By citing my views from a 1954 article, footnoting them with a 1964 copyright date from an anthology I had not heard of until I read *Harper's*, and contrasting them with current opinions of other nuns, the authors have made me appear as the very type of the arch-conservative.

May I set the record straight by saying that I am in substantial agreement with Sister Charles Borromeo. I think that the authors realize that there have been significant changes in the attitudes of most Catholics in the past eleven years. Before Pope John and *aggiornamento* about the only women expressing the enlightened views endorsed by Mr. Wakin and Fr. Scheuer were leaping over walls. Although I do not think that everything is perfect in communities of religious women, I intend to remain in one and help to change things from the inside. . . .

SISTER MARY GILBERT, S.N.J.M.
Fort Wright College
Spokane, Wash.

Mr. Wakin and Fr. Scheuer have given an undocumented and totally inaccurate reference to a main finding of my study of religious sisters hospitalized for mental illness. (See *American Journal of Psychiatry*, July 1958.) They represent me as having said that nuns had a higher incidence of both psychotic disorders (particularly schizophrenia) and psychoneurotic disorders than American women in general. What I actually found and reported was that if one compared the rate per 100,000 hospitalized at the end of the year among



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"Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous mind."

Samuel Johnson

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Research today is stimulated by such curiosity.

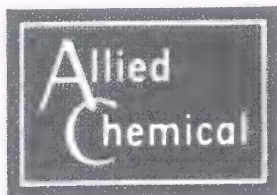
Its motivations are dissatisfaction with the present and a desire to know about the future.

Its functions are to change the one and bring the other closer.

In our own chemical research, curiosity is a spur that nags our pursuit of new materials and improved processes for today's needs. Tomorrow's, too.

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LETTERS

the general population [of women] and among the sisters, "in the former group the rate is 358.3, and in the latter it is 319.6. The difference is significant . . . If we consider the reported diagnosis of schizophrenia among the two groups, we find a rate of 259.6 per 100,000 all women in the United States, the comparable rate among sisters is 193.67. . . .

If the authors of this article really wanted to be helpful . . . they would have done better to emphasize how well the sisters do when they are allowed (or demand the right) to live freely. . . . They might have mentioned the fact that many bishops and pastors, as well as Catholic laymen, have resisted the drive for better education for sisters.

Much the same could be said of sisters who went to Selma, Alabama. I can affirm that the reaction of the letter-writing Catholic public to the presence of a sister faculty member of Immaculate Heart College, Selma, was about nine to one opposed. The sad fact is that a very vocal portion of the sisters' "constituents" doesn't want them to grow up. . . .

SISTER M. WILLIAM KELLEY, I.M.
Immaculate Heart College
Los Angeles, California

THE AUTHORS REPLY:

Sister Mary Gilbert objects to the implication that she is "arch-conservative." She clearly is not and was not presented as such in our article. Her quotation was cited anonymously as an illustration and her name appeared only as part of the standard footnoting style. She obviously would not be ecstatic today over the petty remarks described in her quotation. Her is a praiseworthy testimonial to her desire for change in the convent.

Sister M. William Kelley, I.M., does indeed estimate low chances for schizophrenia among both the general female population and the sister population. . . . It is a standard statistical generalization that a relatively small number of any kind of abnormality is present in any large population. The statistic we refer to, however, is in Table 2 of her report where she notes relative increases, which are greater among the sister population than among the general female population. The fact that such careful studies of mental illness are being

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made is itself some evidence of the growing awareness of the problem.

Mr. Wonderful

Where did Sammy Davis, Jr. ever learn to write like that? His style is as bone dry and clean as the starkest Hemingway ["How I Got into Show Business," Sammy Davis, Jr., and Jane and Burt Boyar, August]. . . . How refreshing to read a straight show business story and find none of that wretched hyperdescription that so often bogs down even the most colorful careers. In writing as in show business, Sammy Davis, Jr. is a real pro.

JOHN BARCHILON, M.D.
New Haven, Conn.

Femmes Unfettered

Marion K. Sanders' article on "The New American Female: Demi-feminism Takes Over" [July] manages very well to put the McGinley-Friedan furor into its proper perspective. I have always been a McGinley partisan, for both her poetry and her philosophy, but there is no question that her life is a healthy compromise. For myself, I can take equal satisfaction from my Phi Beta Kappa key and blue ribbons for baking from the Salem County Fair; from pieces I have had published in Baptist magazines and the ability to drive a tractor when we're shorthanded at our plant nursery. . . .

It seems to me that there is a great classification of women who are being ignored entirely, yet who have, in most cases, the best solution of all to the Trapped Housewife problem. These are the women who work *with* their husbands. . . . One of the biggest categories of husband-wife partnerships is farming. The divorce rate is extremely low for farm marriages, and a big factor has to do with the co-operation of the whole family in the enterprise. I do all the office work for my husband and consequently his business problems are *our* problems. The children love having Daddy home three meals a day. Next spring I will again be trying to nurse a new baby and handle a frantically busy office at the same time. It will be hectic, but rewarding.

MRS. VICTOR F. SCOTT
Salem, N.J.

Historical Footnote

I read with interest Barbara Tuchman's sprightly lecture on writing of history ["History by Ounce," July]. Halfway through was stopped short by her comment that "Nowhere . . . in Taft's biography, a large two-volume work by Henry Pringle, . . . could I find statement of Taft's weight."

. . . In a few minutes of look through *The Life and Times of William Howard Taft* I found, first page 235 (Volume I) the famous change with Elihu Root about horseback ride to Baguio: . . . "secretary of war [Root] . . . with picture of the 300-pound civil engineer flashing through his mind dictated a reply: 'Referring to telegram . . . how is the horse?'"

The index at the end of Vol. II has five references under "Taft, William Howard . . . weight a problem."

KATHARINE D. PRINGLE
Washington, D.C.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

I apologize humbly and profoundly to the memory of Henry Pringle, a brilliant and distinguished biographer, to Mrs. Pringle, to you, and to your readers. . . . —B.V.F.

As an admirer of Mrs. Tuchman's brilliant work and one who tries to do as well, particularly in the matter of details, as she does, I am honored to have my work cited in her article. It means, of course, that I shall have to try even harder.

CHARLOTTE CURRIE
Women's News Editor
The New York Times
New York, N.Y.

Jazzy Facts

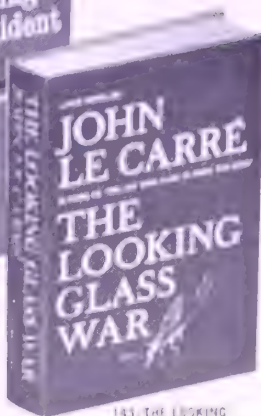
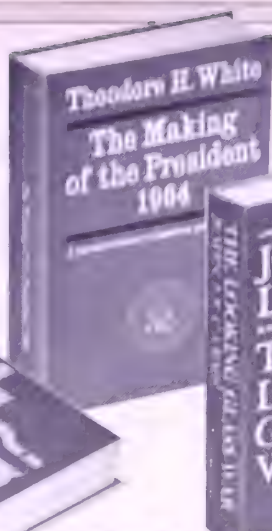
Eric Larrabee, in *Jazz Notes* [December, August], states that Dr. Dr. Zeitlin, in addition to being a young jazz pianist, is a gynecologist. With all due respects to this brand of medicine, "Dr. Jazz" moonlights as a psychiatrist at San Francisco General Hospital.

LINDA LEE BAY
Bayside, N.Y.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

Whatever it was made me mad, a gynecologist of Dr. Zeitlin it would take a psychiatrist to explain. —L.B.

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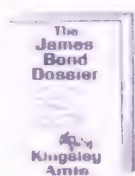
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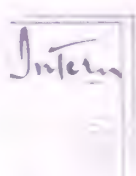
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How to Prevent Organizational Dry Rot

by John W. Gardner

At the time this article was written, Mr. Gardner was president of the Carnegie Corporation, a national leader of the movement for educational reform, and author of two influential books, "Excellence" and "Self-Renewal." He has since joined the Cabinet as Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Like people and plants, organizations have a life cycle. They have a green and supple youth, a time of flourishing strength, and a gnarled old age. We have all seen organizations that are still going through the diseases of childhood, and others so far gone in the rigidities of age that they ought to be pensioned off and sent to Florida to live out their days.

But organizations differ from people and plants in that their cycle isn't even approximately predictable. An organization may go from youth to old age in two or three decades, or it may last for centuries. More important, it may go through a period of stagnation and then revive. In short, decline is not inevitable. Organizations need not stagnate. They often do, to be sure, but that is because the arts of organizational renewal are not yet widely understood. Organizations can renew themselves continuously. That fact has far-reaching implications for our future.

We know at least some of the rules for organizational renewal. And those rules are relevant for all kinds of organizations—U. S. Steel, Yale University, the U. S. Navy, a government agency, or your local bank.

The first rule is that the organization must have an effective program for the recruitment and development of talent. People are the ultimate source of renewal. The shortage of able, highly trained, highly motivated men will be a permanent feature of our kind of society; and every organization that wants its share of the short supply is going to have to get out and fight for it. The organization must have the kind of recruitment policy that will bring in a steady flow of able and highly motivated individuals. And it cannot afford to let those men go to seed, or get sidetracked or boxed in. There must be positive, constructive programs of career development. In this respect, local, state, and federal government agencies are particularly deficient, and have been so for many years. Their provisions for the recruitment and development of talent are seriously behind the times.

The second rule for the organization capable of continuous renewal is that it must be a hospitable environment for the individual. Organizations that have killed the spark of individuality in their members will have greatly diminished their capacity for change. Individuals who have been made to feel like cogs in the machine will behave like cogs in the machine. They will not produce ideas for change. On the contrary, they will resist such ideas when produced by others.

The third rule is that the organization must have built-in provisions for self-criticism. It must have an atmosphere in which uncomfortable questions can be asked. I would lay it down as a basic principle of human

organization that the individuals who hold the reins of power in any enterprise cannot trust themselves to be adequately self-critical. For those in power the danger of self-deception is very great, the danger of failing to see the problems or refusing to act on them is ever-present. And the best protection is to create an atmosphere in which anyone can speak up. The most enlightened top executives are well aware of this. Of course, I don't need to tell those readers who are at the lowest level of management that even with enlightened executives a certain amount of prudence is essential. The Turks have a proverb that says, "The man who tells the truth should have one foot in the stirrup."

But it depends on the individual executive. Some welcome criticism, others don't. Louis Armstrong once said, "There are some people who if they don't know, you can't tell 'em."

The fourth requirement for the organization that seeks continuous renewal is fluidity of internal structure. Obviously, no complex modern organization can exist without the structural arrangements of divisions, branches, departments, and so forth. I'm not one of those who imagine that the modern world can get along without specialization. Specialization and division of labor are at the heart of modern organization. In this connection I always recall a Marx Brothers movie in which Groucho plays a shyster lawyer. When a client is mentioned on the dozens of flies' buzzing around his broken-down office, Groucho said, "We have a working agreement with them. They don't practice law and we don't climb walls."

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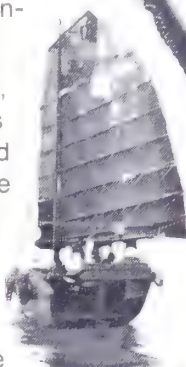
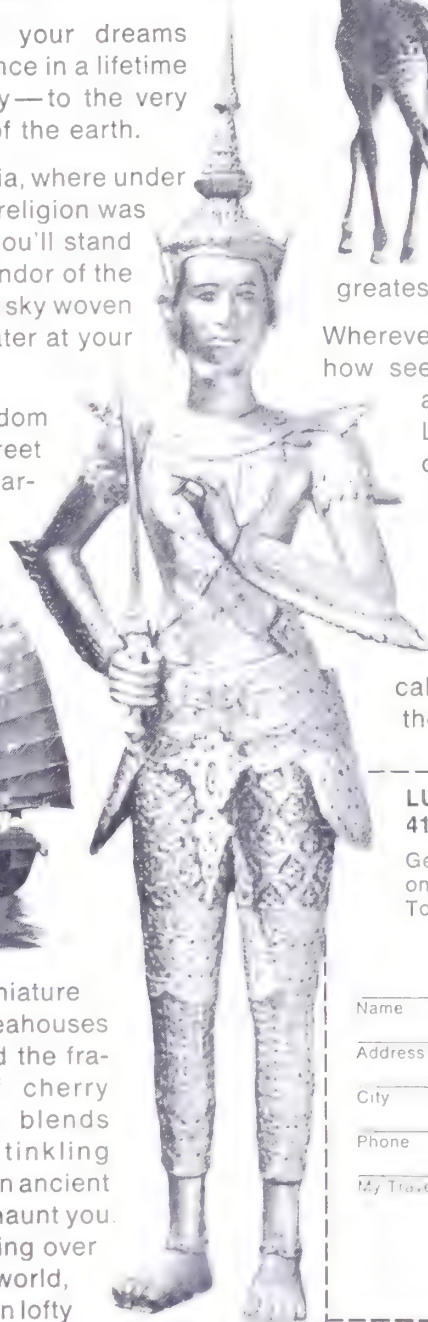
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But jurisdictional boundaries tend to get set in concrete. Pretty soon, no solution to a problem is seriously considered if there is any danger that it will threaten jurisdictional lines. But those lines aren't sacred. They were established in some past time to achieve certain objectives. Perhaps the objectives are still valid, perhaps not. *Most organizations have a structure that was designed to solve problems that no longer exist.*

The fifth rule is that the organization must have an adequate system of internal communication. If I may make a rather reckless generalization, I'd say that renewal is a little like creativity in this respect—that it depends on the existence of a large number of diverse elements in a situation that permits an infinite variety of combinations and recombinations. The enormous potentialities of the human brain are in part explainable in terms of such possibilities for combination and recombination. And such recombination is facilitated by easy communication, impeded by poor communication.

The sixth rule: The organization must have some means of combating the process by which men become prisoners of their procedures. The rule book grows fatter as the ideas grow fewer. Thus almost every well-established organization is a coral reef of procedures that were laid down to achieve some long-forgotten objective.

It is in our nature to develop an affection for customary ways of doing things. Some years ago a wholesale firm noted that some of its small shopkeeper customers were losing money because of antiquated merchandising methods. The firm decided that it would be good business to assist the shopkeepers in bringing their methods up-to-date, but soon discovered that many had no desire to modernize. They loved the old, money-losing ways.

Sometimes the organization procedures men devise to advance their purposes serve in the long run to block those purposes. This was apparent in an experience a friend of mine had in Germany in the last days of World War II. He was in Aachen, which had only recently been occupied by the American forces, when he received a message instructing him to proceed to London immediately. He

went directly to U. S. Army headquarters, and showed the message to a sergeant in the Adjutant's office.

The sergeant said that the only plane for London within the next few days was leaving from the nearest airfield in thirty minutes. He added that the airfield was twenty-five minutes away.

It was discouraging news. My friend knew that he could not proceed to London without written orders, and that was a process that took from an hour to a couple of days in a well-established and smoothly functioning headquarters. The present headquarters had been opened the day before, and was in a totally unorganized state.

My friend explained his dilemma to the sergeant and handed over his papers. The sergeant scratched his head and left the room. Four minutes later he returned and said, "Here are your orders, sir."

My friend said he had never been in such an efficient headquarters. The sergeant looked at him with a twinkle in his eye and said, "Sir, it's just lucky for you we weren't organized!"

The seventh rule: The organization capable of continuous renewal will have found some means of combating the vested interests that grow up in every human institution. We commonly associate the term "vested interests" with people of wealth and power, but in an organization vested interests exist at every level. The lowest employees have their vested interests, every foreman has his, and every department head has his. Every change threatens someone's privileges, someone's authority, someone's status. What wise managers try to do, of course, is to sell the idea that in the long run everyone's overriding vested interest is in the continuing vitality of the organization itself. If that fails, everyone loses. But it's a hard message to get across.

Nowhere can the operation of vested interests be more clearly seen than in the functioning of university departments. There are exceptions, of course: some departments rise above their vested interests. But the average department holds like grim death to its piece of intellectual terrain. It teaches its neophytes a jealous devotion to the boundaries of the field. It assesses the significance of intellectual questions by the extent to

which they can be answered without going outside the sacred territory. Such vested interests effectively block most efforts to reform undergraduate instruction.

The eighth rule is that the organization capable of continuous renewal is interested in what it is going to come and not what it has been. When I moved to New London, Connecticut in 1938 I was astonished at the attitude of New Londoners toward the city's future. Having grown up in California, I was accustomed to cities and towns that looked ahead habitually (often with an almost absurd optimism). I was not prepared for a city that, so far as I could discover, had no view of its future, though it had a clear view of its past.

The need to look to the future is one reason so many corporations tend to have research and development programs. But an organization cannot guarantee its future by ritual spending on research. Its research and-development program must be the outgrowth of a philosophy of innovation that guides the company in everything it does. The research program which is a way of looking forward cannot thrive if the rest of the organization has the habit of looking backward.

The ninth rule is obvious but difficult. An organization runs on motivation, on conviction, on morale. Men have to believe that it really makes a difference whether they do well or badly. They have to care. They have to believe that their efforts as individuals will mean something for the whole organization, and will be recognized by the whole organization.

Change is always risky, usually uncomfortable, often painful. It is accomplished by apathetic men and women. It requires high motivation to break through the rigidities of a aging organization.

So much for the rules.

One of the ominous facts about growth and decay is that the present success of an organization does not necessarily constitute grounds for optimism. In 1909 it would have been unwise to judge the future of the Central Leather Company by the fact that it ranked seventh in the national assets. It would have been a disastrous long-term investment. A better bet would have been the relative

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THE EASY CHAIR

small Ford Motor Company which has been founded only six years earlier and was about to launch its Model A. As a company it wasn't huge or powerful, but to borrow a phrase from C. P. Snow, it had the future in its bones. (Not many of 1909's top twenty companies did—only four of them are in the top twenty today.)

Businessmen are fond of saying that, unlike other executives, they have a clear measure of present performance—the profit-and-loss statement. But the profits of today may be traceable to wise decisions made good many years earlier. And current company officers may be making big decisions that will spell disaster ten years from now.

I have collected many examples of organizations that experienced crisis as a result of their failure to recognize themselves. In the great majority, certainly nine out of ten, the trouble was not difficult to diagnose and there was ample warning of the coming catastrophe. In the case of a manufacturing concern that narrowly averted bankruptcy recently, the conditions that led to trouble were diagnosed by an outside consultant two years before the crisis came. In the case of another well-known organization, a published article outlined every essential difficulty that later led to disaster.

But if warning signals are plentiful, why doesn't the ailing organization take heed? The answer is clear: most ailing organizations have developed a functional blindness to their own defects. They are not suffering because they can't solve their problems but because they won't see the problems. They can look straight at their faults and rationalize them as virtues or necessities.

I was discussing these matters with a corporation president recently, and he said, "How do I know that I am not one of the blind ones? What do I do to find out? And if I am, what do I do about it?"

There are several ways to proceed. One way is to bring in an outside consultant who is not subject to the conditions that create functional blindness inside the organization.

A more direct approach, but one that is surrounded by subtle difficulties, is for the organization to encourage its internal critics. Even in an organization, no matter how far d

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teriorated, has a few stubbornly best individuals who are not blin by their own self-interest and never quite accepted the rational tions and self-deceptions shared others in the organization. If they encouraged to speak up they prob will. The head of a government age said to me recently, "The shrew critics of this organization are r under this roof. But it would tal major change of atmosphere to them to talk."

A somewhat more complicated s tion is to bring new blood into at a few of the key positions in the ganization. If the top level of the ganization is salted with vigorous individuals too new to be familiar v all the established ways of doing thinking, they can be a source of fir insights for the whole organizat

Still another means of getting fir insights is rotation of personnel tween parts of the organization. only is the individual broadened the experience, but he brings a fir point of view to his new post. Af a few years of working together, n are likely to get so used to one anot that the stimulus of intellectual c flict drops almost to zero. A fir combination of individuals enliv the atmosphere.

In the last analysis, however, eve thing depends on the wisdom of the who shape the organization's pol Most policy makers today underst that they must sponsor creative search. But not many of them und stand that the spirit of creativity d innovation so necessary in the search program is just as essential the rest of the organization.

The future of this nation depe on its capacity for self-renewal. Ad that in turn depends on the vitality the organizations and individuals t make it up. Americans have alw been exceptionally gifted at orga zational innovation. In fact, some servers say that this is the true Am ican inventiveness. Thanks to th inventiveness we now stand on e threshold of new solutions to some the problems that have destroyed vitality of human institutions si the beginning of time. We have ready made progress in discoveri how we may keep our institutio vital and creative. We could do ev better if we put our minds to it.



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After Hours

Goodbye to World's Fairs

by Russell Lynes



By the middle of the summer the New York World's Fair had taken on a bruised and weary look. Behind pavilions broken furniture was piled on loading platforms, the domino and diamond pennants that fluttered in ranks on either side of the wide bridges were no longer spanking; their sooty ends were frayed. The multiple bubbles that covered the snack bars, which had been like inverted bunches of white grapes, were now rising piles of dirty, yellow plastic. Gone were the expensive little electric carts that buzzed through the first year of the fair carrying lovers and old ladies; gone were the hydrofoils that had skimmed the East River and set one down next to a pirate ship at the fair's marina. Gone were the expectations that the fair would break even, much less make a dollar.

What was not gone, however, was the patently evident fact that a great many people were, in the semi-dazed manner of fair-goers, having a magical experience. There is something about a fair, any fair, that beckons one on, keeps one walking, makes one unwilling to give up except temporarily to rest the bones on a bench. A fair by definition is the creation of unreality by assembling in one place

the most disparate and exotic kinds of elements of sight and sound and smell (principally deep-frying fat), making fact rub elbows with fantasy, riches with honky-tonk, seriousness with frivolity, and all wrapped up in an envelope of popular music and tied with a tinsel of lights. This is as true of a county fair as it is of a world's fair. World's fairs, however, have fountains.

I had been told, "The fair is empty. Nobody goes."

The Thursday afternoon I was there an electric sign said at 5:30 that the day's total so far was 111,163. Nobody? So far this year there had been 10,989,719 and since the opening of the fair last year just over thirty-eight million souls had been there in greater or lesser degrees of trance.

There were a number of things I wanted to see that I'd not seen before on half a dozen or so earlier trips. I had found myself drawn again and again to the Spanish pavilion—last year to look at the Goya "Majas" and this year to see the tapestry cartoons, especially, and the splendid flamenco dancer, Manuela Vargas, and her troupe. The Spanish pavilion seemed to me the only really elegant architecture at the fair, and it housed the

fair's best restaurant. This time I avoided it. My list was headed "Johnson's Wax" where I had heard there was a remarkable movie. There was a long line outside the pavilion and a man with a yellow electric sign said, "There will be a one-hour wait, a one-hour wait."

So, I went to the next thing on my list, the American pavilion. I should have waited an hour at Johnson's Wax.

The Belgian Village was also on my list. When I had been there at the very end of last summer on a cloudy evening, it was still far from completed. What it had lacked in finish had made up for in charm, and I was eager to see how the story, so far as it had come out. It came out like a fairy tale, full of enchantment, happy children and starry-eyed couples, in many respects as successful as anything at the fair.

From the American pavilion to the Belgian Village had been a trek that seemed not unlike that from Albany to the West before the Erie Canal was built, and so I paused in the Rockefeller for a drink. A woman who had been sitting at the bar said to her next, "Well, that's better, but my elbow is still hurt." When I emerged from Belgium I found myself confronted by a building called Minnesota (I skirted a good deal of Africa and Asia on my way), and I went in after being instructed in procedure by a Japanese waitress, ate excellent Danish smorgasbord.

Internationalism is, of course, the keynote of every world's fair. In the Egyptian pavilion, for example, the snack bar featured beefburgers and papaya juice. On a shortcut between the Polynesian pavilion I watched a Polynesian demonstration of karate to a couple of friends who were sitting on the ground. He attacked a palm tree which he kicked with his foot and hit sharply with the edge of his hand. "That's what you do to take care of yourself in New York," he said. The Republic of Guinea was advertising a "chicken-steak dinner" for \$1.49.

It is internationalism, I believe, that is at the root of the final failure of the New York World's Fair and the reason why, I suspect, first in the great tradition are soon likely



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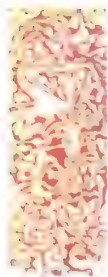
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To go to a world's fair then, and for many decades after that, was to have the opportunity to see the work of the world and many of its wonders laid out before one. It was a fantasy substitute for travel that in reality few could afford in time or money to take. To beat eighty-days-around-the-world in about seventy days, even if one were rather conscientious about seeing all the exhibits from far corners of the world, from nine to five, is too much with us in the marts of trade, and from six to midnight on TV.

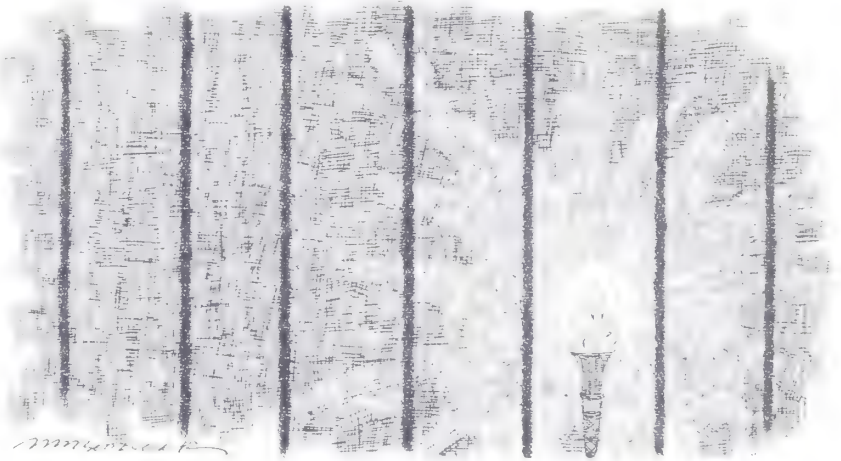
There is scarcely a piece of handicraft or of manufacture at the World's Fair that isn't in large department stores in big American cities. There is hardly a model of a building, or a blow-up of a landscape or an illuminated paragraph of propaganda that isn't in travel folders or travel ads in magazines. Even the works of art are entirely familiar: rough excellent color reproductions of most people who bother to look at them, though I do not mean to suggest that I wasn't delighted to see them in Flushing Meadows. With the exception of the art at the Spanish Pavilion (which included first-rate medieval sculpture and ecclesiastical silver and ivories) and the Pietà in

the Vatican pavilion (no amount of corny setting could detract from it) there is better art—ancient, primitive, as well as modern—in New York museums than any of the pavilions could boast.

A world's fair as a revelation of the world is as out-of-date as the hand press and the steel engraving. It can do better in postulating the future, the possibly inhumane zoom-zoom future, and in demonstrating gadgets. This accounted for the long lines at the General Motors building and G.E. and Ford. Only the Belgian Village seemed like an authentic substitute for modern travel. One was in

Europe surrounded, as usual, by tourists. It made one feel both abroad and at home.

The failure of the fair has been laid by most critics at Robert Moses' door in the belief that only a man with so colossal an ego could create so colossal a failure. I suspect that if Mr. Moses' ego were all that big, he wouldn't shout quite so loud when pinpricked. The failure of the fair was in its concept. It was out-of-date before it began. It was an idea that has no place in an age when a mighty ocean is only six man-hours wide and when ideas are exchanged between continents with the speed of light. []



A Free Theater for Mississippi

by Richard Schechner

On November 21, 1964, in a Methodist church in McComb, Mississippi, an almost all-Negro audience watched the Free Southern Theater's production of *Waiting for Godot*. Pews had been rearranged and the audience was crowded in around the makeshift arena stage. Children sat on the rise where the pulpit usually stood. The night was cold and the church's two gas heaters were blazing. Beckett's setting for *Godot* reads, "A country road. A tree. Evening." McComb fits the bill.

For many in the audience *Godot* was the first play they had ever seen. The children enjoyed it most, laughing loudly at Gogo's antics and Lucky's dance. It is a long play; the

first act runs more than an hour and fifteen minutes, the second nearly an hour. When it was over, the actors pulled several bridge chairs onstage. A discussion with the audience began.

A woman in a housedress stood up. "I thought it was a good play," she said. "But we ain't waiting no more on Godot. We got COFO and we're going to do it ourselves." Several in the audience intoned the determined "amen" that one soon learns to identify with Freedom Movement resolve. A man stood up. He looked like a dirt farmer and he simply stood there. We looked at him, waiting for his question or comment. After a long pause he said, "Whooped him . . . the white man whooped . . . No . . . No . . ." He



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didn't sit down until another long, silent interval passed.

"That man *felt* something," Jerry O'Neal, who cofounded the Free Southern Theater with Gilbert Moses, said. "But he couldn't get the word to say it. That's our job: to help cats find that vocabulary to say what they want to say." Moses added, "Ruleville the morning before *Godot* we held a drama workshop—improvisations—with about thirty kids in this group was Jerry Johnson, who was about thirteen years old. He had a terrific sensitivity. After the play the night he and a friend came backstage and put on the costumes of Pozzo and Lucky. Jerry picked up the bullwhip, put on the hat, tied the rope around his friend's neck, and shouted, 'Back! Dance!' *Godot* achieved its purpose. It gave Jerry Johnson a theatrical image, offering him an experience that wouldn't have been there but for us. This kid has something we can use to play, think, and live with."

The Free Southern Theater is America's newest, and most boldly conceived, professional theater. It is an integrated group of professional actors who have come to the South from all over the country, and its stomping grounds are rural Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama. The theater's headquarters and rehearsal facilities are in New Orleans, but its real life is "out there" in three dozen or so dirt-farm towns and small cities, where it plays *Waiting for Godot*, *Purlie Victorious*, *In White America*, *George Dandin*, *Shadow of a Gunman*, and Brecht's *The Rifles of Senora Carrar* in church auditoriums, school gymnasiums, and, when neither is available, in cotton fields.

The FST motto is "a theater for those who have no theater." In broader terms it can be translated into "images for those who have no images." For one of the deepest terrors of the segregated South is that the Negroes either have no picture of

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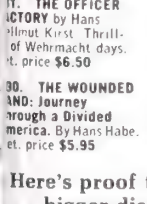
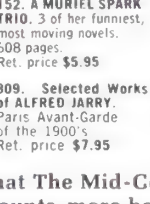

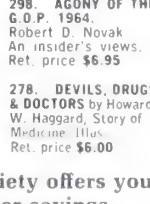

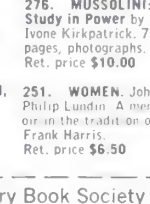


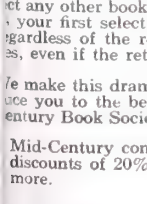
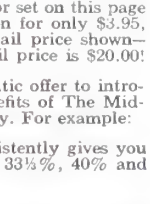
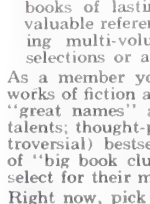
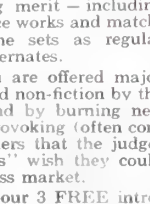
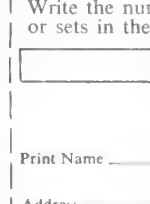
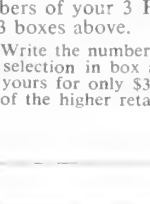
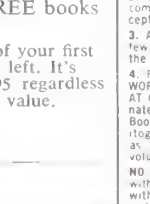
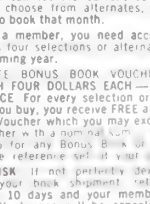
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themselves or accept a distorted reflection of the very society which oppresses them. A similar argument could be made about many Southern whites. The FST achieves what most ancient—and, some would say, the purest—theaters set out to do: a structuring of experience so that the audience, once having seen itself and the world, has patterns to think with. It is not a question of "propaganda," which puts a specific set of ideas in an audience's head (as some of Brecht's "plays for learning" did), but of offering for use the metaphorical tools which can shape creative and critical thought.

The FST started in September 1963 when Gilbert Moses and John O'Neal met for the first time in Jackson. Each had come to Mississippi to work in the Freedom Movement; each had theatrical experience. "We are seeking," says O'Neal, "the freedom to find new kinds of theatrical expression which will speak for and to a people who have rarely 'spoken' before. The Movement, with its political manifestations, is one thing—people act together and through their actions let their wishes be known. But there have to be things that come before action: thought, reflection, criticism."

Moses adds, "I think John means that the theater was started because the Movement has no time for art. There must be more than emotions behind revolutionary action. People begin to revolt singing, 'We shall overcome,' not knowing, though certainly feeling profoundly, *what* they should overcome."

Whatever legitimate relationship there is between the FST and the Movement, the theater's underlying and persistent thrust is aesthetic. Its first concern, then, is with the problem of theatrical communication and the work week includes acting, movement, and speech classes, a seminar in theater theory and aesthetics, and nightly rehearsals. "The FST is a bakery and we bake vitally needed

bread," O'Neal says. "Other theater can run the ice-cream parlors."

Money to support the theater hard to find, while the unique opportunities of the FST raise equally difficult management problems. No admission is ever charged and most families the audience are simply too poor make a contribution. So money comes from outside the communities; much of the projected yearly budget \$98,000 will come from the North. This sets up a tension within the theater. The FST's major focus is on the audience. But the theater too often finds itself a paternalized beggar—some foundation anteroom or in New York theater. During February 1965 the FST performed twice in New York to raise money. Jerry Talma reviewing the company in the New York Post, called the FST *Godot* "good as any we have seen in this city. But the actors weren't that happy." In New York," Murray Levy (who played Gogo) said, "I was not trying to open up communications. I was trying to shock an audience I dislike. In the South the acting experience more positive."

Other pressures continue. FST company members have been evicted from apartments for participating in a "mixed" group. Several have been arrested and charged with "vagrancy" when they attempted, as a "mixed" group, to buy a beer in a public bar. Local newspapers will not review productions; rehearsal space until recently—has been hard to find.

Moses and O'Neal worry about what kind of artists will evolve under such harassment. The eight actors who started the tour of *Purlie* and *Godot* finished the tour. But then four of them left the FST. No matter how much time it takes to build a company, little enduring can be structured on a top salary of \$35 a week. Plans have been made to offer some of the box-office receipts of other theaters to the FST. Oliver Rea, managing director of the Minneapolis Tyrone Guthrie Theater, is heading a committee within the regional, professional theater for once-a-year benefits; a similar program is proposed for many universities. If half the budget can be raised this way, it is hoped that the foundations, most of which have stubbornly refused to aid a theater that is not "self-supporting," can be pressed into use.

Mr. Schechner is chairman of the board of directors of the Free Southern Theater, and editor of the "Tulane Drama Review" in New Orleans. His quotations from Messrs. O'Neal, Moses, and Levy, and Miss Nicholas are taken from the summer issue of that journal.

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AFTER HOURS

If the FST has not yet bitten the Great Society's wallet, its hold has been impressive. Most important, the twenty-three-member company—now on tour—is becoming a coherent group. Emalyn Hav Roscoe Orman, and Murray are strikingly talented young actors. Robert Cordier, director of the productions of Brecht's *The Dances of Senora Carrar*, Molière's *Le Dandin*, and O'Casey's *Shadow Gunman*, came to the FST from on Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. C*. *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, and *Las at Marienbad*. In *White America*, *Godot* have been restaged. Only one has been dropped. Instead of staying in a town for two days, the FST visits for more than a week. The group has grown from two to nearly thirty members. One of the FST's main goals is to set up community theaters in each town that wants one and to "put out" FST company members to work with these local groups. At least one theater workshop and discussion seminar is held in every town.

Outside artistic help has been substantial. Rea has offered short training orientations for the FST company at the Guthrie theater. Joe Papp of New York's Shakespeare in the Park has loaned lighting equipment. Paul Sills, founder of Chicago's Second City, directed several improvisation classes. George T. Sizer—who translated the *Carrar*—is doing a play especially for the FST. Many college students have volunteered for summer work. An active New York office has sponsored several benefits. Whatever the immediate solutions have been—and the FST has survived through them—the problem remains: How can a theater with no box office succeed in a region where most of those who have no money won't contribute?

The aesthetic problems—within limits—can more easily be accepted as challenges. So, for example, the actors of playing in churches, community houses, even open fields forces the actor and director to contend with the inner action of a play because no staging areas permit identical blocking. Neither are audiences the same from town to town. The actors must have enough money to live elsewhere so they farm out in whatever community they are playing. This



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AFTER HOURS

proven an immense help in connecting the theater with its audiences. And it is, finally, in the relationship to the audience that the FST will develop its style. These audiences eagerly respond to the stage action, take sides, sometimes shout advice, and question the motives and deeds enacted. And they are grateful. "That's one of the dangers," according to O'Neal. "The audience is so thankful that we may lose sight of how bad we sometimes are."

A theater performing for people who have never seen a play before is literally creating taste. And everyone in the FST agrees that the theater must offer a true repertory. Many plays are performed in one week and, over the year, audiences will be given the chance to see the same play more than once. "We have to give people a series of experiences to sound off against," O'Neal says. The choice of plays, too, is geared toward stretching the audience's experience. Moses says that "we picked *In White America* because its theme essentially stated that the Negro revolt was like the American Revolution. And it shows the Negro his own history. It doesn't show Negroes as maids or shoeshine boys or as people with white faces. It shows people still seeking recognition, and who have never lost their humanity."

As for *Godot*, Moses says simply, "We picked it because we wanted to see what would happen. It's a great play and we thought it would act as a barometer of the limits of our audience. It didn't operate that way. All we learned was that our audience can take *Godot*. By now it's almost a legend in Mississippi. And people want to see it again."

Where a play seems appropriate but its context obscure to the audience, extra-theatrical aids are used. For example, Cordier plans to show a documentary film about the Spanish Civil War before each performance of *Car-rar*. *George Dandin* was chosen because, as Moses says, "We wanted to give both the actors and our audiences a chance to test themselves against a great comedy."

Outside the larger cities audiences have been almost all Negro. (In Indianola, Mississippi, last summer thirty-seven members of the White Citizens' Council, "protected" by forty-two helmeted policemen, came

to *In White America*. They sat block, watched quietly, and decided that the FST, like the rest of the Movement, was "communist." But they admitted to O'Neal that the thing was good.) And the "race theater" as O'Neal and Moses (both Negroes) agree, impinges on the theater. O'Neal thinks "we should accept the hangups and deal with them—whatever is implicit in the plays, and try to manipulate our performance from that point of view. No matter how you handle it there are going to be connotations. We had a white (and a Negro Didi. Two Negroes would have been different."

In fact, O'Neal objects to the "integration." He says "terms that lead us into a dead end. I don't really explain the thing. What we have to do is have a company of Negroes and whites in it because we want to do things that require it. The problem is that to limit the theater to black, white, or black and white is to avoid the situation. The 'integration' assumes the status of white on top, black on the bottom, and it means that we should get black and white together by moving the Negroes up. But nobody wants to be benevolently 'lifted up.' The Movement is comprised of those who recognize that society as it is has no power for them and so society must be transformed. If you start with black and white as premises you come back to them as conclusions and you can't establish a dialectic that creates a new situation."

A "dialectic that creates a new situation" is precisely the FST's theatrical potential. The terms are there—a new audience; a theater that is engaged with those events which are forcing America to revise its national consciousness; a repertory of plays; community theater projects; actors that "live-in" while on tour. Theater, when it is most alive, stands at the edge of the unknown; it is always precarious, always in "crisis." A script fixes this unstable stuff in a form. Each performance, however, remixes the elements and expresses a new dynamic. What has happened in Selma, Bogalusa, New York, McComb, and Los Angeles is that a status quo has been challenged. This is the theater's duty and, specifically, the Free Southern Theater's.



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Bill Moyers: Johnson's Good Angel

By Tom Wicker

In a surprisingly short time, this ambitious young man has become the second most important man in the White House—and he may be the prototype for a new breed of public servant.

In the autumn of 1960, as a rookie political reporter for the *New York Times* Washington Bureau, I was assigned by our news editor, Wallace Carroll, to "pick up Lyndon Johnson's campaign." It sounded simple enough, and I already had the vast experience of one brief swing through the country with Henry Cabot Lodge, the opposing Vice Presidential candidate.

I asked Carroll where Johnson was; he said that was up to me to find out, so I called up the Democratic National Committee. No one there had the faintest notion. I called Johnson's office at the Senate. "Oh, well," somebody said, "we'll have to call you back."

But nobody did. In desperation, I went to the Senate office building and toured the Majority Leader's extensive establishment. Everybody who

knew anything, I quickly learned, was somewhere with the Senator. Finally, in a quiet nook of the Capitol, I traced down Willie Day Taylor, one of Johnson's secretaries. She didn't know exactly where he was, either, much less where he was going to be. But she knew the two facts that counted.

"He usually checks in at the ranch on weekends," she said. "You get down to Austin and call Bill Moyers."

In those days, Austin was the end of the world to most people in Washington. I checked in at the Driskill Hotel, phoned the number Willie Day had given me, and asked for Bill Moyers, a name that meant nothing. He came on the phone, and I asked him what the hell to do.

"All right," he said. "First, you go downstairs when you hang up and tell them I said to give you a guest card at the Headliners' Club. Sign George Reedy's name. Best place in town to eat. Then be out at the airport at 6:00 A.M. tomorrow. We're going to Sioux Falls, Mankato, Minnesota, and Omaha, Nebraska. Glad to have you along."

The Johnson Vice Presidential campaign—I had learned by them—was neither so placid nor so minutely planned as the properly turned out Lodge



"The most remarkable twenty-nine-year-old . . ."

expedition. But those crisp instructions told me that there was someone aboard who knew his stuff, and as the campaign wore along I soon learned that young Bill Moyers was really running it, although amiable George Reedy was technically in charge.

It set me back to learn that Moyers was a Baptist preacher, only twenty-six years old, and a sort of headlong busybody in horn-rimmed glasses with a folder of important-looking papers perpetually under his arm. With the customary superciliousness of the Eastern liberal press, I tabbed him for a capable square on the make—especially after the day we landed at Kansas City to meet Harry Truman. At the airport the handful of reporters on the flight preceded Johnson out of his Electra. As Mr. and Mrs. Truman came across the boarding area to meet the beaming candidate, we reporters kept edging around to get a better view and pretty soon we were standing at the edge of the wing. There was a lot going on and a lot for the Johnson staff to be doing, but at that moment Moyers came charging toward us like a Texas Longhorn, a fierce expression on his earnest preacher's face. He seized the arm of a reporter next to me. "Put out that cigarette," he yelled. "You want to blow us all up?"

I thought that was pretty officious but I did tuck away in my mind the fact that the guy paid attention to detail.

He paid attention to everything. There is a picture of Johnson, at one point in that campaign, asleep in the front seat of a car, his head slumped over on young Bill Moyers' shoulder. But that is

not the most remarkable thing about the photo. With the candidate's considerable bulk against him, Moyers is on the car's radio-telephone, intently running some part of the show somewhere else.

A reporter had to latch onto Moyers to know what Johnson would be up to next. While Johnson would wander up and down the aisle of the Electra in vivid pajamas, or entertain the reporters with endless political lore and Stengelesque yarns, Moyers would be hard at work, helping with speech texts, radioing ahead to the next stop, passing out press releases, conferring with the staff.

I remember it was Moyers who gave us the "background"—that is, he told us what Johnson meant—when the Senator first proposed the idea that was later to become the Peace Corps. At a student rally at the University of Nebraska on September 21, Johnson asked for a new program of aid to underdeveloped nations that would allow "our young people to come to them with open hearts and a desire to serve"—a program of "volunteers for peace and humanity." John Kennedy came around to the same theme three weeks later at Ann Arbor.

I got into the paper with that story, after Moyers had filled me in on Johnson's meaning. I began to appreciate him. I also learned that he wasn't much like the Baptist preachers a long life in the South had taught me to avoid. Moyers could crack a joke, laugh at himself, kid Johnson a little when the latter was out of earshot, get his job done, and make things a little clearer for all. Behind those horn-rims, there was a quick eye and a sharp brain.

One day in the months after the Inauguration, when I walked into Vice President Johnson's office (known as "The Taj Mahal," for its size), I was saddened to find Moyers reduced to typing letters like any stenographer. I should have been warned by the fact that he had a telephone cocked against his ear and was telling somebody how to do something as he typed. But it was only later that I learned that he had drafted the letter and probably signed Johnson's name to it as well. He had the authority.

About that time, Jim Rowe called up Sargent Shriver. (Rowe had been a White House assistant for F.D.R., and then had become one of those Washington lawyers who keep a hand in things. He also managed to remain practically everybody's friend.) He began by saying he had considered

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Shriver crazy to take on a harebrained scheme like the Peace Corps. "But I've known Lyndon Johnson for thirty years," he said, "and now the best man I've seen working for him in all that time wants to leave the Vice President of the United States and work with you, so maybe I'm the one who's crazy."

That is not quite the complete story of how Moyers came to the Peace Corps. But he did move out of the Taj Mahal to take up duties with Shriver on Connecticut Avenue above a French restaurant called *Chez François*. I would see him dashing about town—or catch echoes of his passing—as the Corps' Congressional-relations director. When Shriver chose him as Deputy Director in December of 1962, Senator Frank Lausche of Ohio made a fuss about paying such a young man (I was shocked to learn Moyers had turned twenty-eight) \$19,500 a year. But by some quirk of bureaucracy Moyers was actually taking a \$500 pay cut. Lausche probably didn't know that in 1960 Johnson had increased Moyers' salary from \$10,000 to \$15,000 after only three months' employment. In January 1963, the Senate confirmed him without so much as a nod at Lausche.

Moyers' part in the painful and involved process of selling the idea of the Peace Corps to Congress and the country, and then making it work, was large by any standard. One who was in a strategic Senate post in those days recalls that Moyers realized, first, that he had a "hot item" in the personable and persuasive Shriver, who was the President's brother-in-law. Second, he got a sort of instantly favorable response to the Peace Corps idea from young people and some older liberals. Third, he met considerable outright hostility to a newfangled and "idealistic" scheme, some of it in Congress. Finally, much of the public and nearly all of Congress were waiting to be shown—not hostile, not convinced.

"So Moyers decided to sell Shriver," the old Senate man recalls. "He took Shriver to breakfast with three or four Congressmen every morning for two or three months. He saw to it that Shriver talked with practically everybody in the House. By the time they got through listening to Shriver talk, they may not have been sold on the Peace Corps but they were sold on Shriver and that was all they needed."

In the Senate, the job was not so difficult. Senator Hubert Humphrey, who probably had first suggested the Peace Corps somewhere in the endless flood of ideas he poured out to an ungrateful world in the 1950s, managed the matter on the floor. And behind the scenes, the brooding Vice President Johnson lent his considerable support and advice. But as Moyers plunged even deeper

into the Peace Corps, he drifted away from Johnson, although he worried about his former boss's frequent despondency. When a friend remarked that he supposed the Vice President wished he had never given up the Majority Leadership of the Senate, Moyers replied sadly, "You can bet on that."

He felt himself drifting out of things, too, as the Peace Corps overcame its initial difficulties and settled into something near routine; by 1963, its appropriation had been doubled—as big a success as the New Frontier produced. Moyers wondered out loud about accepting an offer to join an insurance firm in Texas. He talked occasionally of buying a small newspaper.

On any list of bright young men in Washington, Moyers deserved a high place. He probably wouldn't have found it. The Kennedy mystique made something a little suspect of all "Johnson men," even though the Irish Mafia never spoke of Moyers with anything but respect. But the young intellectual hierarchy of the day ran to Harvard, not the University of Texas, and few outside the Peace Corps and the old Johnson circle thought of Moyers at all. As for me, I had so much clairvoyance that I suppose I called him twice between 1961 and 1963.

And that was the way it stood when Kennedy's Special Assistant Kenny O'Donnell called up Bill Moyers one November day and asked him to take on a delicate political chore in Austin, Texas.

How He Went Aboard

Politics in Texas sometimes reaches passions not touched elsewhere and that was the way it was in late 1963. Governor John Connally, nominally a Johnson man but primarily a conservative, was at war with Senator Ralph Yarborough, historically an anti-Johnson man and the leading figure among Texas liberals. The struggle threatened the precarious unity of the Texas Democratic party; worse, it threatened the prospects of the Kennedy-Johnson ticket for 1964, particularly since it was looking more and more as if Barry Goldwater might be the Republican Presidential nominee, and Goldwater was hot in Texas.

President Kennedy's trip to Texas was supposed to bring his magnetic personality into a key state, for one thing, to do what he could to rectify the Connally-Yarborough split, and to let Texans know there was nothing to the persistent talk that Johnson would be "dumped" the next time around.

To "advance" the mammoth political dinner in Austin on the night of November 22, the White

House dispatched Jerry Bruno, one of the best political arrangers on the Kennedy team. Bruno shortly found himself at sea in the unfamiliar and shark-infested waters of Texas politics. Moyers' assignment was to ease tensions. Though he was known as a Johnson man, he had no other local political identification; he knew the people on the scene; he would be speaking for the White House. Showing his facility for making hard decisions in a nice way, Moyers soon had most of the difficulties ironed out. He was feeling satisfied with himself by lunchtime on November 22 as he sat down for a meal with the state party chairman, Frank Erwin. At table, the word came that John F. Kennedy had been shot in Dallas.

Moyers went to the phone and confirmed the news through Jesse Kellam, his old boss at station KTBC. "I suppose I was presumptuous," he recalls, "but I didn't mean to be. All I could think was that Johnson was President now and that he might need help. I knew there would be unfamiliar people all around him. I thought it would help him just to have somebody there he knew and understood, and who knew him. So I went out and chartered a plane and went to Dallas."

It was easy enough to do that but getting aboard Air Force One, the big jet that flies Presidents about the country, was something else on that day of shock and terror. Moyers did not know the Secret Service agents. Still fearing a widespread assassination plot, perhaps by foreign agents, they had thrown ironclad security around the big blue-and-white aircraft aboard which Lyndon B. Johnson was about to become the President of the United States. Moyers scribbled a note. "I'm here if you need me," it read. Within minutes the answer came back. Johnson needed Moyers. He went aboard, and he has been aboard ever since.

I think this is one of the significant stories about Moyers—but there is another that I rank with it, and it goes back to the first heady days of the New Frontier when John Kennedy was still in his pre-Bay of Pigs days of glory and Lyndon Johnson was settling into his three-year oblivion in the Vice Presidency.

Johnson did not want to let Moyers go to the Peace Corps. The man who was later to talk Arthur Goldberg into leaving the Supreme Court turned his prodigious powers of persuasion on Bill Moyers, twenty-six years old. Moyers had made up his mind. He wanted a field of his own to work in, something that would give full play not only to his abilities but to his evangelical desire to do something useful in the world. Johnson could not shake him.

Moyers set up an appointment with Shriver, to

work out final details, but at the last minute he called the Peace Corps director and begged off, "I've got to go see the President," he said.

John Kennedy did not want Moyers to leave Johnson either. The Johnson-Kennedy rivalry before the 1960 Democratic convention had been long and deep and if the two principals had managed to rise above it, their staffs had not. Yet, both Kennedy and Johnson wanted to cooperate and neither ever wavered in his determination that—if the worst should happen—Johnson would not enter the White House ill-informed and unprepared. Both came to the same conclusion. The essential link between them and their staffs was the bespectacled preacher who could speak for Johnson, command the respect of the Irish Mafia, and meet the White House intellectuals on something like even terms. So Kennedy put the proposition to Moyers. He should not leave the Vice President for the Peace Corps; he was needed more in Johnson's office.

But Bill Moyers did leave Johnson and he did go to work for the Peace Corps and he did find that larger personal mission he had sought—an experience both in self-discovery and in the mechanics of government. He turned down both the Vice President and the President of the United States, and did what he thought was right for him to do.

Second Most Valuable Man

I never had much doubt, in the early days of the Johnson Administration, either that Moyers would stay in the White House or that he would be Johnson's most valuable man. (He was quick to say, in the days following Johnson's accession, "I'm not an exciting, interesting, mysterious figure behind the scenes. I'm just here helping a friend, and when that ends I'll drift away and never be heard of again." He would go back to the Peace Corps, he insisted, and "the best job in Washington.") But if I had been aware then of the Dallas airport episode and of the manner in which Moyers had gone to the Peace Corps, I might have foreseen what actually happened—that today Bill Moyers at the ripe old age of thirty-one has become the most able and influential Presidential assistant I have ever seen or read about.

It is, after all, a fairly new breed of public servant; the roster is not long although every President has had his staff men. John Hay served Lincoln, Joe Tumulty labored faithfully for Woodrow Wilson, but the great ones like Blair for Andrew Jackson, House for Wilson, and Hopkins for Roosevelt were usually *ex officio*, and the regu-

lar hired help tended largely to be clerical, until Franklin Roosevelt formally organized the Presidential establishment. There have been plenty of efficient White House assistants since then—Clark Clifford for Truman, Sherman Adams and Jim Hagerty for Eisenhower, Ted Sorensen and Larry O'Brien for Kennedy—but none to my knowledge had quite the scope, the trust, or the sheer importance Bill Moyers has today.

The first time I remember seeing him in the White House was on Tuesday, November 26, 1963, after Johnson had been sworn in on Friday. The television crews were setting up in the Fish Room for Johnson's first official speech—an observance of the anniversary of the Alliance for Progress. Moyers entered quietly, looked around, and walked to the lectern that John Kennedy always had used. "This won't do," he said, quietly, firmly. "Get one sixty-two inches high."

Times had changed, and the minor detail Moyers noticed was a clue to his sure knowledge of Lyndon Johnson. With the same instinct and self-confidence he showed at the Dallas airport, the same quiet courage that led him to the Peace Corps, Moyers has moved in on the White House and Lyndon Johnson and made himself—if not indispensable—the second most valuable man in the place. These days, that is pretty valuable.

His scope seems to have almost no limit. He is deeply involved in Johnsonian politics. In foreign policy his knowledge and his involvement are second only to McGeorge Bundy's, among the White House aides. He was the architect of the monumental Johnson legislative program that made the 1965 Congressional session as great as any recorded. He is given wide credit in the government for his contribution to Johnson's remarkable grasp of the great faceless bureaucracy of Washington. He has written and polished speeches, helped organize the Johnson staff, and acted as an "operating executive" in such matters as mobilizing the National Guard in the Selma racial crisis. At the bottom point of Johnson's public impression last July, the President handed him—as if in desperation—the job of managing his press relations. He is already being compared to Hagerty as one of the most efficient and knowledgeable press secretaries in history.

He seems to exemplify the qualities he once prescribed in a speech for a good government servant—"the political shrewdness of Adam Clayton Powell combined with the spiritual dedication of Joan of Arc"—and it is said of him more often than of any other White House assistant that, Lyndon Johnson or no Lyndon Johnson, he is his own man. "I try to soak up all the outside views I can get,"



he says. "I keep asking myself questions about what we're doing. Besides, no matter what people write or say about me, I keep telling myself that twenty years from now no one is going to know who Moyers was anyway."

Everyone who sees his work at close range credits him with almost mystically sound judgment on matters ranging from a phrase in a speech to a policy decision on Vietnam. ("He would sit there," Sargent Shriver recalls, "and they would show him a stack of proposed Peace Corps recruiting ads and he would just tick them off—'this one, not that one, this one, not that.'")

Moyers also gets high marks for his ability to get along with old men and young, quick men and slow, big men and small. One of the brightest lawyers in Washington, an Administration official, concedes somewhat ruefully, "I don't think many men are smarter than I am. But when I talk with that kid, we talk on the same level. He doesn't talk down or up to anybody."

The one administrative strike I have ever heard called against Moyers was that he was unsure in hiring men to work for him in earlier days. If so, it seems to be about the only uncertainty he has displayed in Washington. When he moved into the press secretary's office he started off answering tough questions in the same manner in which he chose those Peace Corps ads.

Contrary to popular impression, Moyers was not reluctant to take on this position—although he had fended it off some months earlier. Then, he he was deeply immersed in developing the legislative program. When George Reedy's foot ailment forced him to quit, Moyers had that program in hand and could view the press office as an opportunity to end the warfare with the press which was occupying too much of the President's thought, and damaging the public view of him.

Besides, Moyers views the Washington press

corps as "the most exciting group in Washington" and the press itself as a "dangerous necessity"—dangerous because the press really comes down to "a collection of human beings" as prone to error and weakness as anyone else, but a necessity because of its educational and critical function. And, in any case, he asks, "Do you think these bureaucrats are stimulating? Well, the press is."

Twenty-four Hours a Day

Like his boss, Moyers brings fantastic energy to his job. "He winds up in the morning and goes all day," an associate said. He dissipates virtually none of his hours on the Washington social scene, preferring to spend what little free time he has with his wife, Judith, and their three children. He is on call twenty-four hours a day, but on one emergency arrangement Mrs. Moyers put down her foot. She would not have a White House radio in the family car, and that settled that.

The frenetic pace of Moyers' life has produced an ulcer, which he soothes with strawberry milkshakes (and by foregoing his passion for Mexican food, which he used to consume daily at lunch). These days he tempts fate with thin black cheroots, occasionally supplemented with a pipe, but when he pours himself an infrequent bourbon-and-water, the drink hardly turns yellow.

In politics, his candidate for Johnson's running mate in 1964—Shriver—was counted out, but it was Moyers who shaped many of the issues of the campaign, had the largest voice in television policy, managed many of the details of travel, and even controlled the length of the Johnson demonstration at the Democratic National Convention (he did it by telephone to cooperative state delegation chairmen).

It may also have been Moyers who held half the South for Johnson. Early in 1964, the President sensed the potential of the Reverend Billy Graham, the spellbinding evangelist whose fundamentalism, he feared, was tending dangerously toward support for Goldwater. His influence in the Southern Bible Belt might have swung even more of Dixie into the Republican camp. But working as one preacher to another, Bill Moyers brought the evangelist into Johnson's circle.

That, at least, is the opinion of a Democratic National Committee figure who has good reason to remember Moyers' campaign activities. "He was this kind of a guy," he recalls. "One day I goofed one. Moyers called me up to find out what had happened. I told him I had dropped the ball. He just hung up and went in and told Johnson what had

gone wrong. Johnson gave him a terrific chewing out. Moyers stood there and took it and never passed it on to me or anybody else. He took the heat because he could stand it."

When tragedy struck Walter Jenkins—and in a real sense the Johnson family and the Presidential staff—it was to Moyers that Johnson turned to take over the Jenkins' duties in addition to his own. Then it was Moyers who carried out the investigation of what had happened that night at the YMCA and in the police station (Johnson still believes that Jenkins was framed and Moyers still calls Jenkins "one of the finest men I have ever known").

Moyers has total access to Johnson's foreign-policy deliberations. During the Panama crisis he remained at the White House all night, acting as the main channel of information to the President on the rioting. And during the Administration's low point that followed Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett's telegram requesting that troops be sent to the Dominican Republic, Moyers teamed with Bundy to exert a moderating influence on hawks who wanted to put the anticommunist military in power in the Dominican Republic. It was Moyers who got on the telephone to bring the respected former Ambassador, John Bartlow Martin, into action as a mediator in Santo Domingo.

Moyers sits in on National Security Council meetings, and probably has done more than any official in Washington to keep the press informed of the President's views and the reasons for his actions, particularly in the Vietnamese war.

But Moyers' finest identifiable achievement was the shaping of the 1965 legislative program. He helped organize and ran the fourteen task forces that brought in the ideas from which it emerged, then organized the staff activities that brought the cream of these ideas to the top, then organized and led the groups of Cabinet officers, high civil servants, members of Congress, and others who put the program into final shape. He supervised many of the messages to Congress and suggested to Johnson that he make his State of the Union message on the first day of the session, to get slow-footed members of Congress off and running early.

Through this activity, and with his earlier Peace Corps experience, Moyers has come to know more government officials and to have more impact on them than anyone in Washington—probably not excluding Lyndon Johnson, who has to worry about too many other matters to get into the kind of detail that Moyers handles in dozens of daily phone calls and conferences. One government

press officer, speaking of the first time at which Moyers, as press secretary, presided over a meeting of Administration information specialists, could only shake his head in admiration.

"Someone would raise a problem and Bill would pick up a telephone and say something to somebody. Then somebody would ask how to proceed on another matter, and he would come back with a decision without even hesitating. It was just snap, crackle, pop, all the way through."

Moyers himself believes that it has been in his dealings with the bureaucracy that he has made his greatest contribution to Lyndon Johnson. "The bureaucracy has a life of its own," he says. "It can be a President's worst enemy unless he can find means to stamp his own ideas and beliefs on it." At meeting after meeting, Moyers has argued and preached, "trying to interpret what I knew to be 'the Compleat Johnson' to the bureaucracy. I was certain I knew what the President wanted to do, and I knew if we were going to do it, we had to be able and bold enough to shake this bureaucracy up and move it around. If I was able to help, it was because I understood that at heart this man is a real liberal."

What Makes Him Run

But no mere catalogue of activities, and certainly not Moyers' own opinion, quite sums up his importance in the Johnson Administration. Nor does listing his achievements sum up Bill Moyers. Perhaps the key can be found in Moyers' vehement insistence on one point:

"I haven't made Lyndon Johnson. It's quite the opposite. Everything I am, I owe to him. And if I disappeared tomorrow, there would be someone else to do my work."

That is merely true; it is not the whole truth. For if Moyers had not existed, Johnson would have had to invent him—as, in one sense, he did. If Johnson had not existed, on the other hand, not even Moyers could have invented such an unaccountable and unique figure as Lyndon Johnson. But he probably would have invented or found *someone* who could get the necessary job done.

That job, as Moyers is profoundly convinced, is to make the world a better place through the activities of government. But it is also to provide Bill Moyers an important and soul-satisfying part in doing the work.

Moyers is now the only White House aide with two staffs and two offices, both of the latter furnished in the "motel modern" with which the Johnsonites have redone the working quarters.

In his "inner office" there hangs a framed quotation from Thomas Jefferson: "*The care of human life and happiness is the first and only legitimate object of good government.*"

What makes Bill Moyers run, unlikely as it may be in this world of cynicism and greed, is his belief that the only way to make his life worthwhile is to spend it usefully in the pursuit of that "first and only legitimate object of good government."

That is not quite the same thing as calling him a talented do-gooder or a political Boy Scout or even a selfless public servant. Selfless is as selfless does, and there is no evidence to suggest that Bill Moyers would be content to accept some humble task on the fringe of power, reflecting that he also serves who only counts the paper clips. Moyers sits now at the center of power, and the way he got there was to aim at it.

There is nothing really remarkable about Moyers' pre-Johnson years, although his is far from a common story. A poor boy in Marshall, Texas, in that bitter sharecropper and piney-woods country that spills over from the South, Moyers was given one of those eternally youthful Southern double names, Billy Don, which he now has shortened to the official signature of Bill D. Moyers. He was the son of an unskilled odd-jobs worker in a deeply religious family, steeped in a Southern fundamentalism that can become escape, comfort, hope. "When I was growing up," he once told Sargent Shriver, "the greatest thing my father and mother and I thought could happen to me was to become a Baptist minister."

At fourteen, he was sacking groceries in a Marshall store. At fifteen, he was a full-time reporter on the *Marshall News-Messenger*. Still, he was the most outstanding student at Marshall High School, as he was in two years at North Texas State College, where he was class president and an editorial writer for the newspaper.

In the summer of 1954, when Lyndon Johnson was running for reelection to the Senate, Billy Don Moyers, with two college years behind him, sat down and wrote Johnson a letter. It was a carefully composed document in which the Senator was advised to be aware of the views of young people on the future of Texas and—in particular—to take account of the thousands of new young voters.

"I wasn't telling him a thing he didn't know," Moyers insists, and surely he wasn't. Nevertheless, Johnson—as the story goes—was so impressed with the young man's letter that he brought him to Washington as a summer intern in the Majority Leader's spacious office. He was twenty years old,

hard-working and clean-cut, and he was "smart" all right; too smart, it must have been, to believe any longer that the Baptist or any other pulpit offered Marshall, Texas, any real comfort, hope, or escape.

Johnson sent him back to Texas, to the grander University of Texas at Austin, and gave him a forty-four-hour-a-week job at KTBC. Moyers also took over three rural pastorates nearby. Those who were classmates remember him mostly as a quiet, determined fellow, too busy earning his way to be much of a big man on campus. But he was graduated with the Cabot Award as the senior journalism student with the highest four-year scholastic record. The Rotarians gave him an international fellowship (maybe that symbolizes a minor difference in the New Frontier and the Johnson men; the brains among the former had had Fulbright and Rhodes scholarships; Moyers got his from Rotary International). He used it to support himself and his pretty wife, the former Judith Davidson, through a year at the University of Edinburgh and a three-month tour of Europe.

The Moyerses then returned to Fort Worth, where he began formal study for the ministry—earning a living meanwhile by working as the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary's director of information until he got his Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1959.

Something for the Folks

By this time Moyers had made a profound personal decision. He cast off the parental dreams, the youthful vision. He had had a look at the world and he knew—he recently recalled—that it was not "in the parochial ministry that I was going to satisfy whatever I have to satisfy. It wasn't in business, either. It was a hard decision, as hard as any I ever made, but I made up my mind that I was going into public service." The conclusion, he says now, brought him "a great relief."

Satisfy whatever I have to satisfy. It is not the remark of a selfless man, much less of an easy receiver of life's buffets and gifts. Somewhere, the impulse to minister, to bring people comfort and hope and an easier life, had turned away from the pulpit to "the first and only legitimate object of government." But the impulse was still there; in the public service, it would become his drive.

So when Senator Johnson turned to him again, Moyers gave up a teaching post at Baylor University and went to Washington in January 1960, back to the Taj Mahal. The campaigns of that

year marked the first real flowering of Moyers' talents. "John Connally is a really tough man and he couldn't organize Lyndon," a co-worker of those days remarked. "But that Moyers, who was just a kid, could organize him. He could get him to do the things he should do when none of the rest of us could."

Then, when the Senator had become Vice President, Moyers went to the Peace Corps. After the assassination and the dash to the Dallas airport, Moyers insisted to all that he only wanted to go back to the Peace Corps. In those early days of the Johnson Administration, no one quite knew who was who—or, more important, who would be who—on the White House staff. Jenkins was there, the energetic and underrated Jack Valenti was there, the old standby George Reedy was there, and the veteran Johnson brain-truster, Horace Busby, was winding up his business affairs in order to come in. The old Kennedy staff was on hand, too, carrying on for a difficult and unknown new chief, and they were eloquent about Moyers. He was the best of the new lot, they said.

Among the Johnson men, there was occasionally a different note. Moyers was a Johnny-come-lately who had moved himself in, it was sometimes whispered; Valenti was a Johnny-come-even-later; and the two were vying for Johnson's favor. I had it predicted to me once that Moyers would not last long—and in fact, Johnson is said at one point to have told him not to talk to the press so much. Even now—though one has to search for it—it is possible to catch a tone of reserve in some associates' comments about Moyers. One spoke openly of "cold-eyed ambition." I have heard him referred to, perhaps in jealousy or jest, perhaps not, as "the knife."

But if there was ever any thought in the President's mind of sending Bill Moyers back to the Peace Corps, it has yet to be discovered. Johnson told me, during those times when his staff was emerging from its early formlessness, that Moyers was the "most remarkable twenty-nine-year-old I have ever seen."

I am convinced that Bill Moyers, since then, also has become the most remarkable of what I believe is a new breed of public servant—the White House man who is not quite politician, not quite administrator, not quite diplomat, not quite executive, not quite adviser, not quite bureaucrat, but a good bit of each.

Moyers' intellect and ability to work with people smoothly rather than abrasively are not explainable; they are just there. But beyond them, there are other qualities that make him unique and these do seem to me to grow directly out of

his brief, swift rise from the grocery store in Marshall.

First, Moyers wants power. He has understood—perhaps in his conclusion that the “parochial ministry” was not what would satisfy him, perhaps by osmosis from Johnson—that power lies at the heart of action and achievement. Moyers’ whole life, it is no denigration to him to say, can be seen as a drive for power, however unconsciously—from the boy who wrote a letter to a Senator to the man who made the right move at the right time that day in Dallas.

“He knew he was headed somewhere,” a man who worked with him at KTBC a decade ago believes, “and he was in a hurry to get there.”

But Bill Moyers is not merely driven toward success. The old-time religion is still in him; Sargent Shriver thinks the “religious motive” is the key to his personality. But it is “really an integrated personality,” Shriver believes, “not too religious, not too intellectual.” And Harry McPherson, another White House aide, calls him “a liberal believer—a Methodist instead of a Baptist in his sense of service. You give yourself utterly, you don’t just preach.”

So he would seek power, and he would use it, not merely hold it in his hands for its savor and security; he would use it for a deeply rooted purpose, to bring something more than spiritual comfort to the Marshalls of this world. The power to be found in government would satisfy whatever he had to satisfy.

Finally, he saw in Lyndon Johnson a unique instrument, a special ability. Johnson, too, believed that politics and government were aimed at doing something for “the folks,” and if his own drive up from the hill country and the one-room schoolhouse had been ruthless and unswerving, still Moyers believes profoundly—as every intimate of Johnson I have ever met believes—that at heart the President is devoted, too, to “the first and only legitimate object of government.”

Moyers is not blind to Johnson’s faults and in private he can discuss them intelligently and candidly, more in sorrow than in anger, weighing the President as calmly as he analyzed the problem of “selling” the Peace Corps to Congress. “I try to sort the real from the unreal,” he once said. “I try to tell the serious from the irrelevant. After all, you aren’t a man in your own right when you are working for a President. To be most effective, you have to have an umbilical cord right to his character, nature, and personality.”

Moyers denies vehemently that he is the “progressive influence” on Johnson, the man who persuades the President to proceed toward the “care

of human life and happiness” in his Presidency. But many who see both at close range believe he is at least the most profound influence of this kind on the President. “He articulates what the President feels,” one close observer said; another called him “the vital connection” between the President’s *interests* and his *goals*; between Johnson’s politics and his Administration’s ideas.

Giving All the Options

Moyers, either with characteristic modesty or with characteristic understanding that Johnson approves F.D.R.’s prescription of “a passion for anonymity” in his aides, or just because he believes it, puts down that kind of talk with a wry face. “The President’s staff,” he argues, “only gives the President all the options. We are magnets for facts from all the rest of the government. And this President more consistently bases his judgments on hard facts than anybody outside the White House knows.”

But I believe Bill Moyers is more than a “magnet for facts.” I believe the final reason he can work for Lyndon Johnson so effectively is that at heart—stripping away the veneer of modesty and efficiency on the one hand, and the renowned image of coarse ruthlessness on the other, Moyers and Johnson are two of a kind. Along the bond between these men there flows a kindred spirit. They see preaching as useless without power, and faith as empty without works.

And something else. There is in each something that I can only identify with Texas—the expansive notions that rise under that big sky, the passion for thinking big, the conviction that everything is possible. So much is outsize in Texas, from the Astrodome to the land itself. And Texans can be outsize, too—whether it is Billie Sol Estes building his dream-like empire or Lyndon Johnson roaming the White House or Howard Hughes making his mammoth flying boat.

Bill Moyers may not seem to fit that giant pattern. But I think he is a Texas-size man in his great talent, his unflagging energy, the reach of his ideas, the depth of his dedication. There is nothing small about Moyers, including his ambition, and where it may take him in the long years ahead perhaps only a Texan’s imagination can conceive. I have seen and heard only enough of Bill Moyers to be sure he is extraordinary; for the rest of it, I merely venture an opinion. Besides, I’m entitled to say a few good words for a man who may have saved me from being blown up in Kansas City.



Colorado Football's Gallopig Disaster

Memoirs of a Big-time Coach

by Bud Davis

I believe I might be the first coach in the history of intercollegiate football to be hung in effigy *before* he got the job. Bonfires, student rallies, and protest meetings of the football squad accompanied the news of my appointment as head football coach at the University of Colorado back in the spring of 1962. Overnight I had graduated from the tranquil life of a university alumni director into an arena where only the winners survive. Truly I was an unknown quantity, accustomed to obscurity.

I had first set foot on a college gridiron some sixteen years earlier, joining an eager group of athletes for spring football at the University of Colorado. It was Dal Ward's first year as head coach at CU, and every former high-school football star with the dream of making the varsity turned out with high aspirations. It was an indication of things to come that of the thirteen teams organized that first week, I was on the thirteenth.

I remember my first interview with Coach

Ward. Frustrated that the full potential of my 145 pounds of dynamite and enthusiasm was going unnoticed, I cornered him one day after practice.

"Coach Ward," I said with dignity, "I'm not sure whether I should be playing fullback or quarterback."

He looked me up and down critically before replying, "Frankly, I don't think it makes a hell of a lot of difference."

I finally ended up as a T-formation quarterback. That was fine, except for the fact that Colorado was running a single wing. For three years I quarterbacked the scouting team. One week I would be the Kansas quarterback, the next week the Missouri quarterback, then the Iowa State quarterback, and so on through the season. Every year I ran ten different offenses, but never our own. Once in a while, however, I did get into a game. The coach employed a standing rule for using me at crucial times. Whenever we got 50 points ahead or 50 points behind, he called on me.

I shall never forget my first action as a varsity player. We were playing Kansas State at Homecoming in '48, and things were going well. In the fourth quarter we were enjoying a 51-point lead, and Coach Ward was clearing the bench. As players would come out of the game, he would have them move to the south end of the bench. Finally I was sitting all alone on the north end, wondering when I would get my chance. With 51 seconds on the clock, Ward walked up, looked at me, studied the scoreboard clock, shook his head, and started to move away.

At that moment my fraternity brothers up in the stands began chanting "We want Davis! We want Davis!" Since there was a time-out on the field and the crowd had long since been lulled into indifference by the one-sided score, the idea suddenly appealed to the whole stadium. Soon the place was roaring with the plea, "We want Davis! We want Davis!" They had no idea who Davis was, but they wanted him very badly. (Years later, when I was head coach at Colorado, the crowd took up the same chant, but for different reasons.)

All of this yelling obviously embarrassed Coach Ward. He turned to me again, studied the scoreboard and the clock once more, and said, "Okay,

Davis, get in there as defensive halfback. We've got 51 seconds to play. For God's sake—don't blow our lead."

I dashed onto the field. Then I went back and got my helmet. As I was adjusting my chin strap, a Kansas State back ran around the end for 40 yards. I bent down to pull up my socks, and they completed a pass into my territory. I looked over to see how the coach was taking all this, and they completed another pass for a touchdown. That ended my playing career at Colorado.

"Get Yourself a Team"

In the following years I knocked around quite a bit, serving in the Marines and teaching English and coaching football at various high schools in the Rocky Mountain area. Finally, in 1960, I returned to my alma mater as director of alumni relations. In some ways this beat coaching. At a crucial moment in a big game when it came time to decide whether or not to kick on third down, I could always poll the alumni, a group blessed

with perfect 20-20 hindsight. In fact, I was so adept at this hindsight that when a vacancy suddenly occurred in the head coaching position, it seemed a logical choice to appoint an alumni director to the job. Some people reasoned that alumni and their directors had had so much to say about the football team for so many years that it was time someone gave them the ultimate responsibility—a kind of poetic justice.

Thus, amidst the tensions of the preceding head coach's dismissal after a championship season and a National Collegiate Athletic Association investigation, I became the University of Colorado's sixteenth football coach. The team captain, upon being informed of my appointment, told the papers, "You've got yourself a coach, now get yourself a team." I was given a one-year appointment. At the time I thought about asking for a definite contract covering a longer period, then remembered the case of the coach who insisted upon and got a lifetime contract. After two miserable seasons, the president of his university called him in and said, "I now officially pronounce you dead." Also, I rationalized that history favored my future. In seventy-one years of intercollegiate football, Colorado had never fired a *losing* coach.

In this predicament, I began casting about for someone who had had experience in college coaching, and managed to persuade my former coach, Dal Ward, to return as my assistant. Ward had been ousted from the head coaching job at Colorado in 1958 after an eleven-year tenure in which he compiled a winning percentage of over .600. The emotional circumstances of his dismissal seemed to have focused upon his practice of kicking on third down. He promised to return only on the condition I assume the responsibility for punting on third down. I told him that with my offense, I didn't think we would ever need to punt. He replied that with my offense we had better have multiple punt formations.

Dal also gave me some good advice about handling alumni. He quoted Herman Hickman of Tennessee and Yale: "Don't lose all the time—that makes them angry. Just win often enough to keep them sullen, but not mutinous."

Meanwhile, we were losing players faster than we could coach them. Several players were declared ineligible following the NCAA and Big

William E. (Bud) Davis, recently appointed president of Idaho State University at Pocatello, has been a college teacher (English), athletics coach, and administrator since his graduation from the University of Colorado in 1951. He also earned a doctorate in education and served in the Marines during the Korean War.





Eight Conference meetings, and academic ineligibilities took another heavy toll later. Each night I anxiously read the newspapers to see whom we were losing next; between spring practice and our first game we lost thirty-five key players. Newspapers stopped referring to us as "The Golden Buffaloes" and substituted "The Vanishing Herd." When signing the contract for a weekly TV program that fall, I started to name it "Where's My Line?"

As we prepared for the opening game against Utah, a non-conference opponent, I knew we were in for a long season. When we boarded the plane for Salt Lake City, we had three juniors and three seniors on the squad, and only two of the latter shaved. The rest were sophomores who had never heard a shot fired in anger in the college wars. For that matter, neither had I. In the pre-game warm-up drill, I was acutely sensitive of the fact that when our center bent down to snap the ball, he was thinner through the shoulders than our quarterback was broad across the hips. We dropped the Utah game 37 to 21.

At a meeting on Sunday morning I tried to cheer up a dejected staff, saying, "Don't worry. The University administration is behind us all the way." To which one of the assistant coaches replied, "So were the Utah pass receivers."

The following week we appeared before the home crowd for the first time when Kansas State came to Boulder. We scored early and held onto a 6 to 0 lead. Early in the fourth quarter our only center got hurt, so we moved a language major to this key position. His scholarship was excellent, but his snaps to the punter left something to be desired. In that agonizing final period, we had four punts blocked. Dal Ward, who by this time had turned philosopher, mused, "Some teams punt out of trouble. We punt into trouble." The game became one long goal-line stand, ending with Kansas State one foot away from the goal, and for one week we were leading the Conference standings—undefeated, untied, and unscored upon.

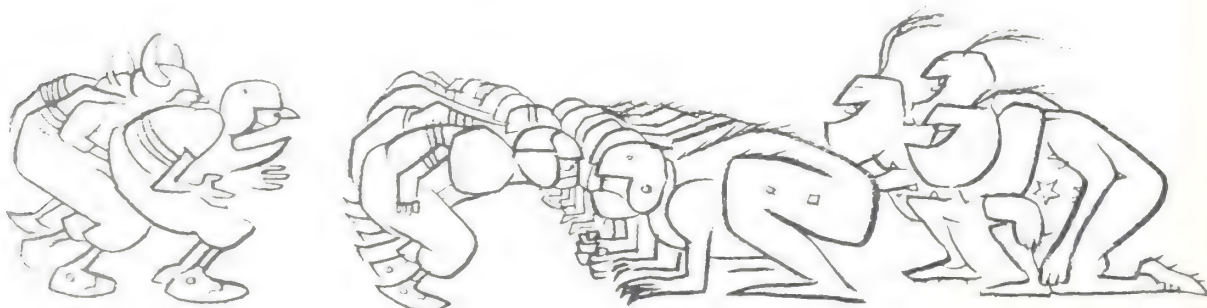
We hit the road for three long weekends with games against Kansas, Oklahoma State, and Iowa State. The scores were so lopsided that it was clear that what had started out as a bad situation had begun to deteriorate.

After a 57 to 19 drubbing by Iowa State, we returned home to Boulder. Standing there in the drizzling rain, waiting to meet the bus, was my family. Little Becky, my seven-year-old daughter, greeted me with a big hug, exclaiming, "Daddy, we won! We won!" I felt obliged to tell her the truth—that we had really lost. "Oh, I know that," she replied. "But it's lots more fun to pretend we won."

The alumni, however, had lost none of their sense of humor. At a luncheon in Denver, the emcee quipped, "Coach Davis is a big success. No one expected him to do much with his material this year—and he hasn't." But the worst was yet to come. The soft part of the schedule was behind us. Ahead lay Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Missouri, in that order.

One Cannon Per Point

We rallied our forces for the Homecoming game against Nebraska and played a respectable first half, in which we led 6 to 0. That was probably our biggest mistake of the season. In the first



five minutes of the second half we had so many casualties that our stretcher-bearers were exhausted. We lost 31-6. That was followed by a humiliating 62 to 0 loss to Oklahoma. It was at this point that the president called me in and informed me that some of the alumni were getting restless. Very politely but very firmly he hinted that we had better win the next game or I might be in trouble. "By the way," he added, "whom are you playing?"

"Missouri," I replied. They were undefeated at the time and nationally ranked. We could only get twenty-five able-bodied bodies aboard the plane for the trip, and when we landed at Columbia only twenty-three would get off.

I learned the full measure of humility that Saturday. I stood on a hostile sideline with the score 57 to 0 against us, while some 40,000 Homecoming fans beseeched their team to "Hit 'em again, harder, harder!"

In those four weeks, we had had more than 200 points scored against us. Each time our opponents scored, a cannon was fired. Our coaches and players had reached a stage of shell shock when we visited Texas Tech. We started the game in typical fashion by giving up an early score, and, as was our custom, anticipated the dreaded report of the cannon. I kept waiting for it to go off, and, hearing nothing, glanced down at the end zone where the ROTC boys were furiously jerking at a balky lanyard on their howitzer. As the football was dropping into the outstretched arms of our sophomore halfback, the cannon fired. He left the ground about eight feet as the ball caromed off his chest and into the grasp of a Texas Tech lineman. Tech soon added another score.

Texas Tech had a tradition in which a masked rider, the Red Raider, rode a black stallion around the field after every touchdown while the crowd cheered. With my attention diverted by the trouble over the cannon, I didn't see the horse that second time around. I was probably the only college football coach ever run down by a horse on the sidelines.

We almost got back into that ball game. Driving for what might have been the tying touchdown in the fourth quarter, we threw a sideline pass from the five-yard line. A Texas Tech end picked it off at the goal line and returned one hundred yards for what proved to be the winning touchdown.

On the plane back to Colorado I asked our quarterback how he had happened to pick that particular man to throw to. He wistfully replied, "Coach, he was the only man open." I had heard this old story before, but had never believed it until then.



We limped into the final week of a disastrous season—a season which the sportswriters daily reminded the public was the worst in the history of Colorado football. The ball players eagerly rushed home from practice to read the evening papers and find out whether I had been fired, or whether the authorities would wait until after the final game to announce the decision.

I vividly remembered those quiet moments before we went out to play the Air Force Academy. There was an awful silence, broken only by the steady dripping of a leaky faucet. As the trainer passed among the players handing out chewing gum and daubing their cheeks with burnt cork, they were remote, almost grim.

I was all choked up as I launched into my final speech to that squad. "Lads," I said, "if you beat the Air Force today, I'll resign after the game."

They went out and fought like hell. The final score was Colorado 34, Air Force Academy 10.

But the memory of that season continues to haunt me. I still wake up nights hearing not the solid sound of toe against leather as a punter gets off a high spiral, but the double thud of toe hitting leather hitting opponent, followed by the vision of twenty-two players chasing the ball toward my goal line.

Happily, the story has a humane, if not a dramatic, ending. I did get out of town and coaching alive. I moved to Wyoming. Today, whenever a sports fan asks me why I left my native Colorado, I reply,

"I just got tired of hanging around."



The Coming Upheaval in Psychiatry

by Maya Pines

Many people who can't afford the analyst's couch, need—and are beginning to get—an entirely different brand of therapeutic counseling.

American psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers are about to be tested as never before. Leaders in all these fields have long argued that all mental patients—and not only the rich—should have access to treatment in their own communities, rather than choose between total neglect and commitment to a state institution. Financially, at least, the opportunity to supply such facilities is at hand.

The Community Mental Health Centers Act of 1964 provided \$150 million to build mental health centers across the country. Now—despite the opposition of the American Medical Association—Congress has decided to contribute handsomely not only to bricks and mortar but to the salaries of the people who will work in the new centers. There, it is hoped, treatment will become available to everyone who needs it—the poor as well as the rich—and it may thus become possible to attack mental illness in its early stage before it has caused too much harm. In the process mental health services will have to be reorganized along lines that are both more democratic and more efficient.

These goals are now economically feasible. But the task remains a formidable one and how it is

to be accomplished is by no means clear. As to the need, however, there is no doubt.

Seven years ago A. B. Hollingshead and Dr. Frederick C. Redlich, chief of the Department of Psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine, coauthored a book, *Social Class and Mental Illness*, which documented for the first time the affinity, both economic and cultural, of psychiatrists for well-heeled patients. Even in the overcrowded state institutions where most poor patients are dumped, the study demonstrated, middle-class patients usually receive more attention and care. On the rare occasions when poor patients find their way to free clinics, they are put off by long waiting lists and elaborate “intake” procedures. They are also bewildered by doctors who give no pills and expect the patient to do most of the talking. Similarly, in recent years, social workers have been told by critics in and out of their own ranks that they have turned their backs on the neediest members of our society because of their preoccupation with individual therapeutic case work.

Within the past year or so, “community organization” has become an increasingly fashionable field of study at schools of social work. And along with many other Americans, psychiatrists and psychologists have been busily discovering the poor and seeking ways to bridge the immense gap in culture and custom which separates them from middle-class Americans. In the case of the mentally ill patient, this gulf can be an insuperable obstacle to effective treatment.

The geographical gap is equally serious. Outside of a handful of cities such as New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, or Los Angeles, middle-class patients who cannot afford expensive private psychiatrists are hard put to get any help at all. It is generally true that no public facilities of any kind exist for mental patients in their own communities.

At the same time, there is a continuing dearth of the psychiatrists, psychologists, and psychiatric social workers needed to do an effective job even at existing mental health clinics and hospitals. The critical shortage of personnel led one psychologist to remark ruefully when Congress passed last year's Mental Health Act, "What will we do with the new buildings when they're finished—rent them out?"

As one way of attacking the shortage, many clinics are organizing their scarce professionals into teams in the hope of getting more mileage out of them. Group therapy is also increasingly being used instead of the traditional one-to-one treatment. In some places there is a growing emphasis on helping troubled people get through immediate crises—which may be emotional or practical or both—instead of attempting deep, long-range psychotherapy. Still another approach is an attempt to develop new, lower-echelon mental health aides and counselors who can supplement the work of the scarce professionals and also provide a means of reaching out to the people long excluded from mental health services.

No Waiting List or Red Tape

By combining such techniques, many general hospitals around the country are now taking the first steps toward becoming community mental health centers. Among the newer entrants is New York City's Lincoln Hospital, in a congested area where until last year 350,000 people had no psychiatric services whatsoever, short of commitment to an institution. Lincoln's mental health program is sponsored by the department of psychiatry of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, with which the hospital is affiliated. The plan is roughly analogous to a military medical scheme. At the front lines are neighborhood service centers (supported by a grant from the Poverty Program), which serve as first-aid stations. Functioning as a kind of field hospital is the free mental health clinic at Lincoln Hospital. The base hospital—for those who cannot be treated on an ambulatory basis—remains a long ambulance ride away, in Jacobi Hospital, Albert Einstein's major

teaching center. There the patient may be hospitalized for a short time, or sent on to a state institution for longer treatment. Eventually Lincoln expects to set up a "day hospital" of its own, in which psychiatric patients may spend the whole day, going home to their families only at night. But even without this service, it is believed that this program will cut in half the number of patients who actually need to be hospitalized.

Recently I visited one of the first-aid stations—a neighborhood service center located in a store wedged between a dry cleaner and a beauty salon, on a nondescript street in the Bronx. The store window is adorned with colorful children's paintings. There are some bright orange, turquoise, and yellow chairs near the door, a few painted bookcases, a potted plant in a corner and half a dozen desks.

Anyone can stroll in and tell his troubles immediately—without waiting lists or red tape—to a mental health aide who speaks his language both literally and figuratively. The aides all live in the neighborhood; many were born there and are in the same economic group as the people they now serve. Before taking their present jobs, most of them were earning less than \$3,000 a year as ward attendants, clerks, or nurse's aides. Others were on relief. When I arrived, a young woman sat hunched miserably at one of the desks whispering to a plump Negro aide who was wearing a black leather coat. In the back of the store two men were talking in Spanish.

Mrs. Doris Jefferson, one of the aides, told me that people usually come in to discuss a pressing practical emergency rather than their serious emotional troubles. These emerge only as the aides prove that they are really interested in being helpful. "For instance, one widow said her problem was to get new mattresses from Welfare," Mrs. Jefferson said. "I talked to her for a while, and then I went to her apartment. This is what I found." She pulled out her notes.

Of her nine children, only three were living at home—a seven-year-old girl, who weighed thirty-nine pounds (the normal weight for a three-year-old), an eleven-year-old daughter with an arrested case of TB, and a fourteen-year-old daughter who was three months pregnant. Six sons, all drug addicts, had left home and were constantly in and out of jail. The mother was an alcoholic. In an unbelievably filthy apartment, the

This summer Maya Pines finished a book with Dr. Rene Dubos on "Health and Disease" and she is now working on a book about new methods of educating children in their earliest years.

three girls all slept in the same broken-down bed, on a dirty mattress without sheets.

After much prodding, Mrs. Jefferson persuaded Welfare to place the pregnant daughter in a home for unwed mothers and to find foster homes for the other two. To help the mother overcome her alcoholism, Mrs. Jefferson, who had become her friend, then talked her into attending a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous; before recommending this, she attended a meeting herself on her own time to see what it was like.

Like Mrs. Jefferson, all the aides I met were warmhearted individuals who easily put themselves in their "client's" place and seemed deeply committed to helping them as best they could. On their own initiative, and on their own time, they do things which few ordinary social workers would think of: One, for instance, accompanied a distraught mother of four to a cemetery for the funeral of her infant son, and even read the service in the absence of a minister.

...To Read More...

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During the first six weeks of the center's existence, 239 persons came in for help. Only ten were referred to the next link in the chain of services, the mental health clinic. Among these were an extremely disturbed man who had lost control of himself and was afraid he might do something violent; a young fire-setter, aged five, who had burned his family out of its apartment; and a hysterical woman. The majority of cases involved such practical matters as the dreaded "dispossess" order which leaves a family homeless, unemployment, or frustrating dealings with the Welfare Department.

There was, for example, a young woman born in Puerto Rico who had been living in the Bronx with a common-law husband for two-and-a-half years. When he learned that she was pregnant he got drunk and beat her up. She took refuge in her brother's tiny rented room. After a few days she came back to her apartment—and found her husband had sold all the furniture, stopped paying the rent, and disappeared. She then went to apply for Welfare. In due course, she received a complicated letter which seemed to mean that she had to produce her husband to receive any money. Still living in her brother's cramped quarters, as the date of her delivery approached, she felt mounting panic. Finally she heard about the neighborhood service center.

The aide who saw her there, Ralph Acosta, is himself of Puerto Rican origin, although he was born right at Lincoln Hospital and has spent most of his life in the area. He pointed out that she had misinterpreted the Welfare Department's letter and that she could still ask for help. Mr. Acosta—after futile efforts to produce the husband—accompanied her to the Welfare Department. There she was told that she had not made an adequate effort to locate her husband, or else she was lying. Neither her explanations nor Mr. Acosta's testimony helped. A few days later, administrators of the Lincoln Hospital Mental Health Services talked to administrators at the Welfare Department. The young woman was finally assured of funds for food and a layette, and told to find herself an inexpensive apartment. With Mr. Acosta's help, she did. On a Saturday, with a friend's car, Mr. Acosta helped her move.

"This is the most important work I've ever done in my life," says Mr. Acosta, feelingly, about his new job. "Is it mental health? Oh sure! People come to you with problems they can't solve, and if you can help to solve them while they're still little problems, actually what you're doing is securing their mental health."

A phone rang, and another aide got up, grabbed

her handbag and said, "One of my clients is threatening to do something drastic. I'm taking her straight to the hospital. I had a feeling she was nearing a breaking point." And she rushed out.

Rationed Psychotherapy

When patients are referred to the clinic at Lincoln Hospital, the staff tries its best to see the whole family at the time of the first interview. This is seldom possible, however, because intact families are rare in this neighborhood. Fathers, particularly, are hard to locate. Many of the patients are on welfare and the clinic—which is just a year old—charges no fees at all. Its staff includes four full-time and three part-time psychiatrists, one psychologist, three social workers, and two nurses plus two mental health aides who are still being trained. They work under the direction of Dr. Levon Boyajian, a psychiatrist who makes a point of explaining that he is not an analyst.

Regardless of the staff's background, "we all do the same thing here," Dr. Boyajian says, "with the exception of giving out medicines." Not only the psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers, but also the nurses see patients. "Why not—pretty soon we'll let the aides do it." The nurses get on-the-job supervision, and also take part in seminars on group and family therapy.

Patients are assigned to whatever member of the team is available, although to some extent the choice is determined by language (roughly half the staff speaks Spanish) and the apparent severity of the problem. However, no one is turned away—someone on the staff sees anyone who arrives during working hours. Some patients are referred to the clinic by the hospital's emergency room, many more by the neighborhood service centers, by schools, or by other social agencies. Not surprisingly, considering the newness of the venture, the clinic procedures have an air of great spontaneity. "Nothing has been very formalized yet," says Dr. Boyajian. "We're glad we're running."

Once a staff member has seen as much of a family as possible he discusses the case briefly with Dr. Boyajian and other members of the team—psychologist, social worker, or nurse—to decide on the next steps. At a recent meeting, for example, the discussion began with the case of a twenty-four-year-old Negro woman, the mother of five children, who had come in complaining that she was "nervous." The psychiatrist who interviewed her noted that her face and arms had been badly

bruised and scarred by her alcoholic husband. She had secured a temporary "order of protection" from the police; but the day it expired, her husband renewed his attacks. Now she wanted a legal separation. The psychiatrist diagnosed her "nervousness" as a reactive depression and prescribed medication. Dr. Boyajian and the other staff members agreed that this medication should be continued for a while and also suggested sending her to the service center for practical help in getting the separation and better housing (all seven members of the family were living in three rooms). "Okay," said Dr. Boyajian, "who's next?" The discussion had taken precisely ten minutes.

After the initial interview no more than six sessions of psychotherapy are allowed each patient or family. As one of the psychiatrists explained, "If we were to take the current staff and provide long-term psychotherapy to all those who could profit from it, all the staff would quickly be utilized and we would make practically no dent in the mental health problems of the community."

"We mustn't fool ourselves," he continued. "In an area this size, a large number of people could profit from psychotherapy—but we can't provide it. That is the honest answer."

He also pointed out that the traditional forms of psychotherapy would be of little use to the majority of troubled people in the area—people overwhelmed by unemployment, high infant mortality, juvenile delinquency, or other evils of slum life. For them the most effective therapy may well be the kind of emergency treatment and practical assistance offered by the clinic and the service centers. Help given in a time of crisis may prevent the breakdown which leaves no alternative but commitment to a state institution.

For people who need further help after the crisis is past, and for patients recently discharged from state hospitals, the clinic runs two large groups—one Spanish, the other English speaking. Each group consists of about fifteen to twenty patients, and meets once a week with a psychiatrist and a nurse. These sessions are extremely informal—patients walk around, drink coffee, or even sew while taking part in the discussion.

Apart from these therapeutic gatherings, the Lincoln Hospital mental health program takes a lively interest in existing community groups, including juvenile gangs and the older folk who sit around together on stoops. On the theory that you stay sane through your ties with other people, the program's directors see as an essential part of their job promoting activities which increase self-esteem and reduce the individual's sense of powerlessness. Two months after the first neigh-

borhood service center opened, for example, it held an evening meeting, complete with guitar music by a Puerto Rican aide. Those present were encouraged to speak up about their grievances

and to form committees to improve education, hospital services, garbage disposal, housing, and relations with the Police and Welfare departments.

The Cultural Chasm

The concept of ...	in middle-class terms stands for ...	but to the lower class is ...
Authority (courts, police, school principal)	Security—to be taken for granted, wooed	Something hated, to be avoided
Education	The road to better things for one's children and oneself	An obstacle course to be surmounted until the children can go to work
Joining a Church	A step necessary for social acceptance	An emotional release
Ideal Goal	Money, property, to be accepted by the successful	"Coolness"; to "make out" without attracting attention of the authorities
Society	The pattern one conforms to in the interests of security and being "popular"	"The Man"—an enemy to be resisted and suspected
Delinquency	An evil originating outside the middle-class home	One of life's inevitable events, to be ignored unless the police get into the act
The Future	A rosy horizon	Nonexistent. So live each moment fully
"The Street"	A path for the auto	A meeting place, an escape from a crowded home
Liquor	Sociability, cocktail parties	A means to welcome oblivion
Violence	The last resort of authorities for protecting the law-abiding	A tool for living and getting on
Sex	An adventure and a binding force for the family—creating problems of birth control	One of life's few free pleasures
Money	A resource to be cautiously spent and saved for the future	Something to be used now before it disappears

Ralph Segalman, Assistant Professor of Sociology at Texas Western College, has synthesized the communications problem besetting middle-class psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers in their attempt to reach and help the poor. He adapted this chart from an article presented at the Rocky Mountain Social Sciences Association, Spring 1965.

Social action of this kind is far afield from the traditional concerns of psychiatrists. Even the more accepted practices of community mental health, such as working in psychiatric teams and giving group therapy, remain alien to the bulk of psychiatrists. These practices are now included in the training of residents in psychiatry at a few universities, notably Harvard and Columbia. However, at most medical schools and hospitals the emphasis is still entirely on individual, long-term psychotherapy. As a result, most of the current crop of young psychiatrists—along with those long in practice—are ill-equipped for the very different approach being launched under the new community mental health programs. They may also be opposed to it in principle. At one center, all eight staff psychiatrists quit during the first year because they could not adjust to the new methods of treatment.

While appropriately trained and willing psychiatrists are scarce, lower level personnel is virtually nonexistent and there are no suitable programs as yet in schools and colleges. Lincoln Hospital recruits its mental health aides in the neighborhood and gives them three weeks of full-time training before they start on the job. For the next three weeks, they work only half a day, spending the other half in training. From then on they attend weekly training sessions, and meet with a psychiatrist to discuss their clients. On the job, at the neighborhood service centers, the aides are supervised by a clinical psychologist or a social worker. They are taught to think of themselves as people who give help but do not treat the sick.

One more ambitious but much smaller experiment—at the National Institute of Mental Health—did attempt to turn laymen into psychotherapists. After two years of part-time study and on-the-job training, eight women who participated in this NIMH program were given the title of mental health counselors and are now working professionally in clinics and schools. The program remains a much-admired though little-imitated model of what can be done to reduce the shortage of therapists. Dr. Margaret Rioch, a psychologist who directed it, is now training another batch of women to do preventive counseling with mothers of preschool children. For practical experience the trainees work in child-health clinics in low-income neighborhoods.

In common with other people who attempt to bring mental health to the poor, the trainees have communication problems. "You just have to tailor your middle-class ideas to what's feasible," Dr. Rioch said. "You can't recommend giving the child special loving care at bedtime when the

mother works at night. You can't tell the mother to send the child to his room if he has a tantrum—often the entire family lives in one room. And talk about a father's role is pointless when the father has deserted the home." In many cases the trainees find themselves spending nearly as much time advising the mothers on housing or jobs as on child-rearing problems. "Who shall I say sent me," asked one of the mothers after a trainee had made an appointment for her at a city agency, "the lady who helps people to get their rights?"

"Is Everything a Mental Health Problem?"

The personnel squeeze in mental health is also forcing a reappraisal of the potential of volunteers. Outstanding volunteer work has been done in mental hospitals recently by young men and women fresh out of college, college students, and even high-school students.

At Boston State Hospital, for example, some two hundred student volunteers from Harvard and Radcliffe now work with the most severely ill patients in the back wards either in groups or as individual "case aides." They make friends with a chronic schizophrenic, learn his needs, help improve his behavior, take him out on trips, and if he is well enough to leave the hospital, help him settle down in the community.

"They've done very well indeed," says Dr. Milton Greenblatt, superintendent of the hospital. "About 30 per cent of the chronic patients they worked with were able to go back to the community. Without their help, they'd be in the hospital maybe all their lives."

Before the students came on the scene, he recalls, the hospital volunteers were mostly "matrons in their forties on whom fortune had smiled. They were afraid of getting close to the patients. They'd come every five or six months, run a party, and then go away. There was too big a gulf between them—after all, the patients are not very attractive to look at, unkempt, sometimes offensive. But the students are very different. They want to take up the big challenge. It's more like revolutionary zeal—it's youth and enthusiasm, rebellion, and an attitude of 'we're going to show them! We can do better than their doctors and nurses!'" Not only does this enthusiasm help the patients, but it results in considerable savings to the state and in tremendous personal growth for the students, Dr. Greenblatt says. He sees the use of volunteers and sub-professionals in many state hospitals as the only way to make do with

the desperate shortage of trained professionals.

To date, attempts to recruit and train volunteers and salaried mental health aides are no more than tentative token efforts. What will happen when the new community mental health program really gets going is anyone's guess. To qualify for federal funds the centers will be required to provide, as a minimum, in-patient and out-patient service, partial hospitalization, round-the-clock emergency services, and consultation services. These need not be in the same building, but they must be integrated so as to offer a continuity of service to all persons, for all types of psychiatric illness, regardless of ability to pay.

Neighborhood service centers and walk-in clinics with sliding scales of payment may spring up in many cities. In rural areas, on the other hand, a way will have to be found to arrange telephone consultations, and to enable the few psychiatrists and psychologists in the area to help local general practitioners handle mental disorders either in general hospitals, or in their own offices or their patients' homes.

The goal set by the National Institute of Mental Health is the creation of some one thousand community mental health centers across the country. None of them yet exists in complete form, and most of them have not begun to come into being. While they are being built, thousands of new mental health workers must be trained, without any general agreement on where or how this is to be

done. And they are to serve not only the middle class, which has been poorly enough served in the past, but a much larger population of lower-class patients with which psychiatry has had almost no previous contact.

At the same time, the definition of mental health itself seems to be expanding without any limits. "We're going off in all directions," Dr. Redlich complained recently. "When I go to professional meetings nowadays, I hear more about poverty, segregation, and racial strife than about schizophrenia and neuroses."

Last spring the American Orthopsychiatric Association held a round table entitled, "Is Everything a Mental Health Problem?" There was a lively debate on such questions as, "Has mental health overextended itself, trying to use clinical models and experiences to solve major social problems like delinquency, crime, and poverty?"

Nobody knows the answers to these questions at present. But if the professions involved fail to carry off the revolution in mental health while hopes are high, they will never get the necessary support from the states, and all that may be left a few years from now will be a few unfinished buildings in which poorly trained people dispense third-rate care.

Meanwhile the hardest hit of the mentally ill—and the most ignored—are still the poor, and nearly everything about how to reach and treat them still remains to be learned.

His Honor the Mayor: 'Twas Ever Thus

James Harper accepted the American Republican nomination for a second term as Mayor but determined not to campaign. On April 1, 1845, he wrote to the editor of the Sun:

I see by the *Sun* of this morning that I am represented as addressing political meetings in the several wards as a candidate for the mayoralty. It is possible that you were only playing an April joke at my expense, but lest some of your readers should take it in earnest, I must beg you to make the proper retraction. I have no time to attend to political meetings and no inclination to speak at them. . . . I have eaten but one meal at the expense of my constituents and have not driven a mile at their charge and have allowed myself but one day of recreation since last May. Not one cent of the public money has been wasted, the waste of which I could prevent. Fifteen hours of every twenty-four have been zealously, however imperfectly, devoted to the service of my fellow-citizens, and in a word, I have endeavored in the fear of God to do my duty, to reclaim the vicious, to maintain peace and good order, and to promote the cause of virtue and morality.

—From Eugene Exman's *The Brothers Harper*. Harper & Row, 1965.



Like a Bad Dream

A story by Heinrich Böll

Translated by Leila Vennewitz

That evening we had invited the Zumpens over for dinner, nice people, and it was through my father-in-law that we had got to know them; ever since we have been married he has helped me to meet people who can be useful to me in business, and Zumpen can be useful—he is chairman of a committee which places contracts for large housing projects, and I have married into the excavating business.

I was tense that evening, but Bertha, my wife, reassured me. "The fact," she said, "that he's coming at all is promising. Just try and get the conversation round to the contract. You know it's tomorrow they're going to be awarded."

I stood downstairs looking through the net curtains of the glass front door, waiting for Zumpen. I smoked, ground the cigarette butts un-

der my foot, and shoved them under the mat. Next I took up a position at the bathroom window and stood there wondering why Zumpen had accepted the invitation; he couldn't be that interested in having dinner with us, and the fact that the big contract I was involved in was going to be awarded tomorrow must have made the whole thing as embarrassing to him as it was to me.

I thought about the contract too: it was a big one, I would make twenty thousand marks on the deal, and I wanted the money.

Bertha had decided what I was to wear—a dark jacket, trousers a shade lighter, and a conservative tie. That's the kind of thing she learned at home, and at boarding school from the nuns. Also what to offer guests—when to pass the cognac, and when the vermouth, how to arrange

desserts; it is comforting to have a wife who knows all about such things.

But Bertha was tense too; as she put her hands on my shoulders, they touched my neck, and I felt her thumbs damp and cold against it.

"It's going to be all right," she said. "You'll get the contract."

"Christ," I said, "it means twenty thousand marks to me, and you know how we need the money."

"One should never," she said gently, "mention Christ's name in connection with money!"

A dark car drew up in front of our house, a make I didn't recognize, but it looked Italian. "Take it easy," Bertha whispered; "wait till they've rung, let them stand there for a couple of seconds, then walk slowly to the door and open it."

I watched Mr. and Mrs. Zumpen come up the steps. He is slender and tall, with graying temples, the kind of man who fifty years ago would have been known as a "ladies' man"; Mrs. Zumpen is one of those thin dark women who always make me think of lemons. I could tell from Zumpen's face that it was a frightful bore for him to have dinner with us.

Then the doorbell rang, and I waited one second, two seconds, walked slowly to the door and opened it.

"Well," I said, "how nice of you to come!"

Cognac glasses in hand, we went from room to room in our apartment, which the Zumpens wanted to see. Bertha stayed in the kitchen to squeeze some mayonnaise out of a tube onto the appetizers; she does this very nicely—hearts, loops, little houses. The Zumpens complimented us on our apartment; they exchanged smiles when they saw the big desk in my study; at that moment it seemed a bit too big even to me. Zumpen admired a small rococo cabinet, a wedding present from my grandmother, and a baroque madonna in our bedroom.

By the time we got back to the dining room, Bertha had dinner on the table; she had done this very nicely too—it was all so attractive yet so natural, and dinner was pleasant and relaxed. We talked about movies and books, about the recent elections, and Zumpen praised the assortment of cheeses, and Mrs. Zumpen praised the coffee and the pastries. Then we showed the Zumpens our

honeymoon pictures: photographs of the Breton coast, Spanish donkeys, and street scenes from Casablanca.

After that we had some more cognac, and when I stood up to get the box with the photos of the time when we were engaged, Bertha gave me a sign, and I didn't get the box. For two minutes there was absolute silence, because we had nothing more to talk about, and we all thought about the contract; I thought of the twenty thousand marks, and it struck me that I could deduct the bottle of cognac from my income tax. Zumpen looked at his watch and said, "Too bad, it's ten o'clock; we have to go. It's been such a pleasant evening!" And Mrs. Zumpen said, "It was really delightful, and I hope you'll come to us one evening."

"We would love to," Bertha said, and we stood around for another half-minute, all thinking again about the contract, and I felt Zumpen was waiting for me to take him aside and bring up the subject. But I didn't. Zumpen kissed Bertha's hand, and I went ahead, opened the door, and held the car door open for Mrs. Zumpen down below.

"Why," said Bertha gently when I came in, "didn't you mention the contract to him? You know it's going to be awarded tomorrow."

"Well," I said, "I didn't know how to bring the conversation round to it."

"Now look," she said in a quiet voice, "you could have used any excuse to ask him into your study; that's where you should have talked to him. You must have noticed how interested he is in art. You ought to have said, 'I have an eighteenth century crucifix in there you might like to have a look at,' and then . . ."

I said nothing, and she sighed and tied on her apron. I followed her into the kitchen; we put the rest of the appetizers back in the refrigerator, and I crawled about on the floor looking for the top of the mayonnaise tube. I put away the remains of the cognac, counted the cigars—Zumpen had smoked only one; I emptied the ashtrays, ate another pastry, and looked to see if there was any coffee left in the pot. When I went back to the kitchen, Bertha was standing there with the car key in her hand.

"What's up?" I asked.

"We have to go over there, of course," she said.

"Over where?"

"To the Zumpens'," she said; "where do you think?"

"It's nearly half-past ten."

Heinrich Böll's fiction and essays—translated into eighteen languages—have made him one of post-war Germany's most important writers. His latest novel, "The Clown," was published in the U. S. earlier this year by McGraw-Hill.

"I don't care if it's midnight," Bertha said, "all I know is, there's twenty thousand marks involved. Don't imagine they're squeamish."

She went into the bathroom to get ready, and I stood behind her watching her wipe her mouth and draw in new outlines, and for the first time I noticed how wide and primitive that mouth is. When she tightened the knot of my tie I could have kissed her, the way I always used to when she fixed my tie, but I didn't.

Downtown the cafés and restaurants were brightly lit. People were sitting outside on the terraces, and the light from the street lamps was caught in the silver ice-cream dishes and ice buckets. Bertha gave me an encouraging look; but she stayed in the car when we stopped in front of the Zumpens' house, and I pressed the bell at once and was surprised how quickly the door was opened. Mrs. Zumpen did not seem surprised to see me; she had on some black lounging pajamas with loose full trousers embroidered with yellow flowers, and this made me think more than ever of lemons.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I would like to speak to your husband."

"He's gone out again," she said; "he'll be back in half an hour."

In the hall I saw a lot of madonnas, Gothic and baroque, even rococo madonnas, if there is such a thing.

"I see," I said, "well then, if you don't mind I'll come back in half an hour."

Bertha had bought an evening paper; she was reading it and smoking, and when I sat down beside her she said, "I think you could have talked about it to her too."

"But how do you know he wasn't there?"

"Because I know he is at the Gaffel Club playing chess, as he does every Wednesday evening at this time."

"You might have told me that earlier."

"Please try and understand," said Bertha, folding the newspaper. "I am trying to help you, I want you to find out for yourself how to deal with such things. All we had to do was call up Father and he would have settled the whole thing for you with one phone call, but I want you to get the contract on your own."

"All right," I said; "then what'll we do? Wait here half an hour, or go up right away and have a talk with her?"

"We'd better go up right away," said Bertha.

We got out of the car and went up in the elevator together.



"Life," said Bertha, "consists of making compromises and concessions."

Mrs. Zumpen was no more surprised now than she had been earlier, when I had come alone. She greeted us, and we followed her into her husband's study. Mrs. Zumpen brought some cognac, poured it out, and before I could say anything about the contract she pushed a yellow folder toward me. "Housing Project Fir Tree Haven," I read, and looked up in alarm at Mrs. Zumpen, at Bertha, but they both smiled and Mrs. Zumpen said, "Open the folder," and I opened it. Inside was another one, pink, and on this I read, "Housing Project Fir Tree Haven—Excavation Work." I opened this too, saw my estimate lying there on top of the pile; along the upper edge someone had written in red, "Lowest bid."

I could feel myself flushing with pleasure, my heart thumping, and I thought of the twenty thousand marks.

"Christ," I said softly, and closed the file, and this time Bertha forgot to rebuke me.

Korea Bound, 1952

by William Childress

Braced against the rise and fall of ocean,
holding the rail, we listen to the shrill
complaining of the waves against the hull,
and see the Golden Gate rise with our motion.
Some hours previous, bearing duffels
as heavy as our thoughts, we wound inward
like slaves in some gigantic pyramid,
selected by our Pharaoh for burial
against our wills. Now we watch Alcatraz
sink into the water, and visualize
the pale, amorphous masks of prisoners,
whose lack of freedom guarantees their lives.

"*Prost*," said Mrs. Zumpen with a smile. "let's drink to it then."

We drank, and I stood up and said. "It may seem rude of me, but perhaps you'll understand that I would like to go home now."

"I understand perfectly," said Mrs. Zumpen. "There's just one small item to be taken care of." She took the file, leafed through it, and said. "Your price per square meter is thirty pfennigs below that of the next-lowest bidder. I suggest you raise your price by fifteen pfennigs; that way, you'll still be the lowest and you'll have made an extra four thousand five hundred marks. Come on, do it now!" Bertha took her pen out of her purse and offered it to me, but I was in too much of a turmoil to write; I gave the file to Bertha and watched her alter the price with a steady hand, rewrite the total, and hand the file back to Mrs. Zumpen.

"And now," said Mrs. Zumpen, "just one more little thing. Get out your checkbook and write a check for three thousand marks; it must be a cash check and endorsed by you."

She had said this to me, but it was Bertha who pulled our checkbook out of her purse and made out the check.

"It won't be covered," I said in a low voice.

"When the contract is awarded, there will be an advance, and then it will be covered," said Mrs. Zumpen.

Perhaps I failed to grasp what was happening at the time. As we went down in the elevator, Bertha said she was happy, but I said nothing.

Bertha chose a different way home. We drove through quiet residential districts; I saw lights

in open windows, people sitting on balconies drinking wine; it was a clear, warm night.

"I suppose the check was for Zumpen?" was all I said, softly, and Bertha replied, just as softly, "Of course."

I looked at Bertha's small brown hands on the steering wheel, so confident and quiet. Hands, I thought, that sign checks and squeeze mayonnaise tubes, and I looked higher, at her mouth, and still felt no desire to kiss it.

That evening I did not help Bertha put the car away in the garage, nor did I help her with the dishes. I poured myself a large cognac, went up to my study, and sat down at my desk, which was much too big for me. I was wondering about something; I got up, went into the bedroom and looked at the baroque madonna, but even there I couldn't put my finger on the thing I was wondering about.

The ringing of the phone interrupted my thoughts; I lifted the receiver and was not surprised to hear Zumpen's voice.

"Your wife," he said, "made a slight mistake. She raised the price by twenty-five pfennigs instead of fifteen."

I thought for a moment and then said, "That wasn't a mistake, she did it with my consent."

He was silent for a second or two, then said with a laugh, "So you had already discussed the various possibilities?"

"Yes," I said.

"All right; then make out another check of a thousand."

"Five hundred," I said, and I thought: It's like a bad dream—that's what it's like.

"Eight hundred," he said, and I said with a laugh, "Six hundred," and I knew, although I had no experience to go on, that he would now say seven hundred and fifty, and when he did I said, "Yes," and hung up.

It was not yet midnight when I went downstairs and over to the car to give Zumpen the check; he was alone and laughed as I reached in to hand him the folded check. When I walked slowly back into the house, there was no sign of Bertha; she didn't appear when I went back into my study; she didn't appear when I went downstairs again for a glass of milk from the refrigerator, and I knew what she was thinking; she was thinking: He has to get over it, and I have to leave him alone; this is something he has to understand.

But I never did understand. It is beyond understanding.



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The Movies Students Make

New Wave on Campus

by David C. Stewart

Nymphomaniacs, The Establishment, California freeways, and egghead children—all are perfect subject for the big new sport of college film-making.

It was one of those afternoons in Los Angeles when the sun seems to turn the whole city into a shimmering mirage. In the unair-conditioned screening room, a scene straight out of a fire warden's nightmare, not one seat was unoccupied. About two dozen people stood packed in a narrow side aisle while others sat on the floor down in front, their noses nearly touching the screen. Still, there wasn't much complaining; those who had gotten in seemed happy enough to be there.

For the third time in fifteen minutes a stern voice announced, "Now for the last time, I want to tell anyone who does not belong here to *clear out!*" No one stirred. The lights faded and a dead silence greeted the soft, whirring sound of a movie projector.

The first short picture concerned a frazzled woman who rises from her flophouse bed and wanders out into a back alley where a group of children engage her, very gently and sympathetically, in their games. The next film was a crude but compelling account of a nymphomaniac's lonely existence on the grubby, unromantic side of Hollywood

where the soap advertisements are filmed for TV. Following these came a brief and hilarious "silent" comedy called *Sad Saturday* about a college boy looking for a cigarette. One scene, which is accompanied by a modern jazz sound track (the contemporary equivalent of the silent film piano) finds the student in a room full of vending machines. Here, in an atmosphere which brings to mind Chaplin's *Modern Times*, he drops his last quarter into a cigarette machine. When it fails to respond—with either cigarettes or his money—he gives it a good swift kick, whereupon the adjoining machine belches forth black coffee but produces no cup to catch it. His subsequent search for small change in a long row of coin-operated machines is climaxed when his hand gets caught in a refuse container, a brilliantly timed sight gag which brought down the house.

And there were others: a beautifully made surrealistic movie called *Lately*, with lesbian overtones and deliberate photographic overexposures, featuring a nearly perfect jazz score; a seven-minute filmed account of a youngster flashing along the sidewalks of Los Angeles on a skateboard with background music supplied by a zinging electric guitar; and a short animated cartoon entitled *Claude*, about a little eggheaded boy whose awful parents keep telling him how he will never amount to anything and continually nag him about a small black box he carries around.

until he finally uses it to disintegrate them.

Hollywood? Not at all; it's the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles during the annual pre-screening of student-made motion pictures. The films were made only a few miles from the world's recognized movie citadel, but the distance in point of view was a matter of several generations. Hollywood, according to most of those who looked at this year's crop of student movies at UCLA, is definitely *not* where the movie-making action is.

Charles Wurst, the UCLA student who made *Latelly*, is described by his professors as a boy of "immense talent and considerable ability." After finishing *Latelly* he made a film called *Contrition*, a three-part study of personal responsibility, guilt, and self-respect. In the third portion the hero is discovered in monk's habit, on a hillside, intoning a Yiddish poem about Nazi atrocities. Wurst is now shooting a sponsored documentary on the education of mentally retarded children, after which UCLA will send him to Brazil to photograph a special university project. *Sad Saturday* was a first film by a sophomore, Tom Koester. His leading actor, also an undergraduate, has since gone on to professional roles.

UCLA has a penchant for clinging to its best students. Dan McLaughlin, who made *Claude*, is now employed by the university as a full-time animation cameraman. A lot of students work part-time in jobs that relate to films at the University and elsewhere while studying for degrees. Gary Essert, a senior in the Cinema Division, is an expert on movie projection and sound systems. He has, in fact, designed the new UCLA film theater. An artist as well as a mechanic, he creates the main titles for several commercial feature films each year, and designs the layout and lobby displays for many major Hollywood openings, including the Academy Awards (although he was displaced by *My Fair Lady* designer Cecil Beaton this year).

But UCLA is far from alone. All across the country, college students have "discovered" motion pictures. They see the "new wave" pictures



SAD SATURDAY—"...emphasis more on ideas than technique"

and nearly all the other contemporary films the local exhibitor serves up. They are also *Foofs* (friends of old films), as the popularity of Bogart and Von Sternberg festivals at Harvard, Dartmouth, and Northwestern have demonstrated. They attend meetings of campus film societies with the kind of enthralled enthusiasm which is the envy of professors and the bemusement of college administrators.

This addiction to the flicks has taken an important turn in the past five years. Students want to make their *own* pictures. At Boston University, Ohio State, the University of Minnesota, Iowa, and at Stanford, San Francisco State College, Columbia, New York University, and you-name-it, college students are hot for the movie camera, and about all they believe they can learn from Hollywood is what *not* to do. They are aware that technical ability is extremely important, but the emphasis in their movies is much more upon ideas than technique. As a West Coast teacher and former Hollywood technician caustically observed, "Maintaining a cinema school in a place like Los Angeles is like trying to run a medical institution in a community of faith healers."

During the past ten years there has been a

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64 per cent increase in the number of motion-picture-production courses in the nation's hundred largest colleges and universities. When you add the new courses on smaller campuses, the dimensions of this relatively new academic activity are quite impressive. Last year's college catalogues offered, for example, 15 film production courses each at Columbia University and NYU, 28 courses at the University of Southern California, 34 at UCLA. A total of 45 courses were listed at Baylor University, the University of Miami, the University of North Carolina, the University of Houston, and Michigan State. Like many old vine institutions which consider film production courses much too far-out, undistinguished, or unscholarly, Dartmouth offers no courses—just cameras and film to youngsters who seem determined to express themselves in the medium they consider their special discovery.

What is particularly arresting about all this activity is the fact that the students now engaged in moviemaking are just as apt to be majoring in sociology, art, history, literature, or philosophy, as the more conventional theater arts. At Stanford, where entrance requirements are more than a little rigorous, this year's collection of graduate students majoring in film production includes

graduates of Smith, Harvard, University of California, Williams, Barnard, Vassar, and Oxford. The Stanford graduate program is, in fact, especially designed for people who have degrees in other subjects and a strong liberal-arts education. According to Professor Henry Breitrose, Stanford's approach is to train students to use film as a method of expression in terms of art and communication. "Generally," he says, "students come here with the knowledge that this is not a prep school for the industry salt mine. None of our graduates are unemployed. Nor, for that matter, are any in the Hollywood industry. Chances are that after graduation they'll work in New York or the Midwest or the non-Hollywood West. They may go into a shoestring production company and flourish."

The days when some universities took an interest in turning out movie technicians seem to be over. Some popular opinion persists, of course, that college courses in "the movies" are a kind of trade-school apprenticeship or something easy to relax with ("Mickey Mouse" in today's campus parlance). But a look at current curricular activities won't support this. Robert Wagner, who teaches film courses at Ohio State says, "Our theory is that people have to have something to

say before we can help them become film-makers. The technical aspect is not the real problem."

A few teachers and college administrators have begun to discover that student-made films say as much (or more) about students—their present frustrations and aspirations—as about film-making itself. Some contend that these movies are the best guides to the intellectual and emotional world of students, and that even a cursory viewing will provide penetrating insights into what is really behind the recent upheavals at Berkeley and other institutions. On a kind of hunch, the American Council on Education, a relatively conservative organization in higher education, has screened dozens of student-made films to learn more about what undergraduates are thinking. No one has clarified the reasons why these films are so revealing, but most people believe that it has a great deal to do with the fact that students are expressing themselves in a medium which



THE BULB CHANGER—"... a spirit of revolt ... anti-Establishment, anti-system, anti-conformity"

they feel is their own and which, therefore, they can trust.

Not unexpectedly, student films are characterized by a spirit of revolt; they are anti-establishment, anti-system, anti-conformity. In some pictures this takes the form of a relatively clear statement. Take *The Bulb Changer*, a whimsical comedy produced by a Northwestern student, in which the title character completely fouls up an entire community's traffic-light system after he suffers an injustice at the hands of his superior in the local bureaucracy.

More often, however, the "message" in a student film is stated obliquely. A film entitled *Another Yesterday*, made by two undergraduates at the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg School of Communication, is ostensibly a documentary account of the humdrum life of a young Negro prizefighter. We follow him from the time he awakens at 6:00 A.M. and starts his roadwork until he returns from the gym to his dingy one-room apartment following a 9:00 P.M. workout. Boxing is his profession, but most of the time he devotes to it is actually moonlighting, before and after his regular job as a stevedore. Part of the sound track gives us the highlights of a boxer's day, a straightforward, professionally composed narrative. The startling element, however, is an interwoven narration, spoken flatly and without emotion, from Camus' novel *The Stranger*; for example: "Mother died today, or was it yesterday . . . it doesn't really matter . . ." In this second narrative thread the film-makers felt they had captured the essence of "what was really going on." Predictably, they waited until the last minute to add the sound, assuming that their teacher wouldn't understand and would veto the whole project.

Professor Sol Worth at Annenberg says that all nine of the films made there in the past two years deal with death, sex, or authority, several combining two or more of these themes. And they all communicate in an elliptical or ambiguous manner. When there is a "hero" or a "subject," he or it is seldom depicted clearly. The sound track is rarely direct or synchronous; often it is deliberately in direct conflict with the picture. Professor Worth has shown his students' films to a wide variety of audiences to test reactions and has discovered that young people generally exhibit intense identification with the films. But incomprehension and a good deal of hostility ("I think you are intellectually irresponsible to teach young people to make films like this!") characterizes the reaction of most adults—particularly, and ironically, those who are professionally committed to

communication: film-makers, writers, television and film critics. A teacher, pondering this problem, recently admitted, "Young people today seem to be talking a different language. But," he added, "at least some of the adults are sympathetic to the way they communicate."

Colleges and universities are beginning to develop distinct styles of film-making. Even the most superficial survey of student productions teaches the viewer to spot a Boston University movie (emphasis on photography, little narrative), or to tell the difference between a film made at UCLA, USC, Columbia, and NYU (professional techniques) and one produced at San Francisco State or Pratt Institute (emphasis on art and design). Teachers who are acquainted with both film and literary endeavors report that the motion picture productions are generally fresher, more imaginative, and far less derivative. Truffaut's style, or *Renaissance*, can be recognized here and there, but no film style is imitated in the sense that students in creative writing courses grind out Faulkner- Hemingway- McCarthy- and Mailer-esque stories.

The Crane Swings

While styles vary considerably, common themes consistently emerge. There is the demolition film, for instance: the giant crane swinging a massive wrecking ball against the side of a building which stands hopelessly defenseless amidst a kind of generalized urban horror. Over and over again, such films disclose a theme of "the faceless ones" (the wreckers are rarely seen, only their machinery) destroying what man and nature have patiently created. Students at the University of Minnesota have produced a film in this genre, which is an account of the razing of the Metropolitan Building, a historical landmark in Minneapolis. We are informed that the building "supposedly interfered with the aesthetics of a redevelopment project." The camera work includes a shot of a pigeon caught inside the building while the snow swirls against the baroque exterior as well as a shot of the dark, massive structure standing alone in a rainswept urban landscape. At Northwestern a movie which has been quite popular on the college and museum circuit, entitled *Goodnight Socrates*, describes the eviction of a Greek community in Chicago and the demolition of their houses to make way for a network of freeways. A Boston University version is a poetic treatment of a large office building being wrecked, climaxed by a violent musical crescendo; it ends quietly with a long



GOODNIGHT, SOCRATES—"... destroying what man and nature have patiently created"

shot of a lonely human figure in the rain, picking his way through the flattened city rubble.

Pure violence attracts many young film-makers. A short and effective movie made by a Pratt Institute student is simply the record of a two-against-one teen-age fight in New York, directed and acted with all the style but none of the sentimentality of a sequence from *West Side Story*. Students at the State University of Iowa have communicated almost the same degree of supercharged emotion through the visual treatment of a man stepping on a grasshopper. At Columbia University, a picture running under five minutes comes closer than any nightmare to the sensation of being run down and finally hit by a speeding car. A suicide scene filmed at the State University of Iowa combines Hitchcock's gore with Cocteau's grace, applying it all to the story of a love affair which ends in an apartment in West Libertyville, Iowa.

Certain areas of the country seem to produce the same student cinematographic images with monotonous regularity. And for good reason. Lacking adequate studios, students get out and shoot what's at hand. Stanford, for example, located close to the heart of America's population explosion, has finally had to rule out (thematically, that is) babies and children. The film production department has also called a halt to pictures about freeways. According to a Stanford professor, "We've had about every possible variation on the freeway and superhighway film. We finally made the freeway film of all time, simply by strapping a camera on the back of a truck, turning it

on, and driving from Palo Alto to the Golden Gate Bridge. Each new student is required to see it. Freeway, all the way. The crazy thing is, we sent the film to Yugoslavia where they *loved it!*"

In very general terms, the themes of student cinematic efforts parallel the products of undergraduate prose and poetry: "life is very hard," "it's tough to be young" (a variation on the "looking back" film which pictures childhood as lonely, frustrating, but good), and "the adult world is very difficult." It's almost as if these young

people were showing the first confused symptoms of the adult's nostalgia for the past.

Efforts at comedy rarely succeed. A recent exception is an elaborate satire, *It's Not Just You, Murray*, made at NYU by Martin Scorsese with the help, one suspects, of every able-bodied student assistant he could get, and over a thousand dollars he borrowed to supplement the University's regular production budget which runs around \$400 to \$600. This year Hollywood's Screen Producers Guild gave *Murray* its award for the best student film made in America, and at least one New York theater chain has shown an interest in exhibiting it.

Should Distributors Wake Up?

With all the creative energy being poured into college film-making, it is unfortunate that it is so difficult to see the films themselves. Part of the trouble is that they are not feature length, and, therefore, awkward for commercial exhibition. In fact, they are not conventional in *most* ways. Even exhibitors who run art houses booking avant-garde films are not anxious to lose their shirts on pictures made by amateurs. For while these movies contain brilliant scenes, their superb insights are intermittent, and the high level of some performances is seldom sustained during the course of an entire film. In fairness it should be added that critical standards are lower for films than for other arts, especially literature. All too often a young man who produces one film which

really ought to be thrown away will suddenly be acclaimed as the standard-bearer of New American Cinema.

And what of the men who teach film courses? Predictably, they make a mixed academic bag. Since the subjects of film criticism, history, appreciation, and production have not yet succumbed to a hardening of the categories, there is no "approved" way of joining these professorial ranks. Sol Worth used to be a painter, and for seventeen years was a partner and chief photographer in a New York studio. Jack Ellis, who heads the film division of Northwestern University, took his Ph.D. in Education at Columbia University.

Henry Breitrose, who directs film production at Stanford and holds a doctorate in mass communication research from that institution, began his academic career at the University of Wisconsin, majoring in English and history. Film-production courses at San Francisco State College are taught by John Fell, whose graduate degrees are in English and sociology. Colin Young, a bearded thirty-eight-year-old Scotsman who has just been made head of UCLA's Department of Theater Arts (promoted from his previous chairmanship of the Cinema Division), graduated from St. Andrews in 1951 with a master's degree in philosophy.

Being part of the learning process, student films are, and *should* be, full of mistakes—the best kind of mistakes. It is altogether possible that commercial distribution to a wide audience would eventually corrupt and distort inherent educational values and create a kind of self-consciousness, causing students to feel less free to experiment and to try the impossible.

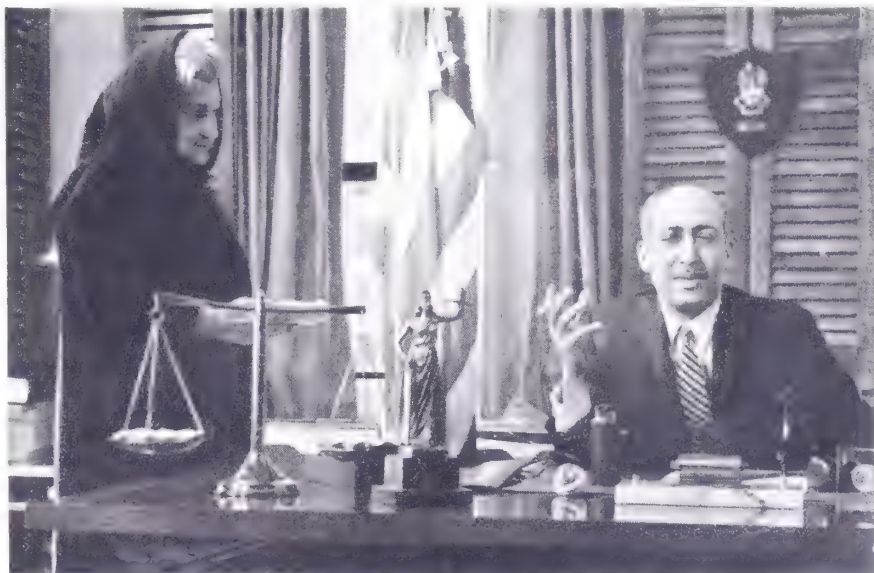
Such misgivings and artistic limitations to the contrary, student-made films are reaching a much larger audience each year, both here and abroad. A few Boston University films have been shown in Germany, for example, to enthusiastic Berlin audiences who felt they lacked the usual slickness and got much closer to reality. In the summer and early fall, it is hard to throw a rock without hitting some kind of campus film

festival where a number of undergraduate motion pictures are being screened and discussed. This October the U. S. National Students Association is sponsoring a national student film festival at UCLA. There are plans to send the winners on an extensive campus circuit, both in this country and overseas. UCLA has gone to the trouble (and considerable expense) of transferring several of its own outstanding student films from 16-mm to the more commercially usable 35-mm and there are rumors that Joseph E. Levine (*The Carpetbaggers*, *Harlow*, etc.) is anxious to put the pictures into commercial distribution.

What Hollywood Might Learn

However, the greatest public advantage will be realized when the intellectual and creative talent of the film students themselves is exerted in full force upon the nation's popular arts. The changes which are almost certain to be wrought in movie-making (among them an acceleration of the trend toward documentary pictures) are bound to reshape the present moviegoing audience. Indeed, entirely new audiences will be created by the new pictures. This is not to say that movies like *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini* won't continue to be manufactured. It is just that an increasingly critical audience is going to be offered a greater range of motion pictures in terms of style and subject matter.

What these new movies will do to—and, potentially, for—the art and entertainment business,



IT'S NOT JUST YOU, MURRAY—"I'm very rich, I'm very influential, but my mother always said, 'Murray, eat first.'"



Director Martin Scorsese and cameraman Richard Coll shoot one of the outdoor scenes around New York for "It's Not Just You, Murray," "the best student film in America."

economically, will be of no small consequence. Hollywood, which has come to live with fiscal upheavals as a condition of existence is in for another dislocating wrench unless it prepares for greater acceptance of experimentation by talented young people who are no longer clamoring at movieland's golden West Coast gates.

But more important than the students' contribution toward enlarging and enhancing our entertainment potential is the fact that they are now beginning to use a camera the way an author uses a typewriter. The social sciences, especially anthropology, psychology, and sociology, will benefit enormously from new research conducted by investigators who have received training in film-making in addition to a liberal-arts education.

Some businessmen may be induced by young economists with film training to make a few motion pictures with real style and substance, as replacements for soggy public-relations efforts which are dumped on the free film market each year, destined to bore a few thousand people before they are written off as a business expense,

and mercifully forgotten. Educators (usually the last to recognize, attract, and put to use the products of their own enterprise) may begin to employ the new film-making talent in the interpretation of academic subjects. The effect of this upon audiovisual education could be nothing but salutary.

Most teachers agree that the typical student film-maker is bright, has a strong aesthetic sense, is independent, energetic, and extremely resourceful. He is often involved in a civil-rights demonstration, a sit-in, or a teach-in. And he may very well be a Peace Corps volunteer. Some get interested in film through a disenchantment with TV and radio or through a passion for foreign movies.

Almost universally the major interest in film-making on the campus has developed from the desire to do something about the way things are, to make an effective statement about the way the world is, and suggest how it ought to be. If there appears to be no "party line" among the new film-makers, there is, at the least, an obvious need to change things, and chief among these things is the art of film-making itself.



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What Ails the Journalism Schools

by David Boroff

Why they are coming under renewed and stinging attack: an appraisal and some suggestions for reform.

The war against journalism education has been long and relentless. In 1938, Robert Hutchins denounced journalism schools as "the shadiest educational ventures under respectable auspices." Even earlier, Abraham Flexner, who did so much to revolutionize medical education, contemptuously dismissed journalism schools as "on a par with university faculties of cookery and clothing." Though the idiom of abuse has changed in recent years, the hostile critics are as vigorous as ever, and the journalism educators continue to react with a curious torpor.

The melancholy truth is that, with the exception of perhaps eight or nine strong schools, journalism education is sunk in a morass of demoralization, low standards, and self-contempt. It inhabits the poverty sector of academia. And this at a time when communications—not only nationally but internationally—have reached a new pitch of urgency and complexity.

In 1963, I visited more than twenty-five journalism schools as a consultant to an educational foundation. I followed up my investigation recently by asking those schools to apprise me of what had taken place since my visit. Interestingly enough, about one-third of the schools chose *not* to respond. Only a handful described changes (the rest merely sent their current catalogues and brochures),

and none described any far-reaching revisions.

To be sure, the state of journalism education is inseparable from the condition of journalism itself. There are actually fewer newspapers today than forty years ago and about the same number—1,763 dailies—as there were in 1946. Metropolitan dailies, in particular, have suffered attrition despite the growing urban population, with the slack taken up somewhat by the increase in suburban newspapers. But suburban newspapers, which dispense local business and social news by and large, offer far less hope for a revitalized press than metropolitan dailies.

Even more important, newspaper work has declined in status. In a sampling of 1,500 high-school students a few years ago, it ranked eighth in prestige among eleven professions. Somehow, the glamour and magic of the craft have leaked out of it. Newspapers are better than they were, more responsible, less given to shrill sensationalism, but newspapermen seem less exciting. The theatrical aura they used to have has been preempted by television newscasters, who are known more as personalities than as reporters. Three or four decades ago, the newspaperman was appealingly raffish—at once a bum who drank too much and a knight errant who charged unafraid at social injustice, succored the weak, and crossed lances with the powerful and arrogant. (An old-time newspaper used to have this lovely credo: "*To comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable.*") Today the newspaperman is vaguely professional but not professional enough. Nor is he fortified by the old

crusading spirit. Even the cherished identification between newspaper work and literature has largely disappeared. Would-be writers used to head for the city room (Stephen Crane, Dreiser, Hemingway); today they affiliate with universities. And it may well be that the decline in competition—as a result of the reduced number of dailies—has also had an enfeebling effect. Monopolies may be profitable, but nobody has argued that they are exciting.

Money, of course, is a factor. Salaries for newspapermen have not kept pace with the professions—\$90 is the going rate for a beginner with a degree in journalism, less in small towns. In addition, the copy boy or cub reporter sees little hope for advancement, since the career pyramid has a wide base (the working press) and a narrow apex (editors and executives). The result is a good deal of lateral movement—out of newspapers into TV, public relations, and advertising. (About half the people who start in newspapers drift out within six years.) There is something seriously awry when a paid propagandist, working on behalf of a corporation or a trade union earns more than the man whose job it is to tell the truth.

All of these factors have weakened schools of journalism. At least one school—at Boston University—has capitulated to harsh reality and now calls itself the School of Public Relations and Communications. Most journalism schools now offer sequences in advertising and radio-television. In fact, the term *journalism* has fallen into mild disrepute. The new word is *communications*, and old-line newspapermen—sometimes to their dismay—find that they are now *communicators* in the somewhat bland company of PR and advertising men and ever-smiling TV personalities.

The Case for Abolishing It

In short, journalism education is in trouble. At a time of vast expansion in higher education, it is just about holding its own with approximately 13,000 student majors in the country, 50 accredited journalism schools, another 50 nonaccredited programs worth taking seriously, and perhaps 200 other schools where courses are offered.

Can one make a case for journalism education? I think so. Journalism schools are, in a sense, "trade schools." But that familiar stricture is a phony, for so are schools of law, medicine, pharmacy, and engineering—yet no one suggests their abolition. (A perfectly sound case can be made, for example, for restoring the old pattern of "reading for the law," which is the way Lincoln did it.)

There is, of course, the more sophisticated argu-

ment that prospective journalists need all the liberal-arts training they can get—and here they are being force-fed a lumpy diet of layout, copy editing, and graphics. Any intelligent young man or woman, the argument runs, can pick up the trade skills in short order on the job. This is all very well, but nobody knows this better than the journalism schools themselves, which have cut the trade courses to the bone. There is hardly a school that violates what has become virtually a sacred formula: 75 per cent liberal arts and 25 per cent journalism courses. In fact, the trend now is to pare the journalism segment down to 15 per cent. Nor should one overlook the liberal-arts content of such journalism courses as history of the press, or press and society. As for news writing, that is valuable training for anybody—journalism major or not—at a time when everyone is howling that Johnny can't write. The real trade courses, then, prove to be a mere handful and they are getting slimmed down all the time. Indeed, the argument about trade courses is, at bottom, discriminatory; it could as well be turned against such so-called "liberal-arts" courses in other departments as statistical methods or industrial psychology.

Another group of critics argue that newspapers don't really want journalism majors. This is nonsense. Editors in at least a half dozen cities I visited affirmed that they preferred journalism-school graduates—and for an obvious reason: they come in prepared to work, no training necessary. To be sure, some of the more sophisticated newspapers—the *New York Times*, the *Minneapolis Tribune*—hire bright liberal-arts majors who learn their stuff on the job. (They also hire journalism majors.) There is also the familiar cant about wanting broadly trained people. One hears the same thing from personnel men about executive trainees. But usually when the chips are down, newspapers hire journalism majors, and corporations hire business-administration majors.

If journalism schools were to disappear tomorrow, I do not think this would be a serious blow to American culture. But the inescapable truth is that they are not likely to go out of business. The long-range trend in American life is toward greater professionalization, not less. Thus, the real

David Boroff, whose many articles in "Harper's" have contributed vivid and significant pictures of American life, had completed this essay before his sudden death in May of this year. It is based on an extensive study he had made for the Ford Foundation. Mr. Boroff was associate professor of English at New York University and author of "Campus USA."

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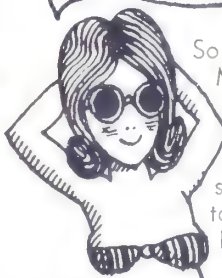


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question is not should we have schools of journalism but how bad are they? The answer is they are worse than we can comfortably tolerate.

Refugees from the City Room

The first strike against the journalism schools is the faculty. Though they are not the lame, the halt, and the blind that nasty legend would have one believe, neither are they good enough. Many are refugees from the city room because they couldn't really make the grade. Cut off from the mainstream of journalism yet not really part of the academic community, they often become insulated and unworldly.

Are there first-class journalists now committed to teaching? Only a handful. Contrast this with other fields—law, medicine, architecture—where the most gifted practitioners often have at least part-time academic posts. Not so in journalism education, which is a place to withdraw to. It is revealing, too, that the best researchers into the mass media—*e.g.*, Paul Lazarsfeld, Robert Merton, Bernard Berelson—are in research institutes which are not part of journalism schools.

The role of the Ph.D. is symptomatic. Though the percentage of journalism teachers with the Ph.D. is lower than in traditional departments, it is going up steadily. In fact, the doctorate is becoming mandatory for journalism professors in most of the leading schools. But this is less wholesome than it sounds. The Ph.D. is indeed the visa to academic respectability, but it has the effect of freezing out some of the best journalist-teachers. Moreover, the Ph.D.s who are available to journalism schools tend to be marginal types. They generally have their degrees in related fields—history, political science, sociology—and if they were first-class, they would go into those fields instead of into journalism. It would be far wiser to recruit superior journalists with an aptitude for teaching than to settle for second-class Ph.D.s.

Teaching in journalism schools ranges from the inspired to the appalling. In the hands of a good teacher, even a narrow "skill" course can have rich dimensions. With an inept one, even a potentially exciting course like press and society becomes a weary rehash of platitudes. But there is one chronic problem: Because there is less subject matter than in other disciplines, journalism teachers all too often drift into the academic shell game of giving fancy names and definitions to self-evident things. Here is a not untypical excerpt from a journalism textbook: "The first essential element of a magazine is the text, the reading matter that

fills most of its pages. . . . A basic step in the editorial process is the procurement of content, or copy in the trade jargon." That students swallow this without mounting the barricades is a dismal commentary on their passivity. The class at the Newhouse School of Communications (Syracuse University) that used this textbook had a discussion about whether you start with text or photographs in doing a layout—all this without actual materials to work with! I recognize that one can find fatuity aplenty in any classroom (including my own), but this particular course seemed weighted down with nonsense.

In another course at Syracuse, I heard a pointless discussion about when you address an editor by his first name (the professor's dictum: after you have achieved rapport with him), and whether or not a writer should use personal stationery. This kind of woolgathering is almost inevitable when a limited course like copy editing is stretched out over an entire semester. (Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism has a solution: craft courses are taught in a few weeks.)

In news writing, I have seen good teaching and bad. In the better-managed courses, students are turned loose on a real story. At Medill (Northwestern University), for example, students did a mass interview with a highly controversial campus chaplain. (Significantly, their teacher—a part-time professor—was a reporter with the *Chicago Tribune*.) Elsewhere, I watched students writing obituaries from data sheets—a kind of scrambled text. This was a foolish exercise because what they should be learning is how to dig up information themselves.

What I observed in magazine-writing classes was even less encouraging. Few of the teachers were themselves magazine writers, and when they were, their outlets were likely to be in minor, low-quality magazines. I was startled when a journalism professor announced that he had just sent a query to *Outdoor Life* about an article he wanted to do. This was typical of a pervasive fallacy: a kind of flabby egalitarianism, which views all magazines as equal—with the better-paying ones perhaps a little more equal. I was therefore not surprised when students at the highly rated journalism school at the University of Missouri declared that *Reader's Digest* is "the ultimate," their reason being the handsome rates that magazine pays. When I raised the issue of "quality" with them, it was as though I were talking Urdu. Even at the best journalism schools, students were doing magazine articles on such trivia as meal planning and courtesy training for supermarket employees. Is it rash to propose that



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Reporter's Front Seat

by H. L. Mencken

AT a time when the respectable bourgeois youngsters of my generation were college freshmen, oppressed by simian sophomores and affronted with balderdash daily and hourly by chalky pedagogues, I was at large in a wicked seaport of half a million people, with a front seat at every public show, as free of the night as of the day, and getting earfuls and eyefuls of instruction in a hundred giddy arcana, none of them taught in schools. On my twenty-first birthday, by all orthodox cultural standards, I probably reached my all-time low, for the heavy reading of my teens had been abandoned in favor of life itself . . . But it would be an exaggeration to say that I was ignorant, for if I neglected the humanities I was meanwhile laying in all the worldly wisdom of a police lieutenant, a bartender, a shyster lawyer, or a midwife. And it would certainly be idiotic to say that I was not happy. The illusion that swathes and bedizens journalism, bringing in its endless squads of recruits, was still full upon me, and I had yet to taste the sharp teeth of responsibility. Life was arduous, but it was gay and carefree. The days chased one another like kittens chasing their tails.

Whether or not the young journalists of today live so spaciouly is a question that I am not competent to answer, for my contacts with them, of late years, have been rather scanty. They undoubtedly get a great deal more money than we did in 1900, but their freedom is much less than ours was, and they somehow give me the impression, seen at a distance, of complacency rather than intrepidity. In my day a reporter who took an assignment was wholly on his own until he got back to the office, and even then he was little molested until his copy was turned in at the desk; today he tends to become only a homunculus at the end of a telephone wire, and the reduction of his observations to prose is commonly farmed out to literary castrati who never leave the office, and hence never feel the wind of the world in their faces or see anything with their own eyes. I well recall my horror when I heard, for the first time, of a journalist who had laid in a pair of what were then called bicycle pants and taken to golf: it was as if I had encountered a studhorse with his hair done up in frizzes, and pink bowknots peeking out of them. It seemed, in some vague way, ignominious, and even a bit indelicate.

—From *Newspaper Days*, 1942. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. from *The Vintage Mencken* Gathered by Alistair Cooke. Copyright 1942 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

a college student's sights should be raised above hack writing?

This squalid professionalism provokes a rather unhappy analogy. If English and American literature were taught in the same marketplace spirit as journalism, then Shakespeare, T. S. Eliot, and Faulkner would be ignored in favor of Mickey Spillane, Irving Wallace, and Grace Metalious. I saw direct evidence of the marketplace orientation at the University of Oklahoma where creative writing is taught under the aegis of the Journalism School. The teacher proudly displayed a rack of low-grade paperbacks which had emanated from the course over the years. He should have blushed. Yet he piously explained that the emphasis in the course is on publishing—"it doesn't matter where."

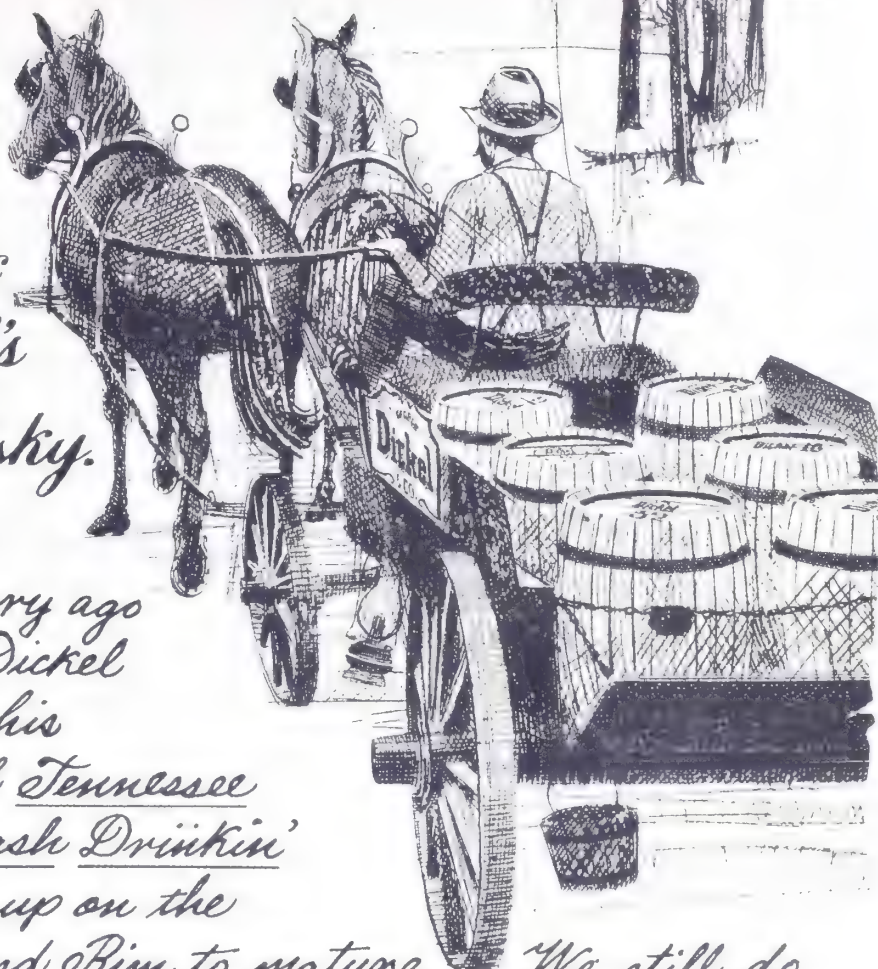
What They Are Afraid Of

About half of the schools of journalism decline to have anything to do with the university's newspaper and thus deny their students the best possible laboratory in which to try out their skills and learn the hard way about freedom and responsibility. The reason usually offered is that the campus newspaper is a headache and journalism departments have troubles enough. At the University of Michigan, where the campus daily has no connection with the journalism school, journalism students turn out a once-a-month sheet concerned with issues remote from campus. The sophisticated editors of the student daily—largely English and political-science majors—are understandably patronizing toward journalism students. On the other hand, journalism students at the University of Missouri actually turn out one of the town's daily newspapers. It is little wonder that student morale is high. And at the University of Oklahoma, the campus newspaper—under the aegis of the Journalism School—"covers" the town and is read in town.

Some critics of journalism education argue that it is just as well that journalism schools keep hands off campus newspapers since their tendency would be to muzzle them anyway. But that is merely another way of saying that these schools would fail their responsibility to train students to see and report the world around them truly.

The retreat from responsibility on campus is matched by another kind of pusillanimity: the absence of any real critical spirit about the mass media. (An honorable exception is Columbia University's *Journalism Review*, which takes a hard look at press performance.) At the schools I

*Mother
Nature worked
her magic
in Mr. Dickel's
Whisky.*



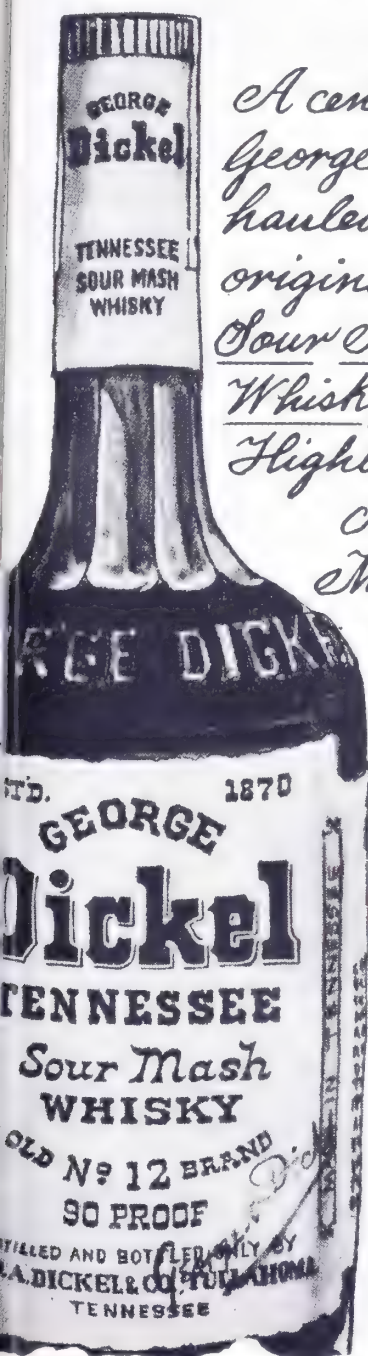
*A century ago
George Dickel
hailed his
original Tennessee
Sour Mash Drinkin'
Whisky up on the
Highland Rim to mature.*

We still do.

*Mr. Dickel said that's where
Mother Nature worked her magic
best. Mellowing the whisky in
the cool, crisp air.*

*Whether it was magic or not,
the whisky that came out of those
barrels was lighter than the
step of a bluetick hound. Full-bodied
enough to start with -- light
enough to stay with. Drinkin'
whisky for gentlefolk, Mr. Dickel
said it was.*

Still is.



visited, I administered a simple test to students: I asked them to identify such "humanistic" critics of the mass media as Dwight Macdonald, Leslie Fiedler, and A. J. Liebling. In most cases, these names were totally unfamiliar to them. And how would they know—when departmental libraries rarely carry quality magazines?

In 1963, a committee of journalism educators undertook a modest study of the extent to which schools of journalism are providing a critical appraisal of the mass media. The results were discouraging. Of 151 departments and schools from which information was solicited, only 33 responded. Those answering described limited critical activity—occasional articles and speeches. And one brave—or guilt-ridden—soul wrote: "Like other schools, we may at times soft-pedal opinions in public in the interest of survival."

In some schools, these genteel inhibitions stem from an all-too-cozy relationship with the press association of the state, which is sometimes lodged in the journalism school itself. This is the case at the University of Florida. At the University of Missouri, the state press association even pays part of the chairman's salary. Good relations between the professionals in the business and journalism educators are obviously desirable, but too much amity can only disable the educator's critical spirit.

If there is too much hand-holding with state press associations, there is far too little with other departments on campus. Journalism professors are often intellectually alienated and academically insecure. But the fault is not theirs, for they are the victims of a malicious and brutal snobbery. Indeed, no academic guild is more thoughtless in the treatment of journalism departments than English professors. One would naïvely assume that these two departments would naturally intersect in their interests. They are both concerned with writing skills, even teach similar courses, *e.g.*, creative and critical writing. And there is a large ill-defined area in which journalism and literature overlap. (Is Edmund Wilson a journalist or a literary man?) Still, there is virtually no contact except that English professors try to lure promising students away from journalism and snipe at "journalese."

This is a great pity, for there is much they can learn from each other. English professors, their eyes fixed on the great tradition, can teach the lesson of literary excellence, something journalists are often indifferent to. English teachers can also revive the sense journalists used to have of themselves as writers (not communicators). On the other hand, journalism professors can help defeat

The Return

by Jeannette Nichols

For a long time now
I have not been able to write you
(the attendants here steal words)
but they have installed new windows in my room,
replaced the door that had the meshed window
near the top (this door opens out)
and I can tell you
how it is
I came here. You remember about
the trees, and the night
the rain came in
to take me by both my hands
out (I've never gone back).
After that
I learned about eating nuts, flowers,
sweet shards of wind
caught ripe off the sea (we all survive
as best we can). But the diet
changes. I've learned here
to make lettuce sandwiches, to drink
from melons and peaches (the water is impure)
and I get on. They tell me
you are asking how I am
so I am writing to say
I am, at least I think I am,
and (should this new door open out again)
will see you
when you come carrying the name
I once wore
like an almond between your teeth.
You'll know me
by the verb *love* pinned to my dress
like a fresh Palm Sunday cross.
And if I forget who you are
(My habit is to finger the verb
hoping to remember)
please smile, say who I am
and lead me back,
(all my words are packed)
there's nothing for me here.

coterie excesses—preciosity, jargon, an indecent contempt for the general reader.

Here and there one finds some creative interchange. At the University of Missouri, William Peden, an English professor and an active book reviewer, has taught critical writing to journalism students. And at the University of Wisconsin, a

italian Line 1965



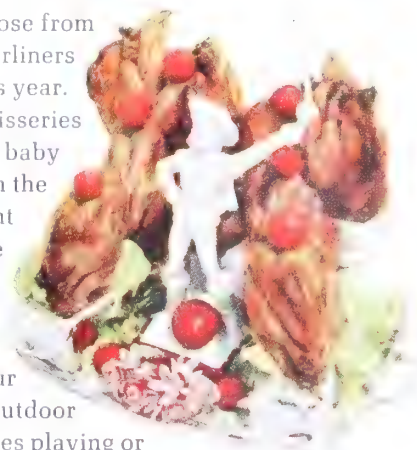
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course in literary aspects of journalism has recently been introduced. Far more typical was Stanford University, where two top-flight critics and journalists—Irving Howe and Louis Kronenberger—happened to be teaching in the English Department a few years ago. It never occurred to the journalism people to involve either man in the life of their school.

Journalism students, as a result of all this, see themselves as marginal, somewhere around the level of education or business-administration majors. At Syracuse University, a student said wryly, "Journalism students get an extra holiday—Disney's birthday." At Boston University, the student grapevine insists that if you can't make the grade in the liberal-arts college, you are encouraged to shift to the School of Public Relations and Communications. In a surprising number of schools, the academic deans acknowledged that if they were starting from scratch, they would not include a school or department of journalism.

A striking exception is provided by the Midwest where, in the tradition of the land-grant universities, journalism is respected. At Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and Northwestern, the journalism major does not suffer from self-contempt. These schools, to be sure, have their problems—intellectual poverty is one of them—but demoralization has not set in.

What about graduate work in journalism? In general, the M.A. program is virtually indistinguishable from the undergraduate curriculum. However, the fifteen-odd Ph.D. programs, scattered about the country, represents a new frontier—in communications research, a field which its proponents see as the salvation of journalism education.

Communications research is a catchall term to designate studies of the process and media of communication. The approach is usually quantitative, often interdisciplinary, and communications researchers include many of the New Men such as psycholinguists, social psychologists, ethnolinguists, etc. They are concerned with such matters as encoding and decoding of information, opinion formation, audience behavior, etc. These investigations are carried out with a good deal of methodical sophistication, often with the help of computers. One need hardly add that they are rarely concerned with critical appraisals of mass-media performance.

How did communications research land in journalism schools? Wilbur Schramm of Stanford, one of the pioneers in the field, explained, "The first question I asked was, 'How can journalism schools behave like university people? The answer was

research." And it is through communications research that journalism schools have been trying to achieve academic respectability. Indeed, in places where there are distinguished centers of communications research—notably in the Midwest and at Stanford—they have succeeded.

Many journalism professors truculently reject communications research as nose-counting and quantification of the obvious. There can be little doubt, however, about the ingenuity and scientific probity of much communications research. And if nonsense crops up, the same can be said for all the behavioral sciences. But there are some poignant ironies. In their pursuit of academic status, communications researchers have abandoned the traditional journalistic virtues—clarity, grace, simplicity—in favor of abstruseness and ponderous diction. (An extreme example of the descent into technical verbiage is this honey of a Ph.D. dissertation: "Mediated Attitudes as Indices of Non-congruity Factors in Attitude Change.") Even more important, communications researchers are in grave danger of losing contact with journalistic practice. In fact, many of them couldn't care less, for they see themselves as behavioral scientists, not as journalists. In other words, there is a jarring discontinuity. The new Ph.D. in communications research will do little or nothing to improve the media. He is likely to spend his career in academic life training other communications researchers or in market research, although it is becoming fashionable for Ph.D. candidates to spend one summer as a newspaperman, slumming, as it were, just to see what it is like down there in the unscientific dust and grime.

After Pruning, a New Blend

If graduate training is not the all-purpose answer, what is? In general, the goal should be the training of generalists, broadly educated and insatiably curious, who know a good deal about a lot of things and have an aptitude for translating complexities into clear and vivid terms. Journalists should also be tireless readers. "You can't really hope to be much of a writer unless you like to read," Ralph McGill has remarked. One thing is certain: journalism should not be a refuge for the vaguely talented, the provincial, the dull.

But more specifically, what can be done? Journalism education must be liberated from the stranglehold of second-class journalism educators, state press associations, and provincial editors. This means a drastic reduction in the number of journalism schools and departments. There simply

isn't talent enough to go around. The schools that survive the pruning process might consider the following guidelines:

1. *The best practitioners in the business should be recruited into journalism education.* The old canard—those who can, do; and those who can't, teach—is false. The best novelists teach writing these days, the most gifted actors teach acting. The reason talented journalists have kept out of universities is that they haven't been invited. A journalism dean said peremptorily, "Teaching is a full-time activity. I don't want writers." That is like a chairman of a history department saying, "I don't want historians in my department—only people who teach history." Farewell Henry Steele Commager!

Admittedly, a journalist who settles into teaching soon becomes an ex-journalist. The solution is to have a system of rotating professorships with the best journalists shuttling back and forth between the media and the university. The attraction for the journalist is that without sacrificing income he can take time out to think, write a book, or just immerse himself in a university, one of the great power centers of our time. Consider how effectively a man like James Reston or Richard Rovere could teach a course in public-affairs reporting, or what an editor of *The New York Review of Books* could bring to a course in critical writing. And a corollary benefit would be a curbing of the Ph.D. mania.

2. At present, there are some programs designed to train science and foreign-affairs reporters, especially at Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism. *There is an equally pressing need to train writers in the behavioral sciences, in cultural criticism (including book reviewing), and education.*

3. To help practicing journalists keep intellectually alive, *there should be a broad program—like the Nieman Fellowships but far more ambitious—to bring newspapermen and TV people to the campus for a semester or a year.* They should take courses, participate in seminars, or just hole up in the library. Not only will their intellectual life be quickened, but they will bring a breath of the outside world to the campus.*

4. To meet the needs of small-town dailies and

The Ford Foundation in April of this year made two substantial grants aimed at improving the education of American newsmen—to the Nieman Foundation (which gives fellowships to newspapermen to work at Harvard) and to the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. These grants, totaling nearly \$3 million and made on a matching basis, will be followed by others in the next few years.

David Boroff's appraisal of the journalism schools is the first in a series that *Harper's* will publish from time to time in the months ahead on

The Professional Schools

including law, medicine, engineering, architecture, and others.

weeklies, suburban newspapers, etc., *there should be journalism programs in two-year community colleges.* There might also be summer crash programs in basic journalistic skills to meet the needs of the marketplace. Journalism-school graduates, by way of contrast, should be keenly sophisticated and highly trained—prepared for the most exacting demands of the profession.

5. *The critics of mass culture should be part of the academic scene, perhaps in regional institutes for critical appraisal of the mass media.* Such institutes would have a watchdog function to be carried out by teams of social scientists, journalists, critics, etc. These institutes might even enlist the aid of communications researchers but with evaluation, not mere measurement, as goal.

6. But there remains one final proposal. Perhaps the hard-boiled critics are right. Perhaps schools of journalism don't really make sense. A bright young man *can* learn the trade skills in a week or two. Perhaps we ought to think not of journalism schools but of appropriate training for future journalists. And here a special program may well be in order.

Our undergraduate colleges are becoming more and more oriented toward graduate study; they provide, in other words, for the needs of the future specialist. The journalist is the last of the generalists, an old-fashioned GP of knowledge. Superficiality, half-baked notions—these are the risks he inevitably runs. *Perhaps what a journalist really needs is a special program without a major field, in which he learns as much as he can about the principal areas of contemporary life—not only from leading scholars but also from practitioners.* For example, his political-science training should be shared by professors of political science, State Department officials, and journalists. In economics, he should be meeting Wall Street operators, trade-union officials, as well as academics. His training, in other words, should be a new and unique blend of the theoretical and the pragmatic.

This is merely a proposal, perhaps a hare-brained one. But there can be no doubt that proposals are in order. Journalism education is too important to be left to journalism educators.

I don't hate my father, Doctor.
How can you hate someone you
hardly know?

My mother kept telling me that he was
away helping people. Because that's
what a travel agent was supposed to do.
But she was always crying. And some-
times she'd throw things.

And what could I do? I was just a kid.
What did I know about travel agents?
For a long time, I didn't even know
about fathers. I didn't have a haircut
until I was..... 9.

Not that it was my father's fault. He
just wanted to be a good travel agent,
that's all.
So when he wasn't helping to figure
out somebody else's vacation, he was
taking one of his own.
"Got to check things out," he used to
say.

And he sure did. He knew which room
in the best hotels had the best views.
But he didn't know which room at
home was mine.

The places he went! Hong Kong, Rio,
Paris, Tel Aviv, Kuala Lumpur, Phoe-
nix. There was no place he wasn't.
I have a great collection of postcards
from him. He wrote, "Take care of your
mother, Sonny," 700 different times. I
don't know why he called me "Sonny"
when my name is Myron.

I tried to take care of my mother the
way he asked me to. I stayed with her
night and day. I was the best Old Maid
player on the street. And once
..... I won a knitting contest.

I can't go on...

"Try"

I know he meant well. But other peo-
ple always came first.
Plan a trip. Change a trip. Cancel a
trip. Make a reservation. Change a
reservation. Cancel a reservation.
And for what? Some of the time he
didn't even charge his customers a
dime.
Not that he was stupid. He could tell
you about the weather in any city in
the world.

He knew the Orient Express schedule
by heart. He could lead you to the best
taverna in Athens. He had a special
place for bouillabaisse in Marseilles,
and he knew where to get a dry Mar-
tini and hot goulash soup in Jerusalem.

He had advice for everybody. "Take an
extra sweater, Mr. Meadow." "One
cocktail dress is enough, Mrs. Reider."
But he never had time to show me
which end of a baseball bat to hold.
It's all a shambles.....

A wreck

A total loss.

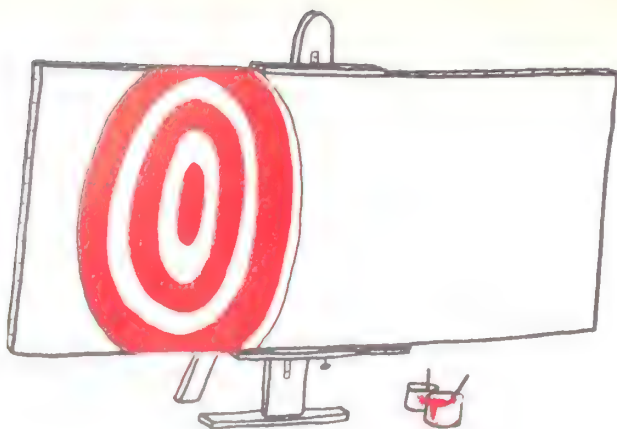
I don't think anybody can help. Not
even you.
You don't have to tell me. I know. The
big hand is pointing to twelve and I
have to go now.
It's just as well. My mother is waiting
outside to take me to the.....

barber's.

"I never had a real father. He was a travel agent."

resented in appreciation of Travel Agents
nd their long-suffering families)
y ELAL Israel Airlines





The Broads Were Very Skinny or, Pop Art, Shmop Art, Leave Me Alone

by Leo Rosten



Dear Lefty -

Well, pal, I just have to tell you what has transpired, even altho you won't hardly believe it. I might not believe it my self if I did not actually see it with my own 2 eyes and ears.

Well, last Saturd. in the p.m. I am strolling up Madison Av with a new dish, Marcia, this classy blond I am softening up for the finals—when I spot this parked sportscar, a gorgeous red Convertible job with zebra seats.

Man, O man, I xclaim, tho addressing a member of the opposing sex. How would you like to take a zoomeroo in that?

I do not prefer my tresses blown in my face whilst proceeding down a thruway, says Marcia. Are you per chance interested in Music, Lit or the Finer Arts?

Me? I retort, Why I am a real artist at heart—on acct. my old lady was a sculpter!

She was? amazed Marcia.

Sure, I say, She used to carve Easter Bunnies out of chocolate.

You are pulling my leg, says Marcia.

Not yet, I say, but that is a good idea.

O see what is in the window! she hastens.

And here, Lefty, is where you have to start believing and not wondering if maybe your old pal has lost so many marbles they have put him on the paper-doll squad in Group Therape. Because in that window is a garbadge pail, full of Custard, and across the pail in pukey purple letters is the word—BEING. And in the goo are maybe 100 popsikles covered by a Fish-net, in which a U.S. FLAG is planted! And across our Stars & Strips is pasted—NOTHINGNESS. So help me, Lefty, I am not slipping you no baloney.

Marcia is regarding this mish-mosh with Rapture, and asks—What do you think of the artist?

I wish him a speedy recovery, say I.

He is trying to make a Personal Statement about Our Times! she xplains.

The statement is: You can blow bubbles in my head without even inserting soap, I answer.

This artist has a Committment! she cries.

They ought to parole him, say I.

You have no sympathy for Pop Art, she mones.

Pop Art? I ecko, Why baby, you suprise me. Pop Art is Out, to anyone who is In, of who I happen to be 1 of the select few.

O, then you prefer Op art? she asks.

Op Art is as dead as Bonehead Merkel, say I. Then what school do you espouse? she throws me.

Mop Art, I bunt.

Mop Art? she asks, What is that?

*Leo Rosten, the creator of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*-L*A*N and Captain Newman, M.D., is editorial adviser to "Look" Magazine. His latest book is "The Many Worlds of Leo Rosten."*

That is where you apply the paint with a Mop that is made of chicken feathers dipped in Yogurt, I reply.

A look of pain from some old ailment occupys dear Marcias features. Let us go in, she strangles.

So we go into the establishment, wich I see is Very Chic. A place is very Chic when the broads are very skinny and the mens legs are held together by tight pants instead of skin. Lefty, the noise there is like Shraffts before a Wedn. Matinee if Maurice Chevrolet happened to drop in. I never heard such a gaggel of babbel and giggel from the kooks who are trying to prove they are xcstatic Art Lovers in the Avon Gard. And whilst me and Marcia squeeze our way to and fro, I catch words like Kinnetic Action and Vibrant Validity and Fluid Drive.

What is creating all these \$1.00 words? The stuff on the walls—the work of ½wits who would not pass an Insanity Test given by Casey Stengel. For inst.: 1 so-called picture is actually a chunk of Burlap, dripping oatmeal. That is called *Farewell to Brer Rabbi*. Another foul ball is a big white Square with a gold cornflake in the middle, named *Cerebral Cereal*.

I also observe a big red Circle with a blue circle inside it, with a red circle inside the blue, with a blue circle inside etc until by the time you come down to the teeny center you can check in at the nearest Eye Bank. This master-pizza is called *Litany for Hopheads*, wich I do not dout.

But in the meanwhile where is Marcia? I find her, allright—admiring a STOP sign. A real STOP sign, probly lifted from some needy corner or intersexion! Only this is not just a Stop sign, Lefty. O no. This Stop sign has a Brassier draped across the O, from whos middle a red flannel Tongue is hanging down!

I was a bottle baby my self, I crack at Marcia.

But Miss I.Q. dont get it, on acct. she is yakking away with the joker who runs the joint, wich I can tell because he has a Caranation flower in his button-hole, plus wavy pink hair. They are gushing over a bunch of Oil cans wich have been mashed together into 1 wrinkled blob of metal, like pressed prunes in armor.

So spontan-eous! throbs Mr. Clean, A form of axidental design!

Assthetics victory over Materialism! says Marcia.

It stinks on ice, says a voice from a nearby broad who is xtremely well-stacked. She is holding a Martini glass, with 1 eye to match, and grabs my arm, xclaiming, My name is Leila La Mont.

Its not your fault, I say.

You are a scream, she screams.

Observe *A Soul in Torment*, says Mr. Goldilox, Step back sos you can xperience its full impact.

I step back and xperience a jab in the slats from some tomato whose toes I have trod on.

Note the economy, says the pink Fink.

All I see are a lot of straight lines in squares, I protest.

But are they not xciting? asks Marcia.

Sure, I say, If you are a ruler.

The next one is called 8, says the Peroxy Kid. 8 what? I fungo.

Just 8, he freezes.

Thats what the artist should of done, I say, Ate it, instead of xhibiting it.

By now Marcia is having a nervous brakedown and hands me a look you can cut into ice-cubes, so I soothe her by saying, There is *my* favorite, and I point to a yellow-&- blue Arrow wich reads: LADIES ROOM.

That, cries Mr. Goldilox, is not part of the show!!!

I thought it was the solution to *A Soul in Torment*, I stab him.

Wham! Without warning an earth-quake attacks the joint with a terrific CRASH-SKREE-SHMRRRR!!!! from out-side. 1 and all rush to the front door, where Caranation Charlie omits a cry of anguish—O my *God*, he hollers, My car! What have they done to my beautiful little dream?

The snazzy red Convertable is *pancacked*, since a 7 Santini Bros Moving Van has backed up, squashing it against whats parked behind—wich is meerly the Derrick for the xcavation of next door. Lefty, that sports job looks like an accordion made out of Marashino Cherrys.

Mr. Clean is moning and groning in the throws of despair, My baby! My Minnesota-Fascisti, 1922! It is roond! Roond!

Up steps Miss Leila La Mont with a Florence Nightandale smile. No, no, regarday it this way! she coos, It is a personal *statement*. The victory of Assthetics over Materialism. You are now the owner of a new masterpiece of Axidental Design!

Well, boy, that about raps it up. I have given Marcia back to the Bronx, her being too dam dum for my tastes, and I am making time with Miss Leila La Mont, who I will escort to see the Mets play this Frid. night. She does not give me no ringing in the ears, between BEING and NO-THINGNESS. Hoping you are the same,

Your old pal,

Vern

PS — Did you hear the 1 about the guy who got his wife a job with a near-sited Knife-thrower? Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Automation and Imagination

by *Jacquetta Hawkes*

A distinguished archaeologist predicts the death of man's intuitive imagination if we continue to separate ourselves from the land and other basic symbols which have nourished us.

The dancers come out from a low adobe house, the compelling, monotonous beat of the drums taking charge of their movements. On the plaza at the heart of the village the men and women form their columns, the singers chant, and hundreds of feet begin to stage their message to the earth. The men, high-stepping and muscular, seem to tread it in loudly; the women, with their little white moccasin toes showing beneath great, archaic swaddling bands of soft leather, whisper to the earth in steps as soft as a passing cat.

The clothes of the dancers bear the traditional symbols of the powers that have governed life. Sun and lightning, mountains, rain clouds and rain are woven, embroidered, painted upon them. The words of the chant meticulously follow their traditional patterns, as do the talking feet. One error of word or step and all harm would be done.

So, hour after hour, this total invocation goes on. No one of the drum-dazed villagers could ex-

plain in words just what is being done, yet everyone understands it. The words and steps and symbols have come to them out of the past and the depths of the psyche. They have come down to them through the endless chain of births; the small children at the lines' ends will carry them into the future. The dance is a statement, a demand and a prayer in favor of the people and all their works. It unites men and women, the conscious with the unconscious, mind and body, the village with nature and history.

The Pueblo dance for continuance and fertility is a creation of the total psyche. It belongs to the preintellectual stage of the evolution of mind when men tried to make larger meanings out of experience instead of breaking it down and mastering it—the scientists' divide and rule.

In the laboratory the scientist pursues his single problem. We will put him in a white coat to represent the simplicity of his search for truth and his faith in fresh, clean starts. Perhaps his problem is to isolate and then remove the cause of a rare disease which afflicts, among others, the ewes of the Indian herds. He has thought about it during a year, he has made exact comparisons and controlled tests. He has used balances, microscopes, and centrifuges. He has read tens of thousands of words on the subject and will write thousands more, using recently devised symbols of precise intellectual meaning.

It is true that he is standing on the feet, and using the deft hands, that have come down to him from about the time of the ape-man *Australopithecus*, but they are not essential to his undertaking. If necessary he could work through another man's body. There is a good chance that soon he will be certain of the correctness of his results. Then fewer ewes will die, and the scientist will be ready to move on to another problem.

In the factory, lines of men and women are tending the machines. Drugs are being mixed, compressed, stamped into pellets, encased in capsules, wrapped, packaged, labeled, shot out toward the unknown millions. None of the men and women understands just what is being done. They do not know why the ingredients have been chosen or how they will work upon the people who swallow them. But they read the formulas, they know the names of the products, and have been assured that they will do good. When they have completed the exact number of hours' work for which they are being paid an exact sum of money, they will pour out of the gates, a crowd of separate atoms, and hurry to read newspapers and watch television. They will be told about a great many people, objects, processes, events, and opinions that

have nothing directly to do with them and which they only half understand. What they are told about them may be true or deliberately untrue, but it is no good trying to understand fully enough to judge, for soon all these things will be changed and others take their place. Their lives will continue like this unless their factory is automated, when many of them may be left with nothing at all to do except to fill time in the bewildering subintellectual flux.

These three activities represent in a rough fashion stages in the development of the human mind. The prerational with the total engagement of the psyche, the wholly rational-intellectual, and what can conveniently be called the subintellectual in which people live a largely parasitical mental existence, dependent on the intellectual achievement of their society but hardly partaking of it. To complete the setting of the scene for this discussion, there perhaps ought to be included between the dancers and the chemist the figure of that extreme rarity and wonder, the original artist or scientist. For these men of genius also use the whole psyche, receiving flashes of intuition from the unconscious mind even while selecting, shaping, and developing them with intellectual power.

From the Rising of the Brow

Behind all these forms of the mental activity of our species we need to remember the thousands of millions of years of the evolution of consciousness on earth. Atoms built into molecules, molecules into living cells, cells into semi-organized masses. The development of the central nervous system held innumerable cells into a single dimly sentient creature. Then there was the perception of shapes and light and shade in the eyes of the trilobites and the rapid increase in sentience that went with the emergence of life on land. The thermostatic, warm blood system of the mammals gave them a calm, stable climate inside their skulls which made possible the expansion of the cortex or New Brain. While the Old Brain continued to control the ancient automatic organs of life and such developed automatic functions as walking, the cortex was free to develop the higher mental powers that go with image-storing and association. Our own Order, the Primates, specialized in the expansion of the cortex, advancing through tree shrews and protosimians to the hominids and *Homo sapiens*. *Australopithecus* had a brain that averaged about 600 cubic centimeters in volume; *Pithecanthropus* about 1,000 cubic centimeters;

ourselves about 1,350 cubic centimeters (the largest going up to about 1,750 cubic centimeters: it is satisfactory to know that Charles Darwin was among them). Out of this rising of the brow and swelling of the brain came a humble level of imagination, and out of imagination the beginning of culture.

It is worth pausing in this evolutionary stream to look more closely at the first shapely implement. The hand-axe was improved to make it more and more efficient, but men whose skulls and faces were still decidedly apish went much beyond this and labored to produce an aesthetic perfection of form and surface texture. Obviously the proportions seemed "right" to the hand-axe makers of a quarter of a million years ago, and they seem "right" to us with just the same kind of rightness that we expect, say, from a skyscraper. Surely we have here a manifestation of the continuity of the mental stream from them to us—although we do not know from what source in the cosmos this sense of form derives.

Neanderthal man with his provision of tools and food for the dead showed the dawn of a true, individual self-awareness, and then, with the emergence and final dominance of our own kind, man attained his full powers as an image-maker, artist, and dreamer. The peoples whose most imaginatively gifted members created the superb cave art of France and Spain lived in much the same mental world as the Pueblo Indians at the stage of their cultural development that is represented by the village dance. They were self-conscious, aware how this separated them from the natural matrix of their evolution. But this consciousness was as a thin layer of ice; it could easily be flooded by images and emotions rising from the unconscious depths of the psyche.

Certainly they had not taken the last step in this chronicle of consciousness, the brave isolation of the intellectual function that we associate first of all with the Greeks. This involved an ability to set aside all the old imaginative projections of gods and spirits and magico-religious forms that men had used to reunite themselves with the natural world, and instead to look at nature and themselves with objective detachment. This enthronement of the rational intellect was to lead—after long delays and setbacks—to the

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chemist at his bench and the whole of our scientific revolution.

This hasty survey of the rise of consciousness since the earth was compounded from the dust of broken stars and interstellar gas, is intended only to emphasize the continuity of our history. Every one of us embodies in his whole person those hundreds of millions of years of evolution. To some extent, too, each one of us in growing from the fertilized egg to the educated adult rehearses this enormous history.

Psychology has made us all familiar with the idea of the normally unconscious part of the mind from which images can rise into consciousness. Moreover, it is now very widely accepted that the energy and inspiration of the creative imagination are drawn from these deeper layers of the psyche. All of us not tied to dogmatic faiths would agree that this is true also of the religious imagery—of the great primordial images of light and darkness, of death and resurrection, of the sky father and earth mother, of the holy child.

Mental Furniture Appraised

While no one can question that the physical structure of the brain, with the cortex set like a quilted hood over the nodes and stems of the Old Brain, is an inheritance from our total evolutionary past, there is strong disagreement as to its possible mental content. Some people cannot accept the idea that along with the brain itself we all inherit a kind of mental furniture. They believe that each of us is born a mental blank, and that the unconscious mind and its images are the creation of the individual life. Others follow Dr. Jung in his belief that with the physical brain structure go innate archetypal forms that we all inherit in common, just as we inherit a standard heartbeat and body temperature. They believe, too, that it is this collective unconscious that gives the archetypal images such power to arouse imaginative response whenever they are encountered in nature or the arts.

The difference between these two views must be of significance in any assessment of our mental endowments and their relationship with the universe. Yet it is not so great as might be thought because, whether it be derived from the childhood of the race or of the individual, the unconscious must still be seen as a primitive thing, much as an ovum fertilized by a highly advanced twentieth-century man in the womb of a highly advanced twentieth-century woman is a primitive thing.

The unconscious mind and its potent images, then, are primitive and in a sense "historic." This is accepted, yet the imaginative intuitions which we believe to spring from the unconscious underlie the highest achievements of men at all times. Indeed many psychologists, including Dr. Jung, seem to regard the unconscious as a source of profound wisdom, a check and counterpoise to the errors of the naked intellect. How this is to be explained in terms of the known historical-evolutionary framework is not usually very clearly thought out.

For instance, a recent book* on human and cultural origins which took an extreme positivist view of our evolution as the "end-product of a series of accidents," still went on to claim that the arts and religion were giving us a new, psycho-spiritual awareness. "In the purest forms of artistic and religious experience," this author wrote, "man himself may be breaking through . . . and entering a layer of consciousness beyond the rational understanding of mind itself." But this will not do. Such a metaphysical view is proper in those who believe in exalted levels of mind at work in the universe toward which our evolution is leading us. It is permissible, too, for those others who prefer to this wholly transcendental view the idea of immanence—seeing the growth of human consciousness as a minute part of a destined flowering of mind in the universe.

But for anyone of the positivist, series-of-accidents way of thinking, such a metaphysical finale is absurd. It is as though men fooled about until they perfected a radio set, and then to their surprise discovered the existence of radio waves. A more logical conclusion from the positivist point of view would surely be that religion and art and the whole imaginative function, being nourished from primitive layers of the unconscious, are becoming inaccessible to us as the intellectual horizon thickens—and in time will be altogether cut off. This is a gloomy possibility to which we shall have to return.

By far the most interesting historical questions confront those who believe in the collective unconscious. They can push it back a few tens of millions of years and see it as a source not only of great unifying images but of ancestral and instinctive "wisdom." Or they can go much further, supposing that as the stuff of our bodies can be traced back to protein molecules and atoms until we reach a unity with all being, so mind, too, reaches back to unity with all consciousness and the ground of being, and can bring us in-

**A Million Years of Man*, Richard Carrington.

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tuitive "information" about it. A kind of back-door entry to the universe.

For those who do not believe in supernatural revelations, then, there are four ways of interpreting the known history of consciousness. Three—those of developing toward existing higher levels of consciousness, of immanence, and of drawing on the accumulated experience of time—have metaphysical implications. The fourth way, that of the positivists, has no such implications, but interprets consciousness as a freakish and chance product of the struggle for existence on this particular planet.

Only the most fanatically rational of positivists could welcome the idea that we may be developing away from our intuitive and imaginative life, from those horizons where we are most fully human, most individual, and therefore most able to create and to love. Yet even those who would see such a development as representing a tragic failure for humanity, can hardly refuse to see it as a conceivable fate before us. There is plenty of evidence to show that the process has already gone a very long way in urban industrial societies. The Stone Age hunters, the Pueblo, our own peasant ancestors until a few centuries ago, could readily give expression to the whole psyche through dancing, music, myths, tales, and spontaneous expression in the visual arts. Probably our world will never again see the creation of deeply rooted, unconsciously formed cultures of this kind. In our own societies almost everyone has become a cultural onlooker, passively leaving both creation and performance to the few professionals. Only our poor rocking, shrieking teen-agers do their best to express their whole selves, bereft as they are of any cultural mold.

Is Our Loss Reversible?

For those who do not participate in the imaginative life, there has been an evident weakening also in response. The groundlings in the Elizabethan theater, although they demanded their slapstick fun, understood and responded to the poetry both of the drama as a whole and of the verbal imagery. Today very few indeed among what have been described as the subintellectual workers could do the same. Far less poetry is read by the educated classes, as any publisher can prove. Only music seems to hold its own.

As for the professional creators, caught up in this social situation, they tend either to accept over-intellectuality or to plunge back into deliberate anti-intellectualism and primitivism. This

reaction may be a right one, but it is not easy to be consciously unconscious.

Is this loss of access to the imaginative and intuitive levels of our being inevitable and irreversible? Hardly, for it is not, of course, a biological change, comparable, for example, to the evolution of the New Brain, but a cultural one. As far as we know, every infant is born with the same psychic potentialities as those of the hunter-artists.

On the other hand it can most certainly be irreversible for the individual. Years of intellectual or technical training and living can cut off a man's imaginative roots. And from this condition he can only be redeemed by passionate love, by drugs or other stirrers-up of the psychic depths. (This is a fact that would-be reconcilers of the Two Cultures tend to underestimate.)

Furthermore, as we all know too well, it is extraordinarily difficult to change the course even of a culturally created trend in societies as vast and complex as our own. Technological evolution sweeps on with an all but irresistible logic of its own toward a total efficiency of means. Technique seems to enslave men to create an environment to suit its own needs and not theirs. If the human body and brain are not up to the demands, then encase man, reinforce his muscles, put electrodes in his skull.

We cannot accept the inevitability of this threat to humanity. We must see to it that as cybernation takes over the means of large sections of existence, we keep control of the ends. Everyone who is already anxious about this new enslavement of man will have his own ideas as to the best way of countering it. There is still in the United States a considerable Thoreauesque movement in favor of small holdings and a return to the land. Probably this is as vain as building a Belgian Village in the World's Fair, but almost any successful piece of opposition could have a disproportionate effect—just as did the signing of the test-ban treaty in checking the arms race.

Let us first of all accept the importance of the individual human psyche. The senses feed the unconscious; the unconscious feeds the imagination; the intellect will become a mere adjunct of technique unless it is inspired by imagination. It may be reprehensible to look nostalgically at the past, but here we have the living past, built into us and forming an essential part of our humanity. If we cut ourselves off from it we shall become no more than clever automatons. Perhaps the ants did something of the kind when our ancestors were very small and still hiding among the branches.



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The Most Powerful Governor in the U. S. A.

by Murray Morgan

Alaska's new Constitution (which he helped write) gives Bill Egan a unique armory of political weapons.... A report on how he is using them and what he wants to win for his fledgling state.

The most powerful Governor in the United States is a shy man, self-made, a small-town grocer, immensely popular with his constituents but little-known outside his home state: William A. Egan of Alaska. He's the only Governor Alaskans have ever elected.

Bill Egan's strength is as the strength of ten other Governors because he is girded with a state Constitution which, in the words of an Alaskan newspaper editor, "would make a sabertooth out of Dagwood Bumstead." The Constitution, which Egan helped write, is (according to who is talking) either the most effective existing instrument of American government—or a license to totalitarian rule. "This Constitution would be all right if the Governor was a combination of Winston Churchill, Mahatma Gandhi, and Herbert Hoover," says a Republican legislator who covets Egan's job, "but what we've got is another damn Pat Brown."

"Alaska needs strong central government," says Henry Hedberg, a former Seattle newspaperman who has become labor's chief lobbyist in the Forty-ninth state. "Big state, small population, and only

a tiny pool of trained administrators. I don't see how Alaska could have recovered from the quake if we hadn't had a system that gives the Governor power to get things done."

Among the things the Governor can do is appoint all but one of the state officers. The exception is the secretary of state, who campaigns independently for nomination in the primary but in the general election runs unobtrusively on the ticket with the party's gubernatorial nominee. After election he tends the Great Seal.

The Governor names the attorney general, who in turn appoints the state district attorneys. The Governor appoints the judges at both trial and appellate levels. All state financial records are kept by appointees of the Governor and inspected by appointees of the Governor. There is no independent auditing or investigating force.

The Constitution calls for Alaska to be redistricted every ten years—and for the Governor to do the job. (The first redistricting since statehood is now in progress.) Egan receives advice from a committee (which he appointed) but he is not obliged to follow their recommendations. The legislature does not pass on redistricting; the Governor simply draws the lines, and the legislators' only appeal is to the courts.

"Under this system, the legislature is neutered," complains Representative Bruce Kendall, a blunt, broad-faced Republican from Anchorage, one of two men who have served in every session since statehood. "When the Governor feels a sneeze com-

1



Pretty neat, huh?

What on earth are you doing?

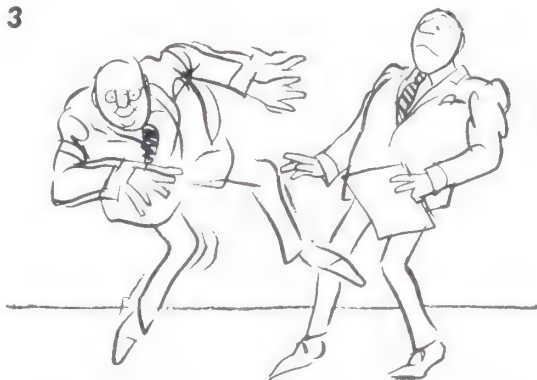
2



Practicing the Watusi.

The Watusi?

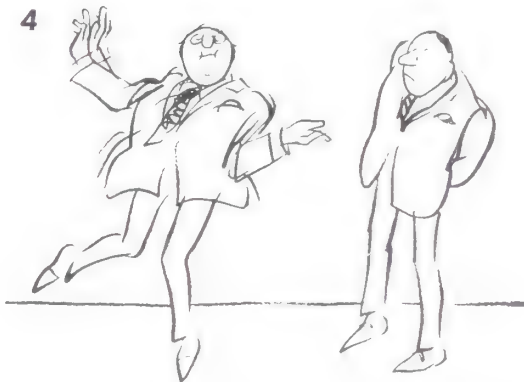
3



I already know the Cat and the Monkey.

What's up with you?

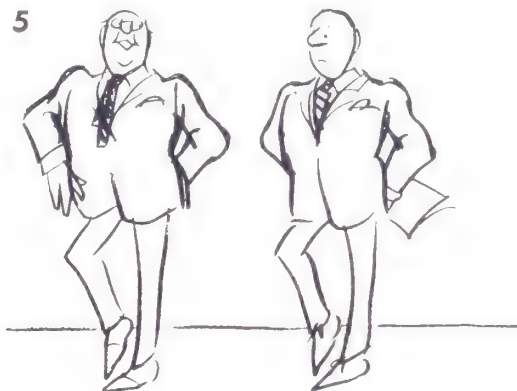
4



Getting ready for retirement. You should see Emma do the Surf.

I thought you two were strictly two-steppers.

5



Not with the plans we've made. First thing we do is hit the discothèque circuit. Then there's the round-the-world cruise—and you know how they dance on those. And after that—

After that there's the slow waltz to the loan company.

6



Not a chance. Our money's never going to run out. Because we have Equitable's new Husband-Wife Retirement Annuity—which means that Em and I get a regular monthly income as long as either one of us lives.

I wonder if Pam knows about that annuity? She's been practicing La Bostella.



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ing on, the legislature opens its mouth in anticipation."

In person, Egan is the antithesis of a dictator. A short man with a big head and thick body, he gives a first impression of embarrassment; he moves nervously as he talks, bouncing around in his chair, nibbling at the small end of a pen as if it were a cigar. But once he has settled down into conversation, his nervousness recedes, and when he is talking about Alaska, his large brown eyes, normally brooding, light up with enthusiasm. He is a great persuader.

Shelikof to Moscow

Bill Egan not only dominates the legislature, he sometimes pursues a foreign policy independent of Washington, D.C. His ventures into diplomacy have all been to protect the fishing industry, Alaska's greatest source of revenue, and his adversaries have included the Japanese, the Russians, the U. S. Department of State—and the canning "interests" of the U. S. mainland.

In the spring of 1962, a Japanese herring fleet was reported approaching Shelikof Strait, a body of water twenty to thirty miles wide, which separates bleak Kodiak Island from the Alaska Peninsula, the finger of land pointing westward to the Aleutians. Alaskans consider the Strait an inland sea, all American; the Japanese consider it international.

Getting no response from the State Department when he asked them to warn the Japanese away, Egan mobilized the "Alaskan Navy." He manned the state fish and game department's patrol boats *Teal* and *Widgeon* with national guardsmen and state police officers and ordered them to intercept the invading fleet. Captain E. L. Mayfield of the Alaska state police flagged down, boarded, and ordered into port the 65-foot herring catcher *Ohtori Maru* on charges of "willfully and unlawfully operating a commercial fishing enterprise in Alaskan waters."

Tokyo protested. The State Department stalled. Inconclusive hearings were held in Alaska state courts. The *Washington Post* editorialized that, "Whatever the final outcome, Governor Egan needs to be taught a lesson to the effect that international relations are handled by the Department of State." But the Japanese withdrew from the disputed waters, Alaska's claim to Shelikof Strait, if not confirmed, at least remained open, and it was the State Department which seemed to have learned most from the incident.

When a dispute with Russian fishermen in 1963 reached the stage where Alaskans were thumbing through arms dealers' catalogues for surplus bazookas and machine guns to mount on their crab boats, the State Department named Egan to a negotiating team. Their mission to Moscow fared well. The Russians not only signed a statement of agreement on general principles; they promised to send negotiators to the U. S. to work out specific ways of avoiding new conflicts—and they wanted the sessions held not in Washington but in Juneau. The State Department, with some misgivings, agreed.

After two weeks of table-banging negotiations and reciprocal vodka and whiskey receptions—some on the Russians' big, white, ocean-going tug *Orel*, others in the Governor's handsome colonial mansion overlooking the narrow harbor and the restless fishing boats—the negotiators came up with an agreement under which the Russians agreed not to use tangle nets where they might foul up American crab pots. Egan said of the confrontation, "It was the first occasion in which Soviets were willing to sit down with any fishing group in the world and talk over problems and work out a solution."

Last year in another unorthodox maneuver, Egan defied American packers on the mainland by inviting Japan to buy the entire catch of pink salmon on Prince William Sound. The Alaska Packers Association of San Francisco and the New England Fish Company of Seattle had said they would close their canneries on the Sound unless Alaskans accepted a 2½ cents-per-pound cut in the price of the fish. The Japanese paid the higher price, while Seattle and San Francisco screamed treason. Most Alaskans—who regard the out-of-state packers with the affection of a Dublin tenant for an English landlord—were delighted that the local fishermen had found a counterweight to the economic power of the canners. This spring the New England Fish Company reached an early agreement with the Prince William Sound fishermen on the price for pink salmon.

Egan's latest diplomatic moves have been designed to prevent Japanese fishermen from catching on the high seas huge numbers of red salmon that would otherwise return to the streams of Bristol Bay to spawn. On his initiative (or that of

Murray Morgan, who has traveled in fifty countries—by freighter and kayak as well as more usual means—has specialized in writing on the Pacific Northwest. Born in Tacoma and living now in Puyallup, Washington, he took an M.S. at Columbia University and has done eleven books.



Would you like to see India? Which India?

The India of mystics and holy men? The India of students and steel workers? The India time can't budge? The India men are trying to change?

Which one shall it be? The India carved in rock? The India dyed in cloth? The India of orchid-studded forests? The India of sleepy blue lakes?

Look at any map and you will find only one India. But come visit our country and you will find many. Each different. Each distinct. Yet each in accord with the others.

This is, you will forgive our boast, India's great fascination. It is a country of stunning dis-

similarities that, by some odd miracle, blend harmoniously together.

Therefore, it should not surprise you when an elephant lumbers past your air-conditioned hotel. Or when a new science building is dedicated on a date fixed by astrologers. Or when a golf course turns up on a hillside in Kashmir.

Nor should it surprise you to find a betel-chewing merchant sitting cross-legged in his shop reading *The Manchester Guardian*. Or to find a woman in a sari campaigning for Parliament from the back of a horse-drawn cart.

What should surprise you, however, is to be treated with anything less than the greatest

kindness and generosity by our people. Hospitality toward foreigners is something you will encounter all across India.

There is no disparity on that score.

If you would like more information on travel in our country—where to stay, how to get about, how much it will cost, etc.—see your travel agent or write: Government of India Tourist Office; New York, 19 E. 49th St.; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 685 Market Street; also Toronto, 177 King Street West.

India

the State Department—the Coast Guard this June increased its patrol of the area east of the 175th Meridian in which the Japanese are treaty-bound not to fish, and they caught one poacher. Egan has even threatened to keep the salmon home by damming Bristol Bay.

Japan accused Egan of “seeing ghosts”; Seattle fishermen (who each summer go to Bristol Bay in large numbers to exploit the red salmon run) called the dam idea “madness”; and scientists expressed doubt that the Bay, if dammed, could support the captive salmon in the grand style to which the wide Pacific has accustomed them. But Egan, who learned his poker in small-town, high-stake Alaska, kept his hole card face down, while scattering hints of where the dams might be placed, how they might be financed, and how the captive salmon might be artificially fed with carcasses from the annual fur-seal harvest.

Nearly everyone (even the delighted local fishermen) believes Egan is bluffing in his proposal to turn Bristol Bay into a giant rearing pond for salmon. No one can be positive. For one thing, Japanese fishing interests have suddenly begun to emphasize their interest in salmon conservation. The 1965 catch in Bristol Bay was unexpectedly large, and Egan has not mentioned the dams in recent speeches.

What the State Department thinks about Egan's fishing diplomacy has not been expressed for publication. “My relations with State are, uh, correct,” Egan replied when I asked him about Washington reaction. Then he bobbed his head in a characteristic gesture of pleased embarrassment. “Of course, there are a couple of under secretaries who probably wish the Governor of Alaska were somebody else.”

Some Alaskans worry that Egan will overreach himself—and “get us scalded,” an Anchorage editor predicted glumly. He added, however, a typical postscript:

“It's hard to criticize him for what he's done. At least he's for Alaska. We're accustomed to being sold out back in Washington.”

All criticism of Bill Egan is tempered this way. Although the Alaska constitution looks like a license to steal, no one has ever questioned his integrity. The worst his foes find to say about him is that he is stubborn and opinionated—“an unsuccessful small-town grocer,” says an influential publisher. (Egan's friends contend that he made more as grocer than he does as Governor.) “A prisoner of political attitudes ground into him in boyhood and early manhood,” says a political rival. “A good man but without grasp,” says a businessman. Each adds, “Of course I like Bill.

He's a friend of mine.”

It would be hard not to like Bill Egan. He is a friendly man with a quiet, self-deprecating style of humor. He never forgets a name and seems to know everyone in Alaska, which is the more remarkable considering that Alaska's quarter-million population is scattered over an area equal to that of all three Pacific Coast states, plus Texas.

Alaska is a land of small towns. Even Anchorage, the metropolis, which seems certain by its fast growth to dominate the state politically, has only 48,000 inhabitants, with another 50,000 in the suburbs. It is hard for residents of the South Forty-eight to realize how small are the towns of familiar name in the Forty-ninth state. Fairbanks up by the Arctic Circle has a population of 14,500; Ketchikan down at the tip of the Panhandle, 6,800; Juneau, the capital, 7,000. No other community has

Sacred Objects

by Louis Simpson

It's not a city life—
Smoke-filled rooms and the malice
Of talk among fine people.

The light that shines on my hands
On the kitchen table
Is the life I seem to have.

And it's not the farm where Horace
Fattened his carp for the table.
No ruins, traditions . . .

All I have are a few birch trees
And two dogs in the back yard
That set up a howling.

The neighborhood is not famous
And never will be, yet
We are happy all the same.

What was it Chekhov said?
“Come to us.”
He meant a life of emotion.

For this is a running spring
And a field of daisies.
Your loves are a line of birch trees.

When the wind flattens the grass, it
Shines. And a butterfly
Leaves dark lines in the air.

There are your sacred objects . . .
The wings and gazing eyes
Of the life you really have.

We thought we hadn't missed a spot. Then we spotted Ipanema.



e had been to Acapulco before the Jet Set and it. We had been to St. Tropez and St. Thomas. What we needed was a new playground.

Happily for us, a playboy acquaintance put his finger right on it. "Ipanema," he said, with the accent on the *Ip*.

"It's the latest find in smart resorts—and not many people have found it."

That did it. Not long afterward, we were on Pan Am Jet headed for Brazil—and Ipanema.

Ipanema is a strip of land that looks on the Atlantic from the southern edge of Rio. It's a little bit of the Riviera with a dash of samba thrown in. There are several miles of white sand, with dozens of choice restaurants, cafés and a race track nearby.

Best of all, Ipanema is right in Rio, probably the world's most beautiful city from the air. The perfect harbor is surrounded by purple mountains and street after street of white-and-pastel houses marching from the water's edge straight up the mountainsides.

When you come down to earth, there are miles of mosaic walks, fabulous restaurants, night clubs that go till dawn, shops that give Fifth Avenue a run for its money, plus music everywhere.

You really ought to fly down there and see it all. South America is a giant among continents, yet so easy to get around.

Fly Pan Am to Rio, for instance, and take advantage of no-extra-fare stopovers in oil-rich Caracas, Belém (on the Amazon), and Brasília, the world's newest city. From Rio, you can fly Pan Am south to Buenos Aires. And, from there, fly Panagra west to Santiago, then north to Lima, the "City of Kings," then on to unspoiled Ecuador.

From there, Panagra will take you to a tame place called home.

A word from two airlines. Nobody knows South America like Pan Am-Panagra. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the East Coast with Pan Am, the West Coast with Panagra. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. For instance, the new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just \$550 from New York, \$520 from Miami, \$674 from Los Angeles.

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Three of the world's great vodkas.

Gilbey's is the one
you can buy without a passport.

more than 5,000 and fewer than a half-dozen more than 1,000.

Twice in recent years Anchorage has sought to have the capital transferred there, arguing that Juneau, isolated off in Southeastern Alaska, is inconvenient at best, often inaccessible by air (the Alaskan way of travel), out of touch physically and spiritually with the new Alaska of the Mainland. Each time, the small towns coalesced into alliance against the largest, and defeated the proposal. Juneau, with its two movie houses, numerous bars, its mountain-guarded harbor and short highways ending in wilderness, is typical of many small Alaskan towns, and Bill Egan is typical of small-town Alaska.

He was born in 1914 in the old Gold Rush port of Valdez, a picturesque community spread out on the moraine of a great glacier that empties into Prince William Sound. His father, a hardrock miner, was killed in a snowslide on Easter Sunday, 1921, and though his mother kept the family together, Bill was no stranger to hard times. His struggles with money have left him with a quick sympathy for the working man—but a cautious approach to government spending.

Egan was graduated from Valdez High School in 1932. That ended his formal education, but like many Alaskans he is an omnivorous reader. (Those long winter nights.) After school he worked in a CCC camp, clerked in a grocery, packed supplies on his back over Valdez Glacier to a mine. His favorite job was acting as bombardier when Bob Reeve, a glacier pilot, would bomb isolated camps with supplies—groceries, lumber, and sometimes boxed dynamite.

"Bill Egan had the best eye and steadiest hand of all the boys who flew with me," Reeve recalled recently. "A damn good man. A real Alaskan." (Egan is a lifelong Democrat; Reeve, a Republican of such ray serene that his house in Anchorage still sports a defiant Goldwater poster.)

What money Egan earned from odd jobs and the family grocery he spent on books, magazines—and a plane of his own. The plane was destroyed in a hangar fire in 1939 to the relief of the pretty schoolteacher, Neva McKendrick, whom he later married. He was already in politics, having been elected to the Valdez town council in 1937, and—a few weeks before the wedding—to the legislature.

During his freshman term in the House, Egan introduced the first bill demanding a Territorial referendum on statehood for Alaska. It was side-tracked, but he persisted through successive terms in House and Senate, battling against the well-financed machinations of W. C. Arnold, the able lobbyist for the salmon canners, who feared state-

hood would load them with new regulations and taxes. During the war Egan dropped out of the legislature and served as an enlisted man in the Army and the Air Corps. While still in the service he was elected Mayor of Valdez *in absentia*, then went back to the Senate.

When in 1955 the Territorial Legislature at last voted to force the statehood issue by calling a convention to draw up a proposed Constitution, Egan felt his work was done. He stated his intention to give up politics and tend the grocery store in Valdez. But he couldn't resist, as a last fling, running for delegate to the convention. Not only was he elected, but the fifty-four other members chose him as president.

Fairbanks to D.C.—and Back

The delegates to the Constitutional Convention, to write the proposed Constitution were wildly diverse. They ranged from bankers to fur trappers, from sourdoughs to cheechakos (new-comers), from White Anglo-Saxon Protestants to Russian Orthodox Eskimos. But they were in substantial agreement on one thing: they objected to the divided authority that characterized Territorial government.

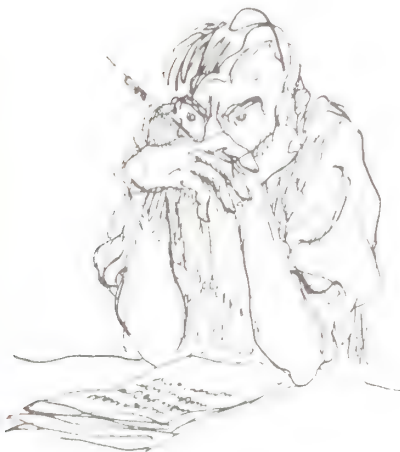
The U. S. Congress controlled Alaska's purse strings; its Governor was appointed by the President; the most important regulations were issued by the Interior, Agriculture, and Commerce Departments in Washington, and the most important economic decisions were made by the salmon canners in Seattle and San Francisco. Alaskans were positive they weren't masters of their own destiny but they couldn't decide exactly who was. "In Territorial days," Bill Snedden, publisher of the lively Fairbanks *News-Miner* recalls, "responsibility was the pea in a thimble game."

After seventy-five days of work under President Egan, the convention produced a document in which the lines of authority stood out stark as utility poles. They ran straight to the Governor's desk. This was just what Alaskans wanted. They voted overwhelmingly in favor of the Constitution, and approved a "Tennessee Plan" campaign to win statehood. The strategy got its name from the plan used first by the Territory of Tennessee, later by six other territories, in convincing Congress they were ready for admission to the Union. A shadow delegation, popularly elected, consisting of two Senators and a Representative, went to Washington to lobby for statehood.

Democratic since New Deal days, Alaskans

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BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN,
AND OTHERS

See also page 118 for a forecast of
the full November issue.

THE MOST POWERFUL GOVERNOR

chose Bill Egan and former Territorial Governor Ernest Gruening (an FDR appointee) as Tennessee Plan Senators, and Ralph Rivers as Representative. They opened offices in Washington and, along with the Territory's voteless delegate to Congress, Bob Bartlett, they mounted the campaign which finally got a statehood bill passed in 1958.

Egan planned to run for the Senate but Bartlett and Gruening filed first. To avoid the risk of splitting the party with a primary fight, Egan settled for the statehouse. Democrats go into Alaskan elections with a heavy advantage in registration and Egan, an untiring campaigner, has never lost an election.

Anchorage to Chicken

As Governor, Egan has advocated progressive social legislation. For example, Alaska has the nation's strongest civil-rights laws. It is true there are few Negro residents outside the military, but approximately one-sixth of the population is Eskimo, Indian, or Aleut. The state's statutory prohibitions against discrimination in places of public accommodation and in employment are rarely violated. Nevertheless, Alaskan Eskimos and other native peoples are disadvantaged. Living in small communities, their children attend one-teacher schools and few finish high school. At home they find jobs scarce and in town they must compete with the better educated. Hence a considerable portion of the native population must live virtually outside the money economy.

Labor legislation also is liberal; a union lobbyist told me at the last legislative session, "There's not much more we can ask for at this time. We're here to guard what we've won and to wait for the economy to catch up."

The economy is Egan's biggest problem. The tax base is narrow and there is not much money to power the governmental machine. Federal funds for repairing damage done by the Good Friday earthquake of 1964 are currently stimulating the economy, and the state looks hopefully to the development of new oil discoveries as a source of increased taxes in the near future. But until the oil fields are pro-

ducing, Egan has to guard the state budget carefully.

"The Governor is a very slow with a buck," one of his assistants marked ruefully. "He's a paper counter at heart."

This attitude toward the state funds may reflect his own financial woes, caused in recent years by medical bills, the ruin of his Valdez home and a business building he owned there, in the tidal wave after the earthquake, and the flooding of a cabin in which furniture saved in the quake was stored. He usually walks to work from the Governor's mansion, and when he uses the state car, which is seldom, he drives it himself and competes on equal terms in the downtown scramble for parking. He avoids elevators in the downtown capital because he feels he is unlikely to have a chance to chat with constituents on the stairs. When dining in hotels around the state he seldom has meals sent to his room. "People who wouldn't come to the office tell me their problems will stop by the table," he says.

In the course of incessantly flying around the state, he works diligently at meeting people. At a reception once heard him ask on a first-name basis about people in Haines, Salmon, Atka, Anchorage, Kotzebue Circle, and—so help me—a town called Chicken. I asked if there really was such a place. He bobbed his head. "Yes. It was named by some prospectors during the Gold Rush. They shot a ptarmigan and were going to call the camp Ptarmigan." He ducked his head again. "None of them can spell it."

Egan is currently acting much like a politician heading into another campaign. The Constitution he has drafted prohibits more than two terms for a Governor, but because a regular inauguration date is December and President Eisenhower's proclamation of statehood was not until January 1959, Egan's first term fell a month short of being technically full. As a result most politicians and lawyers in Alaska think Egan is technically eligible for a third term and that he will run again in 1964. He will probably be opposed in the Democratic primary by Anchorage attorney Wendell P. Kay.

Republican possibilities in

by Murray Morgan

well Thomas Jr., who lost a close race for Congress in 1964, former territorial Governor Mike Stepovich, Representative Bruce Kendall, they are already hammering away on a third-term issue (which may irritate some fellow Democrats as well). Here is a typical comment from one of them: "Bill Egan is called the savior of this Constitution. It's a hell of a note when he has to twist his spring's arm all out of shape in order to hold power."

All Great World Capitals

For his part, Egan avoids any statement about his intentions, though he avows that he enjoys public service and that there are no apparent openings except the governorship. Senator Bartlett, whose term expires in 1977, is in the full flower of his effectiveness and popularity. Senator Jennings, though in his seventies, is rising and unretiring. Ralph Rivers announced he will run again for Congress. Egan's talk is not that of a one-year-old resigned to private life.

"Alaska has come through the native years of statehood," he told one day at breakfast in the Anchorage Westward. "I don't think anyone comprehends the full importance of the role Alaska is destined to play in the future. I mean the near future. Alaska is the aviation crossroads of the world. The next generation of airlines, the supersonic transports, will use us within a few hours of all great world capitals."

Egan spoke of "limitless" resources catching the attention of the world; of pioneering ventures in the establishment of international industries; of the Japanese pulp interests building plants that employ Alaskans and pay Alaska taxes; of Japanese companies associating themselves with American canners to operate facilities on Prince William Sound; of the growing interest of American capital in Alaskan resources.

"Alaska is no longer looked on as a storage container," he said earnestly. "The thaw has started. In the future Alaska will be on the hot burner."

The Governor undoubtedly expects to be stirring the pot. []

This page is from the original manuscript of "Alice's Adventures under Ground"

Lewis Carroll lettered every word by hand.

He drew every picture himself.

The original manuscript is on display in the British Museum.

It's worth \$50,000. You can get an exact reproduction of the original manuscript for only \$4.95.

36

than she expected. before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and she stooped to save her room from being broken, and hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's quite enough—

I hope I shan't grow any more—I wish I hadn't drunk so much!"

Alas! it was too late: she went on growing and growing, and very soon had to

kneel down: in another minute there was not room even for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and as a last resource she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "now I can do no more—what will become of me?"



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The New Political Non-Job *by Don Oberdorfer*

It takes the place of old-fashioned patronage—thus saving a little money for the taxpayer—and it may turn out to be a kind of American counterpart of the Queen's Honors List.

In the American system of government, political patronage has been a unique and cherished coin of the realm with which those in power could reward their friends for past performance and encourage continuing goodwill. The recent growth of the Civil Service, however, has diminished the availability of patronage appointments, particularly in the federal government, while at the same time continuing prosperity has reduced their allure.

The members of the new elite corps of American politics—the fund raisers, the intellectual counselors, “media coordinators,” and leaders of the growing citizens’ movements—are profitably employed already, with better pay and working conditions than government can offer. To them, the most appealing aspect of a public job is the prestige which sometimes accompanies it.

Happily, political leaders have devised ways to bestow the status symbols of high office without the job itself. At Democratic national headquarters in Washington, where many such split-level appointments are routinely requisitioned and cleared, the new institution is known as “the honorary.” Elsewhere it has been dubbed the patronage non-job, and it can range from nomination to a White House advisory committee to an in-

itation to be an honored member of an Air Force civic-inspection tour of California, arranged at the behest of your local Congressman.

“The old-fashioned patronage job is going the way of the ward boss and the Christmas food basket,” an official who has recently helped distribute political awards at the federal level says. “The people who count would really rather have an honorary. A guy gets a parchment commission for his wall, practically like a Cabinet officer’s. He may get a trip around the world, or a trip to Washington a day or two a year. He is fussed over and made to feel important, he is the envy of his peers, and he has the feeling that he’s making a useful contribution to the national welfare. It’s a whole lot better than leaving his business, moving to Washington, and selling his stocks to avoid some conflict of interest. He has all the advantages of high position, with none of the heartaches.”

The fountainhead of most ersatz employment is the government advisory committee, a venerable institution which has enjoyed increasing popularity under Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson. More than two thousand such units are now appended to the federal body politic, ranging from the Beet Leafhopper Advisory Committee to the Committee for the Preservation of the White House. So far, only a small percentage of these appointments are openly political, a fact which tends to enhance their value as status totems. Moreover, in the vast constellation of federal committees it is possible to find just the right non-job for almost every conceivable taste.

For stamp collectors, there is Citizens’ Stamp Advisory Committee, which currently includes the Democratic state chairman of California, the former Democratic county chairman of Rochester, and the cartoonist of an influential Polish-American newspaper in Chicago. They and their colleagues stand ready to advise the Postmaster General about “the subject matter, character, and beauty of postage stamps.”

Coin collectors prefer the American Numismatic Society’s Citizens’ Stamp Assay Commission of the U. S. Mint, a group of citizens-at-large who have won the endorsement of their Senators, Democratic committeemen, and other important officials. Each appointee receives a Presidential commission and a special bronze medal, but his only duty is to travel a day to the Philadelphia Mint, inspect, and count some coins, attend a luncheon, and return home. This year the Secretary of the Treasury and a White House staff aide made the selection of 22 honorary assayers from a total of 212 nominations received.

The popular innovation of the non-job has received little serious study despite the fact that it rivals the political candidate, the non-political trip, and the no-bra as a durable institution in the age of affluence. One way to take a closer look is to examine the non-

Mr. Oberdorfer has been a Washington journalist since 1958 and a contributing editor of “The Saturday Evening Post.” This fall he joined the staff of the Knight Newspaper. National correspondent, based in capital.

THAT'S MY POP.



THAT'S MY SPRITE.



THEY'RE OFF TO THE RACES!



Dear Old Dad.

Lovable young Sprite.

No matter how they do at the track pretty well, probably—Sprite has won more races than any sports car in its class), he'll sleep soundly tonight. Because Sprite has virtues close to the heart of doting parents. Fade-free discs and drums brake it to quick, even stops. Its road manners are impeccable...all business and no

nonsense. And in a tight spot, jet-like acceleration and a top speed of 90 keep Sprite well clear of trouble.

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

situation in the U.S. Department of Interior, in this respect a typical federal agency.

The Bible of Washington patronage is the so-called "Plum Book" (officially, *U. S. Government, Policy and Supporting Positions*) published every four years at election time by the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee. According to this handy volume, the Interior Department's 1961 roster of 50,908 full-time jobs included just 133 which were readily available for political appointment. As the incoming Democrats quickly discovered, only a few were top jobs with reasonably generous pay and substantial prestige. And most of these were too important and too demanding to be used for political currency.

On the other hand, Interior contains forty-nine advisory committees and commissions with a total membership of eight hundred citizens, none of whom are subject to Senatorial confirmation or civil-service regulations. Some of these committees are prestigious and powerful, such as the National Petroleum Council, an organization of ninety oil and gas industrialists who influence government petroleum policy from this privileged sanctuary within the gates. Others are more casual, including the National Fisheries Center and Aquarium Advisory Board, which meets once a year to give advice about the planned \$10-million Washington aquarium. "We tell them what's happening," an Interior official explains, "and we get their thoughts about what we're doing."

A total of fifty-two of the non-jobs at Interior are Presidential appointments which carry the much-prized parchment certificates signed by the Chief Executive. Among the current honorees are brewery lobbyist Clinton M. Hester (James Madison Memorial Commission); businessmen Henry Ford II and J. Peter Grace, Jr., and Franco Spain lobbyist Charles Patrick Clark (St. Augustine Quadricentennial Commission); Washington attorney-politicos Clark M. Clifford and James H. Rowe, Jr. (Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Commission); Raphael H. Morvant, a key New Orleans campaign associate of Senator Russell Long (Battle of New Orleans Sesquicentennial Celebration Commission); and journalists Chet Hunt-

ley, Walter Lippmann, and Arthur Sulzberger (Woodrow Wilson Memorial Commission).*

Nobody believes for a moment the goodwill of a Walter Lippmann or a Henry Ford can be purchased with membership on some nonfunctional federal board; nevertheless, journalists and businessmen are under-

* The rather generous sprinkling of journalists in the ranks of government honorees is worth a study in itself. A recent political official of high rank said, "It reflects the predominance today of politics by mass media." A very incomplete listing of journalistic holders of non-jobs includes:

From television—David Brinkley (General Council on the Arts), CBS president Frank Stanton (Advisory Committee on Information), and CBS board chairman William S. Paley (Civil War Centennial Commission); ABC president Leonard Goldenson (trustee, John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts); and Robert Kintner, wife of the NBC president (National Armed Forces Museum Advisory Board).

From publishers' ranks—Mrs. Norman Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times* (Advisory Committee on Information); J. Cowles of the Minneapolis *Star Tribune* (General Advisory Committee of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency); Melville Bell Grosvenor of the *National Geographic* (Advisory Board on National Parks, Historic Sites, Buildings and Monuments); William Randolph Hearst, Jr. (chairman, Presidential Committee for Traffic Safety); Roy Larsen of *Time* (U. S. Advisory Committee on International Educational and Cultural Affairs); Benjamin McElroy of the Washington *Star* (Library of Congress Trust Fund Board); Samuel Newhouse (Distinguished Civilian Service Board); John Sengstacke of the *Chicago Defender* (Board of Governors of the USO); and Otis Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times* (President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice).

From the working press—columnist Ralph McGill (General Advisory Committee of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency), Inez Robb (Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services), and Mary McGrory (Distinguished Civilian Service Board); reporter Clark Mollenhoff of Cowles Newspapers (Advisory Committee on Information); editor Eugene Patterson of the Atlanta *Constitution* (Commission on Civil Rights), and editorial page editor John B. Oakes of the *New York Times* (President's Commission on White House Fellows).

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ably flattered by government attentions. A few are smitten. One conservative Washingtonian of my acquaintance, a man who probably voted for Goldwater, astounded his co-workers recently with lavish praise of President Johnson, who had just appointed a member of his family to a meaningless government commission.

In most circumstances the Party in power is pleased to gain a modicum of goodwill and good advice from the advisory appointees, but now and then holders of non-jobs are called up for active political service. One such group is the Advisory Council of the Small Business Administration, most of whose members are nominated or approved by the United States Senators from their home states. The SBA Council meets in Washington at least once a year, occasionally coincident to some Democratic fund-raising event, and usually confers as a body with the President at the White House. After these meetings, the members are supplied with suggested news releases extolling the Chief Executive and his policies, for release back home to the local papers.

In the heat of the political activity last year many SBA advisory committee members were called to Washington for such a meeting, their ranks augmented by some additional small businessmen selected at large. The sample press release on that occasion read in part:

Note—The following suggested news release should be reproduced on your business letterhead...and distributed to newspapers, radio and television stations in your area.

(Name, business affiliation, and address) has returned from Washington where he was a guest of President Lyndon B. Johnson at a White House reception honoring small business leaders from all parts of the country.

The President in addressing the group of about 300 emphasized the "big responsibilities" of small business in the American economy, according to (Name), who quoted Mr. Johnson as saying:

"... Today the future of our system and our society is being determined not here in this city, not in this House, not on Capitol Hill. The quality of the America your children and mine will know is being determined in the communities where Americans live and where you lead."

"The President in his talk," (Name) said, "stressed his devotion to the free enterprise system and emphasized that he will never permit government to be either an enemy of business or a parasite on business."...

(Name) met the President personally after the formal talks and exchanged views with other guests during the reception, held in the State Dining Room.

In foreign affairs, the non-job has almost entirely supplanted the full-time appointment as a political instrument for use by the Party in power. Time was when ambassadorships were readily available for financiers and fat cats of the proper persuasion, but today three-fourths of our American ambassadors abroad are career foreign service officers. President Johnson, who is proud of this record, recently made it known that forty-seven of his first fifty diplomatic nominations were nonpolitical. This is the highest proportion of ambassadorial purity in American history.

During the same period of presidential stewardship, however, Johnson appointed forty-eight pseudo-ambassadors to non-jobs in foreign affairs—his personal representatives to the inauguration of foreign heads of government or the celebrations of the independence day of new nations abroad. For the most part, the duty of these appointees was to hire a car, away coat, travel to the foreign capital (frequently aboard a Presidential jet), see the sights, be wined and dined, and report to the State Department after returning home.

Among the recent ambassadors-for-a-day were Democratic Governor John A. Burns of Hawaii and Phil Hoff of Vermont, labor leaders Walt Reuther and James A. Suffridge, former Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas of California; seven incumbent members of Congress; the publisher of *Ebony* magazine; and several major campaign contributors including David L. Kreeger, a Washington businessman who gave \$10,000 to the Democratic coffers last year.

The undisputed dean of the non-career, nondiplomatic ambassadorial corps is Charles W. Engelhard, Jr., Newark, New Jersey, a metals magnate sometimes known as the Platinum King, who is also one of the

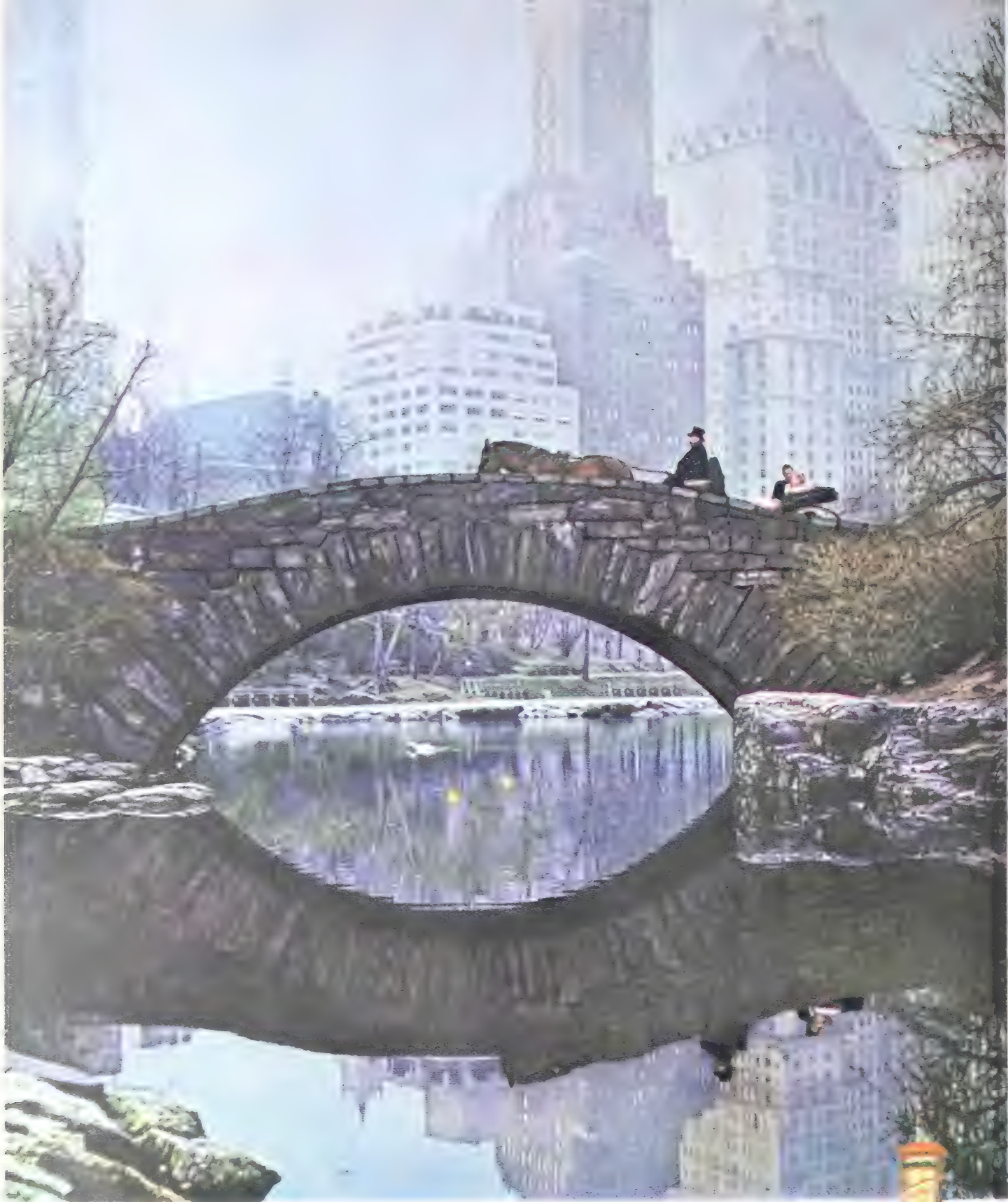


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gest single contributors to the democratic party of his home state. mid-summer of 1961 Engelhard is fishing on an island north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence when a Canadian Indian in a birchbark canoe paddled bearing an urgent request, dispatched by President Kennedy, that Engelhard fly to Gabon in West Africa as the chief American representative to the Independence Day celebration there. "I packed up and went to Washington to be briefed by the State Department," Engelhard recalls, "and within a week I was on my way."

On later occasions Engelhard represented President Kennedy at the coronation of Pope Paul VI in Rome and the First Anniversary Celebration of Algerian Independence in Algiers. Then last fall President Johnson telephoned to press him into service as his personal representative to the Independence Celebration of the Republic of Zambia, a small and remote African nation formerly known as Northern Rhodesia. Some diplomatic eyebrows were raised because of Engelhard's close business association with the Union of South Africa. Nevertheless, a few days later he was winging toward the dark continent with another temporary diplomatic commission.

Nuances and Secret Codes

Today more than 90 per cent of all federal civilian jobs are covered by civil service or similar systems, with most of the remainder too technical or undesirable to be politically useful.* Nearly every year some former cornucopia falls under the withering influence of the federal civil service. This year it was the collectorships of customs, which had been among the most

ancient and attractive of all political sinecures.

"Mostly job patronage is a myth," Congressman Morris K. Udall of Arizona maintains, "and the few highly publicized appointments that remain, such as the postmasterships, create many more enemies than friends." Udall recently suffered a postmaster vacancy at Apache Junction, Arizona, and the town divided vehemently between a half-dozen serious candidates for it. This happens so often that many lawmakers are now appointing career postal employees to postmaster jobs as the only safe way out. Consequently, almost half the nominees to the prize "political" job of postmaster during recent months have been veteran employees of the Post Office.

Other forms of favors, such as tip-offs on forthcoming defense contracts and the erection of new federal buildings, have largely supplanted job patronage as political currency between a President and the Congress. The trouble, though, is that most lawmakers find it impossible to admit publicly that they have virtually no jobs to dispense any more. This is considered too shattering to the desired reputation for influence and power.

The result is a political con game much practiced in Washington, in which hundreds of overblown and meaningless job recommendations a week pour into the offices, and the wastebaskets, of the White House and executive agencies. One canny Presidential aide established the "three and two rule"—unless he received at least three letters and two telephone calls, he assumed the supposed sponsor didn't really care. Another aide devised a private code with a Democratic state chairman who agreed to include a tip-off phrase (in this case, "I strongly recommend") whenever the job request was meant in earnest.

* The largest group of federal jobs exempt from competitive civil service are those in Schedule A, for which examinations have been deemed "not practicable." An illustrative sampling includes Chinese, Japanese, and Hindu interpreters; undercover narcotics agents; lamp-lighters of the Coast Guard; teachers in the indigenous schools at Chichi Jimi, Bonin-Volcano Islands; gauge readers employed part-time at isolated locations by the International Boundary and Water Commission, U. S. and Mexico; and all positions at leprosy-investigation stations.

Recently a young man of a prominent family, visiting his Congressman in Washington, was pleased at the immediate response to his request for a federal position. The lawmaker simply telephoned a White House aide and in glowing terms outlined the outstanding qualifications and importance of the job-seeker, all of this to be relayed to the President for his personal information. The visitor left the House Office Building walking on air — whereupon the Congressman placed a second call to the same White



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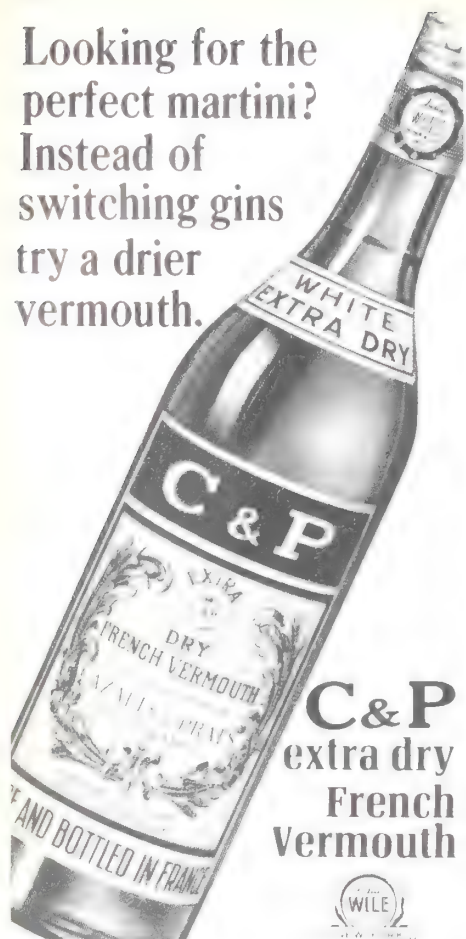
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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

House official and said, "Forget what I just told you."

Under the circumstances, members of Congress, too, are turning to non-job patronage to save the day with the people who count. Alert lawmakers have created extensive advisory committees of their own, sometimes with official-looking charters, certificates, and special stationery. One notable and successful experiment involves the creation of large and well-publicized Citizens' Advisory Committees on Military Academy Appointments. The dual purpose is to honor important constituents, who are pleased to read their names in the paper, and to absorb some of the ire of parents whose sons fail to make the annual Congressional lists to West Point, Annapolis, and Colorado Springs. In a recent memorandum to Democratic members of Congress, the Democratic National Committee suggested additional ways to swell the political impact of the appointments to the service academies:

Posters with pictures of the member [of Congress] may be sent to all schools in the district asking for applicants....When all applications are in, a veterans organization or service club in the member's district may want to give a dinner honoring all the boys. The member should be the main speaker and meet the boys and their families.

Somewhat bolder are the current experiments by members of Congress in a new and exciting field, the non-government non-job. It came to my attention in a talk with an alert young freshman Democrat, devoid of other patronage, who has employed this new frontier to good advantage.

Asked for details, he produced an impressive buff-colored card which arrived unsolicited in his mail early this year from the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, a private lobby group in favor of federal public-works projects. The card named the lawmaker to the Advisory Committee of the organization, and an accompanying letter explained that each member of Congress is entitled to name ten Advisory Committee members of his own choosing from the ranks of his constituency. This advisory panel has a potential membership of 5,885 (including the 535 members of Congress); nevertheless, Mr.

Henry H. Buckman, the chairman of the lobby organization, reported that "most of those heretofore appointed upon recommendation of their Senators and Congressmen were pleased with this recognition and happy to serve with us."

My Congressional informant carefully surveyed his district before deciding which of his supporters to crown with this unusual advisory honor, and then took the precaution of submitting each name for clearance to the appropriate Democratic county committee back home. In due course the nominees received cards of appointment which testify to the supposed contributions to "Flood Control, Navigation, Irrigation, Soil Conservation, and Other Beneficial Purposes" as well as to the thoroughness of their Congressman.

The constituents were grateful and impressed, the lobby group was delighted to have new supporters, and the Congressman was enthralled by the whole project. There was only one major hitch: one of the intended Rivers and Harbors advisers was rejected by a county Democratic committee as "personally obnoxious."

As this illustrates, the science of delivering the sizzle without the steak can have its occasional complication. In 1962, for example, the Kennedy Administration was embarrassed to discover that Billie Sol Estes had been named to the Department of Agriculture's Cotton Advisory Committee at the very time when he was under scrutiny for possible shenanigans in cotton allotments. Later a high official of Agriculture explained privately that Estes' appointment was only a favor for his sponsor of the time, Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas, "since there was very little else we could do for the Senator."

When Secretary of Agriculture Freeman was called before a hostile Congressional investigating committee, he explained that the Cotton Advisory Committee was "not concerned with operations" and was "advisory only." That failed to satisfy the investigators. The Agriculture Department has been exceedingly cautious in its advisory appointments ever since.

A difficulty which is potentially more serious to the government is the tendency of many advisory committees, once established, to become

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EXTRACTS FROM A MONASTIC JOURNAL
by Thomas Merton

and Part II of the special supplement on "The Writer's Life"
(See page 106 in this issue.)

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

imbued with a sense of their own importance and insist on having something to advise about. In many cases full-time staffs have had to be assembled to fill the need. The work must be performed with diligence and care for a runaway advisory board can be almost as dangerous to the status quo as a runaway grand jury.

A case in point is the Water Pollution Control Advisory Board, which has recently met at such waterside retreats as Honolulu, San Juan, and Lake Tahoe. Between such trips the Advisory Board has been insisting with increasing force and fervor that the government accelerate its rather puny efforts against water pollution. When nothing much happened, the group formally advised creation of a new and separate water-pollution agency within the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

This stand cheered certain members of Congress who long had held the same view, but it brought dismay to the Public Health Service, which provides staff assistance for the WPCAB and which for many years had been exercising the jurisdiction in this field. Friends of the Public Health Service felt something must be done—and item number one was change in the organizational viewpoint of the offending advisory board.

The President appoints the members of the WPCAB, and suddenly White House aides began to experience a floodtide of applicants for these non-jobs. Both friends and foes of the new water-pollution agency began nominating prospective appointees and arranging for elaborate political endorsements. A highly placed Presidential aide, puzzled by the surge of interest, remarked that "aside from the Venice film festival delegation dirty water seems to be the most popular thing we've got."

So far the board has stood its ground, though the battle is not over. Recently a prominent Southern Senator, acting on behalf of a would-be pollution adviser back home, presented the White House with the personal endorsement of every member of his state's Congressional delegation plus the endorsements of influential lawmakers from Arkansas and Texas and the entire delegation from Oklahoma. At this writing the appointment is pending.

Despite many pitfalls, the new pa

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

nage is a successful and growing titution with many advantages. In era of big government, it is a dge between public and private e, infusing fresh ideas—or at least sh faces—into the processes of gov- ment. In purely political terms, the i-job has turned out to be a highly eptable substitute for actual fas. Furthermore, it meets the most cting cost-effectiveness standards v in vogue in Washington. The cost nly a few scraps of parchment and odest amount of expense money, the effectiveness is often great.

Largess of the Future

ere are still some circumstances, course, in which ersatz patronage ot enough. A former White House istant estimates that in about rty cases a year full-time federal s simply *must* be found for defeat- Congressmen, unemployed cam- gn managers, or intimate friends important Congressional figures. or crises often result, involving displacement of less important holders, the creation of new jobs, in a few cases, the creation of en- new government divisions to be erintended. All of this is done at siderable cost in morale and effi- cy of the government service.

Fortunately a solution is in sight ich combines some of the outstand- features of both the old patronage l the new. Under discussion at the ite House and the Executive Office lding for several years, the plan isions the creation of a new federal ncy, the Institute for Long-range nning, to be located on the most utiful undeveloped site in Wash- ton, the tip of Hain's Point, over- king the confluence of the Wash- ton Channel and the Potomac.

The building will be of Georgia rble," the plan's author explained, th Doric columns in front. Every ce will have a deep pile carpet, a ter carafe, a flag in the corner, and white telephone. Each member of Institute will have a staff car and uffeur at his disposal at all times. "The job of the Institute for Long- ge Planning," he concluded cheer- "will be to plan the future of the titute for Long-range Planning. ery stiff in government will be nped there, and it would be cheap twice the price."

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The New Books

A Lawyer's Brief Before the Bar of History

by Richard E. Neustadt

Kennedy, by Theodore C. Sorensen. Harper & Row, 2 vols., \$10.

The first extended conversation this reviewer ever had with Theodore C. Sorensen took place a week after the election of 1960, six days after he had been named Special Counsel to the incoming President of the United States. We met on Capitol Hill where Sorensen had worked for more than seven years. There he sat, alert, intent, with books and papers piled around him, literally thinking his way into the White House where he had never worked at all. One week after a solid year of strenuous campaigning, he had turned without a break to stretch his mind around the problems his new President would face in taking hold of the machinery of the Presidency. And this by way of substituting analytical intelligence for practical experience of which he then had none. It was an impressive performance.

So is this book.

In *Kennedy*, Ted Sorensen has set himself another task for which he had no previous experience, a task which by its nature would have posed alarming problems to the most skilled of professional observers or historians. He has sought to make up for the cruel fact that the President he loved and served could not write his own memoirs.

This [notes Sorensen] is my substitute for the book he was going to write. It reflects, to the extent possible, his views during his last eleven years. It emphasizes to the extent possible, his words and thoughts. It explains to the extent possible, his reasons.

I have no doubt that he would have



written such a book . . . he made clear to me his intention to write his memoirs as soon as he left the White House.

Sorensen is clear about the kind of memoir JFK would have produced:

His own recollections of public service would have made a memorable volume—carefully factual, witty, and wise—and none of his biographers or chroniclers can hope to do as well. . . .

At the same time:

He thought that Emmet Hughes, a part-time speechwriter for Eisenhower had betrayed the trust of Republican officials by quoting their private conversations against them. "I hope," said Kennedy, "that no one around here is writing that kind of book."

"This is not that kind of book," adds Sorensen, implying that the President's would not have been so either.

This, rather, is a reconstruction of the public life, the attitudes, ideas, and actions, of John Kennedy as Senator, campaigner, and President. It is a partisan account in the sense that

it is personal, and takes for granted this man's worth as a human being and as public officer. But within these limits it is not at all a "whitewash." More candidly and far more analytically than any Presidential memoir recall it labels and assesses errors of omission or commission in the realm of public action. This, Sorensen makes plain, is just what he thought Kennedy's own approach would have been.

Yet Sorensen knows very well and tells us at the outset that while he has striven for the President's approval, he has striven to produce the *kind* of book JFK would have written, he cannot offer us the *content* Kennedy himself would have contributed. This is Sorensen's reconstruction—not the President's. It is Sorensen applying Kennedy-style standards and restraint to Sorensen's perception of the Kennedy performance which may or may not be what JFK's perception would have been. For Sorensen, although an intimate collaborator, indeed an *alter ego* in some respects for special purposes, was never that in all respects for any purpose at any time. With Kennedy, nobody was. Sorensen reminds us:

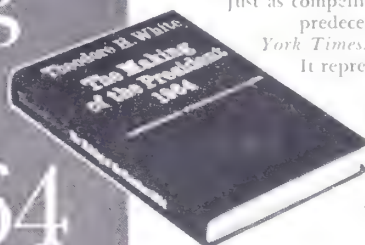
While those on the inside knew more than those on the outside, no one—no single aide, friend or member of his family—knew all his thoughts or actions on any single subject. . . . particular responsibilities in his Senate and White House office enabled me to know a little bit about a lot of things, but by no means everything about anything. His motives were often unknown or unclear to others for he resisted the obvious and easy and he was usually too busy with the next decision to take time to explain the last.

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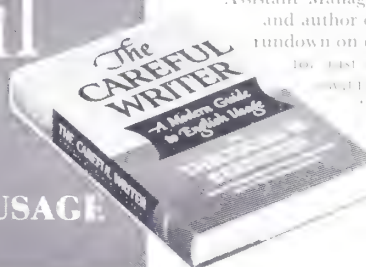
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To undertake "a substitute" in these conditions is a formidable task, requiring not only judgment and responsibility but great self-discipline. Yet Sorensen has never lacked for these three qualities and with them he has brought it off. His book turns out to be precisely what he sought, the next-best thing to memoirs by the President himself. Since those remain beyond us, we are fortunate to have this book, as fortunate as JFK in his choice of Ted Sorensen.

Kennedy, one supposes, would never have exposed his private life to public view save as it bore upon his public acts or purposes. Neither does Sorensen. Kennedy, one thinks, would have reviewed his public life in terms of turning points, of choices made, and of the reasons why. He had a zest for history, he was intensely curious about causality, he was fascinated by the interplay between men and events. And he had that rare gift—to which this book attests with many a quotation—of standing outside himself, observing himself wryly, even while he acted in events. As a writer of memoirs he surely would have concentrated on substance, on the cardinal points of public action, avoiding trivia without evading the hard questions which surround appraisal of his actions. So does Sorensen. He manages to be neither mushy nor bland. If anyone thinks this usual or easy I suggest a look into the memoirs of past Presidents.

Sorensen ends his chapter on the Bay of Pigs—a brilliant analysis of what was wrong, and why, in Kennedy's decision-making—with a comment which exemplifies the level of appraisal in this book:

"How could I have been so far off base?" [Kennedy] asked himself out loud. "All my life I've known better than to depend on the experts. How could I have been so stupid, to let them go ahead?"

His anguish was doubly deepened by the knowledge that the rest of the world was asking the same question.

Yet while Sorensen is frequently prepared both to expose and to explain deficiencies in governmental plans or action, he is chary of exposing individuals; he never lingers over "personalities." This too, I think, would have been Kennedy's way. He

had a feeling for the public dignity of other public officers. He also had—perhaps increasingly—compassion for their foibles (and his own). When Sorensen alludes to personal relationships or to the qualities of given men in concrete situations, he resorts mostly to shorthand. For example, he notes in passing Kennedy's reluctance to lose Arthur Goldberg from the Secretaryship of Labor even though replaced by Willard Wirtz, a man "equally thoughtful, equally articulate and frequently with far fewer words." Writing of Dean Rusk's selection for the State Department, Sorensen disposes of the issues faced by Kennedy in one spare sentence: "He could not take Dillon, he was advised, because he was a Republican. Bundy because he was still young, Bruce because he was already an elder statesman, and Fulbright because he had taken the Southern position on race."

When it comes to personalities, a reader of this book does well to concentrate on single words and weigh each implication. Nearly everything is there, but rather more between the lines than on them.

I pity the historians a generation hence. Unless they soak themselves in other sources first, they will miss half the clues to judgment which are tucked into this book by indirection.

Personalities aside, Sorensen is not in the least "defensive" about Kennedy's performance as a public officer. He meets the major questions which contemporaries raised, from Kennedy-on-McCarthy to Kennedy-and-Congress, and he states his case squarely, with no traces of embarrassment. But the book as a whole is a defense of the performance as a whole. What Sorensen has done is to put a lawyer's brief before the bar of history, marshaling the evidence in favor of his "client's" claims on history.

This is not the stuff of myth, but of reality. Sorensen indeed is fighting for his client's claim to have been President in the real world, and not Prince Charming. He makes a compelling case. Here is the "brash," "young," "Catholic" contending for the Presidency. Here is the President of Cuba I and Cuba II, of Oxford, Mississippi, of the fight with Roger Blough, the tentative experimentalist in Vietnam, the persistent prober for

détente in Soviet relations. Here the man in motion, intellectually programmatically, on civil rights also on economic growth. Here is Chief Executive confronting progress without benefit of crucial H seats lost on the occasion of his election. All these are here and presented in taut narrative interspersed with characterization of the man and of his methods at success points in time.

Happily—and appropriately—this brief for Kennedy in history makes no attempt whatever to enlarge claims at the expense of his success. The most is made of Kennedy's years without detracting from the John years to come. Sorensen, it seems, fought off the temptations which set all stalwarts in each "last" Administration to resent the "next" and discount it or discredit it in part. Sorensen quite simply and quite properly ignores it. Lyndon Johnson took up on occasion as Senate Leader, as candidate, running mate, and as President. In all these roles he is accorded respectful treatment, what Sorensen says is what he got from Kennedy. Johnson the President never appears.

Not the least of the good things about this book is Counsel Sorensen's ability to tell a cogent, fast-paced story. With rare and incidental lapses he has given us clean, tightly written prose. This is not Sorensen's speechwriter; this is a new author. Sorensen the historian possessed a new style to match his present purpose. The reading is a pleasure which is more than one can say of ordinary legal briefs—or Presidential memoirs for that matter.

Accordingly, one finds here a whole rich, complex variety of the packed Presidential years presented so coherently and so concisely that the reader is projected into Sorensen's experience. One lives vicariously beside Kennedy's White House, not its social rooms or family rooms but its working rooms, the nerve center of government, the West Wing. To this book becomes much more than commentary on Kennedy. It becomes that rarity in all our literature, a book which actually illuminates the job of being President.

Two years ago, when Kennedy was still in office, Sorensen published

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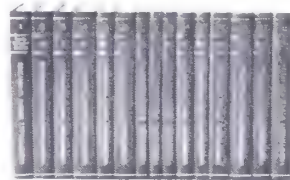
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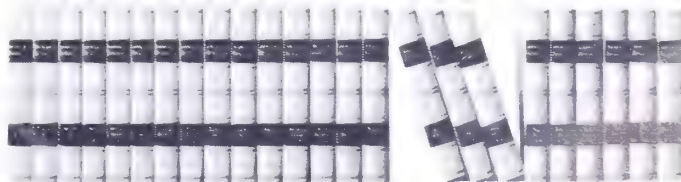
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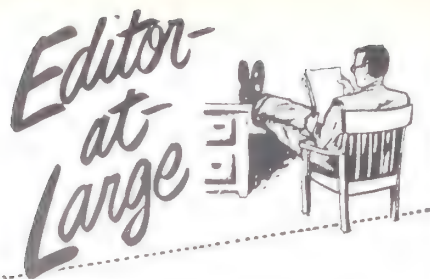
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—From CIVILIZATION AND CULTURE,
Volume 5, page 824.

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Robert Graves went to live on Majorca more than a quarter-century ago. His books came to Doubleday somewhat later. From then on, that island, on any muddy old map, glows, at least when we look at it.

Naturally, one is curious about a distinguished author's home. A handsome new volume, *Majorca Observed*, illuminates the island, the people, and the old master poet-mythologist-critic-scholar-translator-storyteller and leg-puller himself.

Graves, seeking exile to a place with good climate, good wine, and good neighbors—all within reach of England and pocketbook—moved to Majorca at the suggestion of Gertrude Stein. Miss Stein, surely the most stylish real estate agent of her time, assured Graves that if he wanted Paradise, Majorca was Paradise. (To which he adds, dryly, "she preferred herself to spend most of her year in Paris.") Mr. Graves has lived there ever since, except for a long exile's return forced by World War II.

He shows, in his disarmingly "plain," brisk prose voice, the continuing appeal of the island. He records, sadly and yet intrigued, the advent of the jets and the tourists. Included is a letter, presumably from one of Graves' children, to a woman who plans to bring her family to settle there. As "Margaret" describes life on the island, with its drunken school teachers, impossible food, and the lethal pranks of her peers, the reader realizes that here is a model letter which can be used to stave off any unwanted arrival.

Majorca Observed enjoys the graphic obligato of Paul Hogarth's drawings. The artist, who last teamed with Behan, says that working with Graves was "a soothing, renewing experience." I would not like to overstate the persuasiveness of the new book, but this could be my farewell column.

L.L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Majorca Observed by Robert Graves, with drawings by Paul Hogarth (\$10.00), is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue (at 57th Street) in New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

slim volume of lectures entitled *Decision-making in the White House*. This got less of an audience than it deserved, for Sorensen was then constrained by his official role to write allusively, with his analysis and concrete illustrations couched in terms so generalized, or subtle, that only the initiated caught his references, and other readers thought it pallid stuff. But now those generalizations spring to life. The sources on which Sorensen was drawing, the experience he was reflecting in his earlier book are open to all readers now, in *Kennedy*. The two books are worth reading together. Indeed it is a pity that in *Kennedy* he did not take the time to reconsider and elaborate, perhaps in a last chapter, the framework of analysis he had advanced while he was in the midst of his experience. This is a parochial complaint, voiced on behalf of professional President-watchers.

More seriously, there is still another chapter I wish Sorensen had taken time to write. This is a chapter on the growth of men in office, specifically of Kennedy in office, and by this I mean not only personal development but also mastery of office, the development of statecraft. For Sorensen has given us a fascinating range of observations about Kennedy the man, and President, at different points in time. The thing he has not done is to draw them all together in a personal assessment of the reasons for changes over time. We are, I think, entitled to his commentary and I miss it.

It is tantalizing, for example, to be told of impatience in the White House during 1961 with passive attitudes at State, and then to learn, some chapters later, that in 1963, at least on the Multilateral Force, the activism was inside the State Department while the White House had become a relatively cautious, passive place. Is this the fruit of accident, or of experience? How does it relate to other elements in Kennedy's performance? Similarly, Sorensen gives us an illuminating picture of the Senator at work, and chapters later a comparison-piece about the President in office. Change and growth are there for us to see, but their relationship to President Kennedy's experience often remains unstated.

Sorensen comes closest to an assess-

ment of the President's development when he links Cuba II to lessons learned from Cuba I, and again when he traces Kennedy's approaches to the management of economic growth. But taking Kennedy whole, in his approach to Presidential problems as a whole, we get no overview of differences between the man-at-work in his first year and in his third. Yet growth in office, learning-by-doing, is of the essence to the job of being President. I wish Sorensen had told us more about it and had drawn together his reflections on the process.

When I contemplate the chapter that this author did not write, I wonder why, I find it hard to resist speculation on the practices of publishing—and publishers—in this competitive age. It is an open secret that Sorensen was put under great pressure to meet deadlines set not by the nature of his task but by the exigencies of a race between two magazines to be first out with a major memoir. The spectacle presented by this race, with authors under contract being whipped into production, seems to me a commentary on the scholarly pretensions of the publishing world. What Sorensen has failed to give us in this otherwise admirable book is simply the last look, the overview which comes to men of his great talent when they have time for reflection on the work they have produced. How he would have put the time to use I do not know. But everybody knows that he was not allowed to have it.

Even so, this book remains a real first-rate contribution to our understanding both of Kennedy and of his office. No one who is interested in either can neglect it, or can fail to profit from a reading of it. Specialized aside, this is a book for every literate American who has sufficient interest in affairs to read the newspapers. For Sorensen has not written a "tome" he has achieved a literary triumph. Despite my irritation with the practices of publishing, his book deserves the widest audience. Never mind the hoopla, read it!

Mr. Neustadt, who is Professor of Government at Harvard and author of "Presidential Power," was staff assistant to President Truman and has served as consultant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

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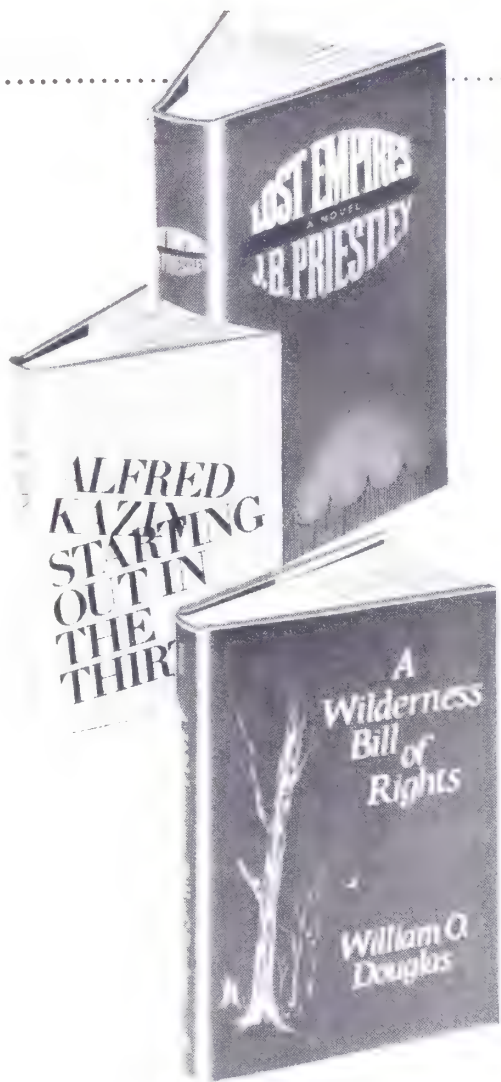
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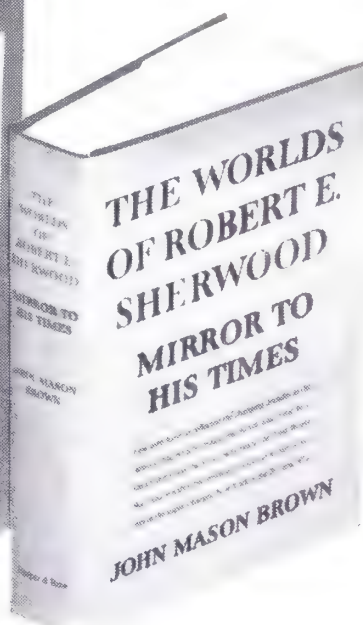
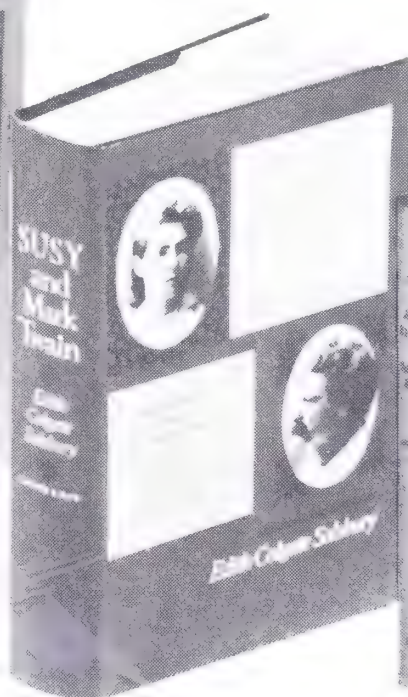
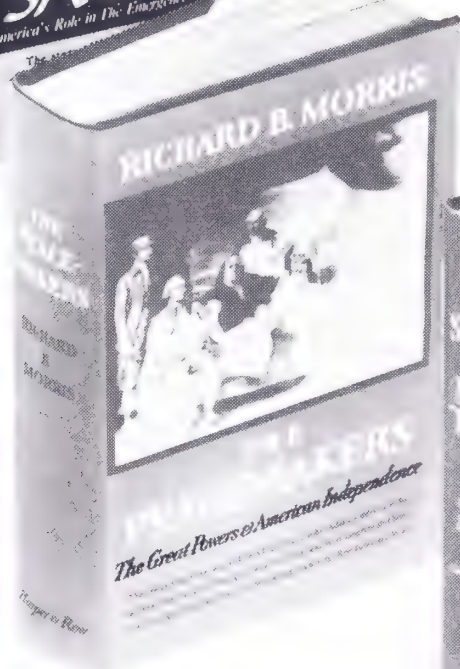
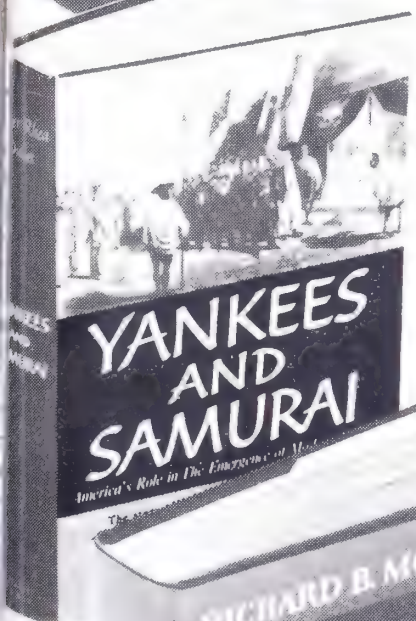
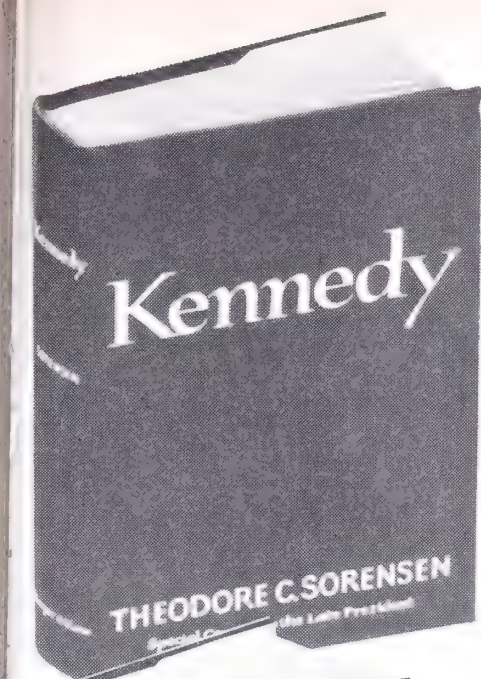
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why they cowered and tumbled each other at the sight of an SS trooper wielding an iron whip, if there were so many of them they did not organize and fight and escape, or die trying. Kaplan himself writes in June of 1942: "Cowards... If not today, then tomorrow the next day you will be taken out like lambs to slaughter. Protest! Awaken the world! Don't be afraid! In any case you will end by falling before the sword of the Nazis. Chicken-headed ones! Is there any meaning to these deaths?"

One reason they did not fight is that they saw what happened as a result of those few who did. A tailor and two Jewish porters suspected of smuggling were taken out to be shot one night. They resisted. They were killed. And next day, 10 other Jews were shot as a lesson.

Even had the Warsaw Jews managed somehow to break out of their doomed cell, they would then have had to fend for themselves across the Polish countryside, and judging by the terrors endured by the unnamed boy of *The Painted Bird*, their miseries would only have begun. Out of fear of Nazi reprisals for harboring Jews and out of their own long-standing enmity toward them, the peasants of eastern Poland were, from Jerzy Kosinski's account of them, the least charitable people on earth, and perhaps the most sadistic.

When the Nazis invaded, Kosinski's young narrator was sent, like thousands of other children, from an unnamed city in the Germans' path to the shelter of a distant village. His foster mother soon died and the boy was left alone. His hair and complexion were dark—enough to brand him a Gypsy at best, and a Jew at worst. Gypsies were only slightly less murderous pariahs than Jews. Driven like a wild animal from village to village, indistinguishable from one another in their hostility toward him, the boy clung with courage and ingenuity to his frail life. They stoned him, they whipped him, they pummeled him, they threw him in a river to drown, they stuffed him in a manure pit to suffocate, they hung him on a wall 12 hours dangling by straps just above the slaving jaws of a hellish watchdog. Twice the Nazis were with a trigger-flick of shooting him.

And the troubles he saw: the

THE NEW BOOKS

make the Polish peasants of Isaac B. Singer's *The Slave* seem like jolly gentry in a musical comedy. Take the miller who suspected his wife of lifting her skirts too high to a village plowboy. He had the plowboy over for supper one night, gulped down his vodka, kicked his wife out of the way, grabbed an iron spoon, and then "with a rapid movement such as women use to gouge out the rotten spots while peeling potatoes, he plunged the spoon into one of the boy's eyes and twisted it. The eye sprang out of his face like a yolk from a broken egg and rolled down the miller's hand onto the floor. The plowboy howled and shrieked, but the miller's hold kept him pinned against the wall. Then the blood-covered spoon plunged into the other eye, which sprang out even faster." The narrator moved out in the morning.

There are also such incidental nightmares as squirrels set on fire for amusement, half-skinned rabbits running loose and spurting blood at every frenzied turn, strangled horses, goats coupling with lusty farmers' daughters, murders at weddings, and a full-scale rape of a village by rampaging Kalmuks. The boy himself is not above perpetrating a few horrors in the cause of survival, like luring one of his tormentors to the mouth of an abandoned army bunker and shoving him down inside it where a mound of rats tears him apart as the reader looks on. Kosinski rubs our faces in every gory bit of it; indeed he seems almost sadistic himself as he piles on the ghastly details, as if to say this is how brutalizing it was and how subhuman the race can get. It is a staggering book, literally incredible, yet this catalogue of depravity is detailed with such control and economy that we feel instinctively it is true.

One of the boy's grudging hosts was a trapper who got his kicks from snaring a bird, painting it "in rainbow hues until it became more dappled and vivid than a bouquet of wildflowers," and then sending it skyward again—where the flock promptly pecked it to pieces. If the ordeal of Jerzy Kosinski and the lives of Chaim Kaplan and the Jews who went with him to the gas chamber are to hold any real meaning for us now, we must not turn our backs on these continuing testaments to the pathol-

"Space travel is utter bilge!"

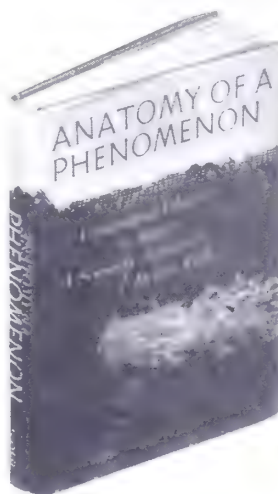
So proclaimed the Astronomer Royal of England in 1956. One year later, Sputnik was orbiting the Earth 15 times each day. Eight years later, Mariner IV raced at 25,000 miles per hour to intercept and photograph Mars. In June and July of 1965, as Mariner IV neared the mysterious planet, a rash of "flying saucer" sightings occurred, a number of them by scientists who stated that while strange objects hovered above their laboratories, certain scientific apparatus went haywire.

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100 Years After Appomattox THE SOUTH TODAY

Edited by Willie Morris

In these moving and eloquent essays—originally a supplement in *Harper's Magazine*—the image of a troubled, evolving South is illuminated. Yet there are many Souths, and the contributors to this book have drawn upon their own rich experience to reflect on the contrasts and present a realistic, composite picture of everyday Southern life. Here are the economic paradoxes; the prospects for mutual understanding between the Southern White and the Southern Negro; the moods, the conflicts, the fears of those who, having left the South, have returned and those who have stayed.

The contributors: C. Vann Woodward, William Styron, D. W. Brogan, Louis E. Lomax, Walker Percy, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Whitney M. Young, Jr., Edwin M. Yoder, Arma Bontemps, Philip M. Stern, and Jonathan Daniels.

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THE NEW BOOKS

ogy of Nazism, and of those bird-painters who permitted it to thrive. For we are all diminished by sub-human conduct wherever it is known to fester; those who doubt as much need look no farther than the nearest history book to learn that today's tormentor has a way of ending up tomorrow's painted bird.

Mr. Kluger is the editor of "Book Week," the syndicated Sunday book supplement of the New York "Herald Tribune."

The Year of the Swedes in China

by Jerome A. Cohen

Report from a Chinese Village, by Jan Myrdal. Translated by Maurice Michael. Pantheon, \$6.95.

China in Crisis, by Sven Lindqvist. Translated by Sylvia Clayton. Crowell \$5.95.

For Chinese this is the year of the snake. But for students of contemporary China this may become the year of the Swedes. At least Myrdal and Lindqvist get their country off to a fast start in the annual "China As I Knew It" publication derby. Their accounts nicely complement each other and, together, reveal many facets of Chinese life, vintage '62.

Westerners who seek to live in China are, of course, carefully screened. Of the small group who have obtained residential visas, very few have been allowed to stay in the countryside. Yet rural China holds 80 per cent of the population and is the key to the country's future. Late in the summer of 1962 Jan Myrdal, son of the famous social scientist, had the exceptional opportunity of spending a month in a village of fifty families in North China. There, with the permission of the local Communist Party Secretary and the aid of two official interpreters, he systematically conducted lengthy interviews with most of the adult villagers. He wanted to

THE NEW BOOKS

air life histories and perception of reality to enhance our understanding of the predominantly agrarian Chinese revolution. His book contains these autobiographies and an introduction in which he disclaims expertise in Chinese.

His hands are likely to find more interesting than will the amorphous creature, the general. The flat, simple, somewhat obvious vignettes give some of the flavor of contemporary village life—growing up, attending school, farming, lecturing, marrying, etc. Yet, at a critical midway point through every book must pass, all but specialists, who thrive on fitting pieces into a fascinating pattern, may be bored. The specialist, though impatient with peasant explanations of Party explanations and Myrdal's failure to ask "the right questions," will be compensated by occasional informational nuggets, culled from records of the village, from teams and production statistics to tales of intrigue from pre-World War II days when Communist, Nationalist, and various local forces vied to control the area.

Lindqvist's book offers many insights to Myrdal's. Lindqvist spent time as a student at Peking University and as cultural attaché to the Swedish Embassy. He focuses on city life, the plight of the educated. He is fluent in Chinese, he had many unsupervised contacts with the people. Drawing on these experiences, as well as on both Chinese and Western publications, he seeks to interpret rather than to record. The book includes a devastatingly accurate analysis of Chiang Kai-shek's defeated military dictatorship on the mainland.

Though little is new in Lindqvist's presentation, it is a readable, balanced and useful contribution to the literature. In some respects the comments are dated. For example, the few signs of relaxation in the Communist control of the intellectuals appeared amid an intensive continuing "socialist education" campaign. Also, the economic situation on the mainland has shown some improvement since his departure. Unfortunately, the last few chapters are little more than digests of known academic studies.

The Swivel Chair



One of the most cordial of literary enterprises exists between the editor of a magazine such as this one and the book publisher. An article in *Harper's* may foreshadow a book to come and happy the book editor with a well polished crystal ball. It can even happen that an entire magazine may be reflected in those Sibylline depths. Out of such a revelation came the Daedalus publishing project. Houghton Mifflin proposed to produce twelve issues of Daedalus in the permanence of hard covers, the editors of Daedalus thereby exercising the rare prerogative of editorial hindsight, for in book form the original material could be increased by new articles germinated by the old, the whole then indexed for scholarly convenience, and jacketed to tempt the bookstore browser.



The first title in the Daedalus Library *A NEW EUROPE?* edited by Stephen R. Graubard appeared about a year ago (\$8.95). The critics liked it. "Finally there is the bulky tome assembled by Dr. Stephen Graubard: with contributions from so many prominent historians, economists, sociologists, philosophers, and even theologians, that it would be invidious to single out individual names. It is a most impressive collection of learned papers, and perhaps the only possible summary is to the effect that *A NEW EUROPE?* merits its title: it is unique in covering almost the entire field — there are even some photographic illustrations of recent Western European architecture . . . If there is such a thing as the intelligent general reader, here is the book for him." — *The New York Review of Books*

THE PROFESSIONS IN AMERICA edited by Kenneth S. Lynn followed a few months later (\$5.00). Now published in October there will be books on two very lively subjects, *SCIENCE AND CULTURE* edited by Gerald Holton and *THE WOMAN IN AMERICA* edited by Robert Jay Lifton. Among the contributors of new material are: James Ackerman, Talcott Parsons, David Reisman and Diana Trilling (\$6.00 each).



To balance this, one book emerges from many magazines. Readers of *The Kenyon Review*, *The Virginia Quarterly*, *Redbook*, and the *Southwest Review* know the name of Georgia McKinley. In *THE MIGHTY DISTANCE* a novella and nine short stories explore a single theme (\$4.95). "Mrs. McKinley portrays the relations between men and women, between children and adults with true insight and remarkable subtlety." — GRANVILLE HICKS. And here the crystal ball is doubly vindicated for Mrs. McKinley's project for a novel is the recent winner of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship award.

Last month in these columns we celebrated the publication of a delightful book of highly personal history by a most distinguished official historian, *SPRING TIDES* by Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison (\$4.00). To remind you: "Even landlubbers will, I think, feel stirrings, long dormant, evoked by the author's phrases which his life's passion for the sea and remarkable powers of description have made it possible for him to form." VICE ADMIRAL MORTON L. DEYO



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THE NEW BOOKS

These two books add to the evidence suggesting that George Kennan's recent characterization of Chinese life—"a sort of gray, joyless hell"—is incomplete. Surely Myrdal would agree, as I do, with Lindqvist's conclusion that "the Chinese on the mainland are having a very hard time, but they are working for the future, they believe in the future." That, as Chiang Kai-shek can attest, makes all the difference.

Mr. Cohen is professor of law at the Harvard Law School and a specialist in Chinese law and government. He spent 1963-64 in Hong Kong interviewing former residents of Communist China.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Emperor of Ice-Cream, by Brian Moore.

Gavin Burke, seventeen-year-old, rebelliously agnostic son of a Catholic family in Protestant Belfast, fails to get his School Leaving Certificate, just at the beginning of World War II. It is the start of a long, often violent, often very funny, utterly convincing struggle for self-knowledge. It is impossible to describe the sophisticated magic that the author of *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* uses to make this traditional seventeen-year-old journey of sensual and emotional discovery quite unlike any other. Some of Gavin's problems are indicated above. There are others: his frustrated sex life, his love of poetry, his love-hate relationship with his family, his odd new friends in the dreary ARP (Air Raid Precautions), which he joins partly to defy his family (it means wearing a British uniform), partly to earn money, partly to meet people who know about other worlds. He does indeed find his way into other worlds, not without anguish, but he remains himself through it all, as fallible as he is endearing, and some of his soliloquies of self-examination would

break your heart if you weren't laughing so hard not to laugh. It would be unfair even to suggest the explosion of excitement and accompanying emotional upheaval at the end. The reader feels he has been a little while part of one of the tragi-comic experiences of all intelligent growing up. The theme, gently suggested in the quick transient complexity of the Stevens poem from which the book is taken.

Viking.

In the Sun, by Jon Godden.

As usual in Miss Godden's books, the background and climate emerge most as characters, surely as in the plot. The sun, the midday heat, the exotic beauty of the seaside resort, the Spanish coast lend as much to the story as the people involved. And the people, alas, seem to me less convincing and satisfying than those in some of her other novels. There is the English lady, heiress to a modest fortune, who has escaped at last from family imprisonment (so she thinks), who owns a villa. There is the handsome, charming nephew who turns up unexpectedly, the pretty young girl with several interesting backgrounds, the ones who never are fully realized. It is still a perfect setup for a thrilling subterranean plot. It turns out to be subtle, all right, and the suspense is there, but because the main characters in conflict are unsympathetic, the reader doesn't care much who wins. It's one of those stories where a word or two could have made all straight. But of course Miss Godden didn't want it set straight soon.

Knopf.

Absent Without Leave, by Hans Böll.

Here, by the author of the post-World War II classic, *The Clown*, is the story "Like a Bad Dream" in the issue of *Harper's*, are two more. The title story he treats in an elaborate but effective way, starting with the invited help of the reader in all scenes and characters to put it in a child's coloring book. It's a seductive device at first but eventually gives sharp outline to the thing involved in this comic story of a rebellious German who wants more than anything

come "unfit for service"; who in the first section of the novella marries his friend's sister, goes absent without leave for his honeymoon, is captured, sent to the front and goes through the war offstage. In the second half of the novella (present time) he has become a ruminative teatinking old man of forty-eight (among a lot of symbolically conventional coffee drinkers). His wife and most of his friends were killed during the war. The story is indeed full of what he pretends is absurd symbolism but which one feels is deadly serious. He pretends, too, to explain but the more he explains the more there is to question.

The second novella is in two short ones. One, "Enter," is in a soldier's camp at the outbreak of the war, written about a youth who doesn't see eye to eye with authority or even with comrades but whose most serious offense against the system is talking to his girl on the telephone, against regulations. The second one, "Exit," opens in a boxcar where he, by now a confirmed maverick, and his "friends" who have been at the front and been captured, are being repatriated. This is a most vivid episode told, as it all is, in a striking, unself-pitying tone of voice that manages to carry great emotion-weight. This is a brilliantly serious and impressive novelist who indicts not only Germany but all of us who lived, in the 'thirties, to read the news in time. McGraw-Hill, \$3.95

Nonfiction

Out of the Truth: An Autobiography, by Granville Hicks.

Writing Out in the Thirties, by Alvin Kazin.

These two autobiographies by distinguished American men of letters are bound to be linked together. Mr. Kazin's book, following his earlier autobiographical *A Walker in the City*, is only with his literary coming of age in the 'thirties down to World War II. Mr. Hicks's book covers a longer time but the major chapters are devoted to the same vital period, that of great causes—the Spanish Civil War, Communism, the New Deal. Both authors wrote for many of the same magazines, were involved in the same controversies (with what differing attitudes!), went to many



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Mr. Hicks, in *Part of the Truth*, has written the more conventional autobiography. He was the son of a factory superintendent, never rich, and in spite of the politically involved middle years of his life was always, geographically and philosophically part of the middle-class, New England-Protestant small towns where he grew up. Yet he was a doer—he always got involved, for better or for worse, in one cause after another. He studied for the ministry but became an atheist (President Neilson at Smith toned it down to agnostic when Hicks was teaching Bible there), became an active and avowed Communist and lost several jobs for it in those Depression days when a great many intellectuals either were Communists or wondered why they weren't. Yet he was almost the first to repudiate the Communists after the Russo-German pact. One feels and admires his commitment and intellectual integrity, one gets to know and like his family and friends—writers, teachers, townspeople—and one lives his literary aspirations and achievements in this story of sixty-odd years. Without disparagement of any kind, one can say this is a novelist's book about people and causes, but in a strange way (probably because the author modestly intended it to be only part of the truth), it is not, in the large sense, about Man.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Kazin's *Starting Out in the* is written with all the "emotionism of working-class commitment and city working class at that. Understands the city, particularly Brooklyn, with an almost Wolfsonian reporting of it. His intention—the pursuit of ideas and people (cf. his quotation from Malraux: "The life of culture depends not on those who inherit it than on those who desire it") is tireless. It is right from his first startled meeting with John Chamberlain to his deep involvement with Calverton and his *Modern* crowd, his (less-than-kind) observations of the *Partisan Review* down to his contact with the writers in Provincetown in the 'forties. Behind all this, weaving in with the persistence of character in a novel are his Russian-American working-class home and family and vivid friends designated only by their first names. Lives only follows with completion. Mr. Kazin, a convinced leftist and anti-Stalinist, never seems to have been personally committed to political action as Mr. Was. He was completely identified with the writers of the 'thirties and writers from the working class, the immigrant, the non-literate class, from the farms and mills—those whose struggle was to survive." He has sympathy for the writers of the twenties, the "rebels from the families—Dos Passos, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Cummings, Wilcox." He was always a little bit by the "cool-looking types I met at cocktail parties [who] seemed to find it odd to express the most revolutionary opinion at the most luxurious backs." Mr. Kazin envied them for living with sure strokes on the edge of chaos" while he, instead of proletarian, "was still trying things together in my own way, not getting anywhere." It is this sense of striving after truths, this preoccupation with the fate of Man (indeed his feeling on Cowley's review of *Man's* sets the tone of the book) as well as vivid evocation of people and events that make Mr. Kazin's book set and emotions churning.

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Music in the Round

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Offerings to the Gods

Recent recordings of religious music bring forth various expressions of belief—from the calm faith of Haydn to the dramatic fervor of Janáček.

The Bible and the Church have from the beginning been among the most potent of musical forces, and each composer pays homage according to what he is. Bach seems to have been beset by doubts, and his wandering chromaticisms, many experts believe, reflect his fears of his fate in afterlife. With Handel there is no fear at all. All is strong, hearty, confident. Beethoven had a vision in his mind—the brotherhood of man. Not a churchgoer, Beethoven was nevertheless devout in the higher sense of the word, feeling himself allied with some kind of Infinity.

Haydn's religious music has a kinship, emotionally and spiritually, with Handel's. Both men reflect a serene, unquestioning belief, and both men couched that belief in direct, simple, uncluttered music. Haydn's **The Creation**, one of his later and certainly one of his greatest scores, is typical. The music flows along in the most natural way imaginable. There is no great feeling of awe here, as there is in Bach. Haydn, one gets the idea from this score, had a calm faith that he would be one with the angels when he passed on. The melodies are sweet and soaring, and the literal qualities of the music seem matched by a literal faith in the text.

Most of the text comes from Genesis. It is sung in English in a fine new recording, with Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus (Decca 191, 2 discs, mono; 7171, stereo). Judith Raskin, John McCollum, and Chester Watson are the vocal soloists. For

quite a few years now, Waldman's Musica Aeterna series has been one of the bright spots of New York. He seeks out good music that is not played too often, and he presents it in well-rehearsed, musicianly performances. So it is with this performance. The chorus is supple and superbly trained; and the orchestra is small enough so that balance and texture are maintained. As for the soloists, the only complaint would be that none of them is especially equipped for coloratura singing. Very few singers today are. But the good rhythm of this trio, their excellent diction and secure vocalism, make their contribution first-rate. This performance will stand up against any on records. And the music is a constant joy—fresh, wonderfully naïve in spots (those nature imitations!), assembled with all the craft of one of music's supreme technicians.

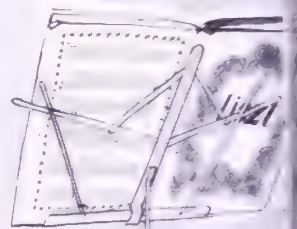
Great Concepts

As compared with *The Creation*, Charles Gounod's **St. Cecilia Mass** is cheap religious art—a French salon painting against a Fra Angelico. For some reason this curio has been resurrected and recorded (Angel 36214, mono; S-36214, stereo); and the performance by the soloists and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Jean-Claude Hartemann appears to be a good one. But the music is really a waste of time. It is vulgar, chromed, sentimental, and prettified. A much more interesting example of the French school of religious music comes from Darius Milhaud, whose recently-composed **Pacem in Terris** has been recorded (Vanguard VRS 1134, mono; VSD 71134, stereo).

The text is taken from the famous encyclical of Pope John XXIII, delivered on April 2, 1963. Milhaud

posed himself quite a problem. In Latin prose, the text is very difficult to set. It deals with great concepts and does not lend itself to any of prosodic or musical manipulation, not if its various excerpts are to remain intact, and that is what Milhaud has done.

While he may not be the greatest living composers, Milhaud is one of the most skillful: a musician with tremendous craft, fertility, facility. He came up with what he calls a "symphony" in seven movements. "Symphony" is a loose word in the context of *Pacem in Terris*, but it's all right; every composer today has his own ideas about old forms. Musically, Milhaud has gone back to the austere style of the 1920s. The setting is lean, logical, and often accented with Milhaud's ever-present polka patterns adding bite to the harmony. Melodically there is less to grab the imagination, though every now and then a fine idea is presented. This curious sort of way the music, of its modernism, does sound dated. It's the work of a composer who has not had anything significant to say since his early period. Yet that should



not from the sincerity, of purpose, and musical honesty of *Festival Mass*.

Something Big

all together different impressions—by the Slavonic Mass (or *Festival Mass*; or *Missa Glagolitica*) of Janáček. Here it is hard to have reservations, and one is apt to be swept away by the power, grandeur, originality of the score. Janáček is an interesting composer who only recently is beginning to be rediscovered. He died in 1928, and in his native Czechoslovakia is considered one of the important musical creators of the century. But until recent years not much of his music was heard in the West. Only in the last decade have his works—*Jenufa*, *Katya Kabanova*, *The Cunning Little Vixen* among others—making the international rounds. It is beginning to grow around him, and also around this *Festival Mass*.

Janáček was not a very graceful composer. He was late in development—was in many respects self-taught, and in all of his music there is something awkward and self-conscious. There is also something big about it—something uncompromising, egotistic, stubborn. A very strong personality comes through, and strong personalities are rare in music of any age. Neither a reactionary nor an avant-gardist, Janáček was one of the transitional composers (like Mahler) whose roots were in the nineteenth century but whose sympathies and inclinations were with the twentieth. In Janáček's music there is no atonalism, but plenty of balance, always centered around a human feeling. He played free with old forms, yet his music never breaks completely away from the previous tradition. It is a fascinating amalgam of the old and the new, and in his late works there is much more new than

The *Festival Mass* had its premiere in 1927, the year before Janáček died. It is composed to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Czech republic, and the text honors the two patron saints of Czechoslovakia—St. Cyril and St. Methodius. Those two had translated much of the Bible into the Cyrillic script, a precursor of the modern Latin script used in Czechoslovakia.



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

slovakia. Janáček, who appears to have been a freethinker, decided not to compose an orthodox mass. He looked back to an earlier time, when his country was emerging from the Dark Ages, and he set the Glagolitic language to music.

What results is a rough-hewn, neo-primitive, surging kind of writing with extraordinary power, tension, and imagination. Chorus and soloists are used, but the hero is the orchestra. Instead of ending his *Slavonic Mass* with an orthodox *Dona nobis pacem*, Janáček has two sections—an organ solo followed by an exciting, snarling orchestral postlude. The entire score has a gripping kind of excitement and drama, plus an exotic Slavic quality, that makes it unique. It is a masterpiece.

We have a choice of two recent recordings. Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, who had done the *Slavonic Mass* in Philharmonic Hall two years or so ago, are represented on a Columbia disc (ML 6137, mono; MS 6737, stereo); and the Bavarian Radio Orchestra under Rafael Kubelik are heard on a Deutsche Grammophon disc (18954, mono; 138954, stereo). Bernstein's performance has some advantages. The original text is more clearly reproduced (the DGG version is sung in German), and hence there is a more faithful, more Slavic feeling. And Bernstein conducts with a good deal of drive. His vocal soloists, however, are inferior to those on the DGG discs. Helga Pilarczyk is shrill and unsteady, George Gaynes sings with all too obvious effort, and even the reliable Nicolai Gedda sounds uncomfortable. Kubelik's soloists—Evelyn Lear, Ernst Haefliger and Franz Crass, are a much smoother and more convincing trio. (In reality there are four soloists in the *Slavonic Mass*, but the alto has next to nothing to do.)

And despite Bernstein's undoubted force, Kubelik has a more secure grasp of the score. His Czech background helps, for he has been familiar with the music all his life, whereas it is doubtful if Bernstein has had much prior acquaintance with it. In any case, Kubelik's paces, outline, and ideas carry more authority. But any intelligent, adventurous music-lover should investigate one of these two recordings. The *Festival Mass* is an experience that should not be passed up.

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

Togetherne

Rod Levitt's band sounds as though it had played together more often than only in the studio on recording dates—not that this is so rare, but the sense of ensemble is a precious thing, and rarely comes of anything but the musicians' long and close association. Levitt's orchestra (too precise, octet) has in fact existed more than several years, but it already has that nice sound of independent existence casually overheard, though they would have been playing anyhow, whether the tape machine had been on or off.

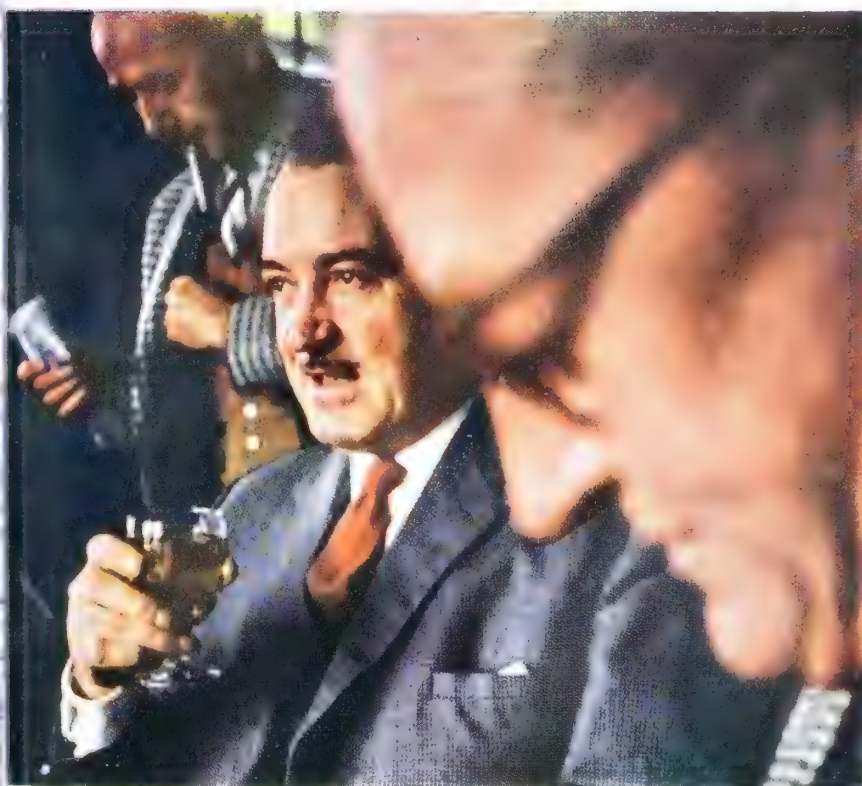
A quality of smooth accord is especially necessary to Levitt's way of doing things, since he tries to bind together such a number of centrifugal elements, among them modernism, humor, careful arrangements, rich texture, jazz solidity, and what I can only call bounciness. There is quite a lot going on, and a lot of intent behind it, so that the group's avoidance of self-consciousness or souring forced is a more-than-ordinary achievement.

Levitt himself plays trombone and writes the arrangements. He comes from his own group from the paradoxical background of the Dizzy Gillespie big band and the Radio City Music Hall, apparently he had had enough of the latter to quit in 1963. The style of his arrangements is one of up-to-dateness and big-band sound, but there is also something in it of intimacy and entertainment, of posing for effect and popping balloons. In a piece called *Stop Those Men!* he even manages an essay into jazz slapstick.

The jazz commonplace which associates ease and elegance with the small combinations makes it conventional to praise big ones which sound small, and small ones which sound big without actually being so. It is a sensible convention. Classical music—which still has full modern symphonies playing works originally written for a baroque chamber orchestra—is not yet sophisticated enough to make the distinction.

Insight. The Rod Levitt Orchestra RCA Victor. LSP-3372.

**This man is discussing whisky with friends.
And who should know more about it?
He happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.**



George Thomson, Director and master blender of John Walker & Sons, shown here at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club, Scotland.

If you could eavesdrop a little, you might hear talk of Scottish Highlands, more than 40 "single malts," even sherry casks. Curious facts and figures about Johnnie Walker Black Label from George Thomson, the master blender himself.

He might mention that the Scotch is made from over forty of the most costly Highland malt whiskies, all mellowed for years in sherry casks, and blended with the precise amount of mature Scotch grain whisky. But he might hesitate to mention exactly how the forty

odd malt whiskies are selected. Mr. Thomson is quite modest about his nose.

The man with a nose for Scotch

There are 101 malt whiskies distilled in Scotland. The differences between them are sometimes slight, but always perceptible to Mr. Thomson's nose. It tells him to select this one for body, that one for character, until he has the ultimate combination that can be rounded into the finest Scotch made.

Mr. Thomson is highly particular

about his blend of Scotch. And Johnnie Walker is most particular about its master blender. There have only been four since 1820. It's a rare skill that can turn out a Scotch with so much depth to it, with the same superlative quality barrel after barrel.

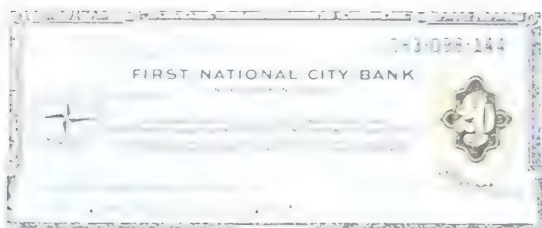
Perhaps you should taste Johnnie Walker Black Label. It's available in reasonable supply here, although rationed in the United



Kingdom. It's also available in a distinguished year-round gift carton. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



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American businessman Robert L. McEwen and his wife are shown shopping at Switzerland's famous Pax Philippe. They found First National City Travelers Checks good here as everywhere.



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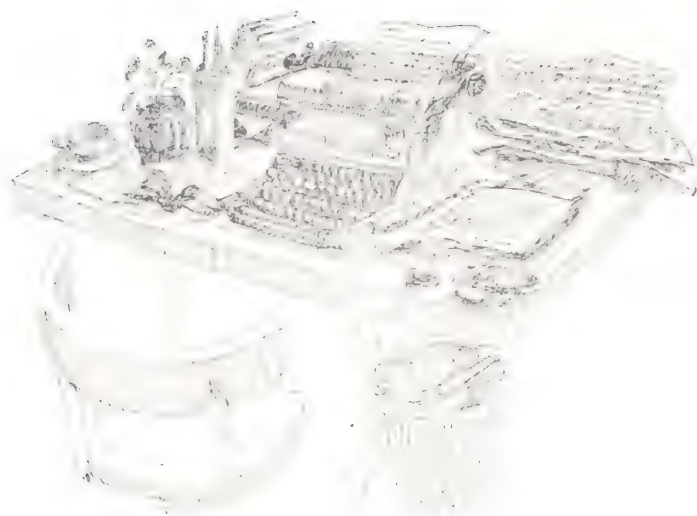
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WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME

Drawings by Joseph Papin



Foreword

THE writer's life today remains a capricious affair, filled with constant uncertainty, struggle, and debate, both practical and artistic. Yet in a financial sense, at least, it is a more stable way of life than at almost any time in history. More writers than ever before make a living from their work, although the statistics still are not pleasant reading. And the psychic hazards persist, as well. How does a writer relate to the world around him? Must he remain an outsider? What are the sources of inspiration? What happens when the demands of everyday life keep him from his writing? Are foundation subsidies really a help? Why are writers in New York different from writers in London? Why is the business of selling books so haphazard? What does the editor mean to the writer and how can they benefit each other?

This series of articles, written specially for the October and November issues of *Harper's*, tries to examine these questions—and others—and in some cases to offer answers. Simple space requirements made it necessary to leave untouched certain active and rewarding areas of the writer's world: television, the theater, and the movies among them. But in the pages available, some of America's and England's most gifted writers have seriously gone about the serious business of facing up to the practical and creative problems of their craft. It is their world and they know it best.

ROBERT KOTLOWITZ
for *The Editors*

In Defense of Editing

by Norman Podhoretz

The gifted—and unabashed—editor of "Commentary" asks whether editors are really necessary, and in searching for the answer offers a definition of the entire editorial process, how it works, why, and what it means to the writer, to the reader, and to the very quality of our cultural life.

It seems to have become the fashion lately for writers who have had difficulties with one magazine or another to complain in public about the terrible treatment they have received at the hands of insensitive editors. B. H. Haggin not long ago voiced such a complaint in *Partisan Review* against Robert Hatch of *The Nation*; more recently, in the *Hudson Review*, Hans J. Morgenthau had a go at me. As it happens, both Haggin and Morgenthau were speaking out of what might easily be regarded as personal pique, but the question they raised—Are editors necessary?—is nevertheless an interesting one, touching as it does on the general state of discourse in America and the whole issue of the maintenance of standards. To take up that question, one has to discuss aspects of the editorial process that were perhaps better kept private, but now that they are being made public from the point of view of the aggrieved author, they might just as well be talked about from the point of view of the working editor as well. And the only way for a working editor to begin talking honestly about them is to attempt an answer to the question as it was put in more positive form by John Fischer in the June *Harper's*: What do editors do?

Most people, I imagine, if they think about it

at all, think that the job of an editor is to pick and choose among finished pieces of work which have been submitted to him and deliver them to the printer; that is to say, he acts as a middleman between individual authors and an expectant public. In the six years that I have been editing *Commentary*, there have indeed been occasions when my job corresponded roughly to that conception of it. But the editorial process is usually far more complicated. Typically, between the receipt of a manuscript at the offices of almost any magazine and the dispatch of a publishable article to the printer fall the shadows—of *doubt*, of *deliberation*, of *labor*, of *negotiation*.

Doubt: Every magazine that deserves the name has a character, a style, a point of view, a circumscribed area of concern, a conception of how discourse ought to be conducted; if it lacks these things, it is not a magazine but a periodical anthology of random writings. Obviously the editor's personality, his cast of mind, his biases, his interests are crucial to the formation of this character. Yet once it has been formed—if it has been truly formed—it takes on an independent existence of its own, resisting even the editor's efforts to change or qualify it. It is enormously important for him to fight his own magazine, to keep it from becom-

ing hardened and predictable, to keep it open and mobile. Yet if he whores too avidly after strange gods, desiring this man's art and that man's scope, the magazine will avenge itself by refusing to assimilate the foreign substance. Instead of achieving surprise, he will achieve a tasteless incongruity, like a woman with the wrong hairdo; instead of looking more flexible and lively, his magazine will take on an uncertain and affected air. This is why phrases like "Not for us" or "Unsuitable" so often accompany rejected manuscripts. They are used partly to soothe the wounded feelings of authors, but there is a truth in them by which magazines live or die.

Rites of Commissioning

To understand that magazines have their own insistent characters is to understand why the vast majority of the articles they publish are likely to be commissioned. (The strictly literary magazines are an exception, for the obvious reason that poems and stories, unlike articles, are not as a rule written to order. But even a literary magazine can only become a real magazine—that is, acquire a character—by going after particular writers whom the editor values more highly than others; that, too, may perhaps be regarded as a form of commissioning.)

If an established writer or a regular contributor comes to a magazine with a proposal that the editor likes, he will naturally be told to go ahead. But before he is allowed to proceed, the editor will usually tell him how he thinks the subject should properly to be handled: "properly," of course, meaning the editor's conception of how the in-house demands of the magazine best be reconciled with the demands of the magazine's character.

The other, more common, form of commissioning is that in which the writer's subject is turned upon the editor's. The editor—or, mysteriously, the magazine—has a hunch that a certain subject would make a good article and he asks the writer to write on it. The writer usually agrees, for the subject is usually one that interests him, and he is usually a professional writer who knows that a commission from a magazine is a good thing. But the editor's hunch may be wrong. The writer may find the subject too dry or too technical or too obscure. The editor may find the writer's style too dull or too verbose or too idiosyncratic. The writer may find the editor's suggestions too restrictive or too arbitrary. The editor may find the writer's suggestions too vague or too tentative. The writer may find the editor's demands too high or too low. The editor may find the writer's work too slow or too fast. The writer may find the editor's work too hasty or too slow. The editor may find the writer's work too good or too bad. The writer may find the editor's work too good or too bad. The editor may find the writer's work too good or too bad. The writer may find the editor's work too good or too bad.



tor will know where to go, and with enough luck he will snare his man. Still, he has to be very lucky indeed or very inspired in his choice of the writer to get the piece *he* is dreaming of (and almost miraculously lucky to get it on the promised date). It happens once in a great while. But the typical middle-man in this phase of the editorial process is the delivery of a manuscript which only faintly approximates the editor's ideal conception, or else differs radically from it. Thus *Doubt*, and then . . .

Deliberation: Is it right for *us*? Can it be made right for *us*? How? Will the author be willing to revise it? Can he revise it on time? Will he let *us* revise it? Are we willing to risk offending a valuable contributor by pushing very hard? Are we willing to offend a contributor by pushing very hard? Should we perhaps publish the piece more or less as it is? Are we perhaps a little crazy?

Such are the questions that are struggled with at the time of the manuscript. The editor and the writer. Finally, when the manuscript may have gone the rounds of the editor's staff, and the commissioning editor has thoroughly ascertained a decision, enthusiastic or grudging, is reached. A letter is written or a telephone conversation held or a lunch date arranged. "This is what we think you should do. Will you do it?" If the commissioning process is repeated when the manuscript is returned to the editor, "Will you do it?"

us do it, then? Naturally you'll have an opportunity to check the edited version." If yes to that, the phase of deliberation gives way to . . .

Labor: One edits a manuscript by trying to correct the flaws that inevitably appear when it is subjected to the minutest scrutiny of which the editor is capable. In America (and indications are that this is beginning to happen in England, too), the overwhelming majority of the flaws to be corrected are either technical or minimally aesthetic: flaws of grammar, flaws of syntax, flaws of structure, flaws of rhetoric, flaws of taste.

But the deficiencies that tend to show up on a ruthlessly close study of a manuscript may be substantive too. Under the editorial microscope things that were not visible to the naked eye—neither the editor's nor the author's—suddenly make an unexpected appearance. One sentence does not logically follow from the next; the paragraph on page 8 only makes sense if it is transposed to page 6 and stitched in with a clever transition to cover the seam; a point which seemed persuasive on a first reading turns out to need bolstering with more documentation (or the irrelevancies surrounding it have to be peeled away); an argument which looked reasonable before is now revealed as contradicting another argument elsewhere in the piece, or to have ignored or distorted the evidence on the other side of the case.

Some of these deficiencies—the logical and structural ones—can be remedied by the editor himself if he has acquired a truly inward grasp of what the author is trying to say and show and evoke. But it must be left to the author to fill in gaps, to add further information, to take up new questions that have arisen, to shore up weaknesses that have become evident. Accordingly the edited version of his

article will be sent to him with a letter explaining what has been done to the manuscript and why, asking him to make sure that no inaccuracies have crept in through the editing, and requesting that he deal with the substantive problems which have emerged upon careful scrutiny. The phase of *Labor* has come to a close, and what remains is . . .

Negotiation: Seeing the edited manuscript, the author, as likely as not, is more than a little outraged. This is, after all, *his* article; he takes responsibility for it; it is to appear under his name. By what right does anyone presume to tamper with it? (On the other hand, some authors, curiously enough including many who write very well, are often grateful for editing.) When the outrage subsides, however, he will begin to wonder whether there might not perhaps be a certain justice in the criticisms reflected in the editing; not all, of course, but some. Adjustments will naturally have to be made here and there, but on the whole the edited version will do.

Clash of Vanities

Just as the editor may have been worrying about the possibility of losing both article and author by pressing too hard on the manuscript, so on his side the author may be worried lest he lose his chance of publishing the piece and disaffect the editor. There is a clash of interests and vanities here which does not differ greatly in principle from the clash of opposing groups in politics, and it is ordinarily settled in much the same way as political struggles are—by negotiation. The author accepts most of the editing but insists on certain points (the restoration of a passage that has been cut or of a formulation that has been changed), the editor agrees, and the piece is at long last sent to the printer.

Thus is the editorial process completed—so far as this one article is concerned. There may be as many as fifteen or twenty other pieces in the same issue. Not all of them will have involved so much effort. Two or three will have required only a little touching up or none at all; several others will have needed considerable editing but not in every sentence; still others will have needed more editing than the editor—knowing the author would object, and on balance wanting the piece even in an imperfect state—dared to do. (Reading such pieces in proof, or even in print, the editor can hardly control his pencil.)

It takes, then, a great deal of work, an energizing concentration on detail, and a fanatical concern with the bone and sinew of the English

A Literary Nation?

Every Norwegian writer would like to be published in America. Some of them are, though this does not necessarily bring them what they seek. It is difficult to explain to Norwegian writers that, speaking generally, America is not a literary nation, that millions of educated American citizens care little for literature. Again and again this reporter tried to explain that though Americans read books, as witnessed by the sale of paperbacks, only a very small number of them are concerned or interested in literature as such.

—Nika S. Hazelton, "Norwegian Letter," *The New York Times Book Review*, May 17, 1964.

language to edit a manuscript—to improve an essentially well-written piece or to turn a clumsily written one into, at the very least, a readable and literate article, and, at the very most, a beautifully shaped and effectively expressed essay which remains true to the author's intention, which realizes that intention more fully than he himself was able to do. In addition to work, manuscript editing takes time—and time is critical to an enterprise that lives under the pressure of deadlines. And in addition to time, it takes a combination of sympathy—getting inside someone else's mind—and rigor—resistance to being swallowed up by that other mind, once inside—that is extremely difficult to maintain.

Who Cares?

Is it all worth it? Over and over again one asks oneself that question, tempted as one is to hoard some of the energy that goes into editing for thinking one's own thoughts or doing one's own writing. One asks oneself whether anyone would know the difference if one simply sent all those pieces to the printer after a perfunctory reading. And one asks oneself whether anyone really cares about writing of this kind *as* writing. For all editors have had the experience of publishing inadequately edited pieces that were praised beyond their deserts, and articles they knew to be classics of their type that were scarcely noticed and certainly not valued at their proper worth. If such articles (which are not edited—one has no impulse to tamper with perfection) are not appreciated, what hope is there that lesser (edited) pieces will be?

In the end an editor is thrown back, as any man doing any job faithfully must be, on the fact that *he* cares and that he can therefore do no other. He cares about the English language; he cares about clarity of thought and grace of expression; he cares about the traditions of discourse and of argument. It hardly needs to be said that even good editors will sometimes bungle a job and that bad editors invariably will, but it nevertheless remains true that the editorial process is a necessity if standards are to be preserved and if the intellectual life in America is not to become wholly compartmentalized and ultimately sterile in spirit.

Apocalyptic as this may sound, I believe it to be an accurate statement of the case. It is no secret that the number of people in this country who can write an acceptable piece of exposition in literate English is astoundingly low. But if one goes beyond that minimal requirement and asks for a

piece of exposition whose virtues include clarity, economy, coherence, and grace, one is hard put to find it even among professional journalists or professors of English, let alone professors of economics or sociology. (One is, however, rather more likely to find it among the professors of history who as a class are for some reason the best writers in the academy today.) Whatever the causes of this sorry condition may be, the fact is that it exists, and until it is remedied the only alternative to (competent) editing must be a further debasement of our language and a further loosening of our already tenuous hold on the traditions of civilized public discourse.

In our culture—I exaggerate only slightly—those who know cannot write, and those who can write do not know. An editor who wants an article on a given subject which seems important to him at a given time has very little trouble locating people with impeccable credentials and unquestionable authority. Since such people are rarely good writers, however, he has three choices as an editor: he can decide not to get a piece on the subject at all; he can resign himself to publishing one that is gratuitously unreadable and guilty of grave offenses against the art of exposition; or he can edit. To opt for the first choice is to lose opportunities; to opt for the second is to behave irresponsibly both toward the readers of his magazine and toward the standards of his profession; to opt for the third is to risk error and arrogance for the sake of creating the monthly illusion that we live in a world where a certain mode of serious discussion can still take place. What is today an illusion was once a reality; but without the illusion—that is, the sense of what is possible—before our eyes, how will we ever make it a reality again?

Deafened

At a literary party. Frogs and oxen. The frogs are the magazine and newspaper men, the agency men, the publishers, who rather pathetically try to equate knowing writers with actually creating something; the oxen are the writers, who are castrated by their own self-interest, their own vanities, their "shop." Both frogs and oxen are very well by themselves; but the syzygy is fatal. Their chatter deafens me and I feel like Alice at the tea-party. They are not even good "material."

—John Fowles, "I Write Therefore I Am," in *Evergreen Review* No. 33, Aug.-Sept. 1964.



Apart from standards, there is also the matter of American intellectual life itself. Once upon a time—or so it now seems—all educated men spoke the same language and therefore were able to communicate with one another. They strolled together in marketplaces or ate together at High Table conversing all the while, wittily, on all manner of things. These educated men were all equally philosophers, equally theologians, equally scientists. But then one day, in the very midst of a conversation, they suddenly discovered that something strange had happened: they could no longer understand one another. They all wondered why they had been punished in this mysterious way by the multiplication of tongues (which soon came to be known as “disciplines”). Some blamed it on the growth of an idolatrous cult of Science among their fellows; others blamed it on the laziness and complacency of the *littérateurs*. The argument still rages today, but the “disciplines” are if anything further apart than they were in that far-off time when the common language was first shattered into a hundred isolated fragments.

Finding the Language

In my view, the primary responsibility of the magazine editor is to participate in the struggle to reconstruct that shattered common language. There *must* be a language in which all but the most highly technical matters can be discussed without distortion or falsification or watering-down; there *must* be a language impartially free of all the vari-

ous jargons through which the “disciplines” maintain their proud and debilitating isolation; there *must* be a language in which the kinship of these disciplines is expressed and revealed and reaffirmed.

A man who does not believe in the possibility of such a language cannot edit a magazine (though he may be able to edit a specialized journal of one kind or another). For from the belief in the possibility of such a language everything else that makes an editor follows: the conception of a culture as organic—as one and not many—and therefore accessible in all its modalities to the general intelligence; the correlative conviction that by the exercise of his general intelligence a man can determine what the important issues are even in areas in which he has no special training; the arrogance to assert that *this* is the relevant point rather than *that*; the nerve to tell others how to discuss things which they know more about than he does.

And so we come back to where we began: to manuscript editing. Mr. Fischer is right in stressing qualities like intuition, curiosity, and enthusiasm when he talks about the process by which an editor decides on subjects to be covered, problems to be investigated, issues to be raised. But it is manuscript editing and manuscript editing alone that makes it possible for these subjects to be covered properly, these problems to be investigated adequately, these issues to be raised incisively.

(I should add that the article you have just read was commissioned and deliberated upon, but not edited. Perhaps—I hope not—it should have been.)

Lost in the Bookshops of New York

by Alan Levy

A marathon browse through Manhattan's leading bookstores turns up a lot of old jewelry for sale, as well as art reproductions, toys, and even a few volumes. The author, who has written a half-dozen books himself, claims, however, that the future is not hopeless for the buying and selling of "literature."

On the day my first hard-cover book was published I walked through Brentano's front door. Posing as a customer, I gave a floorwalker the title and asked him where I could find it. "We don't carry non-books here," he replied.

Badly gored, I made for the side exit, moving past a treasure trove of pre-Columbian jewelry; a sculpted "Greek Goat, 460/450 B.C., \$15"; some malformed totems in the Gallery of Crafts; and a "K'Ang Hsi Period Horse . . . scaled for the garden, \$500." As I neared the 47th Street door, there was a bittersweet surprise ending: I collided with twelve copies of my own non-book.

Much the same has happened to other authors in the bookshops of New York. A prominent attorney, without identifying himself, asked for a book he'd written. "Don't have it," the clerk said. Did he expect it in? "No." Could the store—a major one, incidentally, not a fly-by-night card shop—order a copy for a customer? "No." Having caught the witness in a lie (the store could order any current book from any large publisher and make an easy 25 to 40 per cent profit), the author closed in like a prosecutor. He sent for the clerk's superior. He unmasked himself not only as the author, but also as the attorney for the store. There were apologies and, that afternoon, the store placed a rush order for several hundred copies. Happy ending? Bittersweet again. With the purchase, the store specified that each order already placed for other books on the publisher's list be reduced by twenty-five copies. One of those books was mine.

"Some booksellers don't know Arthur Miller from Henry Miller," says Ralph Schoenstein, author of *The Block* and *Time Lurches On*. "These merchants of American letters and the frustrated actors they employ are under no pressure to sell any particular book. They can return every copy to the publisher and get their money back."

Year after year, Schoenstein and I and several thousand others write books of varying merit that do not become *causes célèbres* or best-sellers. (My own hard-cover sales, at last royalty count, ranged from 4,000 to 12,000 per book and I have never been banned.) Herman Wouk, Saul Bellow, and Charlie Chaplin have the Book-of-the-Month Club and Literary Guild to watch over them. Alan King, Alexander King, and Martin Luther King have personal publicity to help peddle their books and non-books. Critical attention? James Gould Cozzens has Clifton Fadiman and Dwight Macdonald; John Hawkes has Susan Sontag; even Howard Fast has J. Donald Adams. But most of us consider ourselves lucky if we are reviewed at all. Our only showcase is the bookstore.

Some authors have to travel two or three hundred miles to be insulted in the nearest bookstore. Many, however, enjoy the mixed blessing of living in or near New York City. In Manhattan alone, there are more than one hundred stores primarily or exclusively devoted to hard-cover books, and since 1957, when I began my double life as author and consumer, I have felt a vested interest in all of them. What kind of job is the bookseller doing for me and, pardon the paranoia, to me? Why?

And can anything be done to improve my lot in the bookshops of New York? I decided to start asking my questions where they would do the most good.

To assess dues fairly the American Booksellers Association rates its 2,200 member stores from A (smallest) to Z (largest), according to size and volume of operation. An A store handles less than \$15,000 a year in hardbound trade books; a Z store, over \$5,500,000. Pickwick in Hollywood and Lauriat in Boston are Rs; Wanamaker's in Philadelphia a T; Kroch-Brentano in Chicago a V. There are only two Zs on the ABA's map of the United States. One is in Nashville, citadel of both country music and the Cokesbury book chain. (Cokesbury, a nonprofit Methodist operation, has its largest shrine in Dallas, but the glory goes to Nashville headquarters.) The other is in New York, home of the nationwide Doubleday chain. With numerous regional and specialized exceptions, the Doubleday Book Shops normally account for 10 per cent of a book's total sale. My marathon browse began on Fifth Avenue near 57th Street—in Doubleday's flagship store.

Emerson's words are inscribed on the downstairs wall: "In the highest civilization, the book is still the highest delight." At Doubleday, the newest book is the most irresistible delight. The seduction starts in the window, tempts you into the store, then down the aisle (at 57th Street, wide enough for a clumsy father to wheel a baby carriage), and leads you to the most attractively displayed and promising current books. You're free to peer inside the covers and, for list price, take home whatever you find. Any Manhattan Doubleday is a *sexy* place—great for girl-watching as well as book browsing. Fashion models, socialites, and secretaries drift in from the sidewalks of New York. It is alluringly chic.

It is also impressively efficient. Call up to inquire about a book in print and Customer Service will trace it for you within sixty seconds. If they don't have it, their special orders move fast, too. If you have almost any kind of credit card, they'll mail the book. If not or if you're in a hurry, you can pick it up at the Will Call counter. At Christmastime, when a bookstore does a quarter of its annual business, most stores are generous—but the Doubleday people stay that way all year round. Should you receive a salable current book that doesn't

satisfy, they will exchange it—even if it was bought elsewhere.

By the time I entered the 57th Street store, I had already enjoyed several pleasant encounters with Doubleday. Thanks to a subsidy from my publisher, a WQXR radio announcer read the jacket blurb of my latest book on the Doubleday Book Concert. And, on an otherwise dreary publication day, one of Doubleday's seven buyers lunched with me at my publisher's expense. He assured me that Doubleday's seven wise men have spent a total of more than two hundred years in their trade. They buy in quantities of 2,000 to 10,000 (*Gone With the Wind*, *The Caine Mutiny*), basing their judgments of 20,000 new books a year mostly upon reports in trade periodicals, catalogues, jacket blurbs, advance reviews, brief skimmings, lunches, visits from salesmen, and, mainly, talk.

At the buyer's invitation, I visited behind the scenes at his store. In the basement, seven men and women (Customer Service) were manning telephones while an eighth was reading Gunnar Myrdal and wearing ear stoppers. "He's on his lunch hour," my guide explained. The vast basement resembled the stacks of a main library. Deep within, a man was broadcasting into a tape recorder. "A book jockey?" I wondered. No, he was from Doubleday publishers, the book chain's parent concern. He was taking inventory of Doubleday books *only* and would send his taped broadcast to his Garden City office to insure prompt replenishing. Although the stores feature "Books



of All Publishers," it's a doubly bad day at Doubleday when a customer can't buy a Doubleday book there.

I was impressed by the machinery behind the glamorous exterior, but dismayed by how well it was oiled. I learned, for example, what happens when a book "isn't doing something spectacular"—which is the story of most authors' lives. After the book has been in the stores for three months, an Automatic Return Form is sent from the main office, instructing each store to return all copies on hand to the publisher for full credit. If a manager believes in a book and wants to keep it, he is expected to clear it with his superiors and notify them in writing that he is keeping it in stock. And he had better remind himself to give up on the book within a year of publication—the usual time limit for returns.

I had often wondered why my books vanished from Doubleday's in six to eight weeks (compared to six months at Brentano's and seven months at Scribner's). I had optimistically chalked up all these disappearances to sellouts—and waited for reorders that never came. Now I realized that the limited life expectancies of my brain children had been further curtailed by the caution of the booksellers.

Doubleday occasionally goes out on a limb for books that its buyers believe in. The chain has been credited with the initial success of the Thorne Smith fantasies as well as two "finds" that intrigued the seven wise men so greatly that they offered their normally underpaid (from \$50 to \$80 a week) clerks a 25-cent bonus for each copy sold. The titles? *The Caine Mutiny* and *Auntie Mame*.

Peculiar Sidelines

Most of the evils that beset bookstores—and therefore their personnel, their public, and their authors—arose because the American bookseller is running scared. He has been sounding his own death knell for more than half a century, while struggling to live with such cancerous growths as bicycles, automobiles, telephones, television, movies, department stores, coupon advertising, book clubs, Sunday supplements, magazines, Time-Life Books, paperbacks, Little Blue Books, Modern Library, public libraries, lending libraries, and remaindering ("Any book in this window 49¢. New titles added daily"). Yet, since World War II, the American booksellers' gross annual business has tripled and, for each of the past five years, it has averaged a reasonably healthy 2 per cent growth

rate. It's no secret, though, that booksellers haven't done it with hard-cover books alone.

Take Brentano's, "Booksellers to the World." A few years ago, when the discount house of E. J. Korvette was just a rumor and not yet a neighbor, a Brentano's official warned an American Booksellers Association meeting that if Korvette invaded Fifth Avenue, Brentano's main store was doomed. But Brentano's met the threat with, among other weapons, a superb paperback *palazzo* in the main store (13,000 titles, arranged by category, not by publisher) and the creeping non-book merchandise upstairs (stuffed Kookie Gonk, \$5; bust of John F. Kennedy, \$50). At last year's ABA meeting, the same gentleman publicly stated that Brentano's was doing better business than ever, and so, in fact, was Korvette.

Brentano's is not the only store to stock peculiar sidelines. Womrath has changed from a chain of genteel neighborhood shops to just another stand in the mass marketplace, complete with paperback annexes and a toy department. On the day I glanced in the Womrath window at 70th and Lexington I discovered *How to Make Love in Five Languages* flanked by *Sex and—*manuals, which were in turn encircled by Alpha-1 Ballistic Missiles and Guns That Shoot Around Corners.

One way or another, most of the bookshops of New York are surviving. The specialized ones are doing so with a minimum of compromise. In Lucien Goldschmidt's Rare & Fine Books, you don't have to bring in a \$500 bill just to hear Mr. G. reminisce about a tiny bookshop in Bologna that looks like a coal or wood merchant's, but isn't. For \$2.75, you can buy an out-of-print French paperback. "Our customers could all live without what we have," Mr. G. told me. "But they come here to buy, to look, and to be entertained."

The Aberdeen is a musty tunnel featuring out-of-print American and British paperbacks. Nothing vanishes from the mass market more mysteriously than a paperback original after six weeks on the racks everywhere, but at the Aberdeen you can discover twelve-year-old Penguins and Hillmans that are collectors' items, for under a dollar.

The Drama Book Shop is the one place in town where actors make knowledgeable clerks, and it stocks flops as well as hits. Another specialized enterprise, Zoltan Mason's Occult Bookshop, has a whole bookcase devoted to alchemy alone. Philip C. Duschnes sells British and American first editions amidst gracious living-room decor. And the personnel of all these stores take their books very, very seriously.

The browser's paradise, Fourth Avenue's used-book row, survived an urban-renewal scheme to



relocate it in a subway arcade ("We're bookworms, yes; moles, no"). Now it is being threatened, not by consumer apathy, but by the new apartment houses thrusting flimsily skyward. "Highrisewise," said one of the Fourth Avenue booksellers, "I suspect we're doomed."

What new blood exists in New York bookselling has come from two publishing houses. Each of their stores has a distinct personality. The Rizzoli International, at 56th and Fifth, is the American outpost of an Italian publishing empire (books and periodicals, including *Oggi*) that also produces Fellini (*La Dolce Vita* and $8\frac{1}{2}$) and Antonioni (*Red Desert*) films. Mostly, the Rizzoli reeks of Antonioni's profound languor. The customer drifts up marble staircases set amidst gilded wood, emerald walls, bronze chandeliers, and tailored, svelte saleswomen. From a balcony, the stereo tinkles Vivaldi. Call the Rizzoli "*molto snob*" if you must, but it knows how to sell books with both aplomb and charm. In a mirrored hallway there, I glimpsed a suave Continental type—and it was I.

The Harcourt, Brace & World store on Third Avenue, on the other hand, emphasizes simplicity. It's less a store than a bookman's study with walnut shelves, teak floors, leather stools, wooden ladders, and some 20,000 Books of All Publishers. Everything is circular (the four showrooms, cashier's kiosk, lighting fixtures, reading tables),

except the service—which is direct, polite, and knowledgeable. The hired help there is an added inducement for an author to visit Harcourt, Brace's: One may get to know an editor. For two weeks of every year, each Harcourt, Brace editor puts in a half day's penance every day as a salesclerk in the store. Objective: To meet the book-buying public. If I may generalize from two brief encounters there, I've found that editors make brilliant clerks. One had heard of *Situation Normal* and *Jane's Blanket*, both by Arthur Miller, the Arthur Miller. The other editor-clerk had heard of me.

Rizzoli and Harcourt, Brace have joined Doubleday and Scribner in the ranks of publisher-owned bookstores. Scribner, with its striped awning, elegant and eloquent window displays, high ceiling, symmetrical tables, and decorous help is truly a cathedral for Books of All Publishers. One is constantly aware that, up above, there are editors at work in the publishing house. Downstairs, only the children's department is pleasantly askew, like a nursery tidied up by a mother who knows it won't remain tidy for long.

For the ultimate in contrast, there is always Korvette's, a block and a half away, where the book department is about the size of a room in a new hotel. It is plastered with signs reading, "We will gladly special order any book available." Searching for help, I circled the mountains of best-sell-

ers (at 30 to 40 per cent off) and the single copies of other new books, including one of mine (20 per cent off). A lady avoided my eye, so I presumed she was a clerk. But, just before I accosted her, a storewide loudspeaker blared: "They're lovely! They're reduced! All muumuus have been slashed by two dollars." In an exodus of females to the slashed muumuu department, my candidate for clerk went the way of all flesh.

Can It Be Fixed?

If Korvette's is not to become the brave new world of bookselling, certain improvements will have to be made in the charming old world of retail bookselling to make it worth the 20 to 40 per cent more that it costs the consumer to shop there. How? At this point in my wanderings, certain answers begin to assert themselves:

Doubleday; Rizzoli; Harcourt, Brace; and Scribner are among the general stores that serve the buyer best, and all are affiliated with publishers. Perhaps the ideal arrangement—from the customer's and author's point of view—would be for each publishing house to subsidize its own bookstore. The publisher's non-best-sellers could be pushed by knowledgeable editor-clerks. Without any prodding, lip service would be paid to Books of All Publishers, which each store would stock. The editors I know talk more about other houses' books than their own. And the important commodity here is enthusiasm.

The 100 per cent return policy would be abolished. Authors and even publishers gamble so much on a book that the least a bookstore can do is to be prepared to pay for the book it stocks.

Would it follow, then, that the bookseller would "gamble" only on the surefire best-seller?

Not if he realized that the future of the bookstore simply does not lie within the boundaries of the best-seller chart. Nobody but nobody can undersell Korvette's for long. The bookselling business would be in a much healthier state if its practitioners would stop waiting for "lucky" accidents—like somebody holding up a book on the "Tonight" show; or somebody getting raped to death while clutching a book (*A Kiss Before Dying*); or two Presidential candidates colliding at an airport with book in hand (*Advise and Consent*)—to do their work for them.

Until that awakening, a little organized paranoia by authors might hurry the process along. A writer could mutilate or even shoplift his own book as a store's automatic return deadline nears. The store would then be unable to obtain full

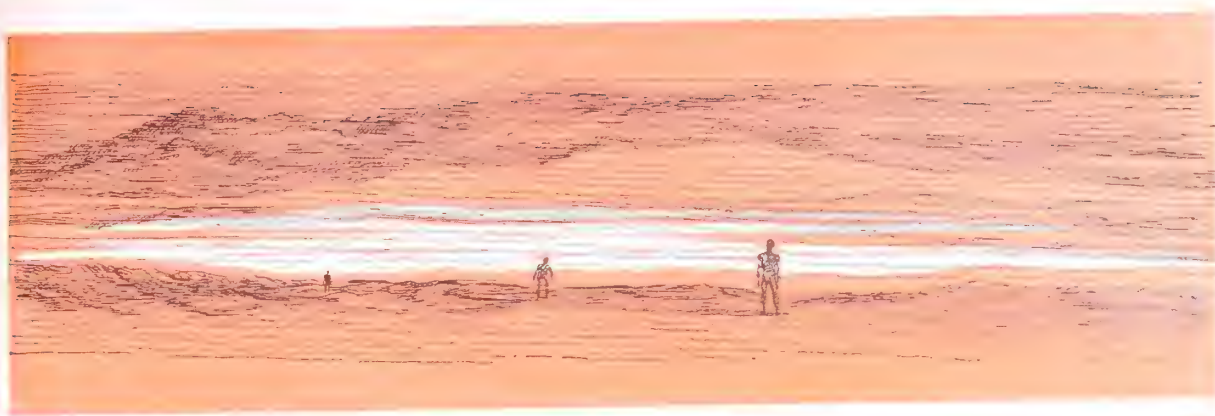
credit and the author would draw automatic royalties. In the unlikely event that the author should be caught, he could at least count on a sympathetic hearing in the Supreme Court. Justice Douglas, after all, is an author himself.

Sooner or later, every general bookstore will have to emulate the specialized stores by developing a specialty or two of its own. Some already have. Doubleday's besides instant tracing, features attractive gift-wrapping. The Eighth Street Bookshop, which recently moved into Texas Guinan's old home, keeps insomniacs' hours. The Gotham, a dark Dickensian grotto on 47th Street, is Manhattan headquarters for the James Joyce Society. The contents of Scribner's rakish children's department could scarcely be duplicated elsewhere. Those that lack distinction might consider such services as instant delivery boys rather than the erratic U.S. mails and the sporadic United Parcel Service; liberal check-cashing for big spenders from the provinces who may never have seen a bookstore before; sponsored readings by writers in person; brochures advertising books that buyers and sales people like; and perhaps Colin McInnes' suggestion of "listening booths" where taped extracts from the book and its reviews, recorded by writers, critics, and actors, could be heard."

Even so, thousands of deserving books vaguely in circulation would get lost each year. Retail booksellers might run small-print listings of books in stock—similar to the eyestraining but hypnotic ads that Marboro Books buys for its remainders every second or third Sunday.

I think the full-priced hard-cover booksellers ought to emulate the remainder stores rather than the newsstands, where merchandise dies after a month. Once pronounced dead by its publisher a book begins a life of its own in the Marboro listings or on display at such "Any Book in This Window" budget heavens as Hyman Goor's on East 23rd Street. There are high stacks, attractive displays, long sales periods, and an air of excitement about these places that you don't find elsewhere at higher prices.

Authors and editors need never look upon remaindering as a badge of disgrace. True, there's no money for an author in being sold for 59 cent (you don't even receive royalties), but I've found that there is often no money in being sold for \$5.99 (you don't always earn back your advance on royalties). All I know for sure is that more people who buy books became aware of me as an author when one of mine was remaindered at Marboro than when I appeared between commercials on the "Today" show two years earlier.



Silences

When Writers Don't Write

by Tillie Olsen

The winner of the O. Henry Award for the best American story of 1961 tells out of deep personal experience of the persistent influences that keep a writer from his work. What toll, she asks, is taken during those enforced and unnatural silences that are so much a part of the creative life?

Literary history and the present are dark with silences: some the silences for years by our acknowledged great; some silences hidden; some the ceasing to publish after one work appears; some the never coming to book form at all.

What is it that happens with the creator, to the creative process in that time? What *are* creation's needs for full functioning? Without intention of or pretension to literary scholarship, I have had special need to learn all I could of this over the years, myself so nearly remaining mute and having let writing die over and over again in me.

These are not *natural* silences, what Keats called *agonie ennuyeuse* (the tedious agony), that

necessary time for renewal, lying fallow, gestation, in the natural cycle of creation. The silences I speak of here are unnatural; the unnatural thwarting of what struggles to come into being, but cannot. In the old, the obvious parallels: when the seed strikes stone; the soil will not sustain; the spring is false; the time is drought or blight or infestation; the frost comes premature.

The very great have known such silences—Thomas Hardy, Melville, Rimbaud, Gerard Manley Hopkins. They tell us little as to why or how the creative working atrophied and died in them—if it ever did.

"Less and less shrink the visions then vast in me," writes Thomas Hardy in his thirty-year ceasing from novels after the Victorian vileness to his *Jude the Obscure*. ("So ended his prose contributions to literature, his experiences having killed

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This article is adapted from a talk entitled "Death of the Creative Process," given at the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study.

all his interest in this form"—the official explanation.) But the great poetry he wrote to the end of his life was not sufficient to hold, to develop, the vast visions which for twenty-five years had had scope in novel after novel. People, situations, interrelationships, landscape—they cry for this larger life in poem after poem.

It was not visions shrinking with Hopkins, but a different torment. For seven years he kept his religious vow to refrain from writing poetry, but the poet's eye he could not shut, nor win "elected silence to beat upon [his] whorled ear." "I had *long* had haunting my ear the echo of a poem which now I realized on paper," he writes of the first poem permitted to end the seven years' silence. But poetry ("to hoard unheard; be heard, unheard") could be only the least and last of his heavy priestly responsibilities. Nineteen poems were all he could produce in his last nine years—fullness to us, but torment pitched past grief to him, who felt himself become "time's eunuch, never to beget."

Silence surrounds Rimbaud's silence. Was there torment of the unwritten; haunting of rhythm, of visions; anguish at dying powers; the seventeen years after he abandoned the unendurable literary world? We know only that the need to write continued into his first years of vagabondage, and that on his deathbed he spoke again like a poet-visionary.

Melville's stages to his thirty-year prose silence are clearest. The presage is in his famous letter to Hawthorne, as he had to hurry *Moby Dick* to an end:

I am so pulled hither and thither by circumstances. The calm, the coolness, the silent grass growing mood in which a man ought always to compose, that can seldom be mine. Dollars damn me. What I feel most moved to write, that is banned, it will not pay. Yet altogether, write the other way I cannot. So the result is a final hash.

Reiterated in *Pierre* (Melville himself), writing "that book whose unfathomable cravings drink his blood . . .

when at last the idea obtruded that the wiser and profounder he should grow, the more he lessened his chances for bread.

To have to try final hash; to have one's work met by "drear ignoring"; to be damned by dollars into a Customs House job; to have only occasional weary evenings and Sundays left for writing—

How bitterly did unreplying *Pierre* feel in his heart that to most of the great works of humanity, their authors had given not weeks and months, not years and years, but their wholly surrendered and dedicated lives.

Is it not understandable why Melville began to burn work, then refused to write it, "immolating" it, "sealing in a fate subdued"? Instead he turned to sporadic poetry, manageable in a time sense, "to nurse through night the ethereal spark" where once had been "flame on flame." A thirty-year night. He was nearly seventy before he could quit the Customs dock and again have full time for writing, start back to prose. "Age, dull tranquilizer," and devastation of "arid years that filed before" to work through before he could restore the creative process. Three years of tryings before he felt capable of beginning *Billy Budd* (the kernel waiting half a century); three years more, the slow, painful, never satisfied writing and re-writing of it.

Kin to these years-long silences are the *hidden* silences; work aborted, deferred, denied—hidden by the work which does come to fruition. Hopkins' last years rightfully belong here, as does Kafka's whole writing life, that of Mallarmé, Olive Schreiner, probably Katherine Anne Porter, and many other contemporary writers.

Censorship silences. Deletions, omissions, abandonment of the medium (as with Thomas Hardy). Self-censorship, like Mark Twain's. Publishers' censorship, refusing subject matter or treatment. Religious, political censorship—sometimes spurring inventiveness—most often (read Dostoevski's letters) a wearing attrition.

The extreme of this: those writers physically silenced by governments. Isaac Babel, the years of imprisonment, what took place in him with what wanted to be written? Or in Oscar Wilde, who was not permitted even a pencil until the last months of his imprisonment?

Other silences. The truly memorable poem, story, or book, then the writer never heard from again. Was one work all the writer had in him, and he respected literature too much to repeat himself? Was there the kind of paralysis psychiatry might have helped? Were the conditions not present for establishing the habits of creativity (a young Colette who lacked a Willy to lock her in her room each day? or other claims, other responsibilities so writing could not be first)? It is an eloquent commentary that this one-book silence is true of most Negro writers; only eleven, these last hundred years, have published more than twice.

There is a prevalent silence I pass by quickly, the absence of creativity where it once had been; the ceasing to create literature, though the books keep coming out, year after year. That suicide of the creative process Hemingway describes so accurately in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*:

He had destroyed his talent himself—by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions, by laziness, by sloth, by snobbery, by hook and by crook; selling vitality, trading it for security, for comfort.

No, not Scott Fitzgerald. His not a death of creativity, not silence, but what happens when (his words) there is "the sacrifice of talent, in pieces, to preserve its essential value."

Almost unnoted are the foreground silences, *before* the achievement. (Remember when Emerson hailed Whitman's genius, he guessed correctly, "which yet must have had a long *foreground* for such a start.") George Eliot, Joseph Conrad, Isak Dinesen, Sherwood Anderson, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Joyce Cary—all close to, or in, their forties before they became writers; Lampe-dusa, Maria Dermout (*The Ten Thousand Things*), Laura Ingalls Wilder, the "children's writer," in their sixties. Their capacities evident early in the "being one on whom nothing is lost." Not all struggling and anguished, like Anderson, the foreground years; some needing the immobilization of long illness or loss, or the sudden lifting of responsibility to make writing necessary, make writing possible; others waiting circumstances and encouragement (George Eliot, her Henry Lewes; Laura Wilder, a daughter's insistence that she transmute her storytelling gift onto paper).

Unmined Genius

Very close to this last grouping are the silences where the lives never came to writing. Among these, the mute inglorious Miltons; those whose waking hours are all struggle for existence; the barely educated; the illiterate; women. Their silence the silence of centuries as to how life was,

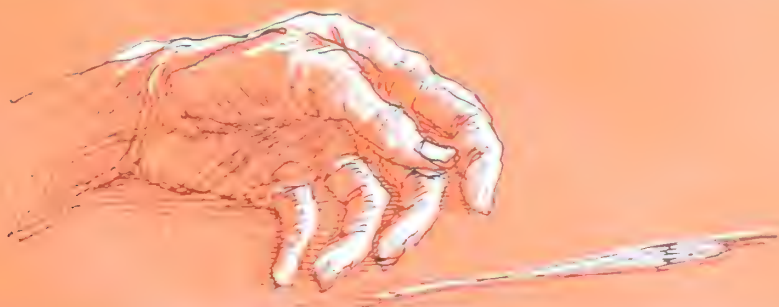
is, for most of humanity. Traces of their making, of course, in folk song, lullaby, tales, language itself, jokes, maxims, superstitions, but we know nothing of the creators or how it was with them. In the fantasy of Shakespeare born in deepest Africa (as at least one Shakespeare must have been), was the ritual, the oral storytelling a fulfillment? Or was there restlessness, indefinable yearning, a sense of restriction? Was it as Virginia Woolf in *A Room of One's Own* guesses—about women?

Genius of a sort must have existed among them, as it existed among the working classes, but certainly it never got itself onto paper. When, however, one reads of a woman possessed by the devils, of a wise woman selling herbs, or even a remarkable man who had a remarkable mother, then I think we are on the track of a lost novelist, a suppressed poet, or some Emily Brontë who dashed her brains out on the moor, crazed with the torture her gift had put her to.

Rebecca Harding Davis whose work sleeps in the forgotten (herself as a woman of a century ago so close to remaining mute) also guessed about the silent in that time of the twelve-hour-a-day, six-day work week. She writes of the illiterate ironworker in "Life in the Iron Mills" who sculptured great shapes in the slag, "his fierce thirst for beauty, to know it, to create it, to *be* something other than he is—a passion of pain." *Margaret Hough* in the textile mill:

There were things in the world, that like herself, were marred, did not understand, were hungry to know. . . . Her eyes quicker to see than ours, delicate or grand lines in the homeliest things. . . . Everything she saw or touched, nearer, more human than to you or me. These sights and sounds did not come to her common; she never got used to living as other people do.

She never got used to living as other people do. Was that one of the ways it was?



So some of the silences, incomplete listing of the incomplete, where the need and capacity to create were of a high order.

The Frightful Task

Now, what is the work of creation and the circumstances it demands for full functioning—as told in the journals and notes of the practitioners themselves: Henry James, Katherine Mansfield, Gide, Virginia Woolf; the letters of Flaubert, Rilke, Conrad; Thomas Wolfe's *Story of a Novel*, Valéry's *Course in Poetics*. What do they explain of the silences?

"Constant toil is the law of art, as it is of life," says (and demonstrated) Balzac:

To pass from conception to execution, to produce, to bring the idea to birth, to raise the child laboriously from infancy, to put it nightly to sleep surfeited, to kiss it in the mornings with the hungry heart of a mother, to clean it, to clothe it fifty times over in new garments which it tears and casts away, and yet not revolt against the trials of this agitated life—this unwearying maternal love, this habit of creation—this is execution and its toils.

"Without duties, almost without external communication," Rilke specifies, "unconfined solitude which takes every day like a life, a spaciousness which puts no limit to vision and in the midst of which infinities surround."

Unconfined solitude as Joseph Conrad experienced it:

For twenty months I wrestled with the Lord for my creation . . . mind and will and conscience engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day . . . a lonely struggle in a great isolation from the world. I suppose I slept and ate the food put before me and talked connectedly on suitable occasions, but I was never aware of the even flow of daily life, made easy and noiseless for me by a silent, watchful, tireless affection.

So there is a homely underpinning for it all, the even flow of daily life made easy and noiseless.

"The terrible law of the artist"—says Henry James—"the law of fructification, of fertilization. The old, old lesson of the art of meditation. To woo combinations and inspirations into being by a depth and continuity of attention and meditation."

"That load, that weight, that gnawing conscience," writes Thomas Mann—

That sea which to drink up, that frightful task. . . . The will, the discipline and self-control to shape a sentence or follow out a hard train of thought. From the first rhythmical urge of the inward creative force towards the material, towards casting

in shape and form, from that to the thought, the image, the word, the line, what a struggle, what Gethsemane.

Does it become very clear what Melville's *Pierre* so bitterly remarked on, and what literary history bears out, why most of the great works of humanity have come from wholly surrendered and dedicated lives? How else sustain the constant toil, the frightful task, the terrible law, the continuity? Full self, this means, full time for the work. (That time for which Emily Dickinson withdrew from the world.)

But what if there is not that fullness of time, let alone totality of self? What if the writer, as in some of these silences, must work regularly at something besides his own work—as do nearly all in the arts in the United States today?

I know the theory (kin to starving in the garret makes great art) that it is this very circumstance which feeds creativity. I know, too, that for the beginning young, for some who have such need, the job can be valuable access to life they would not otherwise know. A few (I think of the doctors, Chekhov and William Carlos Williams) for special reasons sometimes manage both. But the actuality testifies: substantial creative work demands time, and with rare exceptions only full-time workers have created it. Where the claims of creation cannot be primary, the results are atrophy; unfinished work; minor effort and accomplishment; silences. (Desperation which accounts for the mountains of applications to the foundations for grants—undivided time—in the strange breadline system we have worked out for our artists.)

Twenty years went by on the writing of *Ship of Fools*, while Katherine Anne Porter, who needed only two years, was "trying to get to that table, to that typewriter, away from my jobs of teaching and trooping this country and of keeping house." "Your subconscious needed that time to grow the layers of pearl," she was told. Perhaps, perhaps, but I doubt it. Subterranean forces can make you wait, but they are very finicky about the kind of waiting it has to be. Before they will feed the creator back, they must be fed, passionately fed, what needs to be worked on. "We hold up our desire as one places a magnet over a composite dust from which the particle of iron will suddenly jump up," says Paul Valéry. A receptive waiting that means, not demands which prevent "an undistracted center of being." And when the response comes, availability to work must be immediate. If not used at once, all may vanish as a dream worse, future creation be endangered, for only the removal and development of the material frees the forces for further work.



This is an ad for the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

As you can see, this wagon is loaded with reasons for owning a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

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And you never have to pay for anti-

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(Secretly, we wish them every success.)



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There is a life in which all this is documented: Franz Kafka's. For every one entry from his diaries here, there are fifty others which testify as unbearably to the driven strategems for time, the work lost (to us), the damage to the creative powers (and the body) of having to deny, interrupt, postpone, put aside, let work die.

"I cannot devote myself completely to my writing," Kafka explains (in 1911). "I could not live by literature, if only, to begin with, because of the slow maturing of my work and its special character." So he worked as an official in a state insurance agency, and wrote when he could.

These two can never be reconciled. . . . If I have written something one evening, I am afire the next day in the office and can bring nothing to completion. Outwardly I fulfill my office duties satisfactorily, not my inner duties however, and every unfulfilled inner duty becomes a misfortune that never leaves. What strength it will necessarily drain me of.

[1911] No matter how little the time or how badly I write, I feel approaching the imminent possibility of great moments which could make me capable of anything. But my being does not have sufficient strength to hold this to the next writing time. During the day the visible world helps me; during the night it cuts me to pieces unhindered. . . . Calling forth such powers which are then not permitted to function.

Which are then not permitted to function.

[1912] When I begin to write after such a long interval, I draw the words as if out of the empty air. If I capture one, then I have just this one alone, and all the toil must begin anew.

[1914] Yesterday for the first time in months, an indisputable ability to do good work. And yet wrote only the first page. Again I realize that everything written down bit by bit rather than all at once in the course of the larger part is inferior, and that the circumstances of my life condemn me to this inferiority.

[1915] My constant attempt by sleeping before dinner to make it possible to continue working [writing] late into the night, senseless. Then at one o'clock can no longer fall asleep at all, the next day at work insupportable, and so I destroy myself.

[1917] Distractedness, weak memory, stupidity. . . . Always this one principal anguish—if I had gone away in 1911 in full possession of all my powers. Not eaten by the strain of keeping down living forces.

Eaten into tuberculosis. By the time he won through to self and time for writing, his body could live no more. He was forty-one.

I think of Rilke who said: "If I have any responsibility, I mean and desire it to be responsibility for the deepest and innermost essence of the

loved reality [writing] to which I am inseparably bound"; and who also said: "Anything alive, that makes demands, arouses in me an infinite capacity to give it its due, the consequences of which completely use me up." These were true with Kafka, too, yet how different their lives. When Rilke wrote that about responsibility, he is explaining why he will not take a job to support his wife and baby, nor live with them (years later will not come to his daughter's wedding nor permit a two-hour honeymoon visit lest it break his solitude where he awaits poetry). The "infinite capacity" is his explanation as to why he cannot even bear to have a dog. Extreme—and justified. He protected his creative powers.

What's Special About Women

Kafka's, Rilke's "infinite capacity" and all else that has been said here of the needs of creation, illuminate women's silence of centuries. I will not repeat what is in Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*, but talk of this last century and a half in which women have begun to have voice in literature. (It has been less than that time in Eastern Europe, and not yet, in many parts of the world.)

In the last century, of the women whose achievements endure for us in one way or another, nearly all never married (Jane Austen, Emily Brontë, Christina Rossetti, Emily Dickinson, Louisa May Alcott, Sarah Orne Jewett) or married late in their thirties (George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Olive Schreiner). I can think of only three (George Sand, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Helen Hunt Jackson) who married and had children as young women. All had servants.

In our century, until very recently, it has not been so different. Most did not marry (Lagerlöf, Cather, Glasgow, Gertrude Stein, Sitwell, Gabriela Mistral, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Charlotte Mew, Welty, Marianne Moore) or, if married, have been childless (Undset, Wharton, Woolf, Katherine Mansfield, H.H. Richardson, Bowen, Dinesen, Porter, Hellman, Dorothy Parker). Colette had one child. If I include Kay Boyle, Pearl Buck, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, that will make a small group who had more than one child. Nearly all had household help.

Am I resaying the moldy theory that women have no need, some say no capacity, to create art, because they can create babies? And the additional proof is precisely that the few women who have created it are nearly all childless? No.

The power and the need to create, over and be-

yond reproduction, is native in both men and women. Where the gifted among women (*and men*) have remained mute, or have never attained full capacity, it is because of circumstances, inner or outer, which oppose the needs of creation.

Wholly surrendered and dedicated lives; time as needed for the work; totality of self. But women are traditionally trained to place others' needs first, to feel these needs as their own (the "infinite capacity"); their sphere, their satisfaction to be in making it possible for others to use their abilities. This is what Virginia Woolf meant when, already a writer of achievement, she wrote in her diary:

Father's birthday. He would have been 96, 96, yes, today; and could have been 96, like other people one has known; but mercifully was not. His life would have entirely ended mine. What would have happened? No writing, no books;—inconceivable.

It took family deaths to free more than one woman writer into her own development. Emily Dickinson freed herself, denying all the duties expected of a woman of her social position except the closest family ones, and she was fortunate to have a sister, and servants, to share those. How much is revealed of what happened to their own talents in the diaries of those sisters of great men, Dorothy Wordsworth, Alice James.

And where there is no servant or relation to assume the responsibilities of daily living? Listen to Katherine Mansfield in the early days of her relationship with John Middleton Murry, when they both dreamed of becoming great writers:

The house seems to take up so much time. . . . I mean when I have to clean up twice over or wash up extra unnecessary things, I get frightfully impatient and want to be working [writing]. So often this week you and Gordon have been talking while I washed dishes. Well someone's got to wash dishes and get food. Otherwise "there's nothing in the house but eggs to eat." And after you have gone I walk about with a mind full of ghosts of saucepans and primus stoves and "will there be enough to go around?" And you calling, whatever I am doing, writing, "Tig, isn't there going to be tea? It's five o'clock."

I loathe myself today. This woman who superintends you and rushes about slamming doors and slopping water and shouts "You might at least empty the pail and wash out the tea leaves." O Jack, I wish that you would take me in your arms and kiss my hands and my face and every bit of me and say, "It's all right, you darling thing, I understand."

A long way from Conrad's favorable circumstance for creation: the flow of daily life made easy and noiseless.

And, if, in addition to the infinite capacity, to

the daily responsibilities, there are children?

Balzac, you remember, described creation in terms of motherhood. Yes, in intelligent passionate motherhood there are similarities, and in more than the toil and patience. The calling upon total capacities; the re-living and new using of the past; the comprehensions; the fascination, absorption, intensity. All almost certain death to creation.

Not because the capacities to create no longer exist, or the need (though for a while, as in any fullness of life, the need may be obscured) but because the circumstances for sustained creation are almost impossible. The need cannot be first. It can have at best, only part self, part time. (Unless someone else does the nurturing. Read Dorothy Fisher's "Babushka Farnham" in *Fables for Parents*.) More than in any human relationship, overwhelmingly more, motherhood means being instantly interruptible, responsive, responsible. Children need one *now* (and remember, in our society, the family must often be the center for love and health the outside world is not). The very fact that these are needs of love, not duty, that one feels them as one's self; that there is no one else to be responsible for these needs, gives them primacy. It is distraction, not meditation, that becomes habitual; interruption, not continuity; spasmodic, not constant toil. The rest has been said here. Work interrupted, deferred, postponed, makes blockage—at best, lesser accomplishment. Unused capacities atrophy, cease to be.

When H.H. Richardson, who wrote the Australian classic *Ultima Thule*, was asked why she—whose children, like all her people, were so profoundly written—did not herself have children, she answered: "There are enough women to do the childbearing and childrearing. I know of none who can write my books." I remember thinking rebelliously, yes, and I know of none who can bear and rear my children either. But literary history is on her side. Almost no mothers—as almost no part-time, part-self persons—have created enduring literature—so far.

A Private Journey

If I talk now quickly of my own silences—almost presumptuous after what has been told here—it is that the individual experience may add.

In the twenty years I bore and reared my children, usually had to work on a job as well, the simplest circumstances for creation did not exist. Nevertheless writing, the hope of it, was "the air I breathed, so long as I shall breathe at all." In

that hope, there was conscious storing, snatched reading, beginnings of writing, and always "the secret rootlets of reconnaissance."

When the youngest of our four was in school, the beginnings struggled toward endings. This was a time, in Kafka's words, "like a squirrel in a cage: bliss of movement, desperation about constriction, craziness of endurance."

Bliss of movement. A full extended family life; the world of my job (transcriber in a dairy-equipment company); and the writing, which I was somehow able to carry around within me through work, through home. Time on the bus, even when I had to stand, was enough; the stolen moments at work, enough; the deep night hours for as long as I could stay awake, after the kids were in bed, after the household tasks were done, sometimes during. It is no accident that the first work I considered publishable began: "I stand here ironing, and what you asked me moves tormented back and forth with the iron."

In such snatches of time I wrote what I did in those years, but there came a time when this triple life was no longer possible. The fifteen hours of daily realities became too much distraction for the writing. I lost craziness of endurance. What might have been, I don't know, but I asked for, and received, eight months' writing time. There was still full family life, all the household responsibilities, but I did not have to go out on a job. I had continuity, three full days, sometimes more, and it was in those months I made the mysterious turn and became a writing writer.

Then had to return to the world of work, someone else's work, nine hours, five days a week.

This was the time of festering and congestion. For a few months I was able to shield the writing with which I was so full against the demands of jobs on which I had to be competent, through the joys and responsibilities of family. For a few months. Always roused by the writing, always denied. "I could not go to write it down. It convulsed and died in me. I will pay." My work died. What demanded to be written, did not; it seethed, bubbled, clamored, peopled me. At last moved into the hours meant for sleeping. I worked now full time on temporary jobs, a Kelly, a Western Agency girl (girl!), wandering from office to office, always hoping we could manage two, three writing months ahead. Eventually there was time.

I had said: always roused by the writing, always denied. Now, like a woman made frigid, I had to learn response, to trust this possibility for fruition that had not been before. Any interruption dazed and silenced me. It took a long while of surrendering to what I was trying to write, of invoking

Henry James's "passion, piety, patience," before I was able to reestablish work.

When again I had to leave the writing, I lost consciousness. A time of anesthesia. There was still an automatic noting that did not stop, but it was as if writing had never been. No fever, no congestion, no festering. I ceased being peopled, slept well and dreamlessly, took a "permanent" job. The few pieces which had been published seemed to have vanished like the not-yet-written. I wrote someone, unsent: "So long they fed each other—my life, the writing; the writing or hope of it, my life—and now they destroy each other." I knew, but did not feel the destruction.

A Ford grant in literature, awarded me on nomination by others, came almost too late. Time granted does not necessarily coincide with time that can be most fully used, as the congested time of fullness would have been. Still, it was two years.

To Give One's All

Drowning is not so pitiful as the attempt to rise, says Emily Dickinson. I do not agree, but I know of what she speaks. For a long time I was that emaciated survivor trembling on the beach, unable to rise and walk. Said differently, I could manage only the feeblest, shallowest growth on that devastated soil. Weeds, to be burnt like weeds, or used as compost. When the habits of creation were at last rewon, one book went to the publisher, and I dared to begin my present work. It became my center, engraved on it: "Evil is whatever distracts." (By now, had begun a cost to our family life, to my own participation in life as a human being.) I shall not tell the "rest, residue, and remainder" of what I was "leased, demised, and let unto" when once again I had to leave work at the flood to return to the Time Master, to business-ese and legalese. This most harmful of all my silences has ended, but I am not yet recovered, may still be a one-book instead of a hidden and foreground silence.

However that will be, perhaps we are in a time of more and more hidden and foreground silences, men *and* women. Denied full writing life, more may try to "nurse through night" (that part-time, part-self night) "the ethereal spark," but it seems to me there would almost have had to be "flame on flame" first, and time as needed afterwards, and enough of the self, the capacities, undamaged for the rebeginnings on the frightful task. I would like to believe this for what has not yet been written into literature. But it cannot reconcile for what is lost by unnatural silences.



Vidal to Vidal: On Misusing the Past

by Gore Vidal

Since the publication of his last novel, *Julian*, Gore Vidal has been asked essentially the same questions so many times that he finally decided to encapsulate them and answer them once and for all. To do so, he interviewed himself.

So, Mr. Vidal, when did you first become interested in the Emperor Julian?

Reading Gibbon twenty years ago. Julian was a hero to Gibbon and the idea of writing about Julian occurred to me as long ago as 1952. Recently, while preparing a new edition of an old book of mine called *Messiah*, I was startled to find that one of the characters in the book had contemplated writing a biography of Julian the Apostate. But he gave it up because "the human attractive part of Julian was undone for me by those bleak errors in deed and in judgment which depressed me even though they derived most logically from the man and his time: that fatal wedding which finally walls off figures of earlier ages from the present, keeping them strange despite the most intense and imaginative recreation. They are not we. We are not they. And I refused to resort to the low trick of fashioning Julian in my own image of him. I respected his integrity in time and deplored the division of the centuries."

I nearly imitated my own creation and abandoned the project for different reasons. In 1954 I began to write plays for television, films, theater. I also became active in politics. Now we all know that a serious and important writer in America is one who seriously and importantly tills the same ground year after year until, weather permitting, there is a splendid harvest which nourishes us all. From William Faulkner to Saul Bellow, this is a most respectable way of being a writer. But there are other ways of getting the thing done. Some of us are driven to use many means to attain ends quite as obsessive and singular as those achieved by the writers who stayed home and wrote, as Flaubert used to say of himself, quoting Horace. Where a writer like Saul Bellow is an hereditary farmer, I am more a Johnny Appleseed, moving restlessly about the world, planting trees wherever I think they are needed . . . which rather exhausts that bucolic metaphor.

While you were busy as a dramatist, did you manage to finish *Julian*?

Yes. I made notes for years. There is a good deal of source material about Julian. Three volumes of his own writing exist, and there are half a dozen contemporary accounts of his life. In the course of a decade of reading, I became more and more at home in the fourth century, and to do a man's life it is necessary to know the time perhaps better than the man, because the character you finally create will be a work of your own imagination, and that is why, paradoxically, one

must not be free with facts. By remaining absolutely accurate in detail, one can invent a good deal in spirit. By 1959, I thought I was ready to write the book. I composed the first two chapters. Then I got the idea for a play called *The Best Man* and that gave me the idea of running for Congress, and otherwise contributing to the merriment of the nation. Once more, the novel was postponed, although on a visit to Athens in 1961, I wrote the Athenian chapter, as part of my delighted first response to Greece. Finally, suspecting that I might never finish the novel, I moved to Rome in 1962 and the book was written.

Why did you want to write an historical novel?

I've noticed that question usually means: Why write about the past since most people dislike reading about the past? We are the most self-regarding of generations. We lust to read about ourselves and our neighbors and what happened last summer. John O'Hara outsells Robert Graves two thousand to one. So why bore readers with the unfamiliar and the old? The obvious answer is that one writes novels largely to please oneself. Also, in my case, I'm interested in history for its own sake, though it is usual to pretend that in reading history we will find lessons from which we can profit today. For instance, the American conservative firmly believes that Rome fell because of a Decline in Moral Values such as can be observed right now at the LBJ ranch, while if Elizabeth Taylor gets married just one more time, the Red Chinese will invade and conquer us. History, of course, is not all that easy.

Rome fell for a variety of reasons. The best and most cogent was, simply, a flaw in their political system. They were never able to devise a means of orderly succession. Whenever an Emperor died, there was apt to be a struggle for his place. By the time Julian became Augustus, the Roman Empire had been dangerously weakened by a series of wars of succession. The barbarians took advantage of this state of affairs and slowly engulfed civilization. Incidentally, we should never forget that we are the descendants of the barbarians, not of the civilized. Today there is a similar situation in the Soviet Union, though we cannot say that it will work itself out in precisely the same manner. Yet it is true that the Soviet Union has not achieved a viable method of succession, and it is possible that in time this flaw in its system will bring it down.

In reading history, fictionalized or not, there is a certain value in seeing a period of time at a great distance as a story that is entirely told . . .

and familiar. After all, a desire for power is the same at any time, and so are most human responses. André Malraux once remarked that if Napoleon Bonaparte and Rameses the Second were to meet, in limbo, though they were separated in time by several thousand years, they would have more to say to one another than either would have to say to a contemporary who kept a shop. As Emperors, they would have discussed the police, agriculture, bureaucracy, and their points of view would be much the same.

Julian himself would feel quite at home in the White House or the Kremlin, though I am not so sure that the present occupants would feel very easy with him: After all, Julian was a reformer, and reformers don't often become chiefs of state.

As for the Age of Julian, it is perfectly fascinating. In fact, without some understanding of what happened then, it is impossible to have a clear idea of what Christianity is and how it came into being. And if we do not understand Christianity, then we cannot make much sense of the world we live in, because our society, morally and intellectually, for good and ill, is the result of that great force. At a series of Ecumenical Councils during Julian's lifetime, the Trinity was invented as well as the Doctrine of the Holy Ghost and the beginning of the Cult of Mary. All these things were hammered out in a series of stormy conventions, and there was much violence. In fact, the murderous instincts of Christian absolutism first emerged in the fourth century. And I do not think it an exaggeration to say that over the centuries, Christianity has been responsible for more bloodshed than any other force in Western life. It was a fourth-century man who remarked with a certain awe that "not even the wild beasts of the field are as savage to one another as the Christians."

What is the point in revealing all this now?

Because if one does not understand how Christian absolutists behaved with—say—the Incas, Aztecs, and Mayas in this hemisphere, with the Jews everywhere, with Africans and Asians, as both conquerors and missionaries, then one will find mystifying the fact that we are so much hated in so many parts of the world, or that the Jews in America tend to be politically liberal, or that Pius XII is being examined so suspiciously by so many observers. To understand what is happening now, one must recall that for centuries Christianity maintained that it was the only true religion and that those who resisted it must be converted or destroyed. Julian, an eager young intellectual, was among the first to counterattack and though he

died at thirty-three, his arguments against the Church are a permanent contribution to a dialogue which still continues. He opposed the Christians because they refused to tolerate the religious views of others. But he did them no violence—for which he was denounced. “You will not even allow us to become martyrs,” shouted one furious Bishop.

I find Julian an engaging and a good man, even though his own religious views were very peculiar, to say the least. He loved magic, believed in omens, tried to organize every superstition and rite into one grand Hellenic Church, and of course he failed. But had he lived, there is no doubt that Christianity would have been but one of several religions in the West. And this diversity might have saved the world considerable anguish. For one must again make the point that until the Christians appeared, no one was ever persecuted simply because of his religious beliefs. Whenever Rome conquered a new territory, the Roman Emperors immediately paid homage to the local gods and set up temples to them at Rome. It never occurred to anyone that, because a man chose to worship a bull or a ram or a star or the sun, he was wrong and must immediately be converted to something else, even if he had to be killed in the process.

How was the novel Julian received?

Mysteriously. A number of scholars found the book to be accurate and said so. Unfortunately, the publishers did not get these affidavits to the American reviewers, many of whom could not believe that the facts were right, particularly my

account of the religious controversies. Fortunately, by the time the book was published in England, its scholarship had been attested to. . . . My only bad moment occurred on the BBC with a classics don who announced that there were several grave errors in the book. My heart sank.

What, I asked, was the worst error?

“Your reference to the Petulantes as a legion. They were not a legion but an auxiliary to the Palatine legion, as *everyone knows*.”

I promised to make the change in the next edition.

Is it inhibiting to write a novel while having to bear in mind a thousand facts?

Yes, but one gets used to it. Christopher Isherwood, when he read the book, said, “My God, Gore, how could you write anything without wondering if it was true? I mean there you’d be describing a bird in a garden and suddenly there would be that awful question in your mind, did they have birds in the fourth century?”

But after ten years of reading, I found myself reasonably at home in that strange period, and of course, there were birds in those gardens. The trick was to see them plain through the footnotes. As the writing of the book finally came to an end, I must say I felt not the usual relief at having completed a difficult task, but a certain melancholy that the thing was done. Yet the result exists, and I can now echo the words of a Renaissance historian when someone asked him why he bothered to write about old things. “To make the past live,” he said. “That is, to my mind, a congenial occupation.”

Why Silence Is Impossible

U ntil the present moment, remaining aloof has always been possible. When someone did not approve, he could always keep silent or talk of something else. Today everything is changed and even silence has dangerous implications. The moment that abstaining from choice is itself looked upon as a choice and punished or praised as such, the artist is willy-nilly impressed into service. “Impressed” seems to me much more accurate than “committed.” Instead of signing up . . . for voluntary service, the artist does compulsory service. Every artist today is embarked on the contemporary slave galley. We are on the high seas. The artist, like everyone else, must bend to his oar, without dying if possible—in other words, go on living and creating.

—Albert Camus, *Resistance, Rebellion, and Death* (New York, Knopf, 1961).

The Foundations:

A Welfare State for Writers?

by David Dempsey

A novelist (unsubsidized) and reviewer appraises today's grants-in-gold and discovers an increasingly tight market for applicants, evidence of coddling, and certain signs that writers of an adventurous bent had better stay away.

Harold Loeb, a fourth-generation member of the celebrated Guggenheim family, recalls a youthful visit to his uncle, John Simon Guggenheim, at which he declined the crisp new one-hundred-dollar bill customarily tendered on these occasions. "I was very young and very aware of being a blood relative, and the smallness of the sum hurt my pride," Loeb confided to Milton Lomask, author of *Seed Money*, the story of the five Guggenheim foundations. "I just waved the bill aside with a 'no thanks.' I thought he would get the idea and give me more, but he didn't. He took me at my word and never offered me another cent."

Few of the six thousand American scholars, writers, and other artists who have enjoyed Uncle Simon's patronage since a foundation was erected in his name, back in 1925, have committed a *faux pas* comparable to Mr. Loeb's one-hundred-dollar misunderstanding. Grateful for the help that frees them for writing a novel, composing a quartet, or investigating the gravitational effects of the rocks and structures of the Po Valley, recipients of a Guggenheim Fellowship know that any amount is better than nothing, especially when part of the money is tax-free. They know, too, that there is more where that came from. A Guggenheim is sometimes renewed. Better yet, lightning may strike from one of the more affluent foundations that have also, in recent years, taken on the care and feeding of artists.

The field is escalating. "As long as you're up, get me a Grant" is a quip heard frequently in literary gatherings today. Almost \$3 million was dispensed by 53 funds in 1962 (the latest year for which figures are available) under the general heading of Language and Literature.* If no more than a third of this amount goes directly to creative writers, it is nevertheless more "found money" than they have ever had at their disposal before.

It also represents a major reversal in society's attitude toward the serious writer, who is no longer expected to starve for his art (although many still do). On the contrary, if he has real talent—enough, say, to get his poems, stories, or novel published—the hard, gemlike flame may be refueled from time to time by any one of eight major foundations that take a particular interest in letters. The writer who does achieve such beneficence will find himself with at least one foot on the status ladder of the literary Establishment. He may never be widely read, but in grantsmanship this can be an advantage. Foundation secretariats have an inbred suspicion of popularity; it is their job to subsidize art, not success, which, as everybody knows, is a writer's ruination. Thus, in a curiously perverse (although hardly a cold-

*This compares with about \$739 million given annually by the more than 6,000 foundations in the United States for all purposes, of which some \$40 million is allocated to the Humanities.

blooded) sense, it pays a writer to tread soberly. Moreover, the cachet conferred by a Fellowship is sometimes worth more than the money. At least one Guggenheim applicant thought so when he asked for the Fellowship without the grant-in-aid—and got it.

Old-time grant getters recall the days when about the best an applicant could hope for was a \$2,500 Guggenheim (which now averages \$6,000) and a summer at the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire. Today, a young writer who is both talented and enterprising can set his sights on a course in supportive economics that will carry him from his postgraduate days to middle life, and even beyond.

Multiple Grant Getter "X"

A hypothetical case might develop something like this: "X," who has completed his graduate work in English (on a scholarship), has a number of short stories accepted by the literary magazines, themselves subsidized in most cases by universities. Let us say that he began his writing career in earnest in 1957 at the age of thirty-one, and received one of the fifty-eight Fellowships worth \$2,500 each, set up by four of these magazines with grants from the Rockefeller Foundation. His next step is to apply for a Guggenheim. He is turned down, but his request for a stay at the MacDowell Colony is approved and if he is persistent enough he may devote part of his time at MacDowell to preparing another, and more carefully written, Guggenheim project. He has heard somewhere that grants often go not to the aspirants who write the best books, but to those who write the best applications.

Unhappily, "X" is rejected again. For the next two or three years he teaches in the English department of a university, returning to MacDowell, or possibly the Yaddo writers' colony in Saratoga, New York, during his summers. In the meantime, his short stories have been published in book form. The object of a certain amount of critical attention, he is notified one day that he has been awarded a grant of \$2,000 from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. This comes as a considerable surprise because (a) he did not even apply for the grant (the Institute does not entertain direct applications) and (b) he has never heard of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Nevertheless, the money enables him to begin the novel he has always wanted to write; two more years of teaching support him while the book is being completed.

When the novel is published, good reviews and poor sales catapult "X" into that unenviable position shared by so many young American writers who have a proven talent but a limited body of readers. He now makes his third try for a Guggenheim and this time is awarded a Fellowship—one of eleven given to writers that year (out of a total of 354 grants, most of them to scholars). Perhaps the money enables him to quit his job and live in Italy; or he may cut his teaching load to half-time. In either case, the Fellowship marks a step forward in his career, admitting him to that sodality of committed writers who seek to provide us with a literature worthy of the educated reader.

"X" now looks forward to the time when he will be eligible for a Ford Foundation grant, which has usually gone to writers who are approaching middle age. There is only one difficulty: Ford uses the "Don't call us, we'll call you" approach. Grantees are nominated by critics, editors, and others in the literary world, and a board of judges makes the final selections. With perhaps fifteen writers to be picked, out of 195 nominated, the judges can afford to be choosy.

Nevertheless the rewards are worth waiting for. The take-home pay is \$7,500 plus fringe benefits and "relocation" expenses. (Another \$1,000 is added if the Fellow is married, and the total is increased by \$500 for each dependent child.) It occurs to "X" that this is more than he makes from the university. Basically, however, he still earns his living by teaching, and this is one reason why Ford takes an interest in him. On the theory that too many novelists are college-based, and thus insulated from the society that they should be writing about, Ford wants to get "X" off the campus. Knowing this, "X" settles down to wait, and gladly teach.

A small grant from the Huntington Hartford Foundation eases this interim period—or it did until Hartford folded his writers' colony in Pacific Palisades, California; MacDowell is revisited, and the Farfield Foundation in New York City pays his travel expenses to attend a PEN Congress in Oslo. When the Fellowship is finally granted, "X" is thirty-eight. However, Ford does not want him to write another novel—at least not right away. Instead, he is to become a playwright, and to this end is assigned to a resident theater company—there are more than fifteen throughout the country—where he can become acquainted with "stage problems and the requirements of dramatic writing, ultimately to improve the quality of plays. . . ."

Here we leave "X," more or less in mid-career. After a stimulating year in Houston at the Alley Theater, he has started another novel. Reluctant to

go back to teaching, he has heard that Rockefeller is about to announce "something big" and decides to wait and see how he fits into its program. Anyway, his books are selling better, the paperback publishers have discovered him, and he is no longer quite so dedicated that he will not write an occasional story for *Playboy* or *The Saturday Evening Post*. If worst comes to worst, the Longmeadow Foundation may assist him in his old age—it is set up for just such a purpose.

Although "X" is hypothetical, he is not entirely an exaggeration. The four-time grant getter is fairly common, among poets especially, and it is not unheard of for a writer to be awarded five. (James Baldwin, J. F. Powers, Herbert Gold, and Peter Taylor are among those who have advanced their careers in this way.) But, in any case, the amount of money involved—until recently, almost never enough—is not the important point. Given at a strategic time in a writer's life, the grant may make the difference between the writing or not writing of a book. (Or at least the meeting of certain obligations that makes writing possible—one novelist revealed that he had used his Fellowship money to make child-support payments.) Sometimes it helps remove a writer's block that has stalled a work in progress; *Ship of Fools*, by Katherine Anne Porter, was begun on a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1932 and completed on a Ford grant twenty-nine years later. Another Ford Fellow, posted to San Francisco for a two-year hitch with the Actor's Workshop, simply stayed on after the money ran out and made the city his new home. "To the considerable extent that [the grant] put me in this community, it changed my life," he said.

Varieties of Ambiguity

For the serious creative writer, literary grantsmanship as it is practiced today represents a basic shift in attitude toward writing as a profession. Whatever may have been thought in the past about hardship as a necessary and annealing factor in the development of art has given way to joyful acceptance of foundation bounty. With so much money around for the asking, why shouldn't the writer get his share? Such a point of view has created a new commitment—not to the reading public, and certainly not to "success," but to the juries and screening committees through whom grants are dispensed and reputations made.

The writer who does win a Fellowship (as we will see in a moment, this is not easy) finds himself in an ambiguous position. In a curious way, foundations want their authors to become self-

supporting, but at the same time they seldom select the kind of applicants who are likely to become "popular." The commercial success of Miss Porter's book, as well as James Baldwin's *Another Country* (dedicated to the Ford Foundation), is not typical of subsidized novels, for there is at least a tacit suspicion of best-sellers among foundation secretariats, and a general feeling that a novel which gains wide popularity did not need subvention in the first place. Whether intentional or not, the effect of most grants has been to underwrite the commercially unsuccessful and, rightly or wrongly, to foster an elite kind of literature which appeals predominantly to the intellectual.

This works only up to a point. Eventually, the support is withdrawn. Having learned to please the foundations, the writer may discover that he is able to interest the general reader only by "going back" on his art. The situation is simpler for poets, who are resigned to the non-profit-making nature of their work, but there is hardly a novelist in the land who does not share Norman Mailer's view that "a writer of novels never really considers himself a success until he has seen his name on the best-seller list."

One suspects that only by closing their eyes to the vagaries of art—or more accurately, the vagaries of artists—have the large foundations justified their participation in the creative field at all. By any sound accounting principle, patronage of the arts is a wasteful business, and the funds naturally try to minimize the risk on their investment. For a majority, this has meant a concentration of money on the same general group of prestigious writers, for what Maecenate wants to be known by the losing horses it brings to the post?

In 1952, Henry Allen Moe, for thirty-nine years the Secretary-General of the Guggenheim Foundation—and as such, widely looked upon as the Scattergood Baines of the profession—told a Congressional Investigating Committee, "In the peculiar business I am in . . . you take chances for the high stakes you are playing for. But you do not put any long-term bets on them. You put a little bet and you watch it, and if it doesn't come out right, you don't give them another nickel."

Since not more than one Guggenheim in twenty is renewed, the great majority of Fellows never get that extra nickel. In this respect, the Guggenheim is no different from other foundations in its reluctance to get involved in "long-term financing." Moreover, a kind of dead-leveling set of criteria is apparent in the artistic standards expected of the grantee. With few exceptions, the odd Fellow is not welcome, and when he is (as we shall note) he is put on his good behavior. "We would certainly not

be disposed to give money to beatnik types," Henry Allen Moe told me.

Probably the most frequently rejected applicant is Nelson Algren, who made his first bid in 1936 and kept trying until 1952. On one occasion, he had recommendations from both Carl Sandburg and Ernest Hemingway, and his final attempts were made after *The Man with the Golden Arm* had won the National Book Award. Algren calls himself a fifteen-time loser. One suspects that the reason for this is that Algren combines radical views with a seamy subject matter—dope addiction and prostitution. And this is not the stuff of which many foundation novels are made.

Against the Odds

Even under the best of circumstances, a Guggenheim aspirant has the odds against him. Let us return to our friend "X" for a moment and see what he went through in winning his grant and why, perhaps, it took him three tries to make it.

Each applicant must furnish four references, a statement of purpose, and samples of his work. Because references can be prejudiced, the Secretary-General digs up several independent opinions on his own. This material is put into a dossier and an abstract of its contents is bounced through the organization's screening apparatus, starting with the outside "referees" (about one hundred, drawn from various fields in which the grants are made), then on to committees of selection (seven persons picked from membership of the Guggenheim advisory board), then on to the advisory board itself (thirty-six men and women), and finally to the eleven-member board of trustees. About one in every six applications hits the jackpot.

To blaze a trail through this thicket of committees, the Secretary-General—at the present time Dr. Gordon N. Ray, former Provost of the University of Illinois—indicates his own ratings. Marjorie Hope Nicholson, retired Chairman of the English Department at Columbia University, and a member of the Guggenheim advisory board from 1958 to 1962, revealed to Mr. Lomask how this is done. As reported in *Spirit of the West*, she explained:

The names of those [the Secretary-General] considered tops are typed in upper-case letters, and material about them is double-spaced. The names of those he considers secondary are also in upper-case letters, but the material about them is single-spaced. All the other names and material are in lower case.

Thus, we may assume that "X" began as a single-spaced lower-case man, advanced to single-spaced

upper case, and as his references and publication record improved, was double-spaced into a grant. Sometimes an applicant will jump to the top in two tries and, of course, there are those who get into upper-case type the very first time. The novelist and short-story writer Hortense Calisher disarmed the committee by saying simply, "I want to sit for a year and think. And I want to sit in Europe." There was no promise to write a masterpiece and the committee was delighted.

On the other hand, one writer, whose application had been turned down, was asked to serve as a Guggenheim "referee." On the basis of this puzzling show of confidence, he applied again and was accepted. The novelist Herbert Gold asked for a grant while writing *The Man Who Was Not With It*. Although the application was denied, he went on to complete the book and tried again, citing reviews as evidence of his literary credit rating. This time he got the grant.

These apparent inconsistencies point up not only the difficulties faced by referees and advisory boards in playing God, but they also testify to the value of persistence on the part of the grant seekers. A good deal depends, too, on timing. After being ignored for years by the Establishment, Bohemian-styled, long-haired poet Allen Ginsberg was recommended to the Rockefeller Foundation's wild-card program that made cash awards this summer to some eighteen writers. Unexpectedly, however, Ginsberg was picked for a Guggenheim about the same time, thus disqualifying himself for the Rockefeller, since moonlighting in the grant field is consistently frowned upon.

In any case, Rockefeller endows its grantees generously (grants run as high as \$15,000). Owing to a dislike of publicity, however, this conventional aid money is often smuggled to writers in the guise of "teaching fellowships" (at Yale and Rutgers) which require absolutely no teaching. Better yet, a Fellow may be sent to the foundation's villa in Italy. For career grantees, residence at the magnificent Villa Serbelloni Balliglio on Lake Como is the ultimate achievement. Here they will be met at nearby rail or air terminals by a liveried chauffeur bearing a small gold insignia VS on his coat lapel, driven by limousine to the villa, and housed in ducal comfort for as long as two months. Tennis, croquet, and bocce break up the writer's working regimen. The Villa Serbelloni marks a radical departure from the original writers' colonies, such as the MacDowell, where rustic simplicity is considered a catalyst to inspiration. "Once you've been put up at the Villa," a recent guest declared, "there's really nothing more to look forward to."

Many Rockefeller grants are intended to cover out-of-pocket expenses only—research, travel, typing, etc.—and the money must be expended by a specific date. This has sometimes resulted in rather frantic, last-minute bursts of activity. The recipient of a two-year, \$5,000 grant for a biography of a well-known American historical figure realized, late in April of this year, that \$1,500 remained unspent. But it was not too late. She shifted her base of operations to the Library of Congress, put up at a Washington hotel for two months, and with a little concentrated effort used up the grant before her June 30 deadline.

A young poet or novelist lacking the qualities that might endear him to the major foundations would indeed do well to try the MacDowell Colony, where applications are welcome and there is a minimum of red tape. This is also true of the John Hay Whitney Foundation's Opportunity Fellowships, which average \$2,500 and go to members of minority groups whose lack of private means might thwart a developing talent. The little-known but highly solvent Fairfield Foundation, set up by Julius Fleischman, aids "the smaller and more experimental or advanced cultural groups, particularly as these groups participate in international exchanges." On this basis, \$1,150,000 was granted to individuals in 1963, much of it for travel.

Uplifting the Audience

Commendable as these programs are, they do not solve the dilemma of the serious writer in America. This is how to make good writing pay; how, in other words, to raise the whole cultural milieu in which the artist operates so that good writing can pay. The realization of this seems to have motivated the Ford Foundation in 1957 when it set up a Humanities and Arts program to promote new art-audience relationships and expand the market for American "culture." Not quite \$9 million a year (out of Ford's current annual budget of \$241 million) now goes to ballet companies, theater groups, composers, painters, writers, and "humanistic scholars." Yet the sheer size of the program has created problems because of the curious logistics of grant giving: It is really easier to give a large amount of money away than a small amount (a million dollars earmarked for one or two major recipients is no more costly or time-consuming to process than \$100,000 set aside for ten individuals). Partly as a consequence of this Ford has been drawn to the "project" type of grant, where an entire art form can be shaken up at one stroke.

Another reason for this is that something visible is likely to come out of it. The nearly one-half million dollars given to Princeton University to "undertake a critical analysis of humanistic scholarship in the U.S. during the period from 1935 to 1960" has already resulted in several copiously footnoted volumes. By comparison, a gift of \$7,500 to a poet may result in no more than the traditional slim volume of verse. The bigger the foundation, the larger its expectations; a twelve-inch shelf filled with studies of "brass instruments from the baroque period to the present day," "Islamic textiles," and "New England graveyard stone sculpture" (recent Ford-sponsored projects) makes an impressive showing, reassures the trustees who have gotten nervous about James Baldwin (another Ford protégé), and requires lots and lots of money.

With few exceptions, moreover, Ford money goes to "recognized talents who have demonstrated a high order of ability," as one observer has noted. Translated, this simply means no more Edsels. Ford usually picks its Fellows *after* they have won prizes, and many of them have already enjoyed one or more grants from other foundations, with the Guggenheim and the National Institute predominating. (Of eleven Fellows chosen in one recent year, for example, only two had not previously won Fellowships elsewhere.)

W. McNeil Lowry, Director of the Foundation's Humanities and Arts Program, defends this approach on the grounds that most Ford Fellows in creative writing have eschewed the university as a base of economic operations, and thus deserve support. It makes no sense to penalize an able writer in favor of an unknown quantity, he holds, because it is the able writer who is most likely to achieve the "breakthrough" that Ford so earnestly seeks.

To promote this, the foundation in 1960, and again in 1963, financed a massive infusion of literary talent into the theater. As we noted in the case of "X," some twenty-five novelists, poets, and short-story writers were dispersed to resident stage companies (including a few abroad) in a go at improving the quality of play-writing. Lowry candidly declared that he would be satisfied "if two plays get written," but the results were more encouraging. Most of the Fellows did write plays, and many were produced in regional theaters. At least two were tried out off-Broadway (most recently, Robert Lowell's *The Old Glory* at the American Place Theater).

Yet in spite of this hopeful beginning, Ford's latest batch of grants reverted to professional playwrights. One sees in this a symptom of the difficulty faced by the large foundations in discov-

ering a consistent role for themselves in the arts. In any case, the "foundation" novel is not every writer's road to even limited glory. After several fruitless attempts at a Guggenheim, Vance Bourjaily quit applying with the conviction that "I am not their kind of writer, and will continue trying to be my own kind."

Indeed, to a good many young writers the decision on whether to opt for a grant hinges on how badly they want to spell art with a capital A, and the appeal they have for a patron frequently lies in just this commitment. For good or ill, the average Fellow writes for an audience of literary intellectuals, and although occasionally he breaks out of that limit (Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, partly underwritten by Ford, became a top best-seller), his chances of getting a grant are better if he does not show signs of being too "popular."

This trend is exemplified in the shift in Guggenheim choices from the "socially conscious" and broad-spectrum writers of the 1930s (Richard Wright, Thomas Wolfe, Robert Penn Warren, James T. Farrell, and Langston Hughes) to such cerebral and "alienated" novelists as John Updike, George P. Elliott, Herbert Gold, and John Hawkes in the 'sixties. The writer has largely withdrawn from the social scene and, to a not inconsiderable degree, the foundations have helped make this possible. For example, there is a political boundary on the left which most of them will not cross (Henry Allen Moe was quite specific about this in his testimony in 1952 before the House of Representatives Select Committee to Investigate Foundations).

Inbreeding May Be Deadly

But this factor is probably not as important as the tendency of foundations to perpetuate their own tastes in literature, largely through an interlocking directorate of advisers and referees who serve, variously and invisibly, all the major funds. This may not be intentional, but it has resulted in the inbreeding that is so apparent today. For example, a recent candidate for a poetry fellowship in any of the major foundations will very likely have been passed on by Karl Shapiro, John Ciardi, Robert Lowell, Donald Hall, and Stanley Kunitz, working individually or in tandem. A novelist may need the approval of Saul Bellow, Robert Penn Warren, Wallace Stegner, Peter Taylor, and Hollis Summers. (There are others, of course, but these men have been especially active as advisers in recent years.)

Perhaps it is too much to hope that an adviser

should go outside his own academic field of competence in recommending writers for grants. Despite Ford's efforts to pry him loose from the classroom, the literary Fellow today is most likely to be the professor-novelist or professor-poet. (Sometimes he is both.) If this is regrettable—not many great writers of fiction have come out of the colleges in this country—it is nevertheless understandable. Our universities have become the chief consumers of art, and they are also doing the most to husband it. The bohemian writer of the 1920s, and the proletarian novelist of the 'thirties may well be the professor of the 'sixties, having moved his base of operations from garret to campus—goatee, beret, and all. Of the sixteen Guggenheim Fellows in creative writing in 1964, for example, ten were university-based. (Ford is somewhat less particular, but Rockefeller, as we have noticed, places its Fellows on campus—if they are not already there.)

Such inbreeding has narrowed the aesthetic range of the foundation novel or book of poems. Martin Mayer has described this kind of work as "easily analyzed sterility—the poem written for the New Critic, the symbolist novel (which can be analyzed) without embarrassing references to the visceral qualities of art." This is by no means true of all novels written on grants, but it does help explain why the dashing young newspaperman, the unclassifiable free-lance such as John Howard Griffin (nominated but never picked), the social critic such as Nelson Algren, and the outrageous literary nonconformist Terry Southern—another Guggenheim rejectee—fare badly with the foundations, on the record at least.

Somehow, too, for completely different reasons, the top names in American writing do not appear on these lists. Although Frost received numerous literary prizes, he was never fellowshipped; nor was Sandburg. Men like Steinbeck, Marquand, Sinclair Lewis, Cozzens, Hemingway, and Faulkner apparently did not need or want such grants, and there is a feeling among the foundations that, admirable though many of their choices have been, the big ones got away.

Qualifying for a grant is itself an operation more likely to attract the "foundation-smart" and academy-bred writer than the "loner," the expatriate, or the man of doubtful social habits and temperamental vagaries who cannot pony up the required quota of references. To take a specific example: Although I have no evidence that Henry Miller ever applied for a grant, it is improbable that he could have passed the tests. "I had to throw myself in the current, knowing that I would probably sink," he has written. "The great majority of artists are throwing themselves in with life pre-

servers around their necks, and more often than not it is the life preserver that sinks them."

Such rugged individualism as Miller's is almost as dead in the arts as it is in politics. In the age of the Welfare State, why exempt the writer—unless he entertains the notion that his art is somehow bound up with his *being* an individualist and that philanthropy will cramp his style? Few modern writers share this view, and it cannot be demonstrated that they are wrong. A persuasive example is James Baldwin, whose books have been written on a series of Fellowships without any apparent loss of artistic freedom. Nevertheless, he is exceptional for a grant getter in that he has become controversial, he is not a teacher, and his books "sell." If his career illustrates the complaint that a small minority of writers get most of the Fellowships—and that they get them over and over again—it also points up the problem faced by foundations in locating first-rate talent. The money is there, but the writers are not, and the grants get conferred on those with the best track record.

Limits of the Big Money

Discovery of talent is not among the achievements of the grant givers. On the contrary, it is the little magazines that publish a writer's early stories that can be said to have discovered him, or perhaps the publisher who brings out his first book—usually at a loss. The colleges, too—whatever their limitations as a seedbed for creative talent—have recognized the needs of the unestablished writer by keeping him gainfully employed, knowing that his heart may be elsewhere than in the classroom, and knowing, possibly, that when the Fellowship comes he will go. The foundations step in after the odds have improved.

Yet their situation vis-à-vis the writer is made more difficult as the social needs to which philanthropy has traditionally addressed itself decline. More money is freed for the arts, but the money is harder to spend. It is relatively easy to deal with hookworm, as the Rockefeller Foundation did in the early years of the century: you stamp it out. It is not so easy to produce a new kind of opera, or a guaranteed number of important novels. Ford's crash programs admittedly give employment to hundreds of artists, but whether these programs will also produce a new, serious public for the arts, as well as a bullpen of talent, is not so certain. At this point, one can only admire Ford for trying, and recall how far the organization has traveled since Henry once remarked, "I never read books. They only mess up my mind."

Partly as a means of impressing their boards of directors, the culture-minded funds today are seeking more and more exotic outlets for their money—the international goodwill project (Alberto Moravia is brought to the United States; Mary McCarthy is sent to Europe), the effort at improving race relations through literary Fellowships, the attempt at regional uplift. The writer who simply wants to follow his own muse is up against an increasingly tight market. Big money seeks big results.

Yet the results may be temporary. "Don't try anything until you can be sure it is successful. As soon as it is successful, get out of it," William H. Whyte has written in summarizing the attitudes of many foundation boards.

A more productive approach than that employed at present by the blue-chip funds might be to set up jointly an organization comparable to the British Arts Council, which acknowledges that serious art of any kind needs permanent subsidy (and, in many countries, gets it). Such a coordinated program, applied to writing, could range from training the apprentice to the nurturing of top-flight talent and, conceivably, pensioning the emeritus writer in need.

To pick up the cultural slack that is not now being used by the commercial publisher or by television or the Broadway theater would certainly be a function of such a council, but most of all it would give continuity of support—the "long-term bets," as Henry Moe called them—which the foundations are not now providing. For example, a person of exceptional talent might profit by a five-year subsidy, renewable each year upon proof that the project is being satisfactorily carried out. (This is common in the field of scholarship; book publishers, too, frequently pay installments on advances as the author's work progresses.)

The flow of money could be adjusted as needs change. There would be risks—bureaucratic power is one of them. Another is the danger of officially sanctioned "schools." But these are outweighed, it seems to me, by the value of such a long-range incentive for doing serious work. Our old friend "X" might then be freed from teaching once and for all, and he would not have to write the "commercial" novel to do it.

Until such time as this, the writer who does qualify for a grant can take it and be grateful. Those who don't will just have to console themselves with the knowledge that *Winesburg, Ohio* was written by an ex-paint manufacturer and *The Great Gatsby* by a young man who paid the rent by turning out short stories for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

A great Yiddish novelist and a Pulitzer Prize winning poet discuss their ways of life, the rewards of writing, the hazards and the peculiarities of their profession.

What's In It for Me

1. By Isaac Bashevis Singer

I once said that to be a Yiddish writer in America is to be like a ghost. That is to say, a Yiddish writer sees others, but is himself not seen. I lived in the United States for fifteen years before my first book was published in English translation (*The Family Moskat*). During that time I was a full-fledged ghost, not even a poltergeist.

Now that I am better known because of the published translations of my work, readers and writers alike ask me: How does a Yiddish writer exist? How does he make a living? Who publishes his books and who reads them? I would like to answer these questions with a few dry facts.

My first book in Yiddish, *Satan in Goray and Other Stories*, was published in America in 1943. To the best of my recollection, one thousand copies were printed and my royalties totaled \$90. And this sum I was only

able to collect several years after the book had been published, and following much haggling with the publisher. A few years later when my story *Gimpel the Fool* came out, the Yiddish magazine in which it appeared paid me \$20.

For my novel *The Family Moskat*, which was published in Yiddish in two volumes, I received \$250. The bulk of this sum I had to lay out for author's corrections. Naturally, I proof-read the manuscript without payment. For the Yiddish book *In My Father's Court* I got \$300. For a collection of twenty-four short stories called *Gimpel the Fool and Other Stories*, also in Yiddish, I got \$400. That takes care of the books.

Fortunately, I also have had a number of novels and stories printed in the *Jewish Daily Forward*, which pays much better than the Yiddish pub-

lishers and magazines. But other stories, including some of my best, have appeared in Yiddish magazines that paid me nothing.

As a matter of record, I have not grown rich from my works translated into English. *The Family Moskat*, a novel published by Knopf in 1950 and a selection of the Book Find Club, which accounted for sales of more than 40,000 copies) brought me about \$2,000. The reason the royalties amounted to so little was that the publisher deducted the translator's fee from the total. It happened that the translator, A. Gross, died before he could finish and it cost me additional time and money to complete the job.

For my novel *Satan in Goray* Noonday Press gave me an advance of \$1,000. I received similar advances for *Gimpel the Fool* and *The Magician of Lublin*. Noonday was then, as it is now,



ty house, and its publisher at time, Cecil Hemley, is himself a er and excellent editor. I'm satis- to have been associated with , since Dwight W. Webb, Mr. ley, and his associate editor, beth Pollet, did everything pos- to make me known to the Ameri- reader and critic.

While I was associated with Noon- I sold several stories to *Partisan ew, Commentary, and Midstream*. I believe \$300 was the maximum er received from any of these zines for any single story, even gh I worked on some of these stor- or weeks. I always spent the er part of my royalties for trans- as, and if it happened that they o be edited and rewritten I paid hese services as well.

gan to sell stories to the bigger zines, including *Harper's*, only Noonday merged with Farrar, is in 1960. Mr. Roger Straus, Paula Diamond, then the direc- of subsidiary rights, and her as- nt Lila Karpf, who is now in ge, also acted as my agents and great energy and devotion under-

took to sell my stories to major Amer- ican magazines and foreign publica- tions. For a period of time Cecil Hemley remained the editor of Noon- day and better times began for me.

Just how good are they?

Not good enough so I can make a living from my books and stories alone. My main source of income is still derived from my journalistic work for the *Jewish Daily Forward*. I also write sketches for radio station WEVD, and lecture—a lot of work for a man of sixty. I couldn't have man- aged all these years if my wife, Alma, didn't hold a job as a saleswoman, first at Saks 34th Street and now at Lord and Taylor's.

Am I dissatisfied?

I don't know of a single writer more satisfied with his lot than I. When I began to write, I was fifteen and I never heard of anybody making a liv- ing from writing. I am still surprised every time I get a check for a story or even for lecturing. I was brought up with the idea that the Torah is not to be used as a means of livelihood and that spiritual work is its own reward. My sole problem is finding a publisher for my works in Yiddish. I have al-

ready put out seven books in English, but in Yiddish—only four.

Most Yiddish publishers in the U. S. A. and everywhere else demand to be subsidized by the author, and this is one thing I have solemnly de- termined never to do. While my work is becoming better known through translation into several languages, my original manuscripts are slowly turning to dust. I hope one day to find a Yiddish publisher who will not ask for an advance from me.

Incidentally, I have sold no dra- matic rights to my works except for a motion picture option on *The Magi- cian of Lublin*, to Roth and Kersch- ner, and TV rights on the same novel to a Canadian broadcasting company.

My publishers, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, have lately become very opti- mistic about my earnings for the near future and there is a possibility that when this article appears, things will look better for me. One of the editors of *Harper's* suggested that they would put a footnote saying that the author has in the meantime become rich. I am glad the footnote isn't here. We already have too many rich writers, many of them poor writers.

2. By Louis Simpson

te poems, but I teach for a living. e writers and teachers are only writers and half-teachers, but I t a man can be both a full-time er and full-time teacher. It all nds on what you want to write. ou wish to make writing pay, of course you must give all your to it, like any business. But if you only when you have something y, then you will have a lot of time ver. During that time I teach. I inly would not recommend teach- o everyone. In the first place you enjoy it.

H. Auden once said that poets d not marry. But not every poet le to resist the temptation. Cer- y there are drawbacks to being a ied writer, as there are to being arried anything. There's the e, the car, the kids shouting, ame!" But the unmarried writer o better pickle. For one thing,

he will always be fretting that he is not sufficiently loved. The unmarried writer travels more, but he knows less about the ordinary lives of men and women. However, when you get down to cases, being married or un- married does not determine the qual- ity of a man's work. Keats and Flau- bert were not married, but Blake and Tolstoi were. What matters is the writer's intelligence.

If writers may be put in two cate- gories, those who live in artistic cir- cles and those who have ordinary lives, I belong in the second category. This does not mean that I agree with middle-class ideas; it is simply that I find it less distracting to live as others do than to spend my energy trying not to.

Also, in my experience, people who build their lives around art become ill-informed, arrogant, and stupid. On

the other hand, if you move among ordinary people—and not as a stran- ger, but subject to the things they feel—you can learn much. Indeed, unless you do this your thoughts will have no importance. But you must also be able to detach yourself. It is necessary to have a little of the cunning that Joyce recommended, if you wish to "forge the uncreated consciousness of the race."

There is material in everyday life for a poetry that will be neither eso- teric nor banal. Except in Whitman and Hart Crane we have had very little of this poetry in America. We do not find in writing images that correspond to the lives we really have. Most poetry is mere fantasy; most prose is merely reporting the surface of things. We are still waiting for the poetry of feeling, words as common as a loaf of bread, which yet give off vibrations.

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THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES

A photographic interpretation of the *Odyssey*

How can you photograph the *essence* of a poem—its special grace, its meaning and mood? First, you have to be a poet with a camera—and Erich Lessing is. Then you have to see what the poet saw, feel what he felt—as Erich Lessing did. He followed Ulysses to the very places he visited and photographed them in all their ageless impact.

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Here, in full color, is the hill where Ulysses' palace stood; here lived Nestor and Agamemnon. Here you see the view from the cave of Polyphemus, and the great rock he flung after the fleeing Ulysses. To this lovely stream, Nausicaa came at Athene's bidding and met Ulysses. In this peaceful setting, Circe turned men to swine. Here is the land of the lotos-eaters (the "lotos" flower caused men to lose their longing for home). These are the "monster" rocks of Scylla and Charybdis; here is the Naiads' cave where Ulysses planned his revenge on the suitors. In this limpid bay, Telem-

achus beached his boat; on this tempest tossed hill lived Aeolus, master of the winds. Here is the true landscape of poetry, for according to the most painstaking research, these are the actual sites Homer had in mind when he wrote the *Odyssey*.

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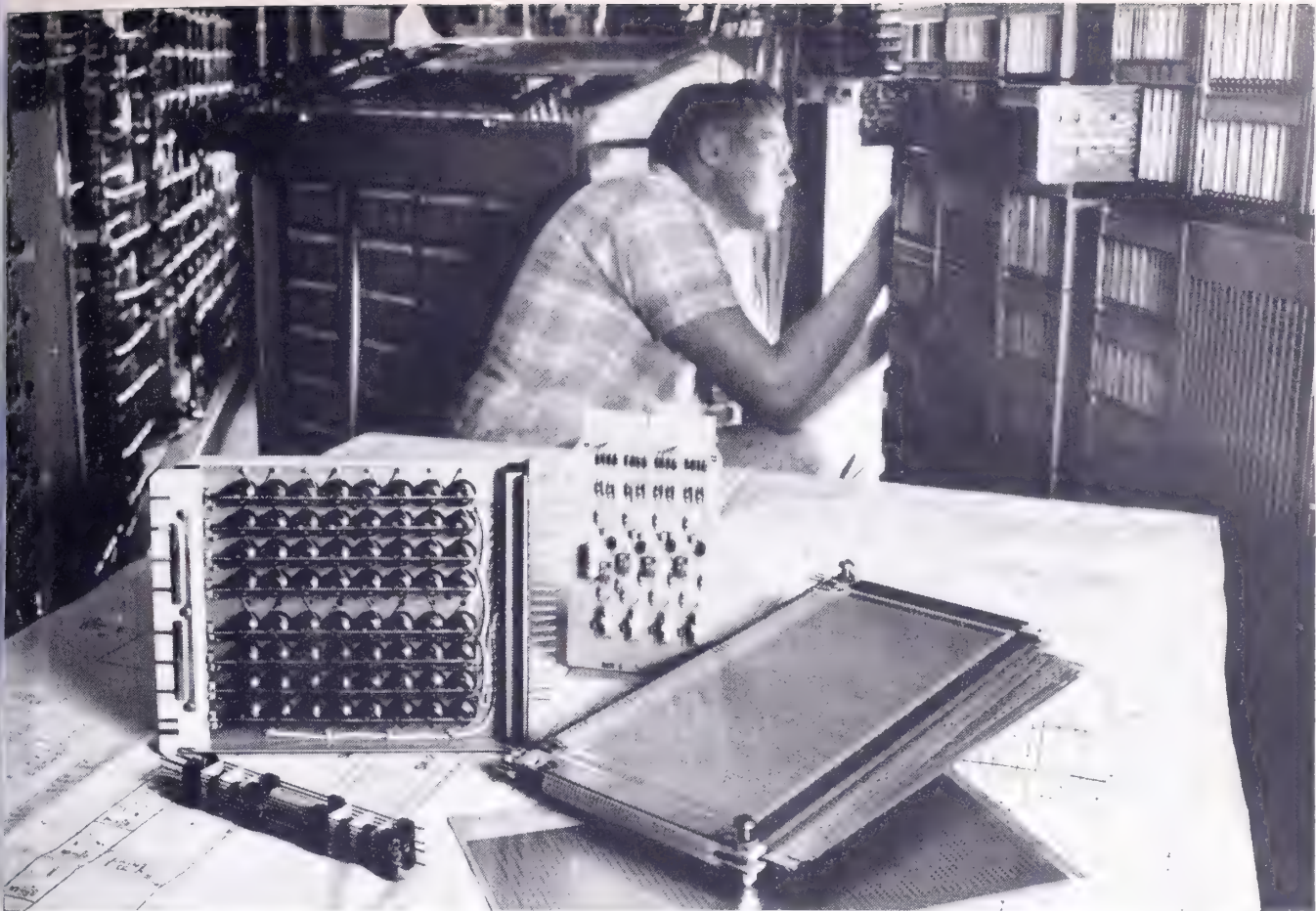
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ADVERTISING INFORMATION

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
 Telephone Area Code 212 YU 6-3844
 Other offices in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles

PRODUCTION MANAGER: KIM SMITH
 Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
 Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Publisher: DANIEL J. BROOKS

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer; Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer and Controller.

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 Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing office.

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 No. 1386

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Investors' Page

INFORMATION FROM MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

How to choose a stock brokerage firm... a good sign to look for...one way to 'break the ice' with a broker...which investment goal suits you best?

Let's assume you've decided to join the millions of people who hope to brighten their financial future through stock ownership. Perhaps you have a specific goal in mind—a retirement fund, or money to meet the future educational needs of your family, or a second income that will buy some of the luxuries that make life so much more pleasant. Where do you go from there? How do you choose a brokerage firm?

* * *

Many investors look for a firm that displays the sign, "Member New York Stock Exchange." There are some 500 member firm offices and probably one near you.

* * *

As a potential investor, you might be interested to know that every member firm is subject to the Exchange's many rules and regulations.

* * *

For example, the Exchange's rules require that member firms maintain adequate capital at all times, have an annual surprise audit by their independent public accountants and submit financial information to the Exchange at intervals throughout the year.

* * *

In addition, the registered representatives (some 33,000 of these brokers

employed by member firms) are subject to Exchange regulations, too. In fact, before they could act as brokers in member firms, they had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business.

* * *

Once you've chosen a broker, a good way to "break the ice" is to discuss the investment goal you have in mind. For long term capital growth, common stocks might be best for you. Though their dividends are never certain, a company may increase them as profits rise. For good current yield with relative safety, you might want to examine dividends from preferred stocks or interest from bonds.

* * *

Whatever your goal, consider investing only money that's left after you've provided for living expenses and an emergency fund. (The Monthly Investment Plan is a systematic way to invest with as little as \$40 each three months.) However, always keep in mind that stock prices fall as well as rise.

* * *

Next, ask your broker for facts about companies that interest you—earnings, dividends and sales records, the stock's recent price range and other

information that might help to shape your judgment.

* * *

Finally, ask your broker for his opinion and see how it matches your own. He won't always be right, but he may point out a new direction for you to consider.

* * *

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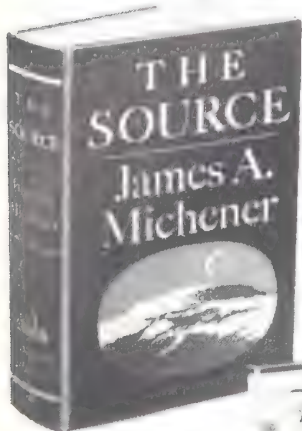
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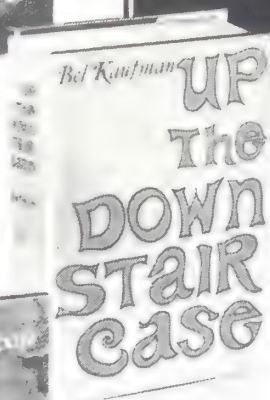
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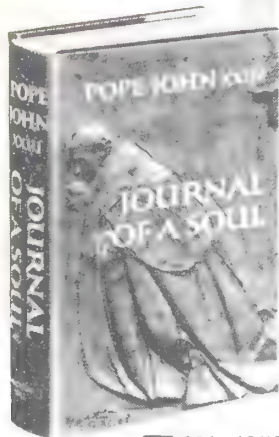
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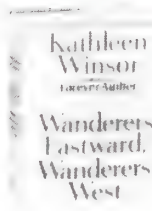
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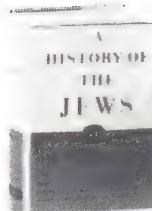
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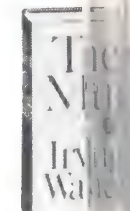
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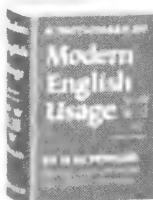
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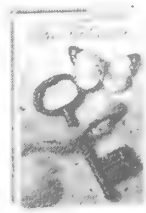
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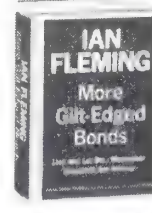
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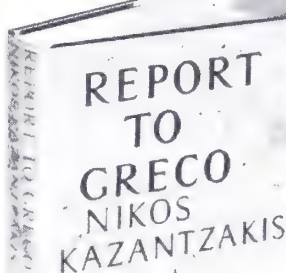
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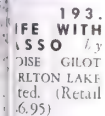
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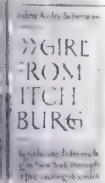
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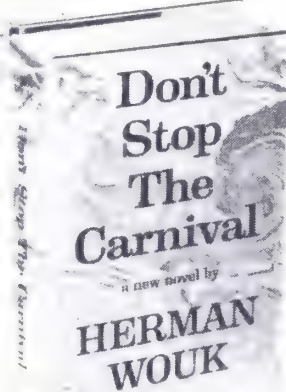
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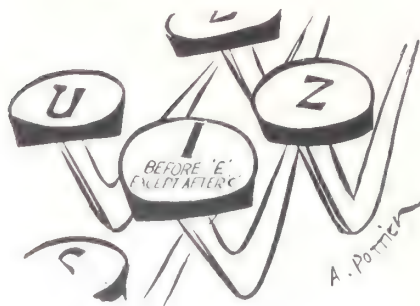


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Letters



Toward a New South

In all the discussions about the New South, Jack Cash deceived himself, and so does, to some extent, Edwin M. Yoder ["W. J. Cash After a Quarter Century," *Easy Chair*, September]. Not that they try to minimize the problem, they merely clutter it up in order to avoid emphasis on—the black man. The Negro has intruded upon every level of Southern life, and this is the tragedy. Jack Cash saw a wholesale unionization in prospect for the South, and Yoder says that right-to-work laws, Anglo-Saxon labor, employers' high-priced legal talent, fierce individualism made something less than a prophet out of Cash. But here too we have the attempt to make something extraordinarily unique out of the Southerner. Nonsense! It is—the black man, nothing else. We're all the same, except for the relationship of one to the other. . . .

That the one issue has been the Negro is clearly indicated in my state (and Yoder's). At the turn of the century Negroes became bricklayers and woodworkers. And because the black man was engaged in these trades, the white man shunned them like the plague; until, that is, the bricklayer and woodworker began to earn \$3 an hour. But now it was too late and if the white wanted in, he had to accept the status of "colleague." Thus the first industrial integration, seven years before the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Actually, what Jack Cash overlooked is that no New South was possible until the South permitted the Negro to enter the open society and the Southerner became *nonchalant* in his thinking of the black man.

The real dilemma of the South is that the U. S. Supreme Court in 1896 (*Plessy v. Ferguson*) told the Southerner, *you are superior*. Well, what else does a man have to do? School? College? Factories? Theater? Open Unions? What else? All nonsense! How can a man become *more* than superior? But the Supreme Court proved to be an Indian-giver and in the case of *NAACP vs. Board of Education, Topeka*, upset that whole deal and it is not pleasant. Why should it be? In the end we'll win, and twenty-five years from now, God willing, we'll finally have that New South.

HARRY GOLD

Editor, *The Carolina Israelite*
Charlotte, N. C.

Ben Gurion's Chosen

What David Ben Gurion has stated in his article ["The Facts of Jewish Exile," September] is neither new, nor is it a personal, political, or national testament. The article cites deliberated, legislated policies of the state of Israel which, in support of an abnormal concept of nationalism (Zionism), impinge substantively on the lives of all Jews regardless of their legal citizenship and/or nationality. . . .

Among those American Jews who know Zionism there is an organized and responsible program of rejection and repudiation of Zionist basic propositions. These Americans hold they are identified as Jews by virtue of a religious commitment and a spiritual covenant of universal dimensions. They believe, as Americans, they are entitled to pursue their religious identification entirely free of Mr. Ben Gurion's and the state of Israel's Zionist nationality legal-pol-



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LETTERS

tical claims and pretensions. And they believe they are entitled to the power and prestige of the U. S. government to insure such freedom in the face of the deliberate policy of aggression practiced by Israel through its Zionist organism.

On April 20, 1964, in response to a formal petition from such a Zionist American Jew, the U.S. Department of State declared it "does not regard the 'Jewish people' concept as a concept of international law." . . .

ELMER BLANK

Executive Vice-President
American Council for Judaism
New York, N.Y.

Mass Satori

Dr. Sidney Cohen's illuminating article on "LSD and the Anguish of Dying" [September] caused me to open Aldous Huxley's *Doors of Perception* with its suggestions of the use of hallucinogens for religious purposes. . . .

The possibilities are limitless for American Christianity. Those dreary women's luncheons on Tuesdays could be transformed into "a no-holds-barred state of bliss." . . . Vestry meetings, the bane of wearily successful businessmen, could suddenly become happy times when all business including the ecclesiastical word "cease to be." . . .

Pale young curates are usually given the task of entertaining the young on Sunday evenings following a full Sunday morning schedule. The LSD solution would prolong the expectancy of our younger clergy. Parish suppers are usually horrendous affairs—tasteless inedible boring slides of Hong Kong Hawaii, and endless planning by the church staff. Subtract slides, speakers, and food, add LSD and you have mass satori—an evening of static and perceptual beauty. . . .

THE REV. H. DAVID S. K.
Chaplain, Trinity School
New York, N.Y.

Flooding the Canyon

I know the Grand Canyon country well and am just as anxious as any of my fellow conservationists to see its scenic grandeur preserved, but surely there are better ways of doing



We thought we knew it all. ***Then we discovered Machu Picchu.***



had combed palaces of Persian
is. We had walked through
bs and temples and spired castles
were ready for something new in
kingdoms.

hen, one night last January, a couple
rcheologists spun us a tale of a
untaintop city built by the Incas 500
s before the Conquistadores.

he place is Machu Picchu and it
n't long before we were flying down
outh America to find it.

Panagra Jet took us to Lima, and from
e we flew to Cuzco, where we embarked
a three-hour zigzag by bus-train along
rushing Urubamba River and 2000 feet
hrough the clouds to Machu Picchu.

majestic city walled in by kings, Machu
hu bears no sign of strife. With a little
gination, you can stand at the perimeter of
city and conjure up images of sharp-eyed
warriors peering down at the Conquistadores
rying below for gold, never dreaming
orize of Machu Picchu lay high above them.

Machu Picchu was never captured, never
ordered, yet some time between the days of the
quistadores and our own, everyone in the
disappeared. Where they went and why is a
tery that haunts you all through the ruins.

or us, this is the most spectacular sight in all

the Western Hemisphere. And, if there
are any challengers to that statement,
they're in South America, too.

Lake Titicaca (between Bolivia and
Peru) is the highest navigable lake in
the world. Argentina's Iguassu Falls
dwarfs Niagara. For sheer size and
beauty, there's the Amazon. And, for
luxury, there's Punta del Este, Viña del
Mar and scores of other resorts.

So it goes (and we went with it) down
one coast from Lima to Santiago, then over
to Buenos Aires—all with Panagra. Then up
the other coast through Montevideo, Asuncion,
São Paulo, Rio, Brasília and Caracas—all
with Pan Am. Wish we could do it all again.

A word from the airlines we flew: Nobody
knows South America like Panagra-Pan Am.
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completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets,
frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the
utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts
for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to
Buenos Aires. See the West Coast with Panagra, the
East Coast with Pan Am. Go one way, return the other.
The new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the
continent comes out the same: \$550 from New York,
\$520 from Miami, \$674 from Los Angeles.

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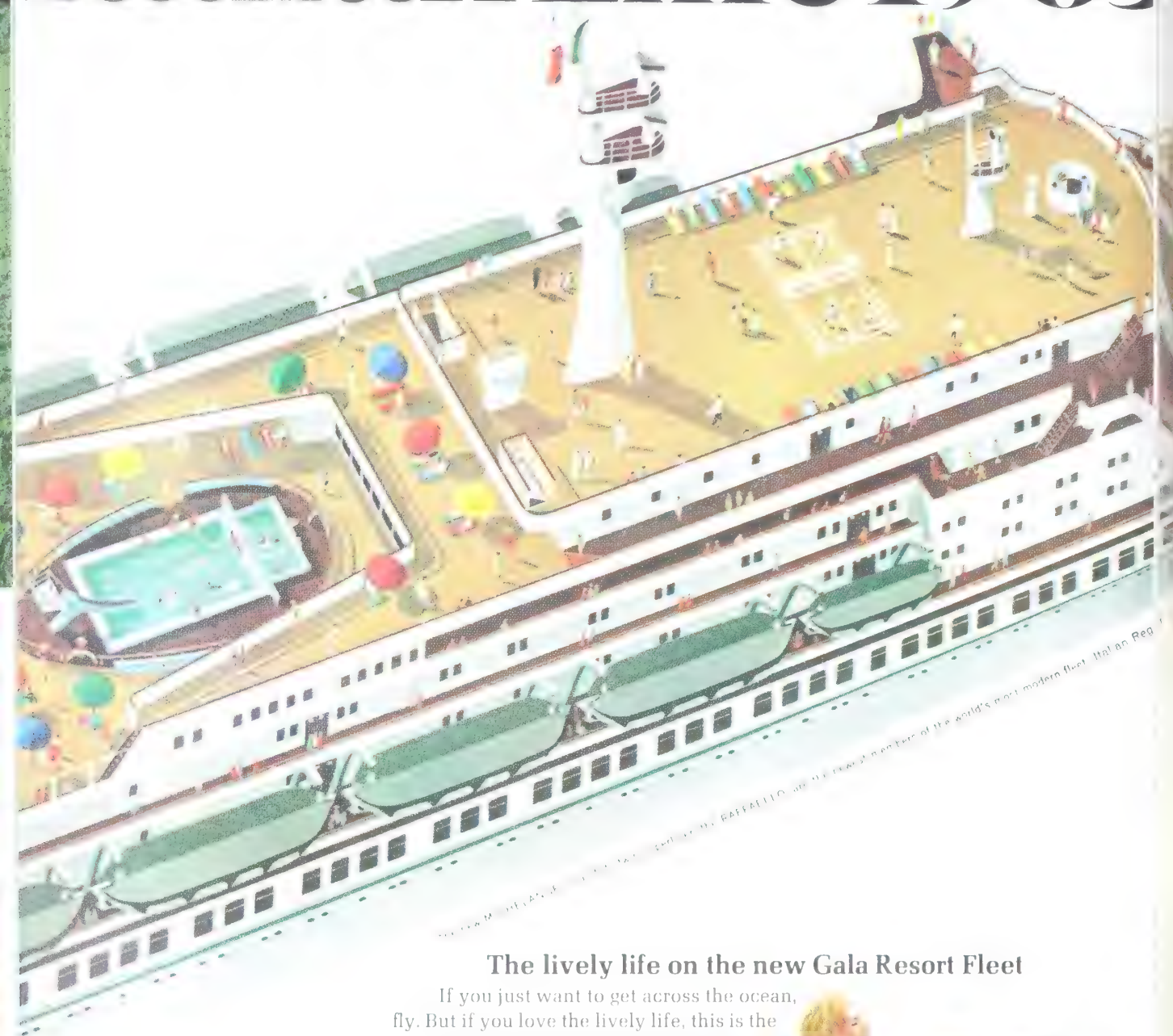
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pursuit of excellence



Silver basket 18th Century, designed by Paul de Lamerie.
Brooklyn Museum collection of Donald S. and Pearl Morrison.



Italian Line 1965



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LETTERS

than by sarcastic articles like
Stewart's "Think Big: An
Letter to the Secretary of the
rior," [August]. Few Secretaries
accomplished half as much as
Udall has during his brief term
office in his efforts to preserve
at is now left of America's out-
r heritage. . . .

The basic nature of the Colorado
er has been destroyed below Glen
yon dam. The once-roaring,
ddy torrent—the agent that made
Grand Canyon—is now a gentle,
ar trout stream through Grand
yon National Park and Grand
yon National Monument. As a re-
t, I fail to see how the construction
Marble Canyon dam can do any
ther damage. I agree that the con-
uction of Bridge Canyon dam
uld have deleterious effects on the
omparable Toroweap area . . . but
e Bridge Canyon dam has been put
the shelf for at least the next five
rs. . . .

HARRY C. JAMES, Pres.
The Trailfinders
Banning, Calif.

Mr. Stewart has a formidable
tural resource of his own. His
pen Letter" should become a text-
ok classic in the art of satire. Let
hope that the Secretary of the
rior reads *Harper's* and answers
e letter as openly.

CAROL SPICER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Shaky Voice

If John Chancellor succeeds in de-
veloping comprehensive and factual
ws coverage for the Voice of
merica ["The Split Personality of
SIA," Albert Bermel, September],
hhaps he could install a transmitter
the Washington Monument so
at we within the borders could have
e benefit of his services. The "no-
le lack of hard news from either
e Caribbean area or Southeast
ia" about which our Ambassador
Moscow complained last spring
o obtained in this country. . . . This
uation is very disturbing at a time
en difficult decisions must be made
when alert citizens do not neces-
sarily believe that Daddy Washing-
n always knows best.

SHIRLEY C. MAYFIELD
Sacramento, Calif.

Victims of Tradition

I was impressed by James Hern-
don's "The Way It Spoized to Be"
[September]. In my twenty years of
teaching I have become more and
more strongly convinced that the
teaching of English in the traditional
way to pupils whose backgrounds and
goals haven't the remotest point of
contact is not only futile but actually
cruel. It creates a situation in which
the pupil must fail, and then punishes
him for failing.

VIRGINIA R. LEGG
Cody, Wyo.

From Quill and Scroll to Computer

An ecumenical Amen to "The
American Nun: Poor, Chaste, and
Restive" [Edward Wakin and Fr.
Joseph F. Scheuer, August]. As one
who has treated a number of nuns
I can say the authors show a keen
insight into their problems.

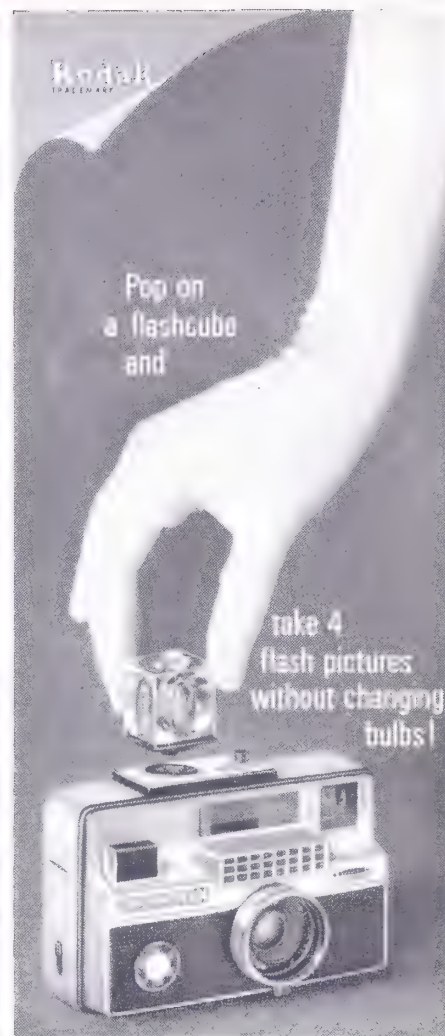
You might be interested to know
that I gave my copy of the August
Harper's to one of our hospital nuns.
In double time, this lady in thirteenth-
century garb walked through a room
full of IBM machines and computers
on her way to a new Xerox photo-
copier. She made several copies which
I understand have been received with
interest by other nuns. If they can
make a seven-century change from
quill and scroll, what will this hope-
fully portend for the future?

RAYMOND N. FERRERI, M.D.
Head, Dept. of Psychiatry
Marymount Hospital
Cleveland, Ohio.

*Editor's note: The nun was, no
doubt unknowingly, violating the law.
The copyright statute forbids anyone
to make such copies without prior
permission of the copyright owner—
in this case, Harper's Magazine.*

The Senseless Revenge

In my now yellowing files of stories
about war, sent and unsent, are what
I think some very cogent reasons for
the U.S.'s course in Vietnam ["James
Bond, Mr. Johnson, and the Intel-
lectuals," John Fischer, Easy Chair,
August]. They explain why I am
always depressed to find some his-
torians with short memories advocat-



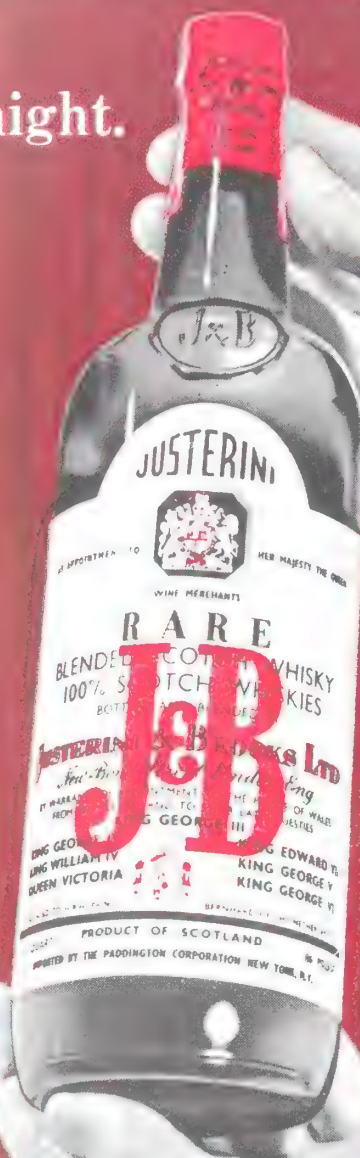
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ing what amounts to appeasement
the new barbarians.

My reasons go back to four C
awful days fifteen years ago—S
tember 26-30, 1950. The story n
headlines in the U.S. for about t
days and then was wiped off page
by the continuing fight for Inc
and Seoul in Korea. Gene Symond
the United Press and I were with
24th Division as it crossed the N
tong River and inched its way b
to Taejon, where it had been
soundly defeated by the North
reans some nine weeks earlier. G
you may remember, was stoned
death in a Malay-Chinese riot in
Singapore about two years after t
end of the war in Korea. . . .

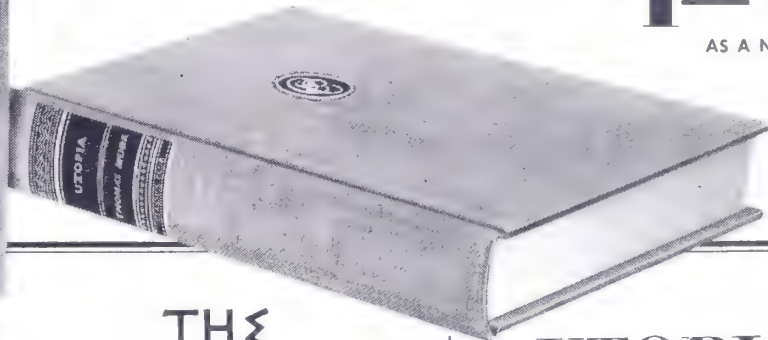
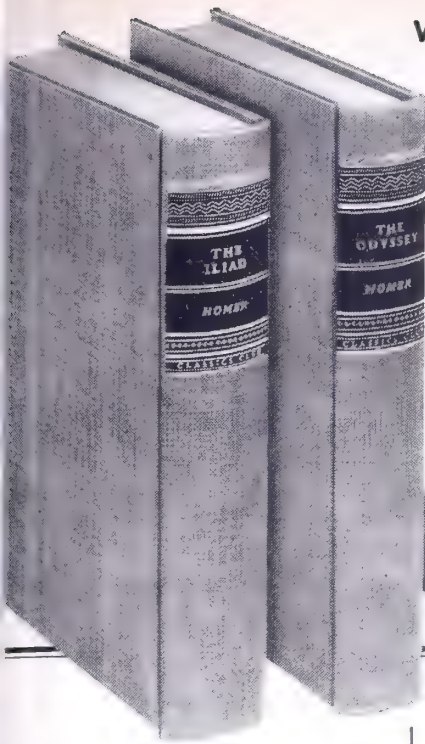
We hit Taejon about noon on S
tember 26. As we passed the f
thatched roof houses on the (t
skirts, Gene and I commented on
absence of civilians. The first s
building we reached was the p
brick police station at West Tae
It had the gaping, haunted look
all deserted buildings. Gene an
followed the first GIs inside. I
didn't notice the L-shaped tre
along the wall at first. Then someb
yelled. The bodies of thirty Ameri
soldiers and an equal number
Koreans lay in the trench, lig
powdered by dirt. Their hands w
bound behind them and they had b
machine-gunned. . . .

Not long after this, one of my
leagues, Hal Boyle of the Associat
Press, came along in a jeep and g
us a lift to the jail—a huge red-br
establishment about a quarter o
mile away surrounded by a vill
twenty-five feet high. We drove i
what was the prison bean field, o
originally an exercise yard. Four tren
divided that bean patch, none m
than three feet deep. In front of e
trench were neat rows of dead, nea
all lying on their faces. We coun
the first row and then multiplied
four and came to four hundred bod
The first of these prisoners had
been machine-gunned. Somebody
gone along the front row and ca
fully put a pistol or rifle to the h
of each victim and fired. All
others, save for the last six, app
ently had been killed by automa
fire. About those last six—each
had his skull split with a hand
The ax was still embedded in
skull of the last man. . . . The Kore

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LETTERS

later told us that these victims—landlords, members of the large Christian community, prosperous peasants, shopkeepers, money lenders, and local political leaders.

We went back to Taejon the next day. On a hillside was a good-sized church. . . . Near the top of the hill I began to encounter broken bits of religious statuary, scattered and broken hymnals, broken chairs and pews. The church was obviously Catholic. I entered a basement door, and in the dim light I saw that the basement was filled with bodies. The North Koreans apparently had marched the victims in and shot them. . . . The dead were layered until the fifty-foot space between floor and ceiling had been half filled. In the basement and main auditorium were over seven hundred bodies. . . . Near the church, on the hillside away from Taejon I noticed a series of trenches, each about five hundred yards long. . . . It is doubtful if anyone knows to this day precisely how many bodies were in those trenches. Estimates at the time ranged between 5,000 and 6,000. . . .

Taejon was the Katyn Forest massacre transferred from Poland to Korea—and for the same reason: the destruction of any and all who might in the future provide leadership to a disenchanted population. It is also a sort of revenge in advance of the North Koreans lost the war.

In recent weeks I have heard the argument advanced that fewer people would have died in Korea if the U.S. had refrained from intervention. This same argument is used in connection with Vietnam. Basically, it is the Better-Red-than-Dead thesis. It is also an argument for conquest by terrorism. . . .

There have been a number of stories out of Vietnam of atrocities by the South Vietnamese. Both sides have adopted terror as a weapon. . . . Forty thousand or so Vietnamese villagers have been slain by terrorism for precisely the same reason as those slain at Taejon. I listen to the people who propose that we pull out of Vietnam and ask: What happens to the people we leave? I don't like the answers I get.

BEM PRE
McLean.

Mr. Price has been a newsman with the Associated Press for twenty years.

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A Footnote on Adlai E. Stevenson

by John Fischer

Since Adlai E. Stevenson died last July a number of legends about him have crept into circulation, especially in the foreign press. Some are flattering, some despicable. He would have despised them all; for, more than any politician I have known, he was addicted to the precise truth, even about himself.

It is hard for me to write about him, partly because I never felt that I fully understood him, partly because I still feel numb with loss. But I owed him much, and the only way I can repay in small part is to note down a few facts.

The most damaging legend is that he disagreed violently with the Administration's foreign policy and was on the verge of resigning his post as American spokesman at the United Nations. This tale got started, apparently, with two broadcasts. In one of them Eric Sevareid quoted Stevenson as saying only two days before his death that he was eager to quit. In the other David Schoenbrun recalled that in a private conversation Stevenson had described the American intervention in the Dominican crisis as "a massive blunder." From these two remarks (no doubt quoted accurately) some of the more anti-American commentators in England and Europe concluded that Stevenson was about to break into open rebellion against his own government.

What they did not take into account was the Governor's habit of constant grumbling. His private conversations were studded with complaints, often half-jocular, about almost everything

—his work, the unceasing round of diplomatic parties, his growing paunch, his inability to find an occasional half-hour for casual reading, the weather, or the contrary way the pheasants were flying that morning. His friends knew that all this wasn't meant to be taken too seriously. Neither was his wistful yearning for *The Quiet Life*. Shortly before the last election he told me that as soon as it was over he meant to retire to his Libertyville farm and practice a little undemanding law in Chicago. Shortly after the election he explained that this plan had to be deferred—but only for a few months—because Lyndon Johnson had begged him to stay on at the UN. In fact, *The Quiet Life* would have driven him into screaming boredom in about two weeks. Although he liked to think of himself as a contemplative type, he actually was an incorrigibly public man; to him the public life, with its bustle, drama, and attention was as necessary as air.

It is true that he was never entirely happy with his UN assignment. After all, as head of his party for eight years he had grown used to making policies, not merely enunciating them: a habit hard to shake. Probably in his later years he never would have been entirely content with any job short of the Presidency (and, for different reasons, perhaps not even with that). Moreover, he had expected Kennedy to make him Secretary of State. The only time I ever heard Stevenson speak with real bitterness was the day after he was

given the lesser post. He called me to his office that day to ask me to join him as Washington backstop for the UN delegation. I declined, partly because I felt that a mutual friend, Herman Cleveland, could handle the job better, but mostly because I doubted whether I could work effectively with both him and the State Department when he was so brimming with sentiment. I proved right about Cleveland, as his subsequent performance demonstrated, but perhaps wrong on the other point; at any rate Stevenson's disappointment soon seemed to be muted, or bottled up.

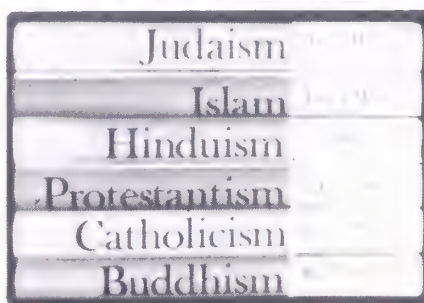
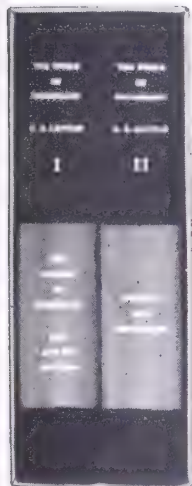
It is also true that AES often disagreed with the Administration—but not Kennedy's and Johnson's—on nuances of foreign policy or techniques for its execution. Frequently he argued that more use should have been made of the UN, or that our friends should have been consulted more fully before a major decision was put into operation—as in the Dominican case. Personally I think he was usually right; in any case, such views came naturally to a man in his position, and founder of the UN to boot.

But on the essentials of American foreign policy—steady but restrained resistance to aggression, the encouragement of national independence everywhere, the strengthening of international peace-keeping machinery—he saw eye to eye with the Presidents he served. That, at least, is the conviction I brought away from dozens of private conversations with him.

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Another legend holds that Stevenson was, as Andrew Kopkind put it in the London *New Statesman*, "appalled by the Johnson Administration's exuberant vulgarity." Even in this country I have run into a few old Stevensonians (mostly Easterners who shudder at the Johnson style and who like to believe that the Governor found it equally distasteful). He did not. Johnson and Stevenson came to Washington at about the same time, worked together on some of the early New Deal farm programs, and began a friendship which lasted for nearly thirty years. A Midwesterner himself, Stevenson was by no means startled by Johnson's feedlot idiom; and he knew that mannerisms which look corny on the Charles River or Fifth Avenue make an altogether different impression in the Mississippi Valley and points west. Although I never heard him say so, my hunch is that he felt more comfortable with Johnson than with any of the Kennedys.

Besides, he admired in Johnson (most of the time anyhow) something that he knew he lacked himself: a ruthless, single-minded will-to-win. In both of his campaigns, for example, he caused needless confusion and snarled the lines of command because he simply could not bring himself to hurt the feelings of friends. Where Johnson would have fired an incompetent with surgical dispatch, Stevenson preferred to let him bumble along and to appoint another man (or maybe two) to do the same job. At one time he even had two campaign managers, neither of whom was quite sure what the other was up to. This made no difference to the outcome—he never had a real chance in either election—but it is not the way of politicians who are destined to claw their way to the top.

When he was shooting pheasants—a sport he vastly enjoyed—Stevenson usually carried a 20-gauge shotgun. Once, after he had missed three shots in a row, I offered to lend him my 12-gauge, pointing out that its heavier charge and broader shot pattern ought to bring down more birds. He declined, remarking that the smaller gun was a more sporting proposition. In politics too he lacked the killer instinct, thinking of it as a game in which the style of play was more im-

portant than the final score. (I've never seen Johnson hunt, but I'd bet that he uses a 12-gauge.)

A more genial myth, widely believed both here and abroad, was that Stevenson wrote all his own speeches. Even the *New York Times*, which should have known better, reported the day after his death that "Office-seekers customarily deliver speeches that hired writers grind out for them. Not Adlai E. Stevenson. The graceful eloquence that the public heard was the result of hours of toil. Drafting, switching, scratching out were his methods. . . ."

In fact, it would be physically impossible for any man to write even a tiny fraction of the phenomenal number of speeches he delivered—as a little elementary arithmetic demonstrates. During the 1952 campaign, for instance, he made up to seventeen speeches a day; sometimes two of them were major pronouncements running to about forty minutes, while the others were fifteen-minute whistle-stop talks. Moreover, they were all different. The Governor hated to repeat himself—I think it bored him—so he scorned the standard practice of Presidential candidates: that is, to get up three or four basic talks which can be used over and over again, with minor variations, at innumerable whistle stops. He wanted something fresh every time, even though the press services couldn't possibly report more than two speeches a day in any detail.

While campaigning Stevenson was frenetically busy every moment of the day and much of the night—talking with the local politicians who swarmed aboard his train, shaking hands with the crowds and conferring (all too seldom) with his top aides. Never did he have enough time to eat and sleep, much less to write—a business which requires solitude, quiet, and a chance to concentrate.

Under these circumstances, naturally, he needed a battalion of ghost writers. He enlisted the biggest one deployed by any candidate of recent times and (in my biased opinion) the best. In 1952 it occupied an entire floor of the Elks Club in Springfield, Illinois, a short walk from both the Governor's Mansion and campaign headquarters. There we spooks worked, ate, and slept, emerging only

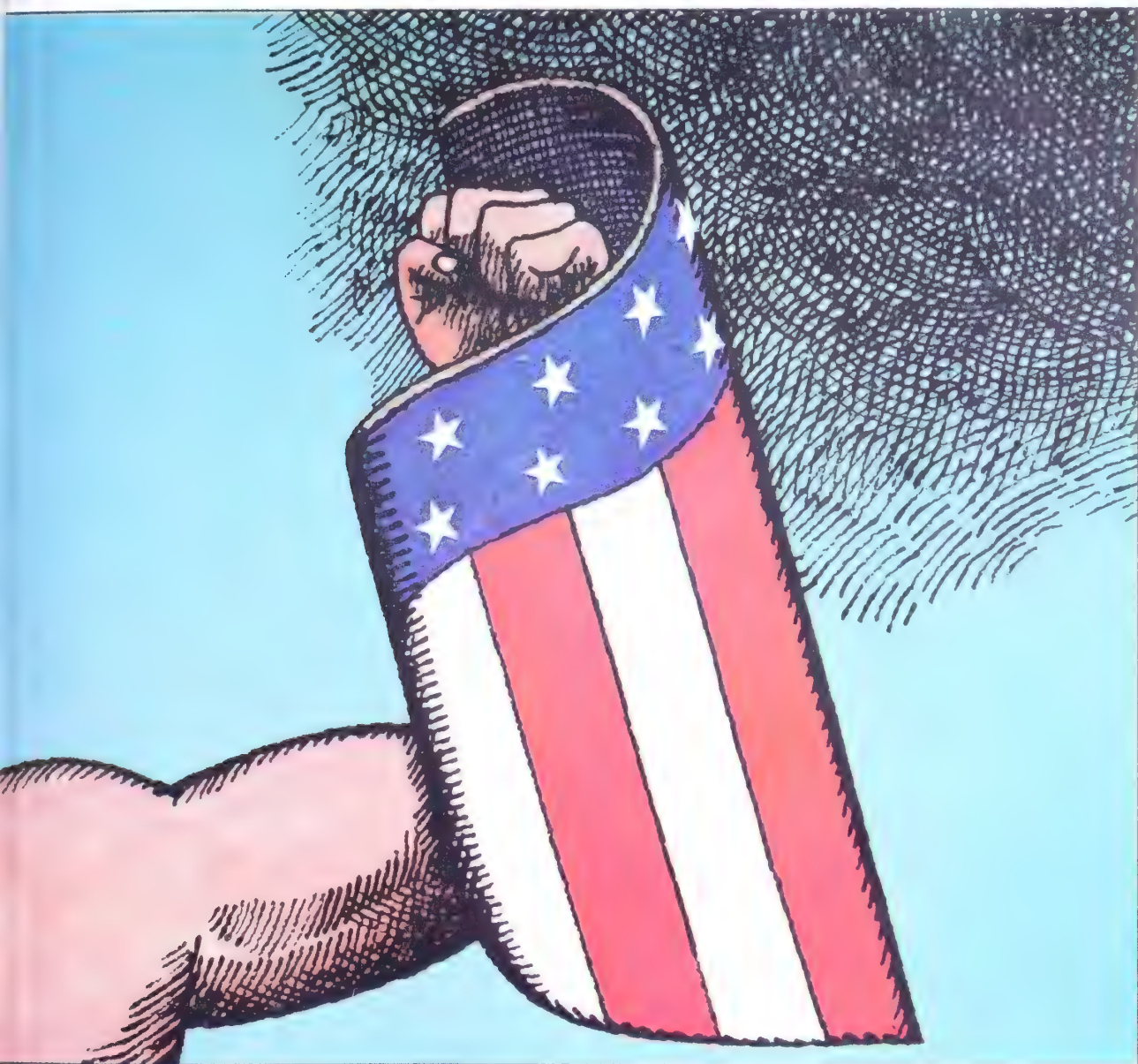
occasionally for a lungful of air, a carton of coffee, or guidance from the campaign brass.

In the beginning the foreman of this prose factory was Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Jr., but he soon became preoccupied with campaign strategy and other things less tedious than the routine of administration. The *facto* command then devolved, by almost unanimous consent of the writers, on David Bell. An ex-Marine, he had joined the Budget Bureau some years earlier as a career civil servant. When a man had brought him into the White House to write veto messages, he found him so useful that Bell soon became a key member of the Presidential staff. After Stevenson's nomination, Truman dispatched Bell to Springfield to serve as liaison between the White House and the campaign headquarters—or, as some of the Stevensonians suspected, to keep an eye on the menagerie of eggheads and amateur politicians who were swarming into town. Bell quickly decided that he could do the job better as a member of the speech-writing team since (in theory at least) that was where all ideas and issues were reviewed, reconciled, and processed for public exposure. Since he clearly had more administrative skill and more seasoned political judgment than anybody else in the Elks Club, the others were glad to work under his direction—or, at least, accepted him less grudgingly than any alternative leader.

His herd of prima donnas included Kenneth Galbraith, Robert Tufts (recruited from the State Department's policy-planning staff); Bill Winter, a labor expert and member of Stevenson's law firm; Eric Hodgins, a realist and sometime editor of *Fortune*; and a few journalists such as John Bartlow Martin, Bill Reddig, John Manning, and myself. From time to time others—Bernard DeVoto, Herbert Agar, David Cohn, Philip Schlesinger, Wesley McCune, and perhaps a dozen more—would join us briefly for a specific chore; while memos, speeches, drafts, criticisms, and exhortations flowed in from hundreds of novelists, professors, and politicians. Some of these were useful.

Each speech would go through many as a dozen drafts, as the writer primarily responsible would try to incorporate suggestions and

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ns from all his colleagues, plus research department, the Democratic National Committee, and every campaign factotum who wanted to into the act. This was a frustrating and exhausting process, since any of the suggestions were irrevocable. The Illinois weather that summer was ferociously hot; the writers were living mostly on a diet of cigarettes and coffee; they were under pressure to turn out an impossible volume of prose every twenty-four hours—all of it, supposedly, in the inimitable Stevenson style. Small wonder that tempers often flared, in the small hours of the morning when half-a-dozen writers sat around a big table to whip into shape a final draft for delivery (sometimes over an 11,000 TV hookup) a few hours later. At one time or another four of the ghosts collapsed from nervous exhaustion. And I firmly believe that it was only Bell's peculiar talents—coming from the tact of a hotel manager, the patience of a mother superior, and the relentlessness of a slave driver—that averted suicide and homicidal assault.*

When Stevenson made a foray around the country on his campaign train, or plane (a DC 7-B), the strain was worse. On each of these trips his entourage included a couple of writers, armed with typewriters, bundles of research data, joke books,† and tentative drafts of a dozen whistle-stop talks. These drafts were usually slapped, or drastically revised, to keep pace with the daily developments of the campaign and the demands of political magnificoes in each city we visited; and of course dozens more had to be improvised as we went along. Often the final version wasn't ready until the instant the candidate stepped onto the back platform of the train—sometimes at 7:00 A.M., as in Canton, Pennsylvania, where he

The same talents, I suspect, may be largely responsible for his remarkable success in his present assignment as head of the Agency for International Development, the most thankless job in Washington.

Many of Stevenson's quips were captured, without credit and only scant disguise, from the political musings of Bill Dooley and Abe Martin. I'm not sure that he was ever aware of where they came from.

sprinkled high-toned prose over a handful of sleepy railroad men and unemployed coal miners; sometimes late at night. Newspapermen accompanying the train constantly complained because they couldn't get speech copies far enough in advance; I was always astonished that they got any at all. For the writers had to work in a shared Pullman compartment, or in a crowded plane with portable typewriters on their knees, amidst the alarums and hubbub which are endemic in every campaign. One evening a drunken Republican precinct chairman stumbled into my compartment in search of General Eisenhower; he got belligerently indignant when informed that he had crashed not only the wrong train but the wrong party.

We were supposed to take turns with the train-and-plane duty, but some of the crew quickly dropped out of the rotation. Of the survivors, the best was John Bartlow Martin; he works under extreme pressure better than any writer I have ever known, and has the ulcers to prove it.

All this went on with singularly little guidance from Stevenson. As I remember it, he met only twice with the whole writing staff, once early in the campaign, again when it was about half over. My file for that time contains only one written directive from him, two paragraphs long. Occasionally he would talk for a few minutes with an individual writer about a major speech then in the works; and now and then when on the road, usually after a big rally, he would drop by the writers' quarters to relax with a drink and a chat before going to bed.

For the rest we had to depend on whatever hints we could pick up from Wirtz,* Bill Blair,† and Carl McGowan,‡ long-time associates who knew his thinking better than anyone else at hand. Sometimes we simply wrote down the outline of a national policy—on agriculture, say, or social security—which made sense to us, and hoped that he would agree.

Yet in a valid sense the speeches were all his own. The people he gathered around him were birds of an

*Now Secretary of Labor

†Now Ambassador to Denmark.

‡Now a federal judge.

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intellectual feather; they all had much the same habits of thought which he shared. Given the facts on any specific issue, every man in the group would be likely to arrive independently at conclusions very similar to those of the others, as to Stevenson's own. Consequently, nobody put alien words into his mouth. We were, so to speak, merely literary tailors, cutting and stitching material to fit his known measurements according to a pattern and style on which all agreed.*

Moreover, whenever he had time he did like to work on the speeches himself, scratching out a phrase here, substituting a more muscular phrase there, sometimes adding whole passages, until the very moment when he had to step up to the microphone. These changes were almost always for the better. For example, in a fifteen-minute talk I wrote for delivery at the Alamo, he changed three words and added two sentences. Although they amounted to less than 2 per cent of the total wordage, these emendations heightened the whole tone—and they were the passages most quoted by the press.

Although his habit of last-minute tinkering was a happy one from a purely literary point of view, tactically it was sometimes disastrous. His television addresses were tailored to fit precisely the allotted time; but he rarely managed to rehearse them in advance, and in the studio he usually added three or four hundred words, without making compensating cuts. The result was that he repeatedly ran out of time before he reached the climax of his speech—thus ruining the effect and largely wasting the tens of thousands of dollars the hook had cost.

While he headed the American delegation to the UN, Stevenson had a little more opportunity to work on speeches than he did while campaigning; and of course he had at his disposal plenty of good writers, in the State Department and his New York office, plus old friends who occasionally were drafted for a specific assignment.

*A fringe benefit of this situation was a blessed freedom from the ideological bickering and personal rivalry which have plagued many campaign staffs—notably Goldwater's in the 1964 elections.

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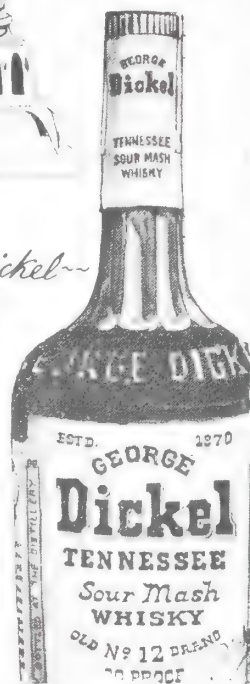
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signment. The speeches he wrote entirely himself—and which set the tone for his ghosts tried to follow—then for date mostly from before 1952. The best of the lot, in my view, was his acceptance speech at the 1952 convention; I believe, though I'm not certain, that it came from his own pen alone. At any rate, he was a better craftsman than any of the writers who helped him, and they all knew

One Stevenson legend did have considerable substance, although I denied it vehemently and in good faith. That is the belief, industriously spread by his political enemies, that he was an indecisive man. In an interview with Lillian Ross, incorporated in *The New Yorker's* lead article of July 24, 1965, he went to considerable lengths to try to disprove it.

Yet everybody who worked closely with him knew that he hated to make decisions and habitually postponed them as long as possible. Even so small a matter as a book contract he would procrastinate endlessly. One of his books was actually printed before he ever got around to signing the contract for it.) And on the innumerable little decisions involved in arranging and editing a book of speeches—should this talk be included? should that one go near the front or the back? how about an explanatory footnote here?—his editors found it all but impossible to get him to make up his mind. (I was one who tried.)

So it was, too, on larger issues ranging from the delegation of authority in a campaign organization to the taking of a position on international policy. For the truth is that Stevenson hated to commit himself. Always he was so aware of the complexities in any situation that he wanted to keep walking around it, examining it from every angle, avoiding any irrevocable step, leaving an opening to back away. In 1960, I am convinced, he could have won the Democratic Presidential nomination and possibly the election, if only he had made up his mind in time; but he never decided to get completely into the race, or completely out. Thus he lost not only the nomination and the Secretary of State job—which he surely could have had, if he had thrown his support behind Kennedy early in the preconvention struggle.

(Continued on page 27)

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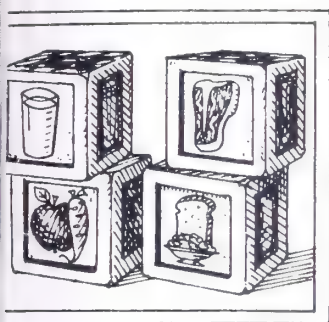
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s.

ere is nothing complicated
t establishing a family meal
rn if the Daily Food Guide is
wed. The Guide suggests four
r food groupings to provide a
dation for a balanced diet.



ne foods are grouped on the
s of the kinds of nutrients they
y. The groups are: (1) Milk
Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats,
, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas
Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and
ables; (4) Cereals and Breads.
ls not included in these four
ps may be selected to round
he diet and to provide adequate
rie intake.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

ee to four glasses of milk daily
children and teen-agers; at least
glasses daily for adults (or
valent amounts of milk in other
y foods such as cheese and ice
m). Milk is a very versatile
and can be used in many ways.
those family members who in-
they do not like the taste of
a milk, it is easy to incorporate
into cooking, or milk's flavor
quickly be changed by adding
of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other
dairy foods are suggested as one of
the four major food groupings in
the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce
glasses of milk each day provide
for the moderately active adult man
about 25% of his daily recom-
mended protein allowances (high
quality protein, too, with the amino
acids needed for repairing and
building body tissue); more than
70% of his calcium (calcium is
recommended for the adult diet as
well as for that of growing chil-
dren); about 45% of his riboflavin
(which is vital in the body's
metabolism); about 15% of his vita-
min A (which helps prevent night
blindness and is involved in skin
health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the per-
centages of these nutrients are
slightly higher because nutrient
allowances for women tend to be
slightly lower than those for men.
The four glasses of milk recom-
mended for teen-agers provide sub-
stantially higher percentages of all
these important nutrients. We call
milk's calories "armored calories"
because milk does provide so many
essential nutrients at a compara-
tively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it
possible to enjoy America's abun-
dance of good food because wide
choices in food selection are pos-
sible. If some family members
don't like one kind of fruit or vege-
table, for example, many other
varieties are available and should
be tried until the family tastes are
satisfied.

For more information on the
Daily Food Guide, write: Daily
Food Guide, American Dairy Asso-
ciation, 20 N. Wacker Drive,
Chicago, Illinois 60606.

Since he refused to do so, Kennedy
owed him nothing; indeed, I suspect
that this refusal was the beginning
of the coolness between the two men.
Stevenson rationalized his inaction—
some called it vacillation—on grounds
that he did not want to use his posi-
tion as titular head of the party to
influence the convention, feeling that
it was his democratic duty to leave
the delegates a free choice. This was
magnificent, maybe, but it wasn't poli-
tics.

His quality of indecisiveness
(which I didn't quite comprehend
until the last decade of his life) led
me eventually—and reluctantly—to
conclude that it was fortunate he
never reached the White House. The
job would have been agony for him,
and his agonizing would have been
bad for the country. For he never be-
lieved in the sound old rule that a
good executive is one who always de-
cides promptly, and is sometimes
right.

This is not said in derogation. I still
believe that Adlai Stevenson was a
great man—one who gave more to his
country than most Presidents. After
all, achievement of the Presidency is
not the only yardstick for a politician.
Stevenson's achievement, it seems to
me, was to change the timbre of
American political life. He made
politics intellectually respectable once
again.

Even more important, by rekin-
dling the nation's sense of ideal-
ism, he awakened the political inter-
est of millions of young people, and of
women. It was largely these people, I
suspect, who later elected Kennedy;
and it was their generation who
staffed his Administration. More-
over, the ideas which Stevenson
preached so tirelessly became the in-
tellectual capital of the Kennedy and
Johnson Administrations. By making
them familiar and acceptable, he
was responsible in some part for the
extraordinary legislative program
Johnson has carried through. (In
any other country, it would be called
a revolution.)

Since this task was completed, his
death was perhaps not as untimely as
it seemed last July. And I am sure
that he died in just the manner he
would have wished: in the midst of
work, in full stride, and in the com-
pany of a charming woman. []



a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association



1948 Condado and Santurce sections of San Juan—a jigsaw of slums, inadequate roads and bad planning.

1965 The same sections. Notice the modern homes, offices and highways. Even the waterfront has been filled in and trimmed. For details of further developments, see below.

Progress report to U.S. industry:

Look what's happened to San Juan since Puerto Rico became a U.S. Commonwealth

IF YOU haven't been to Puerto Rico in the past few years, you're in for a pleasant surprise the next time you go there.

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Hato Rey, once a congested suburb of aging homes and narrow streets, is turning into the "Wall Street" of the Caribbean. During the next twenty years, over a billion dollars are expected to be invested in construction in this area alone.

Santurce, the section at the right in our photographs, will be remodeled with malls, plazas, sidewalk cafés, apartments soaring along canals, and superblocks — self-sustained communities with homes, shops and schools.

Old San Juan is not losing its romantic soul in the midst of this progress. On the contrary, the centuries-old town houses of the Conquistadores are carefully being *restored*. Soon the streets of Old San Juan will be a reflection of 18th-century Spain.

Suburban San Juan is growing almost as fast as the city itself. Projects such as Levittown de Puerto Rico are providing planned middle-income homes. There are modern shopping centers where you'll find Spanish names

alongside of familiar names like Sears, Grand Union and Woolworth's.

Now take another look at the photographs above.

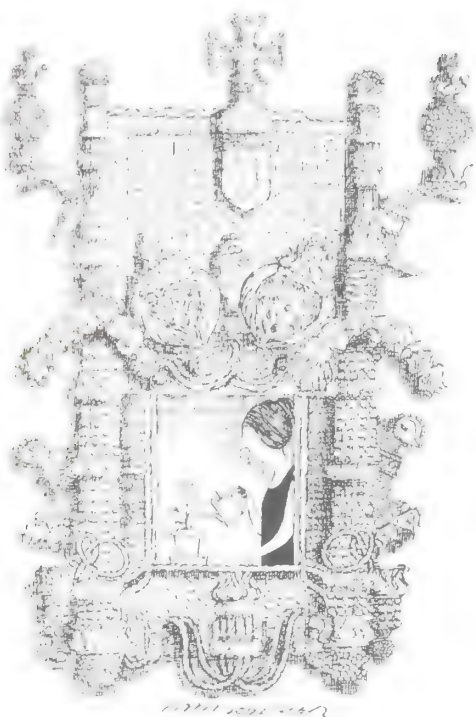
If they show you the kind of thriving progress you would like to be a part of, perhaps you should consider Puerto Rico as a site for your plant.

Over 450 U.S. manufacturers already have plants there.

This is one of a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for information on productivity, special incentives and profits. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C2B, 100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 100



After Hours



The Delightful Provincialism of Portugal

by Russell Lynes

From the sky Lisbon appears to be a city all of gold and red, of tawny stucco and tile roofs, a city of crescents and baroque towers and crenelated castles and parks, all rimmed with water and toy boats. It is said to look like Istanbul, and it does, the Tagus standing in for the Bosphorus. But the waterfront and harbor of Lisbon are quiet and lethargic by comparison with the noisy, bustling Turkish harbor crisscrossed by ferries with piercing whistles, and plied by tankers bound to and from the Black Sea. If Istanbul is an exclamation point, Lisbon is a question mark.

What is Lisbon? Ask anyone. Anyone will say that it is a sensuous delight, that it is, or gives the impression of being, a cheerful city, and that Lisboans are amiable and helpful. No one is likely to say aloud, not even tourists, that it is a provincial capital; the Portuguese are proud, and they have fought for centuries the contention that their country is a cultural province of Spain.

On the way from Lisbon's airport to the center of the city there are wide

boulevards lined with trees and tall apartment houses with the customary balconies, expensive upper-middle-class housing, all built since the War. The city, which looked ancient from the air, looks modern from eye level, but only on its outer edges. One soon discovers the Lisbon one thought one saw from the sky. It is a city of fewer than a million inhabitants; only a few thousand view it from modern balconies. What seemed an undulating plain from above is a precipitous maze of meandering streets and alleys punctuated with squares, some small, some spacious, each with its piece of memorial sculpture. Sometimes these pieces are monumental tributes to national catastrophes or triumphs, with peasants heaving plows or soldiers straining at mired (in marble) canons, and sometimes personal tributes like one in which a benign gentleman in a frock coat and starched (granite) collar presides (there is no other word) over a young woman more than half naked with her arms outstretched.

I was on my way to Sintra (Byron

called it a "glorious Eden") to visit friends who had rented a *quinta* there. A *quinta*, literally a farm, come to mean what the English would call a "country house" the Italians a "*villa*." This particular one turned out to be a collection of stucco buildings, almost a small village, bisected by a country road, with a lawn segmented by low wood hedges, punctuated with lemon trees, and edged with roses and lavender. I was to have only a few weeks in Portugal, and though it was possible to see many of the places I would like to, in that time on the country run, there are many one must forego. I did not get to Coimbra, the remarkably beautiful (I am told) university city from which Salazar, the academic economist-turned-dictator, emerged, nor did I get to Torre de Monforte and you think you saw Portugal) or to Porto or the forest of Busara or to Braga, and I talked to very few Portuguese, to my dismay. I did not get to flashing-white Evora and the beautiful golden monasteries of Alentejo and Batalha, to the palaces of Marialva and Queluz, and the tough fishing towns of Setúbal and Sesimbra, Nazaré and the dazzling coast of Estoril and Rabida. I basked in the friendliness and humor of the Portuguese, but I cheer you on, rather than laugh at you, if you try to manage their Portuguese language. I drank their pleasant wines and ate their spectacular bread and figs and peaches and, to my shame, their monumental pastries.

What I saw seemed to divide itself into two distinct categories: places without people and people-places. The first were those where the monuments, the churches, palaces, formal gardens, and landscapes so completely dominated the people who were in them around them that the places seemed to exist in a historic vacuum and, though they were not deserted, they seemed to have lost touch with humanity. Visitors and employees worked at them or in them not very much; only a few tourists tramped through palace gardens and a few domestic women with black shawls and starched hats raked the tidy pebbled paths;

Mr. Lynes writes frequently on arts and social customs—as in his books "*The Domesticated America*" and "*A Surfeit of Honey*."



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL LYNES

Azulejos, Portugal's remarkable tiles, are at their most magnificent in the pavilion of the Fronteira Garden in Lisbon.

The people-places were, like the bi-weekly market in San Pedro-Sintra, crowded and cheerfully noisy, smelling of burros and straw, strung with plastic sandals and leather thongs and ropes, and displaying a splendid mixture of food and clothes and junk and minor arts. There were *fado* joints, filled with plaintive blues-like songs, and crowded beaches, as at Nazaré, where sun-wizened fishermen in plaid pants went about the business of mending their nets serenely aloof to the all-but-naked bathers who popped in and out of striped cabanas almost at their elbows.

It is difficult to explain why, but in Portugal far more than in any European country in which I have been there seemed to be a line drawn between the inhabitants and the monuments at their doorsteps. It wasn't as though the people were divorced from the past (too much of Portugal still resides in the eighteenth century) but as though there were a gulf between them, and one was aware that there always had been. No children played in the palace gardens nor penitents prayed in once-famous monastery churches. National monuments belong to the government and not to the people and in Portugal there is a difference.

Before my first day in Portugal was out, indeed before lunch, I had been introduced to the vocabulary

(visual as well as verbal) of places without people. The airport is on the east side of Lisbon, and Sintra is to its northwest, and the city had to be bisected to get to the *quinta*. I had been met and driven straight to look at an "important church" on our way, on the accurate assumption that if a traveler from America, arriving at 10:00 A.M. Lisbon time (5:00 A.M. New York time), is allowed a moment's relaxation he is done for the rest of the day.

In some respects the important church, Madre de Deus, was a primer of Portuguese architecture; in other respects it was a dish so rich that only the most sophisticated aficionado of Manueline and Baroque style could digest it. As an introduction to the city it was like a wedding cake into the middle of which one was plunged and made to eat one's way out. The Manueline style was an artistic burst of enthusiasm and extravagance set off at the very end of the fifteenth century by the riches brought back to the court of King Manuel from the voyages of da Gama to India and Cabral to Brazil. It is essentially a style of ornament, like the Plateresque of Spain. Its primary elements embody—quite properly for a nation so prosperous and so proud because of its maritime prowess—ropes and anchors, the prows of ships and artichokes (which sailors ate to stave off scurvy). At its most elaborate it

becomes an extremely rich but ly tangle of leaves and vine and flowers and ropes.

At Madre de Deus the porl Manueline, forthright and simple, though to say, "You'd better understand me before you go inside and get utterly confused by what you see. It is not the Manueline inside that is so rich, but the most elaborate sixteenth-century gilded and chromed baroque columns and crustations from floor to ceiling.

And the *azulejos* . . .

There are three elementary things one needs to learn about Portugal in order to know the places one is visiting. One of these facts is the Manueline style of ornament; one is that there was an earthquake in 1755 that destroyed a good many buildings in and around Lisbon and some on their foundations—they sit askew but secure. The other is *azulejos*, or tiles. They are traditional art, a national preoccupation, and in some ways a national obsession. They are good, they are bad, and they are everywhere, and they are most often blue and white. They are in churches, monasteries, hotel lobbies, palaces, *quintas*, gardens, in alleys; they are used as street signs, and as the dados of staircases. At Madre de Deus, if you have the patience, is a veritable textbook of *azulejos*. It contains a collection of tiles (to say areas of tile, not just individual pieces) from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century.

It is only about twenty miles from Madre de Deus to Sintra, but the distance in Portugal is a tourist illusion. We had to traverse several centuries, a number of dynasties, and engage ourselves with a small amount of shopping, a number of architectural curiosities, and a vast amount of traffic and noise before we reached the *quinta*. My friends and Ant (who drove the car, and whose horn on the horn was heavy even for Portuguese) determined that should be welcomed to Lisbon, seeing its impressive square, Praça do Comércio, that faces the Tagus like an enormous open-air reception hall. Because of the equestrian statue of Dom José I stands high above the Praça's blue and-white paving, the British pat



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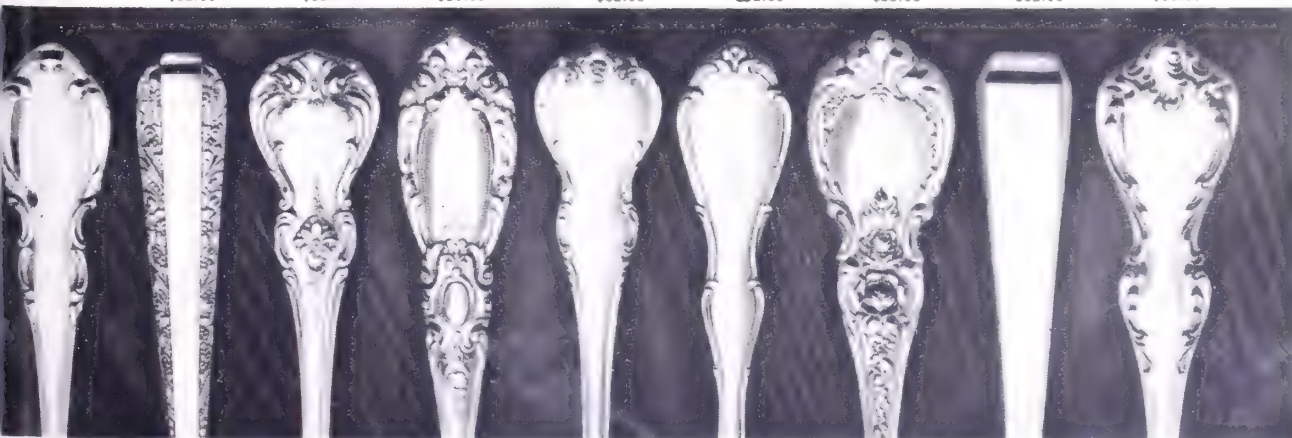
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izingly call it "Black Horse Square" though there is nothing in London equal its eighteenth-century elegance or dignity as an architectural contrived entrance to a city. It is suitable for the delivery by barge of Cleopatra; it most recently performed this function for Elizabeth II when she arrived by ship.

By the time we had reached the quinta, about three hours after the plane touched down, I had been given a once-over-lightly of almost zero sort of visual experience of the place without people (except for the gardens) I was to have in Portugal. To get to Sintra we drove past, arriving only briefly to look at its exterior the monastery of the Jerónimos in Belém, a far better introduction to Manueline than the Madre de Deus as I was later to discover, and according to the *Guide Bleu* (in sight translation) "the most considerable monument in Lisbon."

It is one of the great monuments of Portugal, indeed of Europe, and if you are in Lisbon for a few days between planes, I recommend that you head straight for it. It was named by one of the few architects whose name one keeps encountering, Balthazar, thought to have been a Frenchman from Languedoc. It is on the site of a chapel founded by Henry the Navigator and was built by King Manuel with the riches brought back from the Orient. (It is said that the Jerónimos was "built with pepper" and that the vast palace and monastery at Mafra, which I saw later, were "built with diamonds" from Brazil.) The Jerónimos is basically a Gothic structure with encrusted piers supporting the vaults and with burlesque elaborate Manueline ornament on the portals, and it contains one of the most beautiful and richest of all Portuguese cloisters.

History happened in a cluster near the Jerónimos. The Tower of Babel (short for Bethlehem), a sturdy little fortress of gray stone that looks like a table ornament on the silver tray of the Tagus, was more business-like than it looks. It was a work of fort, and evidently worked very well for four centuries ago, though now, for so much else, it is a shell and a reminder. It, too, is covered with Manueline. (You are right; one begins to get a little tired of Manueline) is a sort of symbol of Portugal

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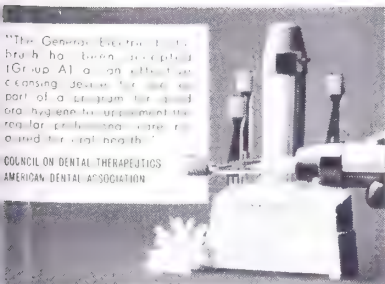
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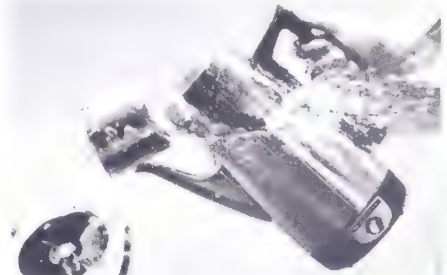


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ting in the water like our Statue of Liberty and, like it, is copied into souvenirs.

It is only about half an hour from Belém to Sintra, much of it on wide highways, some of it through Lisbon suburbs which might as well be the suburbs of any city except that the Atlantic is just over the brow of the hill and pops in and out of sight. Long before one actually reaches Sintra (which is really three towns encompassed by the Sintra mountains) one can see on the crest of the highest of the heavily wooded hills the tower of Pena Palace, as loony (no other word says it) a bit of architecture as exists away from the banks of the Rhine. Above it, characteristically, are mock-ominous clouds, mock because they look as though they would drop torrential rains but never seem to, quite proper for a building which is itself a mockery. If you enjoy fantasy, it is worth a closer look than one gets from the approach to Sintra. It is a conglomeration of

Moorish minarets, Gothic towers, Renaissance cupolas, Manueline and baroque follies—a home for fairy-tale witches and wizards. The concoction was built just over a century ago for a German king consort, Ferdinand of Cobourg, as a summer palace.

Sintra and its environs are fairly sprayed with palaces. We passed two more before we got to the *quinta*. The Palace of Sintra, more interesting for its ancient kitchens than its royal apartments, is a rather scruffy provincial palace (before the day was over I had been propelled through it by my friends) for a pretty scruffy lot of kings and intriguing courtiers. The guidebook will tell you that it is important, that it contains very ancient *azulejos*, and rooms from the era of Manuel (especially a room decorated with swans) and that there is a small chamber in which the abdicated king Alfonso VI was confined for twenty-six years; what the guidebooks will not tell you is that it is dull. "The Alhambra itself cannot well be more morisco in point of ar-

chitecture than this confused one," wrote William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*, who visited there in 1794 and observed. For all its attention to sophistication (it fashionably adopted every style as it came along) from the fifteenth century on, it groans under a kind of provincialism. It is, perhaps, unfortunate to get this impression of provincialism in one's eye so quickly in Portugal. I was unable to shake it. Compared with the arts of Spain or Italy or France, those of Portugal to which it was exposed are provincial, even the best of them.

"Just one more palace, a nice one, and then we'll be at the hotel and we can have a drink."

The little palace, the Seteais, between the Sintra "pile" and the *quinta* is now a luxurious small hotel. In front of its gray eighteenth-century façade is a beautiful stretch of lawn and garden and in its walls are decorative murals by the famous painter, Pillement, as unprovincial as one could want. He evidently enjoyed good hunting in the salons of Portugal; his charming, fashionable son turned up frequently in palace portraits. My concern at the Seteais was to cash a traveler's check and to leave my plane ticket to be reconfirmed. It was obviously the middle of the day, bright and cool and Edenlike in Sintra, and this was not easy to reconcile with the equally obvious fact that it was only dawn in my becalmed New York mind.

The sparse vocabulary that I learned on the first day of looking at architecture without people was considerably enriched in the next fortnight. It is only a step from Sintra into the centuries and other and sometimes surprising contrasts in the landscape give it a Portuguese character. (The step is not a peaceful one, however. All approaches to Sintra twist narrowly between high walls; buses and trucks pump and bellow around the curves. "The Portuguese drive so bad," Aron explained, "because they just go on. They drive for two days and then they think they know everything.")

Twenty minutes from the city is the palace of Queluz, as rococo and lighthearted in its concept as the palace at Mafra, only fifteen miles away in another direction, is preoccupied and preoccupied with piety. Qu-



The cloister of the Jerónimos monastery in Lisbon is one of Europe's most luxuriant architectural delights.




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AFTER HOURS

has pink-and-cream façades, pale-green shutters and is ed and guarded by romantic figures of maidens and *opéra*-e warriors and, like its ornate ens of clipped box hedges and e petunias, it was designed by a chman in the manner dear to s XV. Fountains splash in sculp-pools on the rims of which tured nymphs sit and dip their Queluz has, both inside and out, harm of human scale, not fre-ly encountered in palaces; con-bly it could be lived in with ure, albeit a certain formality. fra, on the other hand, built in arly eighteenth century in com-ion with the Escorial and very y as big, could accommodate ng but a pompous and plodding , and the puffy faces in the royal aits in its endless chambers s to bear this out. Its baroque le, however, has a massive but dignity; its church, incorpo-in the palace, is an edifice of ressive proportions and marvel-verse kinds and colors of le, and its library is a baroque and-white-and-gold room of spe-harm and airiness.

e of the reasons why so many of igital's important structures seem ely divorced from its people is frequency with which one en-ers rich but deserted mon-ies. The monks vanished long nd their cloisters and cells, their tories and kitchens, their dormi-s (except those used as bar-) and infirmaries are echoing nders of an extravagant life once ng with passion and The on. This is true at Mafra, where n the same walls as the palace was a vast monastery; it is true e Jerónimos in Lisbon, and it is of great monasteries at Batalha Alcobaça. Compared with the s of the monks, the royal palaces e, anyway, that survived the quake) seem rather ill designed, htlessly thrown together (or ulated by time), and, except ecoco Queluz, rather styleless.

e monastery church of Alcobaça, any churches in both Portugal pain, conceals behind a fanci-aroque façade a structure of and simple gothic. The façade den but the nave, which is w and tall and the longest in

Portugal, is almost chalk-white and entirely without ornament; even the capitals of the columns are left un-carved. By contrast with the extrava-gances of Manueline architecture this fourteenth-century interior is a relief and a tonic; it is a temple, one feels, and not a theater.

Batalha, on the other hand, while frankly if fancifully Gothic on the outside, encompasses some of the most luxuriant and astonishing Manueline in all Portugal. In comparison with the nave at Alcobaça, the somewhat similar one built a little later at Batalha is unimpressive; its solemn cloister (it has two) is no match for the simple dignity of the cloister at Alcobaça, but its beautiful Manueline cloister causes the writers of guide-books to fall all over themselves in their search for adjectives. It is "florid," it is "flamboyant," it is "this knitwear riddled with light and azure, these spaghetti festoons, these convoluluses [which] makes this monastery the strangest concoction in the history of Western Gothic." Behind its apse is a curiosity called "the unfinished chapels." They were built in the middle of the fifteenth century as a pantheon for King Duarte and his dynasty, and there are seven chapels around a center octa-gon, but the building was never roofed over. Great piers stand ready to hold the arches of a vault which is not there to cover the loftiest Manueline doorway in Portugal and some of the richest carving. Swallows dart in and out continuously.



Manueline ornament blossoms into full flower in the unfinished chapels at Batalha.

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The Worldwide Plague of City Riots

A British View

Outbreaks of mob violence are spreading—not only in Los Angeles, Harlem, Rochester, and Philadelphia, but also in Russia, England, Sweden, and nearly every other highly urbanized society.

The following article suggests some reasons why—and warns Europeans that the United States has no monopoly on racial friction. It originally appeared in "The Economist" of London. It is reprinted here because we regard it as an unusually perceptive analysis, placing one of America's most urgent problems in a fresh—and worldwide—perspective. (By long tradition, articles in "The Economist" are unsigned.)

—The Editors

It is not just an American tragedy. The riots in Los Angeles have sent the editorial writers reaching for that good old standby from Dreiser. The Communists have seen it less as a tragedy than as a morality play, but have been just as ready to claim that the outbreak was peculiarly American; the Peking *People's Daily* even salutes it as a rebellion against President Johnson's imperialist foreign policy. All this is nonsense. What happened in Los Angeles is pretty certainly going to happen in many other countries, both capitalist and communist, as the conditions that caused it spread to them. This was an American phenomenon only in the sense that the United States is half a generation ahead of the rest of the world in the development of an industrial urban society with the special problems that brings. It has the first taste of both the pleasures and the terrors of this new sort of life.

For the Los Angeles riots were the product of two causes, neither of which is peculiar to America. The first has nothing to do with race. For

all the anti-white slogans shouted by some of the rioters, the essential newness from Los Angeles is that many of them were moved by something quite unconnected with the color of the skin. "This was no race riot; they were just stealing," one Negro store owner is quoted as saying. That is so simple; they were also, after all, smashing and fire-raising and general rampaging. But as in Harlem and Rochester last year—quiet so far this year—the majority of the rioters were young people caught up on an explosion of violence against authority, any authority, but usually the authority the authoritarians they have run off in their everyday lives. That was an insurrection, but not against the economic order (which is the Marxist fallacy) and not even chiefly against white men's domination (which is going to be the Afro-Asian fallacy). It was an insurrection of anarchy, an outburst against any kind of society by the people left at the bottom.

Outbreaks like this are part of the price we are going to pay for a society in which more and more people

1



*You look pleased
with yourself.*

*This is a red-letter
day for me.*

2



New baby?

Oh no.

3



Promotion? Raise?

*Nothing like that.
The fact is, I just made
the first monthly
payment on my mortgage.*

4



That's red letter?

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and we own the house
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5



*You're talking about 30 years.
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check out long before their
mortgage is paid off.*

*I prefer not to look
on the gloomy side.*

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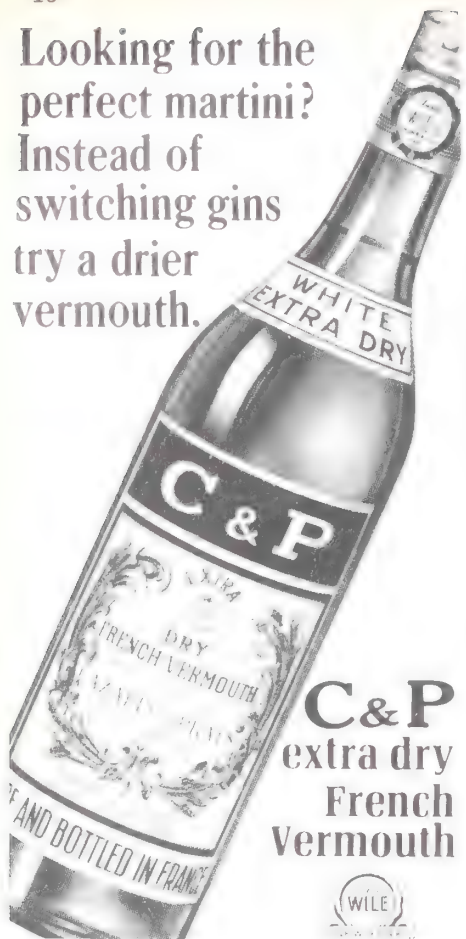
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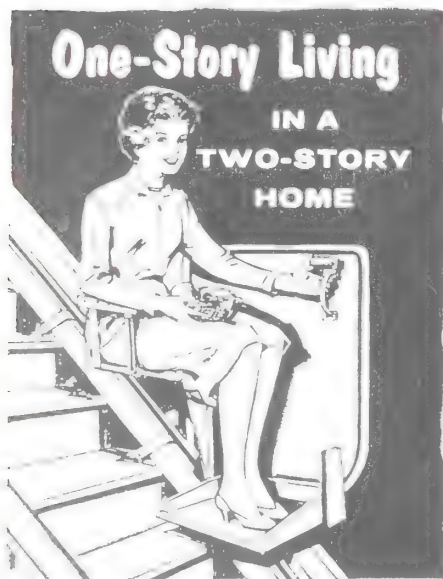
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WORLDWIDE PLAGUE OF CITY RIOTS

in cities and do deadly dull work and waste their leisure. One of the problems of urban-industrial life is that it creates communities of the left-behind. These are the people who do the dulllest jobs of all, and are the worst paid, and live in the ugliest parts of crumbling old towns. They have a high rate of illegitimacy and broken marriages. Their religious and cultural roots have been cut. Materially, they are better off than their peasant grandfathers were, but cramming a man with distressful bread has never made him contented—quite the reverse. These people know they are a community of the untalented, because a modern state needs to skim off the people with talent and by and large does skim them off. The rest sit and simmer. They know they are the natural bottom layer; they have been deprived of the social and religious consolations of the old rural life; there is no legal outlet for young male violence; and every now and then they go bang.

Many of the Los Angeles rioters are brothers under the skin to the baffled young men from London and its suburbs who spend their holidays stomping along the beach front at Brighton and Margate, or breaking up bars in Calais and Ostend. Their fathers got into fights at football games or satisfied a dim ancestral prejudice by chasing second-generation Irishmen in Glasgow or Jews in Dalston. They were trying to prove that they belonged to something. The elder sons ripped up railway carriages: it was their way of not belonging.

Now the youth of the bottom layer takes it out on the town—and even the seedy parts of their towns have more than ever before to take it out on. The Swedish police were having trouble a decade ago with young toughs raising hell in the center of Stockholm; in the bad things as well as the good, Sweden is America's closest follower on the march to the sort of society most of us will be living in by the year 2000. The Czech police had a first taste of the problem a year ago when young hooligans disrupted Wenceslas Square in Prague. Not even the Russians are immune. The passionate violence of the riots in Novocherkassk a couple of years ago, which probably killed more people than the Los Angeles riots, can no more be wholly explained by their ostensible cause—

a rise in food prices—than the Los Angeles outburst can be wholly explained in racial terms.

What has happened since 1968 is that the youngest members of the community of the left-behind have better means of transport and a wider range of weapons, at any rate in Western Europe and North America. This makes the violence more noticeable; motorbikes and knives on a British south-coast planade, or car-drivers lobbing bombs into Los Angeles stores for bigger headlines, especially in a silly season, than a fists-and-brawls outside a back-street pub. At the same time the frustration lies behind it all has grown larger as the hierarchy of modern industrial society takes clearer shape. For at the bottom, life presents a more dismal picture when it is God who calls men to their station in life, but the unappealable social processes of economic life.

Russian sociologists have told their Western colleagues that they are deeply worried about this. It should be. Communism and capitalism are rival mechanisms for securing material plenty. What neither has thought out, and what both are going to run headlong into by the end of the century, is the problem of the needs left unsatisfied by material abundance: how to make routine work bearable, how to help people with their leisure, how to stop them dying of boredom—or killing from it.

But there is the second factor, part of what made Los Angeles bang had nothing to do with race, the other part certainly had. Outbursts like this can and will happen when frustrated bottom-layer people are racially indistinguishable from those who live around them. When they are picked out by the color of their skin as well, the worst happens. They believe—some of them rightly—that they could have risen out of the ghetto to the left-behind but for their skin. They band together with a common grievance. Los Angeles is a model of the most explosive sort of situation that the growingly urbanized, increasingly race-mixed world of the 1970s and 1980s will have to cope with.

In one way, it may be a help to a pressured community to be aware

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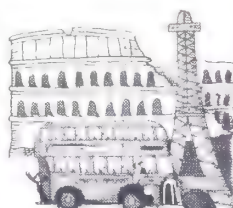
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identify itself by its color. The white proletariat of America and Europe is leaderless; the best of each generation are plucked away from it to take a comfortable place higher up—in the communist world, where they are absorbed into the ranks of the *apparatchiks*, just as much as in the West. The potential leaders of a colored community, by contrast, stay attached to their community by their color, and may be a force for moderation. But even this hope is a limited one. The potential leaders may not be able to take command of their communities. And if they can take command, they may not stay moderate, or they may be pushed aside if they do. What could Martin Luther King, effective in the disciplined South, do for the troubles of rootless Los Angeles?

The mistake no one should make is to think that this is only someone else's problem. People still talk as if the racial conflict in America were in a category of its own; or as if the only significant race confrontation were the one between black and white men. The whites are certainly going to be in the middle of a rolling race row for years to come, if only because for the last couple of centuries they have been in a position to be beastly to everybody else, and everybody else is now in a mood to get his own back.

But the world's record even this year should explode the idea that this is all there is to it. The week of the Los Angeles riots was also the week when Malaysia broke apart because brown men could not control their dark suspicions of yellow men, and when black and brown men resumed their efforts to slug it out in southern Sudan. All the evidence is that there is potential trouble wherever people of different colors rub shoulders uneasily together. The history of the black-brown dividing line in independent Africa in the last five years—with splits opening up in Sudan, in Mauretania, in Chad, and between Somalia and Kenya—makes a man's heart sink into his boots.

Race is the most visible, and thus the most potent of the things that make one lot of men feel different from another lot; and as long as they feel different, they find it difficult to muck in together in any common venture, whether it is sharing a board-

inghouse or running a country. This is lamentable, but it is not much help lamenting it; it is one of the rock-bottom facts of political life. The communist Europeans have been learning the lesson since communities of colored students began to live among them.

Even relatively minor distinctions within what is generally accepted as a single race produce the same effect. Nobody who has listened to the comfortable burghers of Germany or Switzerland talking about their Italian, Greek, and Spanish workers—or the workers talking about them—can help wondering how long it will be before these countries suffer their own minor-key variations on the Los Angeles theme.

Heaven knows how it will work out; certainly no politician, communist or democratic, shows the faintest sign of knowing. It is the most preposterous counsel of despair to argue that each race should henceforth retire to its own corner of the earth, and stay there. The industrialized world needs workers from the developing world to keep up the momentum of economic expansion. It is in the interest of the developing world that this momentum should be kept up, and that communities of white men should live in colored countries to start them on the same way.

The only hope—and it is a thin straw to clutch at—is that as people of different colors mix with each other they will gradually lose the sense of difference that inhibits collaboration between them. There are some people—the ones around the Mediterranean, for instance—who have never felt the sense of difference very keenly, though even that is not true of Palestine or Kabylia. There are others, like the West Indians, who have slowly come to find it a little less important than others find it. There is the East Indian community in Holland, where the Dutch have made a better effort than anyone at integration. It is something. Meanwhile, as the races go on jostling each other, and as the race problem exacerbates the other problems of our industrial society, anyone who points a finger of scorn at the Americans over Los Angeles is calling the same beastly experience down on his own head. []

Eating

by Kathleen Spivack

One is
what one eats;
we are the pieces
of our parts. So eat
the flannel ears
of eggplants,
chicken hearts.

Pieces of another
form our eye,
our bone, our
skin. The cells
remove and die
and the foreign
ones begin.

The slaughtered meat
lies down in mounds
for us; the great
pigs groan. Cows
in the stock-
yards for our
appetites atone.

So do the carrots.
Wrested from
the dark ground
by their tails, they
twist and thicken.
All their
growing fails

on thick cracked
china plates,
forked fatly,
put to mouth. We
gulp; engorged
the carrots quicken
and swim south.

Out on the prairie,
as we gobble,
all the beasts are
eating hay—their
munching faces
patient as they
face one way—

Portable digestive
systems; head to
hay and tail
to wind; in gardens
vegetables strain
and labor. May this
eating never end.



Birds of the year—photo by Mark Shaw

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A Special Hell for Children in Washington

By J. W. Anderson

The youngest victims of poverty and family disintegration are stowed away in a great "factory" for mental retardation on the banks of the Potomac.

The southern corner of the District of Columbia, along the Potomac River, is an isolated tract known as Blue Plains. Here Washington stores its refuse-dried sludge from the sewage plant, abandoned automobiles, people who are old and poor, and homeless children.

The children live in a desolate institution called Junior Village, at the end of a short dusty road that is apparently nameless. To the right are six square three-story barracks built at the turn of the century as an Industrial School for Negro Boys. Today the barracks are called cottages and they are named, with unconscious irony after the American Presidents. Down a steep slope and across the playground is Garfield Cottage, a der-block shed, redolent of the urine that has

seeped into the porous cinder. Originally a temporary expedient to house small boys, it has become, in the spirit of the place, a permanent expedient.

The reception center is now used largely as a dormitory to handle the overflow of other dormitories. The small chapel is as dusty as the road; at the mess hall children stand in line to eat in shifts. Several new buildings are low and bright but, unfortunately, badly drained. In wet weather the children are issued galoshes to cross the surrounding muddy marshes.

The population of Junior Village has tripled since 1958. Last winter it reached 912. Each year the children coming to the Village are younger, and they stay longer. Junior Village is now the largest institution in the United States for young children classified as "dependent" (to distinguish them from the delinquents). And it has become a national example of the wrong way to care for homeless children.

Here, in fact, Washington is running a great factory of retardation and mental illness. Because

it is too big, too crowded, and desperately understaffed, it involuntarily inflicts severe—often permanent—damage on small children.

Junior Village is the product of Washington's welfare system which deserves national attention not only because it is run directly by the federal government, but because Washington offers other American cities a view of their own futures. Today it is the nation's best-paid and best-educated metropolitan area. But there is secure employment only for white-collar workers, and the distance between the lower and middle classes is steadily widening. There is little neighborhood cohesion to sustain a family in trouble. Family relationships are loose. Many families have only one parent. (Some 19,000 working mothers in the city have children under six, but there are in the city only four low-cost day-care centers, with a total capacity of 185 children.) Above all, there is a savage and unrelenting housing shortage. Actual rents for slum housing so far exceed the obsolete relief payments that even families safely on relief often fall apart because they cannot find shelter. And they leave their children literally on the city's doorstep.

Washington is not unique in the rising numbers of its homeless children. The same thing is happening in every American city that is undergoing great population changes and growth. And everywhere the traditional methods of caring for these children are breaking down.

New York City, for example, last winter was housing more than 10,000 children in a "temporary" shelter where the physical crowding resembles Junior Village. In theory, no child is to stay at the New York shelter for more than ninety days. But a recent survey showed that fully half the children were there more than three months, some for as long as four years.

New York has long depended on privately operated charities to care for its homeless children. The city paid the charities for that service. But the increased municipal *per diem* payment could not expand an inflexible private system fast enough to keep pace with the postwar baby boom. Worse, some charities insist on picking and choosing among the children. The most intractable products of misfortune are left in the public shelters.

As an editorial writer for the Washington "Post" J. W. Anderson has been watching Junior Village and the problems of Washington and the adjoining states for several years. His book on the origins of the Civil Rights Bill of 1957 was published earlier this year.

Washington, too, depended on its private charities to care for children until about a decade ago. This system has now collapsed. In effect Washington is farther down the same road that New York is traveling, primarily because it is growing faster than any other American city.

Across the country, the character of homeless children is changing. The genuine orphan, in this time of low death rates, is a rarity. Junior Village and its counterparts house the victims of ambiguous relationships in which parents are neither present nor wholly absent. The child's mother may be ill, or in prison. Or she may simply be too poor to keep all her children with her. Then our brutal welfare laws force upon her the agony of deciding which ones will stay at home, which will go to the institution. Unlike orphans, most of these children cannot be adopted. Frequently these children are so defensive that they cannot respond even to the limited affection a foster home offers. Being removed from a series of foster homes as "unsuitable" is quite as damaging to a child as being left in an institution.

Baltimore has twice as many children in foster homes as Washington, and it consequently has no Junior Village. California has always leaned heavily on its foster-home program and there are seldom more than a few dozen children in a county shelter. But officials of both these systems are finding that foster parents cannot handle children with emotional disorders; and the proportion of these children is rapidly rising. Driven by a sense of crisis, the country's ablest welfare officials are searching for new techniques. To all of them a huge institution like Junior Village is the ultimate failure.

Lost in a Multitude

For the children, the menace of Junior Village is the anonymity of its life, and the fear of abandonment. The visitor becomes aware of these things almost as soon as he enters. The children come quietly to you, hoping to be picked up, or touched, or in some other way singled out of the crowd for a moment. The little ones anxiously call everyone "Mommy" and want to be held. The eight- or ten-year-olds hold up their biceps to be felt, or their hands to be shaken. Among them all there is the same hunger for simple physical contact.

In Cleveland Cottage—a clean, sunlit place—you find some twenty-five two-year-olds. There are two attendants, sturdy, placid women, who are too busy wiping noses, serving orange juice, chang-

ing diapers, and folding clothes to talk to a child. But how will a two-year-old learn to talk if he never hears anyone but other two-year-olds? Modern educators have warned that children who do not learn the basic language processes very early will never learn them well.

This year the Howard University School of Social Work published a detailed study of 376 children who had been in Junior Village. "Perceptive parents have noted that 'Johnny was walking when he went in, but he doesn't walk now,' or that 'Mary was beginning to talk in sentences and now she only says single words,'" the report found. "Obviously the Johnnys and Marys of Junior Village have regressed in their growth and development. . . ."

Regression is inevitable because—despite the physical crowding—these children are isolated to a degree that would be impossible in even the most disorganized family. The child is parted not only from his parents but also from his brothers and sisters, since the institution segregates by age and sex. He is then repeatedly separated from whatever friends he can make. Children admitted for two nights in a family emergency are jumbled indiscriminately with others who have been genuinely abandoned but have not been moved to foster homes, possibly for psychiatric reasons. Junior Village is actually several institutions for several kinds of children, all of them shuffled together at random.

Each child is further separated from the adults who care for him by the eight-hour shift: one counselor gets him up in the morning, another puts him to bed at night, a third appears if he wakes in the night, and the following morning he sees a fourth face because the first counselor has a day off.

At Junior Village, in some cottages there is one adult for as many as twenty-eight children. The Child Welfare League of America recommends a ratio of one adult to every six children in all institutions. The League also states that no institution should try to care for more than fifty children and that those with sleeping difficulties need their own bedrooms. At Junior Village some of the dormitories hold thirty children in double-deck army cots.

"Each child's birthday should be celebrated individually in the intimacy of the group living unit," the League manual continues. At the Village each cottage—housing as many as eighty children—celebrates a communal birthday once a month, with one cake. There are too many children to do otherwise and many of them do not know their birthdays.

Washington cannot plead ignorance as to the effects of institutional life on children. They were accurately described by the Victorian novelists. In the 1930s students of delinquency began to report finding a recurrent pattern among delinquent children of very early separation from parents. The psychiatric literature on this subject is extensive, explicit, and well known. After World War II the British psychiatrist John Bowlby reported to the World Health Organization that, among young children, the deprivation of maternal care nearly always resulted in retardation of every kind of growth, physical and social as well as intellectual. Frequently, the retardation turned out to be irremediable.

Irreversible Damage

The District of Columbia Welfare Department, which runs Junior Village, sometimes blames the children's symptoms on misfortunes suffered before they arrived there. But recent research has clearly shown the damage done by large institutions themselves. For instance, two Yale pediatricians, Sally Provence and Rose C. Lipton, followed for some years the development of fourteen children placed, within days of birth, in a Connecticut foundlings' home. Later they were adopted into normal families, most of them between their first and second birthdays. But even after a period of years, these children were still impaired in their ability to receive and return affection, to control their impulses, and to use their minds.

If a child passes his early years without learning to depend upon affection, he may become impervious to it later. He then becomes impervious to guilt as well. Large anonymous institutions for children are a notorious source of what has come to be known as the sociopathic personality.

The younger a child is when he comes to the institution—and the longer he stays there—the greater the likelihood of serious harm. The Child Welfare League's *Standards* warn that no child under six can safely be held in an institution. Yet more than half of the children at Junior Village are now under six, and the median age is declining. Half of the children now stay there more than three months; among the youngest children—those six to eighteen months old—half stay more than four months. In the year ending in June 1964, 13 per cent of the children discharged—a total of 184—had been there more than a year. Some have been there as long as five years, and others have been in and out repeatedly.

There are children in the Village who are men-

tally ill. No one knows how many, since Junior Village has no psychiatric or psychological service whatever. This omission reflects the differences in a community's attitudes toward ills of the mind and body. If a typhoid epidemic were to break out at the Village, there would immediately be a tremendous outpouring of money, medical help, and offers of shelter. But nothing happened when the annual report for 1962 stated: "The majority of these children were emotionally disturbed, from a barely discernible lesser degree to an apparent prepsychotic state."

The Welfare Department answers that report by saying that the Village's staff is not competent to diagnose mental illness. Nothing, however, has been done to obtain a competent diagnosis. When a child's behavior becomes intolerably disruptive, he is sent off to the city's General Hospital or, if he is an adolescent, perhaps to the institution for delinquents. The city has money enough to use private psychiatric institutions, but these rarely have space.

At Junior Village, then, the city of Washington is putting children into a situation known to damage children's minds, and it is putting them there at the ages when they are most susceptible. It has provided no psychiatric advice to mitigate these effects. If the city were a person rather than a corporate guardian, it would long since have been prosecuted for child neglect.

Purge of the Innocents

Washington has arrived at this state of affairs through a chain of circumstances that has, with local variations, caught most large American cities. The dispersion of white families into the suburbs, and their replacement by Negro families, has meant the substitution of a younger population for an older one. (At Junior Village about 97 per cent of the children are Negro.) Since 1950 the population under twenty in the District of Columbia, quite apart from the suburbs, has increased by about one-third, while the total population has scarcely changed.

Washington's peculiarly incompetent response to this rising responsibility is due to its rudderless local government. The city's laws have been written and its budgets passed, not by a City Council, but by Congressional Committees. Usually the Committees speak for the rural South, and their relationship to the city is an incessant adversary proceeding. Welfare policy has rightly become a leading issue in the District's campaign for home rule. (The latest home-rule bill was

defeated in September; but even if it is passed eventually, elected local officials could not be installed for several years. Consequently, any early remedy to Junior Village will have to come from federal authorities.)

In public welfare, the Appropriations Committees have preferred to build institutions. When they vote funds for relief payments or foster homes, Congressmen have a feeling that they are simply sowing money through the slums. But bricks and mortar are something they understand.

On top of this predisposition Congress has lately been waging war on the city's entire public-relief program. It began in 1961 when Senator Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia became chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee for the District of Columbia. He launched an investigation which found that 58 per cent of the city's relief recipients were violating one or another of the Welfare Department's innumerable regulations. In fact, in most instances it was the regulations, not the recipients, that offended decency and common sense. For example, if an able-bodied man is unemployed and totally destitute, in Washington he can qualify his family for public Aid to Dependent Children only by deserting them.

Taking over personal direction of the city's Welfare Department, while the Administration's District Commissioners tactfully looked the other way, Senator Byrd instituted a massive purge of the relief rolls. The results were quickly evident at Junior Village, for relief was being withdrawn from families with no other hope of sustenance.

At the beginning of the purge, in early 1962, the city was supporting 19,968 children on relief and 472 in Junior Village. Three years later there were only 16,104 on relief but 862 in the Village. (And where were the other children? The independent Bureau of Social Science Research surveyed fifty mothers with children who had either been refused or taken off relief in the course of the purge. The survey found a few of these women employed, but "the majority had to depend on relief from private agencies or handouts from friends or relatives, or illicit activities, or on the unintended largess of the business community in permitting the accumulation of debts." The "illicit activities" included bootlegging and prostitution.)

Senator Byrd—sad to report—is supported by a majority of the Senate. Last spring the generous Senator Ribicoff of Connecticut forced a roll-call vote in his campaign to bring to Washington relief rules as enlightened as those in Senator Byrd's own state of West Virginia. The Johnson

Administration's leaders—Senators Mansfield and Long—both supported Byrd and opposed Ribicoff. The welfare reforms lost by 47 votes to 40.

The Howard University study referred to above established that 22 per cent of the children admitted to the Village in the past three years were there as a direct result of the Byrd purge, and remained there for unusually long periods.

Keeping a Home Intact

To be sure, half of the children who go to the Village are there because their families have run out of money. There are many reasons for destitution; but during the purge the city had a choice between supporting these children in their own homes, or at Junior Village. The vast majority would have been far better off psychologically in their own homes, with their own parents. (Only 2 per cent of those in the Village have been removed from their homes on grounds of cruelty.) It would also be cheaper for the city. Relief for a child costs \$33 a month. To support him at Junior Village costs nine times as much—\$300 a month. The Washington system is wasteful not only in social terms, but in the cold arithmetic of the cash register.

Sometimes the fiscal costs rise even higher. Children deprived of affection become abnormally susceptible to illness. The Howard study described three small children—all under three—whose parents were in jail; their grandmother, elderly and ill, cared for them with the help of a homemaker provided by a badly overburdened charity. When the charity withdrew its homemaker, the children went to the Village, promptly fell desperately sick, and spent months in a series of hospitals. They recovered only when the charity's homemaker was brought in to the hospital to tend them. The medical treatment of those children cost the city \$26,000 before they were well enough to be moved into foster homes.

If Washington's city politics are unique, its children are not. The welfare system that Washington needs for its children is the same that other cities need. It must begin with a sustained and imaginative program to keep families together even in poverty and misfortune. A reasonable and humane relief policy is founded on an interest in helping children, rather than a passion for judging their parents' morality. Squeezing the poor is not only wrong but expensive.

Sometimes a lack of money is not the root trouble that disrupts a family. If, for example, a mother is simply a poor manager, a caseworker

visiting once or twice a week can bring large returns on a small investment. In other instances, a temporary homemaker can fill a mother's place when she is ill, keeping the children together at home.

But unfortunately there is a dearth of homemakers. And meanwhile other welfare programs train women for other kinds of jobs while children continue to go to Junior Village.

Day-care centers are clearly needed for those mothers who want to work. But there is currently great political appeal in job-training schemes which force ill-prepared women willy-nilly into a labor market already supersaturated. For a great many women, bringing up a family is a full-time job, and for the city it is worth the price of relief to have the job done well. The Welfare Department's statistics and the Howard study strongly suggest that relief, day care, counseling, and homemaker services could reduce by two-thirds the number of children in Junior Village. With an effective effort at birth control, they could over the long run do even more.

In birth control, at least, Washington has made a hopeful beginning. Last year Congress, to its credit, appropriated funds for a system of public birth-control clinics now well under way. A Roman Catholic parish, deep in a Negro slum, is running a family planning center. There has been remarkably little controversy, for the cost in personal tragedies of an unchecked birth rate in the slums is too apparent to be arguable. Big families are the most vulnerable to catastrophe; there are 4.4 children in the average family represented in Junior Village.

For children whose homes are irretrievably dissolved, foster homes remain essential. If the city cannot find enough of them, then it must do as it does in hiring plumbers and lawyers. It must pay more for them.

To End a Public Menace

It is possible, of course, for children to grow up in institutions without suffering retardation. But the conditions must be ideal, which means among other things an adult to every four children, around the clock. To ensure continuity of care there must be much longer shifts than American municipal civil-service rules permit. In Europe and particularly in Russia, governments have made heavy investments in institutions where, according to American observers, children have grown up with sharp intelligence and even poise. (These children also seem abnormally dependent

Dvonya

by Louis Simpson

In the town of Odessa
There is a garden
And Dvonya is there . . .
Dvonya, whom I love
Though I have never been in Odessa.

I love her black hair, and eyes
As green as a salad
That you gather in the woods in August
Between the roots of alder,
Her skin, with an odor of wildflowers.

We understand each other perfectly.
We are cousins twice removed.
In the garden we drink our tea,
Discussing the plays of Chekhov
As evening falls and the lights begin
to twinkle.

But this is only a dream.
I am not there with my thin hands
And citified speech,
And the old woman is not there
Peering between the curtains.

We are only phantoms, bits of ash,
Like yesterday's newspaper
Or the smoke of chimneys.
All that passed long ago
On a summer night in Odessa.

upon the group with whom they live; but this dependence is less alien to the Russian tradition than to the American.)

Comparable institutions would be formidably expensive in America. And, in any event, they would offer no real alternative to Junior Village. The children in Russian state nurseries and boarding schools are healthy to begin with, and they are in the state's care permanently. Such children in the United States are the ones most readily adopted. But those in our big urban shelters are increasingly the severely marked products of family disasters. Their legal status is usually uncertain and no one knows exactly how long they will remain in the institution. A model institution requires a type of child that is very rare at Junior Village.

For an increasing number of homeless children neither the traditional institution nor the tradi-

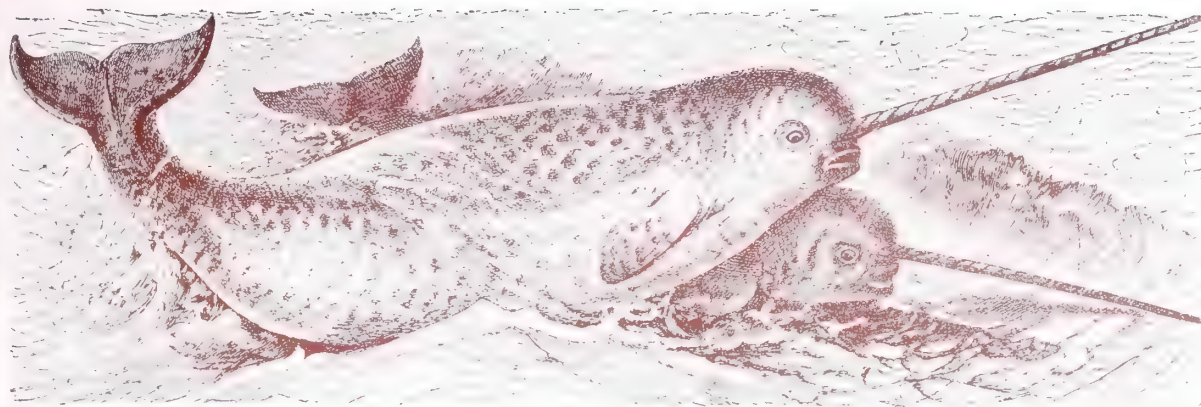
tional foster home will do. In California, for example, welfare authorities have been experimenting for some years with group homes that combine some of the best features of foster homes and small, professionally staffed institutions. In the city of Washington, Family and Child Services, a progressive private charity, has recently rented eleven houses scattered inconspicuously through the city, and has hired and trained couples to run them. Five or six children are placed in each group home, with a degree of professional supervision impossible in foster homes. This elaborate program costs less per child, incidentally, than Junior Village. For adolescents, the city is establishing halfway houses where they can live under supervision while finishing school and finding jobs.

If programs such as these were developed on the scale needed, only a few dozen children would remain in Junior Village instead of many hundreds. Then the city could tear down the brutally ugly old buildings inherited from the Industrial School, and devote the new buildings to the very small residue of children who are so ill mentally that they require residential treatment. Washington urgently needs a small, expertly staffed institution for these children.

But Junior Village should be closed. The responsibility for it lies directly with the United States government. It is steadily improving welfare standards in the fifty states, yet continues to operate in its own Capital an institution that is a public menace.

The Mayor of Washington is Lyndon B. Johnson, the man who declared war on poverty and deprivation. Some of his Administration's social reforms are already felt in Washington, but not in the Village at Blue Plains.

The men and women who run Junior Village—good and dedicated people—have no illusions about it. They welcome visitors and give them a pamphlet which begins, "As a responsible citizen, your interest is well-placed—whether you are a resident of Washington, D.C., or San Francisco—because the existence of junior villages is tangible evidence of society's concern for the welfare of children and its own future, and of its unconcern. Analogously, the institution might be viewed as the bandage placed over the careless, self-inflicted wound." The booklet ends with these lines, upon which I cannot improve: "The Village staff would be the first to disabuse the reader of the notion that a good job is being done at Junior Village. Our job is to provide care for children, to be substitute parents, teachers, and trainers—a good job of that cannot be done in an institution."



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

The Unicorn in the Pool

by Mary Jean Kempner

"Nature is often full of wit, power, and fantasy, but the narwhal manages to combine all three in one magnificent package," said Paul Montreuil, director of New York City's Aquarium as we sat in his office at Coney Island. That explains why the New York Zoological Society—which runs the Aquarium and the Bronx Zoo—is playing its cards so close to the chest regarding the imminent possibility of a narwhal in their pool. The Aquarium people want a pair of narwhals as a curiosity certain to intrigue the public but also to provide mammalogists with the opportunity to study at close range this rarest of mammals.

Often referred to as the unicorn-of-the-sea, the narwhal is a ten to sixteen-foot whale from the high Arctic, famous for its single, elegantly spiraled ivory tusk, which measures anywhere from four to nine feet in length. From the twelfth century on, all unicorns depicted in painting, tapestry, or illuminated manuscript had a horn identical with the narwhal tusk. Elizabeth I prided herself on her alicorn (as the horn of the unicorn was called), which was valued at £100,000. (Drake's flagship, the *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, was worth only £2,600 new, and the Queen could put an army in the field for £40,000.)

A member of the Cetacean clan, the narwhal—scientifically identified as *Monodon monoceros*—is a first cousin of the beluga (no relation to caviar) or white whale. A pair of white whales have been cavorting around the Aquarium pool for the past three years, smiling superciliously at the tommers. They are the first belugas to thrive in cap-

tivity, and they never had it so good. As with all circumpolar Cetaceans, water temperature is of vital importance to their welfare; it happens that a subterranean supply of seawater exists under Coney Island, drawn from two hundred feet below the surface, which makes it possible to keep the whale pool at a chill and constant fifty-three degrees. Life for the Aquarium's two whales is just an eighty-pound bowl of herring served daily in an atmosphere of over-coddle which includes plenty of vitamins, antibiotics as required, an absence of enemies and no worries to speak of.

Capturing a white whale, transporting it safely, and providing it with such a sympathetic environment was no cinch. But the Aquarium managed to make it work and Operation Narwhal will follow something of the same pattern. According to Dr. Carleton Ray, Associate Curator of the Aquarium, "Narwhals, like all other whales, are air-breathing mammals and will drown if kept under water too long. On the other hand, they cannot survive for long out of water, for their great bulk presses down on their lungs, and they suffocate. Among other dangers in shipping whales are heat exhaustion, damage to their soft hides, or their sensitive eyes, and rapid change of temperature that can bring on pneumonia."

Paul Montreuil has his heart set on adolescent narwhals not more than one or two years old, with only a bare suggestion of a tusk. Neither he nor Ray, who will lead the expedition, will define the exact method of capture which must depend in part on the geography of the coastline, but it will

certainly involve netting. (In commercial whaling, the Russians use nets a mile and a half long and fifty feet deep.) The Aquarium team captured their belugas with six-foot seines and something of the sort should do for narwhals.

Eskimos in kayaks and maybe even airborne spotters would search out a pod of narwhals ("pod" is to narwhal as "flock" is to sheep). Once the narwhals are sighted, Carleton Ray and his colleagues plan to select the animals that best fit Montreuil's specifications before driving them into the nets. Even belugas, which tend to be more wary of man than narwhals, are likely to be philosophical once they sense that they are caught. They stop thrashing around and adopt an acquiescent and resigned attitude. Narwhals would probably react with even more docility. This is essential, as tranquilizers or sedation of any kind is dangerous to Cetaceans; anesthesia cannot be used on such beasts. They have voluntary control of their respiratory centers—which means they may elect to stop breathing in strainful situations.

Captured narwhals should be able to live in a holding pool until transportation arrives, but only under constant observation, like patients in premature baby wards. Carleton Ray's supplies would include eye ointment, oversized stretchers for loading and unloading, yards of muslin to cover the delicate narwhal hide and keep it cool and wet. The narwhal would travel lying in padded, plastic-lined wooden troughs, partially filled with water. This procedure requires the attention of round-the-clock narwhal-sitters to make certain the animals raise their head above water at regular intervals in order to breathe. As the belugas rejected all attempts to prop their heads up onto pillows, this won't be tried again. Dr. Ray claims that his belugas kept up a constant chatter during their plane flight, making high squeaky noises, and he adds, "From the action of their blow holes we knew there was more talking going on but at a frequency too high to be audible to human ears."

Definitive knowledge of narwhal ecology is scant and relies largely on observations gathered from Eskimos, whalers, and Arctic explorers, and supplemented by recent studies by naturalists. Like all warm-blooded mammals, narwhals suckle their young, which are about four feet long at birth. Grayish colored in youth with dark gray markings, they tend to whiten with age. Narwhals have

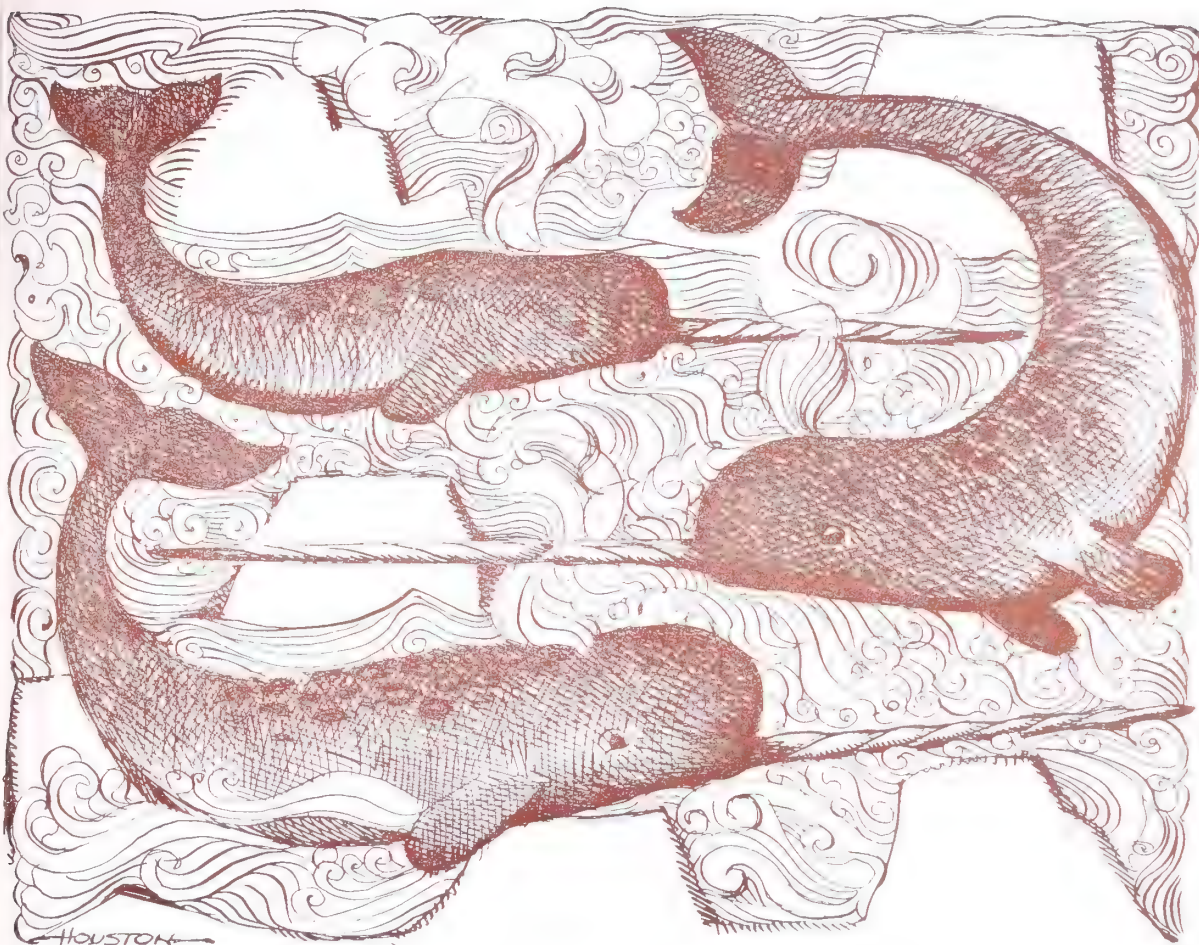
a reputation for being gay, gregarious, inquisitive cutups. E. J. Slipjer, a Dutch zoologist, considers them smarter than dolphins and goes so far as to suggest that their brain is almost as highly developed as that of humans. According to Raymond Gilmore, a leading contemporary authority on narwhals, their behavior pattern indicates that, although they have no vocal chords, they communicate audibly with each other. No one cares to hazard a guess as to what form such communication takes—it could be whistling, buzzing, chuckling, or even a Morse-like set of popping signals.

Sometimes motivated by fear of killer whales, sometimes by hunger or just a desire for fun and games, narwhals have been seen wheeling in formations as precise as cavalry regiments. They seemingly have an urge to conform, a compulsive need to do things in unison. In an aquatic game of follow the leader they indulge in loop-the-loops, stop on a dime, then bob straight up and down as if responding to a drill sergeant's bark. Whalers tell of seeing them—lined up as smartly as game beaters at a Scottish shoot—chasing schools of small fish in the open sea until their exhausted prey drifts helplessly back into their jaws.

The narwhal tusk, which has contributed to the creature's measure of immortality, sticks straight out horizontally through the upper left lip of the male. It may occur in the female but, as a naturalist told me, "about as often as you meet a bearded lady." Sometimes tusks develop on both sides but *never* the right without the left and *always* spiraled to the left, even when the animal has two tusks. The regularity of the swirl suggests that it might result from the animal's torque-like swimming motion; on the other hand, such a spiral growth may counter any tendency the tusk might have to sag from the horizontal.

Although nature usually has a reason for everything—even a flea doesn't jump merely for joy—scientists so far can only explain the tusk as a sexual ornament. When evidenced in the female it suggests hormone disbalance, while two in the male could mean he was oversexed. Eskimos on Baffin Island told me of seeing male narwhal (*aglingwak*, they call them) take strategic action against killer whales by forming a tight ring and presenting the awesome spikes—like a barricade of ivory lances—in a defensive bluff which has been known to deter the whales, which might or might not have been hungry. The tusk may also be used to flush schools of fish hiding on the bottom, but never to impale the victim and thus put the juicy tidbit out of reach. In winter when ice freezes over the air-holes, narwhals use a fatty, melonlike cushion on the top of their heads to break through

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the ice and although this activity becomes impossible when ice is more than six inches thick, they never use their tusks as ice picks. (These ivory spikes are hollow inside and appear extremely fragile, but they are evidently fairly tough as long as they remain in their cold aquatic element.)

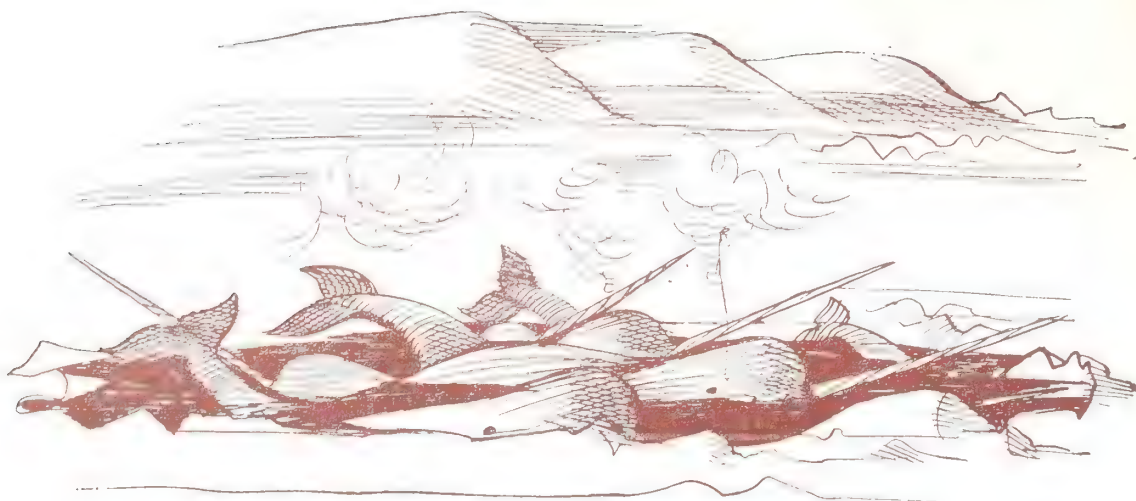
Narwhals apparently are the pacifists of the animal world, the Quakers of their set. Eskimo kayaks are never pierced by a tusk even when the harpooned animal is in great pain. Male herds seen clashing their tusks like fencers—an extraordinary spectacle first reported by William Scoresby in 1820—never seem to go for the touch. Big males probably use their tusks to impress callow bachelors during the mating season but there is no real fighting.

Relations with females, however, show less restraint. Knifelike cuts found around the female genitalia bespeak fairly enthusiastic sex play. (If these were ice-cuts, they would appear on various parts of the body, Raymond Gilmore claims, and in both sexes.) Although sexual segregation is preferred in narwhal society, courtship during the breeding season involves intense pursuit and varied acrobatics; copulation takes place with

male and female standing vertically in the water, belly to belly.

Fish have always lived in water. But the sea mammals actually exchanged a terrestrial life for a totally aquatic one millions of years ago. (Narwhal fossils have been found in Pleistocene strata in the British Isles.) In a superlative demonstration of environmental and evolutionary forces, sea mammals assumed a streamlined, fishlike form as a convenience in getting about in water. Their former land life is still in evidence in whales' flippers, where one finds vestigial bones of the arm skeleton—arm, forearm, wrist, and fingers; little remains of the lower limbs, but buried within the whale's body are two small bones, two halves of a pelvis, and sometimes two tiny nodules of bone—all that is left of a pair of legs.

The narwhal's tusk is the most provocative link in the creature's earthly past because it associates him with the legendary unicorn. According to an ancient Hebrew fable, a single unicorn led the animals in pairs to the Ark. But the unicorn was so big that there was no room for him and he had to swim for the duration of the Flood, occasionally resting the tip of his horn on the stern of the Ark.



Narwhals caught in a sarssats



Whether it is coincidence or reminiscence, narwhals sleep in the winter with their tusks resting on the ice around the air-holes.

Unicorn legends have been persistent and elusive for more than twenty centuries. One of the earliest dates from approximately 400 B.C. and involves a Greek physician, called Ctesias, who spent seventeen years at the court of Darius II. On his return, he described wild white asses, too swift to capture, as *monokeros* beasts. Another early theory identifies the unicorn with the oryx, one of the fleetest of all the antelope family, whose slender horns, usually seen in profile, seem to appear as one. It is evident that the mystique surrounding the single-horned animal was tenacious in many cultures. The prevalence of such legends was matched only by man's determination to have credence in them. As St. Augustine said, "If the thing that is believed is incredible, it is also incredible that the incredible is believed."

In most legends, only one unicorn existed at any given time. How his successor materialized was inconsequential. If threatened, he (mind you there never was a she) could hurl himself from any height with confidence that he would land unharmed on the point of his horn. It was said that he walked gently, lifting his feet high and setting them down thoughtfully so as not to injure any living thing. A unicorn could be captured only by a virgin crowned with flowers and fragrant with perfume who went alone into the forest to wait there. The unicorn might then come and lay his horn in her lap, ready to follow her wherever she went. The maiden, although pure, all too often was perfidious and was quite prepared to deliver the gullible unicorn to the hunters. Such a craven act is partially depicted in superb fifteenth-century tapestries at the Cloisters in New York.

True alicorn, more euphonious than horn of unicorn, was said to sweat and change color in the presence of poison or any poisonous creature. But during the Renaissance there was a major traffic in false horns as well. Walrus tusks, treated with a secret formula, could be softened and bent straight. Apothecaries kept alicorn chained to the counter in full view. Bits and pieces were sold to the general public as protection against poison; even scrapings were sold to be taken internally as an antidote—all for exorbitant prices.

Conservationists classify narwhals as "abundant." This is probably because of their preference for the high Arctic seas, rather than because of man's attempts to protect them. Narwhals—unlike polar bears off Alaska and Norway—have not been victimized by trophy hunters; the going's too rough. Conservation regulations vary from coun-

try to country, and it is difficult to get international agreement regarding the fate of the animal kingdom. In the Canadian Arctic, however, only Eskimos are allowed to kill the narwhal. They use the tusk for trading in cooperatives of the Hudson's Bay trading posts, but the rest of the animal supplies them with the basic needs for survival. The meat provides food for man and dogs. The dried blubber or *muktuk* has saved the lives of many an Arctic expedition; highly nutritious, it keeps indefinitely, is filling in small quantities, is a specific against scurvy, and tasted to me like a rubber eraser flavored with hazel nuts. Narwhal tendons make fine lacings for boots or tents. The oil is singularly pure, burns smokelessly, and is ideal for lubricating watches and other delicate instruments as it doesn't gum up, oxidize, or corrode in the extreme lows of Arctic temperatures.

The Arctic itself is the great narwhal killer with its cruel ice-traps, called *savssats* in Eskimo. Arcticologists describe them as one of nature's most dramatic and catastrophic disasters. These *savssats* occur when sudden, prolonged, and bitter freezes seal up all but one air-hole over a large area, forcing as many as a thousand narwhals to catch their breath in an open space no bigger than a swimming pool—or drown.

The Danish explorer Peter Freuchen describes the resulting agony of the desperate narwhal, the explosive release of pent-in air, the whistling intake of breath, often punctuated by the roar of Eskimo rifles.

An entire school had been caught in the ice. A sudden cold spell had hardened the ice around the spot where they were feeding. . . . There was little space left to breathe and they crowded and shoved against each other when they came up for air, splashing water over the edge and thickening it further. . . . They dived and swam as far as possible in search of another hole, but always came back for air. . . . The poor animals had a hard time. They were not frightened of us—a harpoon in their hide was nothing compared to their air hunger. It was almost an act of mercy to kill them, since they would strangle to death, or, had they come out onto the ice, would have frozen.

Even during such death struggles, the frenzied narwhals seem to handle their tusks with care. Fighting for life, they remain knights who refuse to break their lance in a brother's side. The unicorn-of-the-sea in anguish still moves so as not to injure any living thing. No wonder the New York Zoological Society eagerly plans for narwhals in the pool. As Paul Montreuil said, "The least known of all mammals . . . the narwhal is one of the most remarkable animals one could dream of."

Marshall McLuhan:

Canada's Intellectual Comet

by Richard Schickel

His critics are infuriated by his ideas on communications media but some think he has one of this continent's most brilliant minds and that his theories foretell our real future.

Herbert Marshall McLuhan is a tall, gray-haired, enthusiastically eclectic Professor of English at the University of Toronto who, at fifty-four, appears about to join that select circle of intellectual radicals whose members have more or less accidentally had the good luck to advance the right new theory at just the right historical moment. Already a small but vociferous McLuhan cult is beginning to make itself heard. Outside its confines, meanwhile, many leading intellectuals are being forced to take him seriously, even when they find themselves in appalled disagreement with his basic ideas, put off by his methods, and profoundly shaken by a style of discourse that blithely ignores all the conventions of critical-historical exposition. All in all, the intensity of the passions McLuhan has lately generated leads one to think that, like it or not, he is on his way to becoming one of those annoying "seminal" thinkers whose arguments you must adapt, incorporate, or dispose of before pressing ahead in his field or—as McLuhan clearly believes—into areas well beyond it.

McLuhan's specialty is, for want of a better term, Communications Theory. The instrument of his recent emergence as a force to be reckoned with is his third book, a 359-page volume called *Understanding Media* and subtitled "The Exten-

sions of Man." It was published last year and is already available in paperback. The critic Harold Rosenberg has said that it "takes its place in that wide channel of cultural criticism of the twentieth century that includes writers like T. S. Eliot, Oswald Spengler, D. H. Lawrence, F. R. Leavis, David Riesman, Hannah Arendt." Which may be a polite way of saying that like some of these writers all of the time and all of them some of the time, McLuhan is apocalyptic and dogmatic in tone, egocentric in style (though in person he is none of these things), and utterly untroubled by the usual niceties of scholarship. (The original edition of *Understanding Media* contains no index, bibliography, or notes while most of the supportive historical material is drawn from secondary sources.) On top of that, the author disdains the closely argued, carefully organized argument. Instead, he tends to be at once repetitive and digressive, with a marked tendency to see each new ripple in the cultural sea as a trend of tidal-wave proportions. As a result, the compulsively scholarly or compulsively logical reader has no difficulty in either dismissing his work as a barbaric yawp or in quibbling it to death. Many have done just that.

Yet it is hard to escape the feeling that they are mistaken. Nearly all the writers on Rosenberg's list can be subjected to similar attitudinizing (and have been). Leavis at his most argumentative, Lawrence at his most visionary, Spengler at his most Germanic, are all terrible fellows. But if one does not seek a system of True Belief in their work, or try to organize his entire intellectual life around it, they are most useful fellows as well, rewarding the reader with sud-

en insights that can, for a moment or two, light up a confused landscape and show the odd order underlying seeming chaos. This also is true of McLuhan.

He begins with the simple gesture of overturning all the usual assumptions about communications. "The medium is the message," he cries in his most notorious of his catchy formulations. By this he means that the way information is presented is at least as important as the information itself. The medium, all by itself, with no conscious effort on the part of the people who control or use it, has the power to distort, reinforce, reduce, or neutralize content. Naturally, this makes the creator's role a good deal less significant than we have been led to think in this postromantic era. It also imperils our conventional critical standards, as we have tried to apply them to the mass media. Logic as the organizing principle for the presentation of information is for McLuhan appropriate only to the printed page. It is not to be as highly valued as the "mosaic" style of organization of the electronic media, which may be better suited, in any case, to the way we nowadays perceive and respond emotionally. If this seems to imply that the new media may reduce our consciousness to the level of a pre-literate savage, dependent on intuition and feeling rather than logic to make sense of things, so much the better. McLuhan thinks modern communications methods have already reduced our world to the size of "a global village" anyway—also a good thing.

Needless to say, such optimism in the face of revolution is not universally shared. One Oxford don, coming away from a McLuhan lecture, was heard to mutter that the man was dangerous, "for the same reason Hitler was dangerous." And there is no question that in the world which McLuhan predicts a good deal more than the universal primacy of literary values is threatened. Our very vision of man, inherited from the Age of Enlightenment, is threatened, as are our ideas of democracy and progress. That teen-ager with a transistor pressed to his ear as he wanders vacantly down the street, the gang of kids experiencing the tribalism of a frug party—they really could be the wave of the future.

Yet even one of McLuhan's severest critics,

communications expert Ben Lieberman, concedes that he is "right to thrust out at the pipsqueak communications theories of the academicians and at the smug assumptions of most of the media leaders." For nearly everyone senses the problem that McLuhan has made manifest—that in communications, as in so many areas, technology has far outreached the development of the critical tools we need to comprehend all its implications, much less control it effectively. It is undoubtedly a recognition of the fact that McLuhan is at least trying to develop these tools that has caused him to be so enthusiastically greeted by so many people. Whatever else you think about him, his theories are big enough and bold enough to match the revolution he is examining.

Why We Favor Trash

Unfortunately, we have been living without adequate summarizing ideas about the mass media for quite a long time—as is probably painfully apparent to anyone who has paid any serious attention to the endless, circular, inapposite argument between the critics of mass media and the proprietors. It is not too much to say that no one, other than McLuhan, has brought anything new to the discussion within living memory, with the result that one of the really crucial issues of our time has started to become a bore.

Consider, for example, the behavior of literate people when they confront that total communications weapon, television. Most of them know that by the standards they would normally apply to a medium of communication, TV is an unparalleled purveyor of trash; the most extraordinary documentary, for instance, provides less information—in the usual sense of the word—about a subject than a very ordinary article in a slick magazine. Yet we sit there, eyes glued to the set, watching this explication of the obvious in hateful fascination and even find ourselves compelled to stay tuned to whatever follows—*The King Family*, *Gomer Pyle*, *Bonanza*. Consciously we despise ourselves, yet we are as fascinated, to use an image McLuhan would completely approve, as any savage before his totem. Often, indeed, we reject the documentary show in favor of the trash. Audience surveys tend to bear this out; the very people who claim to desire more elevated fare are also the ones who ignore existing programs which critics regard as the medium's finest hours.

Something, obviously, is so wrong here that all attempts to reform the wayward giant, to bring it more closely into line with our professed

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cultural aspirations, appear foredoomed to failure. By now it must be clear that for all the witty poses struck by critics like Marya Mannes or cultural elitists like Dwight Macdonald, very little practical good has come of their work. Television, by their standards, continues to "decline" and none of the other media has improved much. Attempts to get the FCC to act more like a cultural Pure Food and Drug Administration have failed dismally and we have not witnessed any very serious revolt against television by its audience.

Instead of revolt we have Pop Art and Camp, which must be read, in part, as do-it-yourself attempts to resolve the conflict between our pretensions to the finer things and our visceral adoration of the less fine. Pop, as a mode of expression, Camp as a shorthand style of appreciation, are both means of giving some sort of aesthetic-intellectual rationale to the fascinated attention we pay the mass media. It is probably a mistake to impute much depth to these movements—especially Camp—but as symptoms of a desire to move beyond the attitudes of cultural criticism as it is customarily practiced by literary people they are very important.

And so is the reception accorded McLuhan. He has not written a great deal about Pop and he had not heard of Camp until Susan Sontag's now famous definition of it in *Partisan Review*² was pointed out to him. But the Poppers and the Camp Followers have heard of him. When he lectures in the United States he is likely to attract people who regard themselves as converts and disciples. They tell him how eager they are for the next steps in the technological revolution which he has predicted—things like personal, computerized ESP devices that would extend consciousness itself into the environment. Or they speak of their own experiments at creating a greater "depth involvement" (one of his catchphrases) with the media, frequently by hooking up a multitude of amplifiers, all broadcasting different sounds, and then sitting in the middle of the cacophony absorbing, absorbing, absorbing—and quite likely getting terrible headaches.

Earlier this year, at the University of British Columbia, a group of professors set up the world's first festival of what the French are already calling *mcLuhanisme*. People wandered at random—there was, naturally, no set sequence—through a

Fall 1964 issue, in which she stated, among other things, that "the essence of Camp is its love of the unnatural: of artifice and exaggeration. And Camp is esoteric—something of a private code, a badge of identity even, among small urban cliques."

—The Editors

maze created out of huge plastic sheets which slides were projected, at random intervals, every available surface (floors and ceilings included). Musicians whacked away at gongs and bells and wood blocks, dancers whirled among the spectators and there was even something called a Sculptured Wall. It consisted of a piece of stretch fabric on one side of which was a squirming girl, whom you were supposed to palpate through the screen, gaining, presumably, a major lesson in an oft-ignored method of communication—the tactile.

The First Pop Philosopher

McLuhan did not attend the festival and do nothing to encourage this sort of thing, although he seems vaguely amused by it. He goes in for such gadgeteering himself and claims to go to the movies or watch TV (he likes *Perry Mason*, *The Rogues*, that sort of thing) for the same reasons we all do—to see how the story comes out. He is, indeed, an unchic type who dresses in academically nondescript suits, drinks Manhattan, incessantly twirls his glasses as he talks and is given to chuckly little professional puns and jokes in those rare moments when he is not discoursing on his subject. He treasures his life in Toronto precisely because it is well away from the great communications and fashion centers; he sees them better, he thinks, from the perspective of distance.

In short, he is not the kind of man who consciously set out to earn his journalistically awarded title as "the first pop philosopher" nor, apparently, did he think he would be claimed by people who see in his work the first coherent statement of something they have all been groping for. He did anticipate, however, the severe criticism of literary people who have, he thinks, a vested interest in keeping cultural criticism within its present, literarily defined limits.

The reasons for their antipathy are not hard to find. Set aside, for the moment, his chilling prediction of a media-induced return to a tribal level of consciousness and consider his radical redefinition of the essence of the communicative process: "The medium is the message."

This is, perhaps, self-evident. But very few people take it into account when discussing media. In order to do so intelligently a critic would have to become an expert in the special properties of each medium, and this would be so much more difficult than merely taking an attitude toward them. It is so easy simply to find a television pro-

gram inadequate by the standards of literary criticism and let it go at that. This may lead to overpraising shows that are excruciatingly bad television or to ignoring programs of merit within their own electronic terms. It may lead to the futile and wasteful efforts to regulate a fundamentally uncontrollable medium, for how do you rationally control something which may make its strongest point in the wink of an eye, with a jump cut or with the tone of a voice, not the content of the words it is speaking?

McLuhan himself has few concrete suggestions for a new public policy or critical strategy for TV or any of the other media of what he likes to call "the electric age." He seems to feel that is work for other hands. He concentrates instead on offering a way of "understanding media" that could bridge this most obvious of the many gaps between literature and science *cum* technology.

His view of history goes something like this: Prior to the invention of the phonetic alphabet, man existed within a "tribal and oral pattern with its seamless web of kinship and interdependence." The chief medium for the exchange of information was speech, in effect a natural resource made equally available to all. No individual, therefore, knew appreciably more or less than the rest of the tribe. Hence there was no individualism, very little specialization, and therefore nothing comparable to that most dreaded and prevalent of modern psychic disorders, alienation. In McLuhan's version of life among the noble savages there was no difference between work and play, the idea of a split between a high culture and a low unheard of. Culture was simply culture in the full anthropological sense of the word. This society may have been low in the amount of abstract information at its disposal, and therefore low in its ability to control its environment, but it had certain advantages over our civilization. It could not have created a *Hamlet* or a *Lear* but, happily, it numbered no real life models for these archetypes among its citizenry. It probably had a sense of community we might envy and, McLuhan implies, an inner life responsive to myth, to the iconic, to the unseen patterns of the natural world, quite a bit richer than our own.

In brief, it was not the prisoner of words or of print and the special logic they impose on our patterns of thought. Written language is, to McLuhan, incomparably less able to communicate the true, non-

rational, nonserial nature of human experience than the spoken word. And the primitive had another advantage: He possessed a better, more balanced orchestration of the senses than we, in our "eye culture," are able to achieve. Touch, taste, smell were, of necessity, developed to high degrees by the primitive striving to maintain a state of balance in a state of nature.

For McLuhan, the replacement of the primitive's pictographic and syllabic alphabets by phonetic symbols was a cultural disaster, beginning the process of man's alienation from his environment. In his discussion of this point he introduces the Greek myth of Cadmus, whose dissemination of an alphabet earned him a metaphoric description as the sower of dragon's teeth. As for the invention of a movable type, McLuhan sees it as nothing less than a major trauma, afflicting the development of all civilization since. The hopeful part of his message is that the new technology may speed our recovery from that trauma.

McLuhan believes the printed line became, for Western man, the organizing principle of his life, forcing upon him both the necessity and the virtues, of logic. It may be responsible, for instance, for the assembly *line* as the basis for industrial organization. Worse, printing naturally pushed us toward an overvaluation of abstract thought and caused "much separation of . . . imaginative, emotional, and sense life." If tribal man, with his balanced orchestration of the senses is, classically, the whole man, then alphabetic man is, classically, the fragmented man. Moreover, he is, compared to tribal man, remarkably detached, capable of "specialization by dissociation," of action "without reaction or involvement."

One can understand what McLuhan thinks we have lost by understanding the values he attaches to an object itself, to a picture of it, and to a printed description of it. For example, the flag. In battle, a standard going forward through a hail of shot has the power to make men die for it; a photograph of the same scene has the power to

cause a lump in our throats; a written description of it, set down in cold print, is merely history — interesting, full of more information, perhaps, than a photograph, but lacking the power to involve or move us emotionally.

Cold print! To McLuhan there is no more inept phrase. For he has divided—and this is one of his more controversial



notions—the media into two categories, hot and cold. “A hot medium is one that extends one single sense in ‘high definition.’ High definition is a state of being well-filled with data.” Thus print, directed only at the eye, is far from being cold; it is the hottest of the hot media, imparting much data with great clarity. Speech, on the other hand, is classically cool “because so little is given and so much has to be filled in by the listener.” Contrary to popular opinion, McLuhan believes a reader is far more passive than a television watcher. To the former, scanning the neat, logical lines of a well-printed book, much is given; to the latter, peering into the flickering, blurry home screen, very little is given. With more gaps to fill in, he is compelled to work harder, if not intellectually, then in gathering the emotional message. He is a man puzzling out the meaning of an abstract painting, not a man absorbing the information neatly spelled out in a technical drawing. And doing so under previously unimaginable conditions, which create previously unimaginable pressures. *Understanding Media* begins with these words:

After three thousand years of exploration, by means of fragmentary and mechanical technologies, the Western world is imploding. During the mechanical ages we had extended our bodies into space. Today, after more than a century of electric technology, we have extended our central nervous system itself into a global embrace, abolishing . . . space and time.

In short, our friend peering intently into his television set is in much the same position as the pre-literate. He is getting a very cool (that is, dataless) view of life by direct, firsthand observation. The only difference is that his “village” is the whole world. Like his primitive ancestor, though, “action and reaction occur almost at the same time. We live mythically and integrally.”

On one level, of course, this is unfortunate. When we had to depend on purely mechanical methods of communication, information was emotionally defused in the course of its slow journey to us—and our reactions were cooled (in the non-McLuhan sense of the word) as they made a similarly slow trip back. The advantages of this system, particularly to the statesman, were immense. Today he is in the position of a tribal chieftain, confronting his group’s enemies directly, exchanging mortal insults face to face. With the populations of both villages looking on, the art of diplomacy becomes very difficult to practice and the strategic withdrawal almost an impossibility. Our leaders perhaps can be excused if they look back with longing on, say, the eighteenth or early

nineteenth centuries when, isolated from the constituencies and uninvolved with their neighbors, they could carry out “the most dangerous social operations with complete detachment,” playing “the aloof and dissociated role of the literate Westerner.”

Indeed, we can all look back on them longingly. But, as McLuhan says, even as we have begun to absorb the implications of electric technology, we are being hurried forward into the new computerized age, an age “of the technological simulation of consciousness, when the creative process of knowing will be collectively and corporately extended to the whole of human society, much as we have already extended our sense and nerves by the various media.”

What, one wonders, will the cultural critics make of that age, when they have not even been able to deal intelligently with something as comparatively simple as television? Eric Hoffer, among others, has pointed out that throughout history literate men have reacted hysterically to each new extension of literacy, seeing its growth as a threat to the favored positions their special knowledge has created for them. Certainly there is evidence of this in their response to McLuhan. *Time*, for example, spoke most bluntly for the prosecution when it declared that *Understanding Media* is “fuzzy-minded, lacking in perspective, low in definition and data, redundant, and contemptuous of logical sequence—which is to say that McLuhan has perfectly illustrated the cool qualities he most values in communications.” Dwight Macdonald called it “impure nonsense, nonsense adulterated by sense” and joined in the complaint that McLuhan has an unfortunate tendency to push his thesis too far. “Not that he is careless or untruthful, simply that he’s a system-builder and so interested in data only as building stones. If a corner has to be lopped off, a roughness smoothed to fit, he won’t hesitate to do it.”

He Pleads Guilty

McLuhan pleads guilty, with extenuating circumstances, to these charges. In a letter to the critic, Frank Kermode, he has said that the ideal form for his book would be an ideogram or perhaps a film, for he can think of no other way to create “an inconclusive image that is lineal and sequential.” The result, Kermode says, is that “with every word he writes he admits his allegiance to the old order and falsifies his report of the new.”

Time’s charges merely help to make a cut-

int. But there is some truth in what Macdonald and Kermode say. Essentially, McLuhan is a man of insights and his attempts to create a full-scale system out of them is not very successful. He does tend to breathe a little heavily as he tries to drive every aspect of human development into a metaphoric corral. His "tribal man" was apparently created out of the same anthropological innocence as Rousseau's savage and he is just as hard to believe in the scientific sense. Then, too, he could wish that he were a little more concrete when he discusses the media. Just what is the mythic quality of *Bonanza* or, for that matter, of Walter Cronkite or a bottle of Listerine? If commercial considerations pollute the literary "truth" of the media, might they not—and even more seriously—pollute McLuhan's mythic and iconic truths? One could, in short, wish that he would come down just a little closer to earth.

To a degree, his failure to do so is an earnest effort of his intentions and forms a kind of response to Kermode's charge. McLuhan is, by training—though not temperament—a man of letters and there is nothing "reluctant" about his allegiance to literature; it is only that it is partial. He is, however, completely aware that when concern for precise language, for rationality if you will, is downgraded, democracy which is based on the fiction of the rational man, is threatened. "The media are in the process of changing democratic institutions," McLuhan said as he relaxed in one of his favorite seminar rooms, the library of the new Massey College ("instant Balliol") on the Toronto campus. "Now you can start figuring from there. I honestly don't know if the changes will be good or bad, but I think we'd better start thinking about them."

With this, he came close to summarizing the most valuable element of his work. He is not so much advocating a change in the way we perceive and communicate, as trying to describe what he senses, rightly or wrongly, as a historical inevitability. What matters, as Kermode says, "is that we should *get with it*" before we are swept under. In this context, the refusal of his critics to do so seems reactionary indeed. He would not destroy literature; he would only try to make us see that its values are not universally applicable to all forms of communication. Though McLuhan regards C. P. Snow as "a pathetic nineteenth-century middlebrow," he has, on his more sophisticated level, set a task for himself that is similar to Snow's—the creation of a rapprochement between the literary and the scientific communities. To wish to do so is not necessarily the mark of the Philistine.

One of the historical subcurrents he believes to be a constant in human development is a tendency to equate the traditional with art. "People are always perceiving the old environment, and missing the new one, which is why writing is now such a ritzy art form." Our high regard for it has placed us in a "typographic trance," doomed us to "the numb stance of the technological idiot." Perhaps the only way to preserve literary values at all is to give due recognition to the new values, to awaken from our trance and run with the tide instead of standing against it with unwonted stubbornness.

Inside a Pinball Machine

"I think of art, at its most significant," McLuhan says, "as a DEW Line, a Distant Early Warning system that can always be relied on to tell the old culture what is beginning to happen to it. In that sense it is quite on a par with the scientific." He believes Rimbaud, Joyce, Baudelaire offered just such signals when they ended "the era of literature as such" and founded literary modernism. Abstract expressionism, soft-focus photography, new-wave cinema, even such fad items as sunglasses and women's mesh stockings, are, at their different levels, similarly "cool." All give us little surface data, provocatively hiding "information" to force us to involve ourselves more deeply in order to perceive their hidden depths and meanings. Last spring McLuhan returned from a visit to Houston's new Astrodome stadium convinced that such structures might well be the salvation of baseball, which as he sees it is much too linear, much too "hot" a game to really interest modern man. "But down there, under that roof, it's like being inside a pinball machine. The environment creates a whole new depth of involvement."

If this implies that, despite the single-minded depth of his involvement in his subject, McLuhan is a delightfully surprising conversationalist, one whose most casual thoughts are often full of the excitement of discovery, then one has the essence of his value and some measure of his personality. He is not really a witty man, but as he tries on and discards ideas, like a lady before a hat counter, he comes up with a lot of amusing effects. In the course of one of our conversations, we somehow got to talking about *Pygmalion* and *My Fair Lady*. The former, he noted, had been around for a long time, but it required our age to turn it into a stupendous success. Why? Because the taste-making urban audience is now dominated by thou-

sands of Eliza Doolittles, people who owe their new eminence, glamour, and prosperity to the fact that, like Shaw's heroine, they have mastered a new language—that of mass communications in their case—and see themselves in her. When he learned that the Columbia Broadcasting System had been the chief backer of *My Fair Lady*, McLuhan was delighted with the information. "Oh yeah, Oh yeah," he chortled, using the expression of agreement he most often favors and one which he generally reserves to register his pleasure with his own ideas as they tumble forth.

In brief, conversation with McLuhan is by far the most satisfying means of getting to know his mind. There is a charisma about him, a wayward, egocentric, and disarming charm that is absent from his books. As a medium McLuhan is elliptical, repetitious, given to chasing odd tangents and overstating his case. But his message comes through loud and clear anyway.

Without diminishing the seriousness of his work, perhaps the best way to come to terms with him is to see him as a man conducting a kind of wide-ranging, midnight bull session. As everyone knows, such sessions are rarely productive of the last word on any subject, but they can provide enormously stimulating first words, opening new paths, goading one out of conventional habits of thought and, in general, encouraging one to look at old problems in new ways.

Odd Faith for a Radical

McLuhan tends to agree with this estimate of his role and at the same time prefers not to discuss his work autobiographically. As far as he's concerned it has a life of its own and bears little relationship to his own experiences. He concedes that his birth in Edmonton, "rather like your Southwest," may have contributed to his impatience with fine distinctions and that its traditions may account for his preference for oral rather than literary expansion. In any case, his graduate degrees are in rhetoric, not literature, and he vividly recalls the excitement with which, as a student at Cambridge, he discovered that the Leavisites were willing to write serious criticism of the language of advertising and the popular media. He is also inclined to believe that his first teaching job, at the University of Wisconsin, had a profound effect on him. "There was a language barrier," he recalls. "Either the students had to learn mine or I had to learn theirs. I decided it would be better if I used their idiom—though not necessarily for their ends."

This early preference for verbal communication within a closely knit community (the small town, the university) certainly created a strong emotional bias, and it is possible to see all McLuhan work as a rationalization for this bias.

Consider his method of creation: As director of his university's Center for Culture and Technology, he presides over what amounts to an interdisciplinary seminar that is constantly in session. It is here, more than anywhere else, that he tests his ideas and gathers others. He cheerfully admits that the loneliness of the scholar in his library, the writer at his typewriter, is not real for him. "I have to engage in endless dialogue before I write; I want to *talk* a subject over and over and over." He loves to collaborate, too, and claims that whenever he finds a disciple, or merely like-minded person, his instinct is to work with him on some project or other. At the moment two books are going forward with collaborators and he has gathered together some research teams to try to measure the effectiveness of various kinds of communications processes.

Or consider his personal life: He has six children, almost a small village within his home. And he is a convert to Catholicism, which seems an odd faith for a radical until you consider that mass, celebrated in a great cathedral, is an almost perfect example of what McLuhan means by a experience of communication in depth, far "cooler" than, say, that festival in British Columbia.

Here is stimulation for all the senses—in the music, in the rich decorations of the altar, in the smell of incense, in the vestments, movement and voice of the priest. Here, too, are icons and "data-free" liturgy (so different from a Protestant sermon) which can only yield up its meaning if the communicant refuses to remain psychologically passive and is willing to delve deeply into it and himself. Even then, the ultimate mystery will elude him, for, of course, the nature of the religious experience is that it lies far beyond the power of words or logic to explicate it.

One cannot but wonder—is the power of our new media similar, in the most profound sense, to that of religion? Is this why our secular intellectual establishment reacts with such frenzy to it or to someone like McLuhan who tries to comprehend them on their own terms? Is McLuhan, perhaps creating a new iconography to serve as the basis for a new catholicity, one which will serve modern man as the Church served the men of the Middle Ages? So far, McLuhan has remained silent on these points. But they represent the ultimate implications of his work, and it is in his character for him to speak to them before he is finished.



Oxford's Magnificent Oddballs

by James Morris

Dons eccentric, admirable, and amorous in a narrative of witty personalities that helped to make a university great.

When the world at large thinks of Oxford, England, it thinks of learning, pedantry, tradition, and antiquity; but when the proper aficionado casts his mind back to that maddening but still glorious place, he is likely to linger longest over an altogether different civic trait—Oxford's genius for absolute nonsense. So cloistered is the ancient university, so lowering is the climate of the upper Thames valley, so shuttered and enveloping is the whole atmosphere of Oxford, that all through her history men have deliberately broken out of her—swept aside her heavy webs of logic and convention, and flown off, in life or in art, into higher

spheres of fantasy. Oxford is a metropolis of nonsense. Lyricism pines there, even scholarship is sometimes blurred, but the humor of calculated escape has long been sharpened into a marvelous precision.

In life this preoccupation takes the form of eccentricity, and tinges the lives of many Oxford men with a pungent streak of idiosyncrasy—even of farce. Such were the dons that Hilaire Belloc relished—often in gaiters, sometimes in shovel hats, generally immensely old, and sailing perpetually, as Belloc said,

... in amply bellowing gown
Enormous through the sacred town.

There used to be no retiring age for dons, and they often seemed almost indestructible—in four hundred years there were only twenty-one Presidents of Trinity College, and since 1706 there have only

been ten Presidents of Magdalen. Until the middle of the nineteenth century they had to be celibate, except for college heads, so there was a quick turnover of young dons; but a core of clerical bachelors stayed on and on, their long comfortable years in Oxford leading them ever further into queer-ness—sometimes comical, sometimes infuriating, and in the end, as the decades passed them by and they were left with no other home but a college, and no loves but a patient niece or two, and no friends but other aged bachelors—in the end, more often than not, rather pathetic. The undergraduates came and went, in a dazzle of variety; but the celibate dons remained, year after year, making up for their backwater seclusion by growing ever more peculiar or ever more despotic within their own small corners of their own little kingdoms.

It is a weakness of Oxford to waste too much sentiment on quirks and quiddities. Still, the tang of the place owes much to its rich old characters of the past: for they often were, as Belloc saw, remarkable men behind the pathos and the comedy—

Dons Admirable! Dons of might!
Uprising on my inward sight
Compact of ancient tales, and port
And sleep—and learning of a sort.
Dons English, worthy of the land;
Dons rooted; Dons that understand.

Dons Admirable! Nobody more admirable than Martin Routh of Magdalen, perhaps the most famous of them all, who died in his hundredth year, still in office, but was called the Venerable Routh when he was still in his forties. After middle age, indeed, he was hardly ever called anything else. Venerable he is on his tombstone in Magdalen Chapel, and few Oxford men, however devoted to his memory, could tell you his Christian name.

Routh was a theologian of European eminence, but he is remembered chiefly for his personality. He used to sleep in what is now the drawing room of the President's Lodgings. This is hung around with magnificent tapestries—presented to an earlier President, Richard Mayew, when he escorted Catherine of Aragon from Spain for her wedding to Henry VIII—and nothing is more evocative of the presence of old Dr. Routh than the vision of him sleeping there with those precious textiles fastened together in the middle of the room to form a heavy colored canopy over his bed.

Routh was President of his college for sixty-

three years and, though he died during the Crimean War, never quite left the eighteenth century. He wore a wig, remembered Dr. Johnson, and had an aunt who had met a lady who saw Charles I in Oxford. He was a man of unshakable composure. "A Fellow of the College has killed himself!" he was once told by a breathless messenger, but he received the news with equanimity. "Pray don't tell me who," he is supposed to have said. "Allow me to guess." John Burgon, later a famous Dean of Chichester, was a fulsome admirer of this old stalwart, and once asked him for one axiom or precept as a rule of life—"a question," said Burgon winsomely, "I have sometimes asked of aged persons, but never of any so aged and learned as yourself." The President nodded, thought for a moment, and then delivered a reply that has gone into the dictionary of quotations: "I think, Sir, since you come for the advice of an old man, Sir, you will find it a very good practice *always to verify your references, Sir.*"

The Venerable Routh was an Oxford spectacle. J. R. Green the historian described him as "a mysterious dream of the past." On Sundays, when he was approaching his centenary, crowds used to assemble inside the gates of Magdalen to see him emerge from his lodgings, a little white-clothed figure, stumbling across to chapel in his wig and buckled shoes. When he died he was said to have left behind him "a vast void, strange and unaccountable," and Charles Daubeny the botanist took one of his wigs to have it petrified in a mineral spring. He was, so everyone seems to have agreed, a dear old man. At sixty-five he married a woman thirty-five years his junior, and they lived happily ever after in the President's Lodgings, Mrs. Routh traveling about Oxford in a donkey cart, attended by a hunchback. Routh's last words were "Don't trouble yourself," spoken to his housekeeper, and the best-known picture of him shows him in his ninety-ninth year, sitting in his study at Magdalen, bowed over a newspaper beside the fire, in his wig, tabs, and gaiters, his legs neatly crossed and his mind, I suspect, deep in the contemplation of the stock prices—for he died in the end, so the memoirist W. Tuckwell affectionately reveals, "through chagrin at the fall of Russian securities."

Dons of might! Dr. Richard Jenkyns, a nineteenth-century Master of Balliol, was a small man physically—"Mrs. Jenkyns and Master Balliol," is how a footman once announced him and his stately wife. He is, however, mighty in Oxford memory.

He did not go to one of the great English schools, but he had an overpowering admiration for Eton, Harrow, and Rugby. He was not a great scholar, but he had an astonishing instinct for spotting clever men. It was Jenkyns who originally offered Balliol scholarships in open competition, the first step toward the later intellectual supremacy of the college. He was one of the dominant college heads of his century, and for generations after his death was known as the Old Master.

He was, though, a born figure of fun—a mincing little man with an archaic accent, made to have comic stories told about him. It was he who was once placed on show for some visitors by the eccentric undergraduate C. S. Calverley, later a celebrated parodist. "There's the library," this irrepressible youth told his guests, "and there's the chapel, and there's the Master's window, and there for that matter is the Master"—and as he spoke he threw a stone at the window, bringing the little scholar instantly and irritably into view. (Legend confronts the two of them once again. "With what feelings ought we to regard the Decalogue?" Calverley was asked at a *viva voce*. "With feelings of devotion," he at once replied, not being at all sure what the Decalogue was, "mingled with awe." "Quite right, young man," commented the Old Master, one of the examiners. "A very proper answer.")

Perceptive though he was, Dr. Jenkyns was scarcely intimidating—Calverley used to call him "little Yellow-Belly." During the Reform Riots of 1832 an angry crowd of townspeople came storming up Broad Street from the western slums, fighting the policemen as they went. The din of it all disturbed Dr. Jenkyns, who was just sitting down to dinner. "Give me my academics," he cried, "and open the door of this house into the street!" His servants hesitated—it was dangerous out there, they said. "Give me my academics," repeated the Old Master, "and open the door!" They did so; Dr. Jenkyns stepped bravely on to the doorstep; but he only had time to utter the words, "My deluded friends—" when a large stone hit him in the chest, and he fell back into the arms of his servants. "Close the door!" he ordered this time, rather hastily, and as he disappeared into the house again, back to his dinner, so the mob surged past Balliol up the Broad, and the incident was closed.

Dons English! Nobody more proudly or quintessentially English than Jowett of Balliol, "The Jowler," who wished to "inoculate England" with his college alumni, and of whom a contemporary

undergraduate wrote, as part of the libretto for a college masque.

Here come I, my name is Jowett;
There's no knowledge but I know it.
I am the Master of this College.
What I know not isn't knowledge.

Benjamin Jowett was the greatest Oxford tutor of his time, with a gift of inspiration that his pupils powerfully felt, but often could not pin down. He was one of the supreme influences of Victorian England, dedicated as he was to the production of a ruling elite. He knew everybody—he kept notebooks with the names of his acquaintances listed in them—and he made Balliol the intellectual exemplar of the University. His house became a focus of Oxford, to which every distinguished visitor found his way. He was worldly, but unexpectedly liberal; in religion he was persecuted as a heretic, in education he was a reformer, in social affairs a champion of middle-class opportunity.

Yet even his fondest biographer cannot make him sound a likable man, and contemporary stories about him usually portray him as insidiously arrogant—somewhere between niggling and squelching. He was one of those men whose constitutional inability to make small talk forfeits all one's sympathy, and makes one think that social grace is sometimes a moral duty. He was cool to his mother, grumpy to his father, unfeeling toward his sisters and often horrid to his undergraduates. Though in his later years he kept a notebook full of *bons mots*, to use when sufficiently important occasions demanded them, he is remembered chiefly as a master of the well-turned snub.

It was Jowett who, having walked in absolute silence for a couple of miles with an unhappy pupil, turned on the youth when they returned to college and advised him to "cultivate the art of conversation." It was Jowett who once interrupted a doubtful after-dinner story by rising from the table and remarking silkily, "Shall we adjourn this conversation to the drawing room?" ("Devilish clever, that, devilish good," admitted the raconteur himself, Her Majesty's Ambassador in St. Petersburg, as they left the table to join the ladies.) I strongly sympathize with the fifteen-year-old girl who once took Jowett for a ride in her

James Morris is the author of "The Road to Huddersfield," "Cities," and other books. He has a master's degree from Oxford and spent ten years as a foreign correspondent. His new book, "Oxford," from which this article is adapted, will be published soon by Harcourt, Brace and World.

dogcart, and claimed afterwards that she had sustained the conversation by asking him questions, driving him over bumpy patches of the road, and 'joggling the answers out of him.'

Jowett was a cherubic, shrill-voiced, fresh-faced little man—"like a little downy owl," somebody said of him in middle age, and owl-like still are his images in Oxford, looking feathery and goggled-eyed in his portrait at Balliol, or peering unexpectedly out of the shadows, as from a hollow tree, in his bust in the Examination Schools. He was an intimate friend of Florence Nightingale, but sex apparently did not beguile him, and indeed he did much to set the frigid sexual standards of the Victorians—in his translation of Plato he even managed to imply that when Plato wrote of uninhibited homosexual bliss, he really meant a respectable Christian union between man and wife. ("What was your lady-love like, dear Master?" Margot Asquith once asked Jowett, when told of his affair with Miss Nightingale. "Violent," the sage replied. "Very violent.")



The Jowler's queer combination of innocence and ruthlessness exactly suited the Victorian ethos, and until the end of his life he stood near to the sources of national power; but he was kind in many ways, conscientious, and often generous, and in Oxford today the sourness has left his memory, and his shade seems more podgy than formidable—his memorial in Balliol chapel shows him very small, almost fragile, lying flat on his

back in his academic gown, with a very substantial book in his hand and cherubs all around to joggle the answers out.

Dons rooted! Part of the very matter of the college called Christ Church, itself a thing of sweep and fantasy, was Canon Claude Jenkins, one of the latest of the Oxford eccentrics, who died in 1961. He was a solid shuffling man with a big face, rather horselike, who looked much older than he was, and whose white hair was beguilingly curly. His house in Tom Quad was so stacked with books and so gloriously disheveled that sometimes it became actually impossible to open the front door, and the garden was a jungle of weeds and tall grasses.

Dr. Jenkins was shrewd about money, and an indefatigable committeeman—he once claimed to be sitting on fifty different committees at the same time. He consistently opposed the sale of land by the college, and is now seen to have been perfectly right, and he made a thrifty habit of removing small edibles from the common-room table to stock up his own commissary, stuffing them into his clerical pocket and taking them past the cathedral doors to his own house—where, as often as not, they were presently forgotten in the excitement of preparing a sermon, and were left to molder high and maggoty upon a bookshelf.

Dr. Jenkins smoked a strange tobacco of his own mixture—"unknown," as his obituary in the *London Times* put it, "to the generality of smokers"—and was "equally hostile to cats and to matrimony." He once arrived late for an appointment looking a little distraught, and apologized for being a few minutes late. "My housekeeper has just died," he explained, "but I've propped her on a kitchen chair, and she'll be all right till I return."

In fact he was a much sweeter man than he allowed. He was popularly taken for a misogynist, but when he died he left the first choice of his 40,000 books to St. Anne's, one of the poorer women's colleges (and £100 to his own senior common room to keep it in snuff).

Nobody could deliver a benediction more beautifully, in his quavering but mellifluous old voice—the voice, you would think, of a centenarian—with his hand raised almost timidly in blessing, and his white hair gleaming above his vestments, in a glow of gold plate from the high altar behind him, beneath the great rose window of the cathedral. Claude Jenkins once baptized a child of mine—the first christening he had conducted for nearly half a century—and at the reception afterwards a

friend chanced to see him bending over the cradle. "Insufficiently prehensile," the old gentleman was murmuring to himself, trying unsuccessfully to shake the baby's hand, and simultaneously slipping a piece of christening cake beneath his cassock.

Dons who understand! When Frank Buckland, a nineteenth-century Oxford geologist, began to disturb the theological convictions of the time by his investigation of fossils, Dr. Shuttleworth of New College celebrated him with the epigram:

Some doubts were once expressed about
the Flood:
Buckland arose, and all was clear as mud.

He was the most lurid of the Oxford eccentrics, and his efforts to understand involved some daring theories—he believed that every day in the Biblical account of the creation really meant some immense age of geological time—and some very peculiar experiments. When he visited Sicily on his honeymoon he was shown the relics of St. Rosalia, high in her shrine-cave on Mount Pellegrino. "They are the bones of a goat!" Buckland instantly announced, and the sanctuary doors were closed. In Naples he attended the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Gennaro, but falling on his knees before the bloodstains, and licking them with discrimination he pronounced them to be bats' urine.

Buckland claimed to have eaten his way through the entire animal kingdom. At his house in Oxford crocodile was sometimes served to guests, and sometimes mice cooked in batter, while a bear wandered around the dining room and a monkey occasionally stretched out a hairy hand for the fruit. He once said the nastiest thing he ever ate was a mole, and the next worst a bluebottle; but that was before he had gobbled down the heart of a French king, rashly shown him as a precious relic at a neighboring country house. Buckland's bear was once publicly mesmerized at a garden party in the Botanical Gardens; Buckland's eagle once strode into the cathedral in the middle of morning prayer, wings half-spread like a living lectern; one visitor to Buckland's house, hearing a munching noise beneath the sofa, was calmly told that it was only the jackal eating some of the guinea pigs.

Compact of ancient tales, and port! There have been a host of them, mostly immortalized only in an anecdote or two, and resuscitated for strangers

after dinner with a certain reluctance, for in Oxford most of their ancient tales have been told to death already. Richard Whateley of Christ Church, later Archbishop of Dublin, used to stick black plaster to his calves, to save darning the holes in his stockings. Charles Marriott of Oriel used to wear a cloak sewn together out of two old M.A. gowns, with a veil over his eyes. Moses Griffith of Merton so disliked undergraduates that he used to spend the whole of each term at Bath, and once, finding an unfortunate student eating in college during a vacation, called for a screen to shut him from view. "Presence of Mind" Smith, Dean of Christ Church from 1824 to 1831, got his nickname from his account of a boating accident: "Neither of us could swim, and if I had not with great presence of mind hit him on the head with a boat hook, both would have been drowned." William Spooner, the albino Warden of New College from 1909 to 1924, really did announce the hymn as "Kinquering Kongs Their Titles Take," but probably never referred to Our Queer Dean in a Jubilee service, nor threatened to damn anyone for sewage.

"None whatever, Sir," loudly retorted Dr. Lancelot Phelps, Provost of Oriel from 1914 to 1929, when a preacher paused in his account of a Biblical episode, and asked rhetorically what application it had to modern times. "You may go," said Dr. Edward Hawkins, a nineteenth-century Provost of the same college, when an undergraduate asked for permission to attend an uncle's funeral, "but I wish it had been a nearer relation." A clergyman called Goulburn, preaching in Holywell Church in the 1840s, began his sermon with the sentence: "It may be predicted of the Bereans that they permitted no extraneous circumstances to counteract the equipoise of their equanimity." "St. Paul says in one of his Epistles," Dean Gaisford of Christ Church once observed from the pulpit of the Cathedral, "and I *partly* agree with him . . ."

I have always wondered about Montague B. Bellamy, whose wife was named Zelpah and whose daughter Mariquite was buried at Sepulchre's cemetery in 1892; and I shall never forget visiting W. A. Pantin, Keeper of the University Archives, whose rooms at Oriel uprise even now upon my inward vision, with their indescribable piles of books, manuscripts, guides, and learned papers, boxes of slides, parchment scrolls, reference works open on every chair, a microfilm viewer on a table, a map laid out on the floor—such a wonderful clutter of loving scholarship that we actually had to clear a space in it, like explorers in a jungle, before we could sit down to tea beside the fire.

It is all a proper part of the Oxford genius. This is the city of Alice in Wonderland; the Dodo stalks these streets, and the Cheshire Cat, an Oxford eccentric himself, still murmurs, dreamlike through the pinnacles, "We're all mad here." Sometimes, indeed, a sense of hoax or parody seems to infect the life of the University, and makes the whole scrambled institution seem one gigantic quirk. Oxford is a showplace of curious objects, dotty traditions, asymmetries, and inconsistencies. One University Statute, solemnly republished each year, regulates the carrying of bows and arrows by undergraduates, and once every hundred years the Fellows of All Souls, popularly supposed to be the cleverest men in England, climb to their rooftop armed with staves and torches, searching for a mythical mallard duck and bawling at the tops of their voices a protracted doggerel which ends:

Ho by the blood of King Edward,
It was a swapping swapping mallard.

But there is purpose to this lunacy. This is a University still on its own, still half-alooft to change and normality. It has tried to adapt an aristocratic tradition to an egalitarian age, and though to the sympathetic observer this generally looks admirable if a little forlorn, to the critic it is often simply arrogant. Trade unionists, visiting this city for summer conferences, sometimes suggest to outraged college porters that the whole

place ought to be blown up, allowing the Minister of Education to start again from scratch; and the leitmotiv of criticism against Oxford, which never ceases, is to remark on the University's sense of antique superiority, and point out that, for all its enlightened poses, it only caters for the upper half of the nation and gives its alumni unfair and arcane advantages in life. To such a view, the deadpan fantasy of Oxford seems only archaic, parochial, or irresponsible.

Some of the criticism is valid. The Oxford academic structure has been unfairly linked to the independent schools, making it disproportionately easy for the moneyed classes to enter. Much of it, though, is the wrong end of a stick—a misunderstanding of the gravelly evasiveness of the place, which is only a mask for its tolerance and its fine distrust of sameness. The queer old men of Oxford's legend, the blind eye this University turns upon oddity and exhibitionism, the cracked traditions and the private jokes—all these are only declarations, couched in a jester's code, that in this city a man may think, act, and look as he likes, however ludicrous his tastes or unfashionable his opinions.

The humor of Oxford is her saving grace, as Max Beerbohm, that archetypical Oxonian, recognized in himself. "I was a modest, good-humored boy," he wrote. "It is Oxford that has made me insufferable"—and there, in a single dry quip, he expressed the point of it all.





Photo by J. Edgar Hoover, U.S. Department of Justice, August 1954

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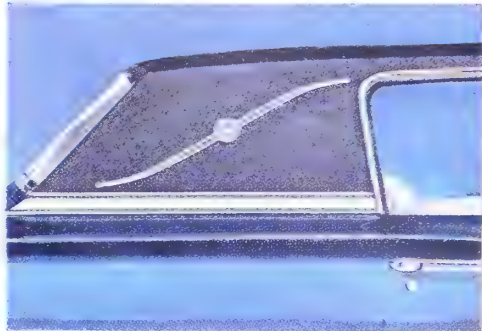
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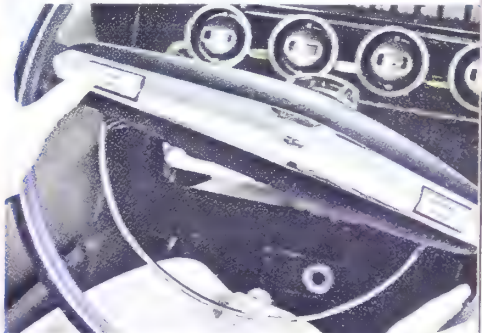
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Few Questions and Fewer Answers

(extracts from a monastic notebook)

by Thomas Merton

*In a quiet corner of the religious life
the muses upon the behavior of poets and
politicians, of cows and saints and her-
mits in the hills.*

I read a depressingly inane magazine article by
Logical Positivist—someone wanted my comment
on it.

What can I say? The burden of his teaching
seems to be this: "Since we cannot really say any-
thing about anything, let us be content to talk
about the way in which we say nothing." That is
an excellent way to organize futility.

After all, even nothingness has its dignity;
but here not even the dignity of nothingness is
respected. There must be the mechanical clicking
of the thought machine manufacturing nothing
about nothing, as if even nothing had at all costs
to be organized, and presented as if it were some-
thing. As if it had to be talked about.

The atheist existentialist has my respect: he
accepts his honest despair with stoic dignity. And
despair gives his thought a genuine content, be-
cause it expresses an experience—his confronta-
tion with emptiness. But these others confront
only the mechanical output of their own thinking
machine. They don't have the insight or the sense
to stand in awe at real emptiness. In fact, their
rationalizations seem to be a complacent evasion:

as if logical formulas somehow could give them
something to stand on in the abyss.

And now: just wait until they start philosophiz-
ing with computers!

* * *

The South American poets who had a meeting
in Concepción, Chile, last winter, considered the
two Americans present to be "innocents"—should
one say fools? Especially — who was con-
tinually making a huge fuss about how poets
needed lots of drugs and sex and was always the
first one to go home.

* * *

The Democratic primaries are coming up. There
is a man running for jailer who ought to know the
job well. He has been in jail four times as a moon-
shiner. He is a "good Catholic" too. Everything
recommends him for the office.

* * *

Both in Malraux and in Orwell it is there—the
obsession with immortality. You find it every-
where. Orwell comes out with it several times, in
essays: He will say, in passing, that this is the
"great question." Immortality. "The major prob-
lem of our day is the decay of the belief in personal
immortality." Such are his words.

The Ministry of Truth has its own way of deal-
ing with that question. Indeed the great question,

among totalitarians. And Berken, in Malraux's *Royal Way* (a poor book) seeking to remain immortal among dead cities in Cambodia!

Julien Green continually asks himself: can a novelist be a saint? Can a novelist save his soul? But perhaps the salvation of his soul depends precisely on his willingness to take that risk, and to be a novelist. And perhaps if he refused the challenge and accepted something that seemed to him more "safe," he would be lost. "He that will save his life must lose it."

There is a divine judgment upon national complacencies: it condemns the complacent to eat their fine words, in detail, and in the crudest, most inexorable fashion, and not to realize that they are doing it.

To call it a "judgment" is to suppose, normally, that the one judged has a conscience. In which case, he is all the more severely judged by the flagrant evasions with which he seeks to escape the contradiction between his actions and his formal ideals. For instance, we celebrate in America the Boston Tea Party, the Declaration of Independence, etc. Rightly. But now, let anyone start the equivalent of the Boston Tea Party in Vietnam, Peru, Brazil, Venezuela, or in Alabama.

A letter arrives stamped with the slogan: "The U. S. Army, key to peace." No army is the key to peace, neither the U. S. Army nor the Soviet Army nor any other. No "great" nation has the key to anything but war. Power has nothing to do with peace. The more men build up military power, the more they violate peace and destroy it.

When the Dalai Lama was young, still a boy, he was lonely in his palace, the Potala, and would walk on the roof looking through field glasses down upon the houses of his subjects to see if they were having parties, and in order to watch them enjoying themselves. They, in their turn, would

Thomas Merton entered the Abbey of Gethsemani in Trappist, Kentucky, in 1941. He has written many books, including the best-seller "The Seven Storey Mountain." The entries presented here are from a notebook written at various times over several years in the monastery. His next book will be "Seasons of Celebration," to be issued in December by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

hide themselves and hold their parties out of sight, so as not to sadden him still more.

Let us walk along here, says my shadow and compose a number of sentences, each one of his begins, "You think you are a monk, but . . ."

Recently in the breviary we had a saint who at the point of death, removed his pontifical vestments and got out of bed. He died on the floor, which is only right; but one hardly has time to be edified by it, one is still musing over the fact that he had pontifical vestments on in bed.

Let us examine our consciences, brethren: do we wear our miters even to bed? I am afraid we sometimes do.

(Jan. 22, 1961) President Kennedy's inauguration speech has just been read in the refectory. It was clear and intelligent. The country obviously has a good President. It remains to be seen what the country will do about it. I suspect our standard gestures of cooperation—they are not quite enough.

What happened to the gray cat with the white spot on her chest? The gray cat that got thinner and thinner, and rubbed more and more desperately against your ankles, at evening, in the nymphaeum garden?

Music is being played to the cows in the milking barn. Rules have been made and confirmed: only sacred music is to be played to the cows, not "classical" music. The music is to make the cows give more milk. The sacred music is to keep the brothers who work in the cowbarn recollected. For some time now sacred music has been played to the cows in the milking barn. They have not given more milk. The brothers have not been any more recollected than usual. I believe the cows will soon be hearing Beethoven. Then we shall have classical, perhaps worldly milk and the monastery will prosper. (Later: it was true. The hills resounded with Beethoven. The monastery has prospered. The brother who most needed the music has, however, departed.)

If you call one thing vile and another precious if you praise success and blame failure, you will

fill the world with thieves, soldiers, and businessmen. I have praised the saints and I have told at what cost they strove to surpass lesser men. What madness have I not preached in sermons!

* * *

It is beautifully cool and, above all, quiet in the novitiate conference room. One of the novices, Brother B—, laughed and laughed more and more week after week until he finally laughed all day long and had to go home. I am told that once, before one of the singing classes, he laughed so much he rolled on the floor. Life here is funnier than we think. And now, it is once again, quiet.

* * *

The superb moral and poetic beauty of the *Phaedo*. One does not have to agree with Plato, but one must hear him. Not to listen to such a voice would be unpardonable: like not listening to conscience, or to nature. I love this great poem, this purifying music of which my spirit has need.

I think the same may be said for Gandhi. One does not have to agree with everything (for instance the spinning wheel) but one must hear him. One must listen with respect, see why it was in many ways right and inevitable that he should express the truth he knew in this special way.

Certainly we all have need to do more than hear him, on nonviolence. We also have to learn from him. Again, not slavishly. We do not have to make cult of Gandhi, or follow his nonviolent teaching as a kind of party line. All party lines deform the doctrine which they claim to preserve.

Because we are so little capable of understanding Gandhian nonviolence, our lives have become a moral debacle, an enslavement to half-truths, in which we are the passive prey of totalitarian forces. We are ruled, and resign to let ourselves be ruled, by our own weakness and by the prejudices of those who, more guilty and more frustrated than ourselves, need to exercise great power. We let them. And we excuse our cowardice by letting ourselves be driven to violence under "obedience" to tyrants. Thus we think ourselves noble, dutiful, and brave. There is no truth in this. It is a betrayal of God, and humanity, and of our own self.

* * *

On my forty-sixth birthday they put an ape into space. They shot him farther than they intended. They recovered him alive. He flew through space at a fabulous speed, pressing buttons, pulling levers, eating banana-flavored pills. He signaled with faultless regularity, just as he had been

trained to do. He did not complain of space. He did not complain of time. He did not complain either of earth or heaven. He was bothered by no metaphysical problems. He felt no guilt. At least it is not reported that he felt any guilt.

* * *

Fr. S— who had to go to the doctor in Louisville came back with a clipping about a man out in the Kentucky mountains, an old coal miner who for thirteen years has lived as a hermit with his dog in a pitiful little shack without even a chimney. He uses an old car seat for his bed. When he was asked why he chose to live such a life he replied, "Because of all these wars." A real desert father, perhaps. And probably not too sure how he got there.

* * *

A basic temptation: the flatly unchristian refusal to love those whom we consider, for some reason or other, unworthy of love. And, on top of that, to consider others unworthy of love for even very trivial reasons. Not that we hate them of course; but we just refuse to accept them in our hearts, to treat them without suspicion and deal with them without inner reservations. In a word, we reject those who do not please us. We are of course "charitable toward them." An interesting use of the word "charity" to cover and to justify a certain coldness, suspicion, and even disdain. But this is punished by another inexorable refusal: we are bound by the logic of this defensive rejection to reject any form of happiness that even implies acceptance of those whom we have decided to reject. This certainly complicates life, and if one is sufficiently intolerant, it ends by making all happiness impossible.

This means that we have to get along without constantly applying the yardstick of "worthiness" (who is worthy to be loved, and who is not). And it almost means, by implication, that we cease to ask even indirect questions about who is "justified," who is worthy of acceptance, who can be tolerated by the believer! What a preposterous idea that would be! And yet the world is full of "believers" who find themselves entirely surrounded by people they can hardly be expected to "tolerate," such as Jews, Negroes, Unbelievers, Heretics, Communists, Pagans, Fanatics, and so on.

God is asking of me, the unworthy, to forget my unworthiness and that of all my brothers, and dare to advance in the love which has redeemed and renewed us all in God's likeness. And to laugh, after all, at all preposterous ideas of "worthiness."

Florida's Legislature

The Pork Chop State of Mind

by Robert Sherrill

A place of dazzling contradictions, Florida is moving fast into the ranks of the big-time, urbanized states. Yet its government is still paralyzed by a little clique of backcountry Senators—relics from a smug, sleepy, rural past.

Florida is a swinging, big-talking boom state that moves, despite the drag from some of its politicians, at a brisk pace toward greatness. As with any emerging society—and Florida, for all its antiquity, is brand-new in most ways that matter—it is not yet certain of its personality or its goals. It is a place of dazzling contradictions.

In Florida Martin Luther King found what he called the nation's most lawless city, St. Augustine; and from Florida came LeRoy Collins, former Governor, to head up the 1964 Civil Rights Act's community-relations division at a time when no other important Southern politician would have risked his career to do it.

The state seems determined to develop a first-rate educational system and in the last decade it has built one of the largest junior-college systems in the nation; yet this year the teachers of Florida became so enraged at what they considered political meddling in education that they

asked the National Education Association to put the state on its blacklist.

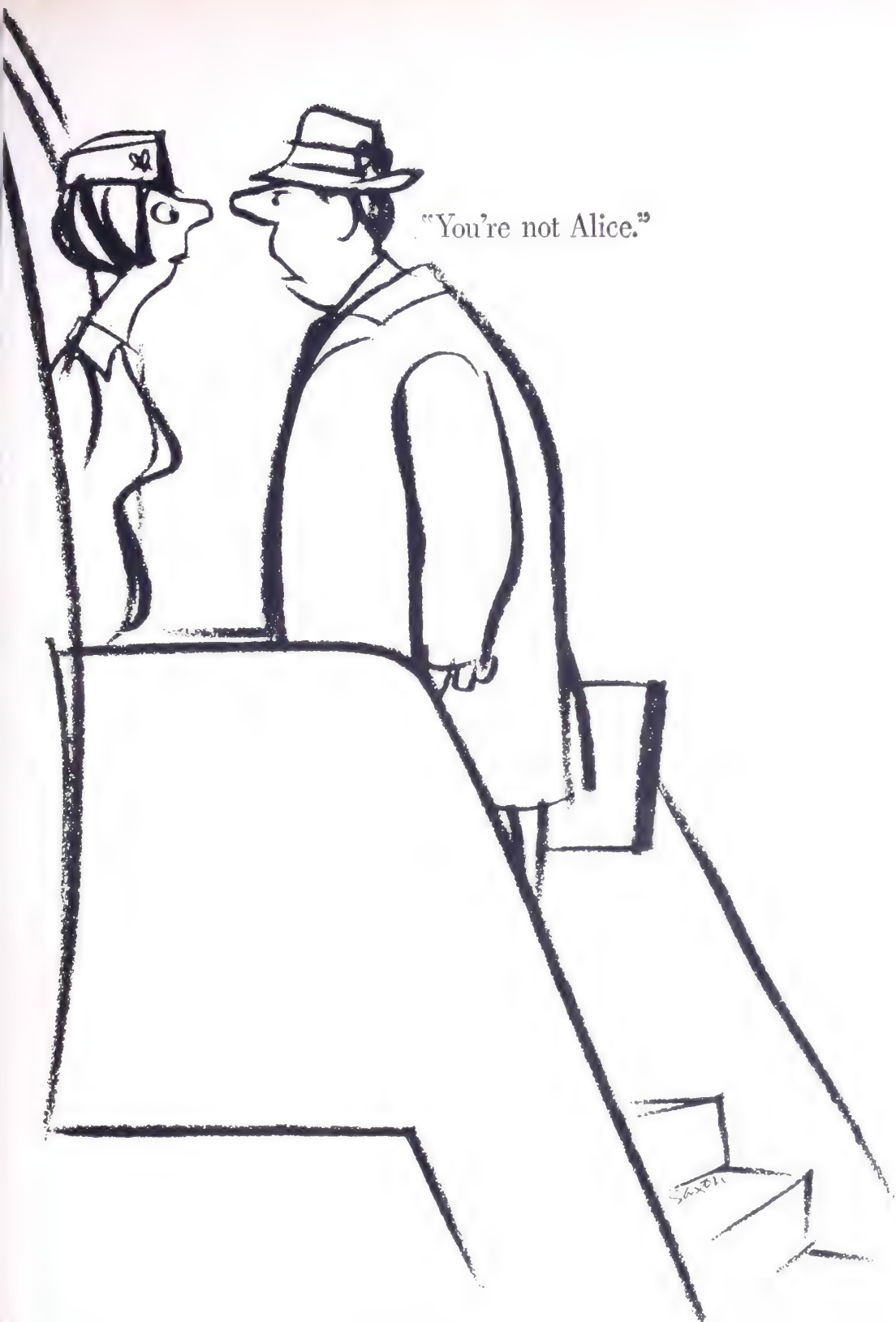
In recent years Florida has taken numerous vows to improve facilities for treating mental illness; yet after a four-year study which determined that the next mental hospital should be put in a place like Tampa or Palm Beach, the 196 legislature decided to build a \$6.5-million hospital forty miles back in the boondocks, because the Senate president lived there, and his neighbor wanted it.

Florida is in many ways a pinchpenny state. Last year, however, the state Cabinet gave away more than a million dollars in irreplaceable old Spanish coins. No state is more dependent on the tourists whom wilderness areas attract; yet today the Everglades are in danger of drying up with a resulting mass death of wildlife, and nobody is seriously attempting to correct this man-made problem.

Numerically, Florida sends more convicts to the electric chair than most states, but no state is more considerate in applying the *Gideon v. Wainwright* extension of legal aid for paupers.

Consistency of action may be more elusive in this state than in others because Florida, which stretches eight hundred miles from Pensacola to Key West, does not exist as a unit; it is split into more personalities than Texas.

There is the slick Florida of Miami, Palm



"You're not Alice."

that isn't Alice.
 ce isn't with us anymore.
 d we understand the "regulars"
 : flight aren't very happy about it.
 er you flew with Alice once, she
 nbered your face the next time.
 d your *name* the next time.
 d that you liked your coffee with

saccharin after *that*.

And what happened to Alice?

Well, if you must know, one of you
 married her.

In fact, one or another of you has
 married practically every stewardess
 we've ever had

(It's got to the point now where we

can't keep girls more than 2 years.)

So don't look at us that way if you
 happen to miss Alice.

(Or Doreen or Nora or "that little
 Miss Whoozis with the red hair.")

You can't go on removing these girls
 from the premises and still expect to
 find them on the airplane.

American Airlines

Beach, and Fort Lauderdale—the Florida of the billboards—which has more ties of interest to the Caribbean and New York than to upstate Florida. There is the reactionary-scientific Florida around Orlando and Cape Kennedy; this is Goldwater country, not for reasons of race but because it is inhabited by so many young conservative executives who work at Martin in Orlando or around the space business at the Cape. Pushing westward through several counties of almost solid citrus groves, one comes to the St. Petersburg-Tampa focus of phosphate mining and old pensioners. And finally there is redneck Florida, stretching from Pensacola to Jacksonville; this is genuine red-clay country.

Tallahassee, the capital, is supposed to make a Florida out of these fractured parts, but it does not. The city is only twenty miles from the Georgia border and twice as close to Montgomery, Alabama—birthplace of the Confederacy—as it is to Palm Beach and Miami. To those in command of state government, the northern border still seems comfortingly close. George Stone, the legislator most likely to be elected speaker of the House in 1967, lives so close to the state line that he actually receives his mail from a post office in Alabama.

There is a resulting isolation of the capital, lying as it does about four hundred miles from 50 per cent of the state's population, two hundred miles from 95 per cent of the population, and an even greater distance from the spirit of progress that grips these more populated areas.

What is true of Florida's capitol is even truer of its government. It is not ugly, but underneath, like so many state governments, it is very rickety indeed. The government's condition of disrepair is the result of a power faction's having ruled successfully so long on the simple principle that property rights are preeminent. A Pensacola Senator once perfectly expressed the legislature's suspended spirit by suggesting that it would be just as well if it met two days every sixty years rather than, as at present, sixty days every two years. Expecting little from their state govern-

ment, the people of Florida, the state which ranked ninth in population and third in rate of growth (behind only Nevada and Arizona), have ceased to be much interested in it.

In response to its slight residue of public interest, the legislature offers periodic defamation of the federal government. It was in Florida that the three Constitutional amendments originated which, before Chief Justice Warren aroused the nation against them, were quietly maneuvered through nineteen legislatures. Three young Florida lawmakers were behind the drive that would have destroyed democracy as we know it, and, in the warning issued by the New York Bar, "turn the clock back to the Articles of Confederation of 1777." (Taken together, the three amendments would have left reapportionment up to the states and made the U. S. Constitution as pliable as child's putty.)

In Tallahassee, on opening day of the legislative session, great bouquets are heaped high on every desk, spilling over onto the floor where the irises and roses and carnations are stacked in the tall brass spittoons. Ralph Waldo Emerson visited Tallahassee and left calling it a "grotesque place." To some extent, politically, it still is. There, as in so many Southern states, pine trees, potato fields, moonshine, paper pulp—no people—have run the government for generations and only a few signs suggest that the situation will change soon.

Every Comfort for Oranges

Citrus and cattle have traditionally had more influence than literate citizens. There was a classic moment in 1959, when the appropriations committee of the House was asked to vote \$100,000 to help county libraries; the bill was debated for two hours and then set aside as "a good idea for which we don't have money this year." A moment later, with scarcely any debate, five times that amount was appropriated for fighting the fire ant. At the same sitting the committee voted several million dollars for combating the screwworm (enemy of the cow) and the burrowing nematode (enemy of the orange).

This year a \$300-million bond issue was voted for highway construction (although Florida has a fine highway system that is improving right along with just the normal tax support), but only after much pleading from the welfare department did the legislature finally, grudgingly, allow the ceiling of \$81 per family for aid to dependent children—unchanged since 1951 and lowest in the

Robert Sherrill, who ran the capital bureau in Tallahassee, Florida, for the Miami "Herald," has just moved to Washington, D.C., to run the St. Petersburg "Times" bureau there. He is working on a book of Southern political profiles, with a grant from the Rabinowitz Foundation.

This article is one in an occasional series in "Harper's" on state legislatures. Reports have appeared previously on Illinois, Vermont, and Nebraska.



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nation—to be raised by \$4 a month. But it refused to earmark any money specifically for the purpose. The legislature this year voted \$1.5 million for its World's Fair exhibit, aimed largely at promoting the citrus industry, but only \$12,000 for the Governor's office on race relations.

LeRoy Collins was the last Governor who was seriously active in behalf of the public. Four sessions ago he went to the legislature and reminded it that "few industries or professions are without adequate representation before our legislative and administrative officials and boards. But there is no formal representation of the consuming public as such." He recommended legislation to set up a Florida consumer commission.

It was a unique pro-public concept. The commission would have been a kind of public lobbyist in dealing with such matters as real-estate promotion laws, small-loan legislation, insurance and utility rate-making, and anti-fraud laws. In the Senate, the bill to create the commission did not even get out of committee. In the House, members voted 44 to 19 to prohibit the proposal from coming up.

In recent decades two powers have helped to preserve the status quo. One is Ed Ball and his Du Pont empire, the state's largest landowner, bank owner, and grower of pine trees. The other dominating political power is the "Pork Chop Gang," a group of rural Senators.

One hears considerable talk these days about how the cities hope for meaningful legislative reapportionment to take control of government away from the backwoods. But it is significant how seldom these calls for reform come from industrialists and big businessmen, even though their headquarters are in the cities. These latter have no cause to complain. They have done very well under the Pork Choppers, many of whom are themselves bankers, insurance executives, timber squires, and who, for ends which he did not have in mind, would agree with that fallen angel of Populism, Tom Watson, the Georgia reformer and isolationist who said that "gratitude may fail; so may sympathy, and friendship, and generosity, and patriotism, *but in the long run, self-interest always controls.*"

The dollar sympathies of the Florida legislature have been well known since the day in 1901 that it changed the law to permit Henry Flagler, vice-president of Standard Oil Company and builder of the Florida East Coast Railway, to divorce his wife, and then changed the law back again—a gesture in Bible-quoting Florida that may have been more significant than the two million acres it gave him for his railroad. The legislature's

continuing concern for the well-being of commerce was illustrated fifty years later when it set aside two major rivers as "commercial streamways"—which industry could, and did, pollute as it liked. With that precedent handy, the legislature tried to add two more streams to the legal pollution list this year but were blocked by a veto. A couple of sessions ago, an insurance code of two hundred pages laden with highly important complexities, passed the legislature without a word of debate. In the past three sessions, more than fifty pro-banking bills have sailed through.

In this land of cloudy Xanaduan Establishmentarianism the sacred stricture against conflict of interest runs in crazy surrealistic designs. Whether the interests of the legislators are the same as those of big business and big industry, one must expect the state to wind up from time to time with a speaker of the House whose law partner may be registered as lobbyist for several different groups; or a speaker who may have been hired as attorney for a controversial commission; or any number of powerful legislators who may be taking paychecks from agencies that must come to the legislature for appropriations, or from private banking and utility firms that wish to avoid further statutory restrictions. All this has been done quite openly.

When Randolph Hodges was Senate president in 1961, he said of the Pork Chop Gang, "I don't think the fellows should be thought of as a gang which would go in and rape the treasury." On good reason, he could have added, is that because of the conservative influence of the Gang the treasury is seldom full enough to make the trip worthwhile. The Pork Choppers, says the millionaire tobacco farmer Judge (ex-Senator) Dewey Johnson in perfect Bourbonese, "have given Florida the most conservative government this state has ever known. They have held down spending and held down taxes."

No Hog-wild Schemes

They have indeed held down *some* taxes. There is no corporate income tax, no state property tax, no severance tax on natural resources (except oil, which as of now is practically nonexistent as an industry in Florida). The state desperately needs operational money, but the legislature has made few demands on the paper mills, insurance companies, banks, mines, and timber companies. The billion-dollar citrus industry pays almost no taxes, and those it does pay are specifically earmarked to be spent in advertising and promoting



[Crib Notes from Paul Masson]

How to cheat at wine-tasting though blindfold

THE cheating occurs *before* you pour the wine; by elimination. Even with the blindfold labels you can tell quite a lot.

Aside from the obvious division into Red, White, and Rosé, there are three traditional styles, depending on the wine type: Rhine-Isabelle (tall and skinny), Claret (high-shouldered), and Burgundy (the other one).

So, confronted by the above, for instance, you would know that the right bottle is either Paul Masson's California Pinot Chardonnay, Chardonnay Blanc, or Chablis; that at the left is one of our two Sauternes; that the center bottle

is either our Emerald Dry, Rhine Castle, Riesling, or Rhine Wine.

Of course, beyond this point you will have to depend on your palate to tell you the delicious differences.

The same visual aids apply to our Reds and Roses as well. Should you care to rush the cribbing season we will be happy to send you a form chart for all 14 Paul Masson table wines, together with the labels of each so you will know what to look for at the restaurant or wine store. Happy tasting, and don't try it on the same people twice.

the sale of Florida citrus; none is used to support state government. This is not soon likely to change, since half the Senators and at least a fourth of the House members own citrus groves or are financially involved with citrus processors.

To a large extent Florida's present political power structure was founded the day Ed Ball's sister, Jessie, married Alfred I. du Pont, a wanderer from the Delaware tribe. Little roly-poly Ed Ball—who loves to munch lime Life-Savers and sip Jack Daniels—is now in control of the Du Pont Estate. Ball is smart, aggressive and, needless to say, very rich (the Du Pont estate is estimated to be worth a billion dollars). This is a combination which enabled him to achieve his acknowledged influence over the Florida legislature, a position he enjoyed up to about 1950. When he withdrew at that time from active politicking, his role was taken over largely by the Pork Choppers, whom he has frequently defended. "Suppose you get a Governor with a lot of hog-wild schemes—you've got to have a legislative bloc that will keep a checkrein on the big counties," he once said. "Country people may not be as sophisticated, but they sure are a lot more practical and usually believe in old American traditions."

The Du Pont Estate's million acres of timberland takes in about twelve of the counties from which the Choppers are elected. There are other ties. Chop legislators have frequently borrowed large sums from Du Pont banks for their business ventures. Several of the most influential Chops have been attorneys for Du Pont banks.

A Rural King Squeezed Out

As in most states, the rural influence has always been dominant in the Florida legislature. Not until the mid-1950s, however, did the rural bloc get its name. A Tampa editorial writer, trying to insult them for the way they were treating city folks, first called them the Pork Chop Gang. Instead of feeling insulted, the country Catos proudly adopted the banner. Under it they stand together and fight it out with the sinful cities of South Florida, which exhibit their degradation by a willingness to take the Bible out of school, put the Negroes in, and build roads other than those which run from one north Florida wilderness to another.

Optimists who think the legislature may soon change its ways see a progressive omen. This is the year when Judge S. D. Clarke, patriarch of the Senate, stepped down. Honest if reactionary, Judge Clarke was the sentimental leader of the

Gang. As the *Tampa Tribune* was the first to point out, Clarke, a banker, has made many loans to his less affluent colleagues in the legislature. The friendships he has developed have been singularly strong.

It was in his office, just outside the Senate chambers, that the victory bottle usually went around after an especially good day of spiking reforms. It was Clarke who always acted as troop leader at the small-loan lobby's fishing camp at Nutall Rise, or at the Florida Power & Light Company's camp near Ocala, where the Choppers have gathered over the years to socialize, choose Senate presidents, and lay out the major strategy for the session ahead.

Jefferson was the only county in Clarke's district. There he had nearly 10,000 constituents; sometimes he was elected to run the state Senate with a total mandate of 1,500 votes. For many years Dade County, with its more than one million aficionados of sun and horseflesh, could not understand why they too had only one Senator. Several times there were efforts at appeasement; Dade would get one more Senator and Clarke would be assigned two more counties, Liberty and Wakulla (which still would have given him only 20,000 people). He did not begrudge Dade's getting another Senator, but having the smallest district in the state is quite convenient, and Judge Clarke did not want it changed. Eight years ago, during the session called especially to reapportion the legislature, the Judge decided to put an end to all that nonsense by making a little speech. "Give me Liberty," the old man said, "and you give me death." The other Pork Choppers left his district alone for seven more years.

But eventually every king must fall. The pressures became too great and Clarke's district was wiped out, as of the conclusion of the 1965 session, but reluctantly and with fierce looks at the nine evil men in Washington. Reapportionment has thus done to him what neither the infirmities of the flesh nor his enemies were able to do. His departure was an emotional occasion. Several Senators cried. As a going-away present, the legislature named a highway after Clarke and he responded in a soulful speech, "I have Niggers at home with children named after me, but this is the first road."

Among the stout hearts left to carry on, none is more active than Charley Johns, who over the years learned to love Judge Clarke. "He's been like a daddy to me," Johns said a few weeks ago, choking up. For more than a quarter-century Johns was a railroad conductor, and he still has the assuring air of one. To look at him in his

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Regular. Giant economy.

Today's railroads use freight cars designed to meet the growing needs of all America. The giant new freight cars carry an average of 24 more tons apiece—nearly 50% more—than the cars they replace. Mammoth new hoppers carry enough coal to light up a city. And the tried and regular size cars are still carrying their loads. New

giants of the rails have been a big factor in reducing average freight charges 13% since 1958 (against a rise in consumer prices of 8%). They represent the kind of railroad vision that moves mountains of everything America needs—swiftly, surely, and at low, low cost. The railroads keep moving toward the horizons that lie ahead for America.

AMERICAN RAILROADS

black-vested suit and his steel-rimmed spectacles, to see the cock of that fine melon-shaped face bleached by dedication, one knows instantly that the Florida Senate is going down the same old track on its same old schedule.

Floridians still talk about his role in forming the legislative investigations committee and setting it upon its course. The Johns Committee, of which he was chairman during its most flamboyant crestings of the late 'fifties and early 'sixties, achieved an unusual record. In eight years it made not one major recommendation for new legislation, while spending half a million dollars pursuing clues of subversion in the NAACP and across most of the college campuses in the state, without results. By cutting peepholes in a lot of bus-station men's rooms in Florida and hiring roving investigators to look through them, the committee did lay its hands on a few homosexuals, but in Florida that is not likely to make headlines.

So the committee, as a final desperate project, turned to publishing. It hired John Evans, a canny young television reporter turned press agent, as its staff director, and in that position he edited a strange little booklet entitled *Homosexuality and Citizenship in Florida*, complete with a glossary of terms homosexuals use in discussing their way of life, and erotic pictures, including a classic pose of two nude men kissing. The price was twenty-five cents.

The reaction was more than the committee had anticipated. Critical legislators called it obscene. Preachers agreed. Florida's Governor at the time, Farris Bryant, refused to look at the booklet. Even in Miami, where girlie shows are common, the state's attorney threatened to ban the booklet as hard-core pornography. Embarrassed and flustered, the committee withdrew its best-seller, but not so quickly as to avoid its being reprinted and sold—now for \$2 a copy—by a Washington pamphleteer. This was too much, even for the Florida legislature, and in what was hailed by everyone from the Governor down as its finest negative hour, the 1965 legislature allowed the Johns monster to expire from lack of perpetuating funds.

The individualism of Senator Wilson Carraway is also of an investigative pattern. He has earned his wealth as president of a bank and of a Coca-Cola bottling company, but his real happiness comes in serving as the self-appointed watchdog of student and faculty conduct at Florida State University, situated about a mile from his office.

Three sessions ago, the state educational television commission, trying hard to get a foothold in Florida, asked the legislature to appropriate

\$1,500,000 to build new ETV stations. The commission was given \$1,000. Carraway was then chairman of the Senate appropriations committee.

In 1963 the men promoting educational television were back again, begging \$1,800,000 for capital outlay. Things looked good this time. Their request passed the house by a three-to-one vote, and a larger appropriation passed the Senate without a No. Then Carraway stepped in. He had received complaints from some local citizens—who had been alerted by mimeographed letters from an American Legion post in Atlanta—that certain programs carried over the FSU television station were unpatriotic. They were especially offended by a program called "Epitaph for Jim Crow."

Carraway, as Senate president that year, and his fellow-townsmen, House Speaker Mallory Horne, named the conference committee. When the ETV bill left the hands of their confreres, it had been trimmed by \$1,600,000 on building funds—down to \$200,000. "If I had been on that committee," Carraway said later, "I would have cut even more." Then he gave his other reason: "I was under the impression educational television was supposed to help us knock some teachers off the payroll, but it's been a failure at that."

Apparently unwilling to face another round of abuse and indifference, James Etheridge Jr., former Nieman fellow and very able executive secretary of the ETV commission, walked out just before the 1965 session to set up his own consulting service.

Talents Sharper than Talk

The oratorical genius of the Southern legislator seems to be a myth in Florida, although on occasion the logic legislators display is so flashy that it almost passes for rhetoric, as when Senator Dempsey Barron of Panama City, opposing an urban-renewal bill, demanded, "Don't you think we could make a good argument that we need some slums in America so people can realize there is somewhere for them to work up to?" And when the federal government offered to buy up some duck marshes for the state, this brought forth at least one full-voiced cry of "socialistic rural renewal."

A good filibuster is a thing of the past. The last honest one was more than thirty years ago, in the House, when John Mathews, after shyly clearing the gallery, fought it out for twenty hours with the aid of a spittoon. An hour's talk now is considered a "filibuster." Unlike the South Carolina



venture, fantasy, mystery—the house of imagination has many mansions. In publishing books for children, Rand McNally es for variety as well as taste and beauty. The same high standards are applied to all the company's many publishing and printing activities, including the production of books and encyclopedias for other publishers. But when we see a white rabbit with a watch we're especially interested in what he's up to.

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legislature, where both houses filibuster and the record is twenty-four hours for one man, or the Alabama legislature, where the Senators bring their own cots and sleep in the hall during one of those glorious five-day talkathons, or the Texas Senate, where the busman's friend (a urine container strapped to the leg) is standard equipment, the Florida legislature cuts and dries the issues in committee. Thereafter there is little fight.

From these steady efforts Florida has attained what every Southern state seeks, "a favorable business climate." A recent turnout of the Senate banking committee revealed three bank presidents, three directors, and two bank attorneys. Bankers also dominate the House's committee on banking. The Senate insurance committee has been chaired for the last decade by a Senator who owns an insurance agency. Several others on the committee also operate insurance agencies and do business with the state.

Among the more exotic groups is the "killer" committee—any committee especially sympathetic to the leadership, which takes on the task of slaughtering obnoxious reforms. Young Scott Kelly, who dropped out of the Senate last year to run for Governor and almost made it, learned the killer committee's purpose the hard way. He headed a splendid team of investigators who uncovered a number of unsavory practices and outright frauds in the state road-building program. He came back to the Senate in 1961 with twenty reform bills. All died. Kelly was not a Pork Chop member.

One of the most talented killer-committee chairmen was Marion B. Knight, who reigned in the late 1950s. Nothing was more awesome than to see Knight, all alone in a formal committee room with his pockets full of proxy votes from absent committee members, cheerfully voting progressive legislation into oblivion. He was just as capable on his feet. Once when confused reporters asked Knight where he intended to have his next committee hearing, the genial Chop replied that he had already had it. Where? "Walkin' down the hall," he replied.

Martin Waldron, the Pulitzer Prize reporter who has kept a close watch on the Florida legislature, sat down after one session several years ago and counted the following major bills butchered by the killer committees: central purchasing, regulation of unethical business practices, urban renewal, regulation of billboards on highways, aid to libraries, provisions for less costly purchase of highway rights-of-way, state control of unclaimed bank accounts, and a chancellor for the university system.

Florida-style reform being what it is, some people feel Waldron ought to have been happy that passage of some of these items was delayed.

Here is a sample of our reform: A few years ago national attention was drawn to sharp practices in some of Florida's installment land markets. Old people in Indiana and Michigan were finding that their mail-order \$10 down and \$10 a month retirement farms would have to be shared with alligators. Perhaps this was no more than Florida's junior U. S. Senator, George Smathers, calls it, "a job of overselling." But buyers who had to rent rowboats to find their homesites somehow felt it was an outright swindle, and the investigation finally got to Congress. To the rescue came the Florida legislature: it established an installment-land-buying board, guaranteed to bring honesty and integrity back into the market (but absolutely guaranteed to keep Washington from doing something more severe about the problem). Three of the five members of the board are in the land business, and in recent months they have found so many loopholes in the law they consider it all but unenforceable.

In regulating utilities, a similar deadening reform was accomplished. Individual cities once regulated the electric-power companies. But St. Petersburg and Tampa began treating their electric companies so rough that the industry was afraid they might be giving ideas to other cities in the state; the industry got the legislature to put the regulation of electric utilities under the Railroad Commission, a body so strangely impotent in every way that its executive director recently said, "What can a little state like Florida do to regulate Southern Bell?" When citizens of Miami and St. Petersburg and Tampa complain about their electric bills—as they are constantly doing—legislators can say, "We gave you somebody to watch out for your interests. What else can we do?"

Perhaps the classic example of Florida-style reform came in with the passage of an unclaimed-bank-accounts bill, one of those measures on Waldron's list which his employers, the *St. Petersburg Times*, had been demanding for at least twenty years. All right, said the bankers, we will give them an unclaimed-accounts bill. Two sessions ago the president of the bankers' association walked down the aisle with a tailor-made measure ready for passing—a man whose principles rose above self-interest, surely. The bill was passed and the editorial writers were silenced. What did the reform amount to? The law only permits the state to claim bank accounts that have been unclaimed for longer than fifteen years—ample time for a

bank's "normal charges" to have whittled them to a nub. And if the state has actually collected any money under the new law, nobody has heard about it. The victory for the bankers is that the state, having an unclaimed-accounts law, is not likely ever to get a better one.

Instead of the Payoff

The fashion of lobbying has not altered so radically in recent years as Floridians would have the outside world suppose, and those changes that have occurred are, for the most part, for the worse. It is true that the usual stable of Cuban girls is no longer brought in for the session, perhaps partly because of import difficulties. But the old-style camaraderie still exists, both during and between sessions, as do the closets of free liquor both inside and outside the Capitol building; the free breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and snacks; the free weekend legislative "caucuses" that commonly run up a lobbying bar-and-entertainment layout of about \$20,000; the thoughtful remembrances on legislators' birthdays and anniversaries. One newspaper estimated that the lobbies spent \$350,000 on the sixty-day legislative session of 1965, and this was a rather conservative estimate.

But with the lobby and the legislature cut from the same cloth, direct payoffs in money are rare. One does not, after all, need to pay for the passage of a bill which the very foundation philosophy of the legislature assures an easy victory. Major A. D. Tomasello, the oldest and most colorful lobbyist in Tallahassee, representing chain stores and trucking interests, would not think of paying a legislator for his vote. He is even reluctant to buy drinks for the legislators, believing that you cannot talk profitably with a man who is three-fourths drunk.

The traditional chamber of the lobbyists is, quite properly, in the second-floor lobby between the two houses, an area decorated with shredded and decaying Civil War battle flags. Here they mill, the zany and the very sincere amateurs, the jaded old professionals who have been through all this many times before, the "Bloomer Girl" (representing "myself and the people") and the farmer (with two deformed cows on the Capitol steps outside, waiting to be presented as evidence) protesting against the pollution of his farmland by phosphate companies. There are also the "invisible" lobbyists—state employees seeking salary increases for themselves and their fellow bureaucrats. Ostensibly working at other jobs, they are

paid an estimated \$250,000 from public funds each year.

The gathering of lobbyists in this area, as that disrespectful reporter Frank Trippett, now a *Newsweek* editor, used to say when he covered Tallahassee, "is a collective art form in which a motley group manages to look like a mob that has either just lost its guts or regained its temper."

Not long ago LeRoy Collins, looking back with perhaps more wisdom than he was able to apply when he was Governor, deplored to Allen Morris, whose column appears in sixteen Florida papers, that some of the politicians seem to think the public interest is no more than the summation of all special interests. "They feel if they can keep most of the special interests happy, then they are advancing the public interest," Collins said.* Yet Florida's new Governor, Haydon Burns, apparently feels no inconsistency in stating that it was "a very patriotic gesture" for the Davis brothers, who own the Winn-Dixie grocery-store chain and an insurance company, to lease a luxuriously equipped Convair to him for \$1 a year. In a state and region where the spirits of powdered Cavaliers still direct the parliamentary hand, this talk of "patriotism" does not sound grotesque.

Hurry, Hurry

Two hundred miles from the craft the federal government is building at Cape Kennedy to carry someone to the moon, the Florida legislature often burrows into the past for its guide, beguiling the public with carpetbagger and racial manhunts while the economic Establishment runs the state as it will. Sometimes the earthy languor of these politicians has brought forth curiously honest statements. Looking back recently on the Gang's record for the past fifteen years, Senator B. C.

*Where there is no sizable liberal bloc, and no minority party whose ideology can be separated from that of the majority party, the legislature will find its conscience in the press or nowhere at all. Florida is extremely fortunate in this regard. In the Tallahassee press corps, which is reportedly the largest state capital corps in the country, there are two relentless critics: Martin Waldron of the *Times* and Vernon Bradford of the *Tampa Tribune*. Differing from these in that he comments without making the lawmakers feel they should commit suicide is Morris, oldest and most learned member of the corps, whose *Florida Handbook* is the standard reference work for state government and without whose advice V. O. Key said he could not have done the Florida section of his classic, *Southern Politics*.

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serve
the coffee
without
the Cream...
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that is

Pearce, the potato king of Palatka, judged proudly, "What little progress the state has made, the credit must be given to the Pork Choppers."

And for those who, at the epicenter of reapportioning confusion, dare look ahead, what real hope is there to see? Pork Chopism, after all, is not rural in character but only rural in origin. The economic Establishment has used the Pork Chop bloc to oppose progress only because the bloc was already there and willing to be used. But Pork Chopism can continue even when the cities have the predominant vote in the legislature. Many think it will. Attorney General Earl Faircloth, whose election last year as the first Cabinet member from South Florida was incorrectly seen as the opening for big-city progressives, after less than a year on the inside speaks drearily of a post-reapportioned Florida whose "structure will go on about as it has because Florida is basically a conservative state." A study recently published by the Institute of Governmental Research at Florida State University predicted that instead of becoming more "liberal" in expanding state programs, the reapportioned legislature, split by dissensions and jealousies among metropolitan lawmakers, will "reinforce rather than alter political, economic, and social patterns in the state."

The accuracy of this prediction is assured, first, by the regularity with which even today Duval County (Jacksonville), second-largest county in the state, sides with the small-county bloc against Dade (Miami); and, second, by the probability that, whatever apportionment plans Florida settles for over the next few years, the result will be a larger body. With that comes the kind of additional confusion in which the long-established power structure can continue to have its way. Most of the four thousand or so bills that now

pass through the two-month biennial session are treated with no more than a mental flip of the coin before a vote is taken. There isn't time for more. In the average hour-and-a-half committee hearing, twenty or thirty bills will be processed.

There is no time for incisive questioning, for fine debate. If the industry affected by the bill is known to approve, that's about all the committee wants to know before giving a favorable vote. At one meeting of the House insurance committee this year, seven important bills were quickly approved which a majority of the members had never seen before, much less read and studied. Another committee approved a multimillion-dollar hospital before the bill describing the hospital had even been printed. Another bill passed both houses and was signed into law before it was discovered that page three was missing—nobody had read the bill before. So a separate law had to be passed for page three. These occurrences are not unusual. With a larger legislature under reapportionment there will be more bills, more befuddlement, less discussion per bill, and undoubtedly even more successes for the lobby.

Midway through this year's legislative eruption, Representative Joel T. Daves of Palm Beach, one of the brighter and more candid freshmen, told the *Miami Herald*, "I don't know an awful lot about what I'm voting on half the time. I'm afraid I'll go home and find I've voted for a whole lot of terrible bills I didn't know about. Everything is hurry, hurry, rush, rush."

If he comes back to Tallahassee, he can undoubtedly say that again, more emphatically, for Florida appears to be one state where reapportionment will not necessarily mean reform. That old Gang of ours may become outnumbered, but confusion will still be riding on their side.

Come to Beautiful Penang, but Please Keep Your Shoes On

Despite the rather frequent reports in the press, there is no evidence that either sea-snakes or sea-snake bites are more common in Penang Island waters than in any other Asian coastal waters. The danger from sea-snake bites to bathers is in fact very much smaller than the normal risk taken by pedestrians in crossing any main road . . . During the seven years, 1955-61, only two bathers from Penang Island beaches lost their lives from sea-snake bites. It is interesting to note that the very few bathers who were bitten, all trod on the snake, and that no bather has been bitten while swimming.

—Penang Tourist Association: Report of Dr. H. A. Reid, Director, Snake and Venom Research Institute, General Hospital, Penang Island.

What Passes for American News in Africa

by John Strohmeier

Skilled Communist propagandists—with an assist from the former colonial powers—are nurturing a dangerous press monopoly. Its handling of stories about the United States usually is "appalling."

The inch-high page-one headline of the *Nigeria Sunday Express* read:

1,000 NEGROES KILLED

This was shortly after I arrived in Lagos, the capital, last summer. Beneath was a report on the race riot in Rochester, New York. I had braced myself for the stench of the open sidewalk gutters which carry away human excrement along the main streets. I was sickened by a report of a murdered African hunter whose vital organs were eaten in a sacrificial ceremony while the fat from his body was shipped for sale in Liberia. But this incredible story about an American city I knew well was the greatest jolt of all.

William Gordon—a genial American Negro who left an editor's job on the *Atlanta World* to become the U. S. Information Service press officer in Lagos—immediately called the paper and protested that the report was the result of an obvious garble in the Reuters News Agency transmission. A modest correction ("1,000 Negroes Not Dead") was published the next day. But the damage had been done.

The United States now spends about \$300 mil-

lion a year in grants to African countries, not counting the Peace Corps and such privately financed projects as church missions and Cross-roads Africa. This benevolence can have little impact if Africans believe it comes from a nation that kills a thousand Negroes in a night's rioting.

The USIS fights a lonely and futile battle against a propaganda handicap which I sensed almost from the moment I landed in Africa. In my first morning newspaper Red Chinese "farm experts" visiting a thatched-hut village smiled on page one while America was represented solely by a picture of a New York policeman beating up African students—a scuffle I read about at home a month before.

A few days later a British broadcast reported a historic and successful U. S. moon rocket. But there was no sign of the story in the local press that day. The front-page play went to two Russian diplomats toasting African friends at an embassy cocktail party.

The view of American life published across the African continent is almost uniformly appalling. We take a continuous whipping in papers of all kinds—from Kenya's bright, breezy, and ultramodern *Nation* to the crudely edited weekly *We Yone* in Sierra Leone.

Why do our Communist rivals fare so much better? One obvious reason is their effective propaganda effort. However, this is not the sole or even the major difficulty that confronts us. Our chief adversaries are the news services of the former colonial powers, who have engaged in a bitter, scheming contest to maintain their countries'

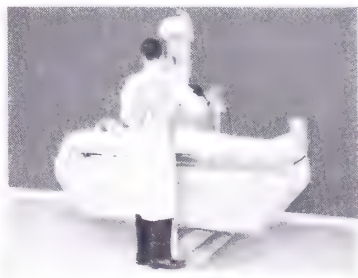


How watching movies can extend life

The solitary actor appearing in this film won't win an Academy Award. He'll be awarded something greater—a longer, healthier, more active life. ■ The "actor" is a hospital patient. He suffers from fainting spells, chest pains and shortness of breath. Two doctors are in the audience. One, a cardiovascular surgeon. The other, a radiologist—a physician specially trained in the medical use of x-ray. ■ Through the use of x-ray motion pictures (cinoradiography) the radiologist is able to record and study the intricate actions of a patient's heart; able to

accurately diagnose the trouble—in this case, a leaky heart valve. ■ By restudying the x-ray movies and consulting together, the radiologist and surgeon were able to confirm a malfunctioning heart and pave the way for a successful operation. ■ In this instance, it can truly be said that movies—and the "actors"

who appear in them—are getting better. Thanks, in part, to General Electric—a Company that cares, and continues to care, by providing the medical profession with the finest and most advanced equipment for use in x-ray diagnosis.



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

prestige in Africa despite the loss of political power.

Before independence, the British news agency, Reuters, had a firm foothold in English-speaking African countries while the French-speaking colonies were served by Agence France-Presse. When new winds started blowing, some African editors sensed that their readers regarded the old news services as the voices of colonialism. So a number of them, although owned by European interests, attempted to supplement their news with American wire services. The British and French countered with tremendous pressure. As one bruised American veteran of this battle put it, "We soon found out our best friends were our worst enemies."

Stillborn Free Press

The step-by-step progress of what—in the end—has amounted to a Communist take-over of the press can be clearly reconstructed in Kenya, which is regarded by both East and West as a pivotal country in the struggle for influence in Africa. To the casual observer, it does not look like the scene of a Western ideological defeat. Americans and Europeans still flock by the thousands each month to Nairobi's safari-outfitting centers, where they make lavish purchases for a thrust into the bush. When they return to discuss trophies and sights, they spend further as they sip gin and tonics at sidewalk tables in front of the New Stanley Hotel or around the swimming pool at the more sedate Victoria.

The American presence is felt even in ancient mud-walled Kikuyu villages on the nearby hillsides. The one modern building in the complex is likely to be a schoolhouse, built with American aid, to which youngsters come in buses bought with American dollars. Often the teacher was trained in the American National Education Association Exchange program.

There are also plenty of briefcase-carrying Russians in the lobby of the New Avenue Hotel while a steady stream of Red Chinese visitors in well-tailored Western-style clothes separately court Kenya's leaders. Most Africans are oblivious to these foreign attentions for they are too preoccupied with the domestic problems that have come with freedom. In Nairobi alone 50,000 people are out of work. Stepping out of the hotel in the morning, you see in the alley around the corner the embers of bonfires built by homeless Africans during the night.

Back in 1949, the *East African Standard*—the

leading and then the only English-language paper in Kenya—tried to buy a franchise from the Associated Press. Reuters immediately threatened to discontinue its service. African papers are dependent on Reuters for news coverage from the whole African continent—no American service offers anything comparable. So the loss of Reuters would be a disaster. In the face of this threat, the AP franchise lost its attractiveness.

In the next few years Reuters further tightened its stranglehold. Its representatives went from government to government, often with tacit assist from the British Embassy, and sold the news service to ruling heads of state. They were given the right to redistribute and resell the news—at a profit, if they desired—to the media of their choosing. It was agreed that no paper or radio station in that country could enter into a direct contract with Reuters.

Such a monopoly of news distribution had instant appeal to the new African nations. But the dangers inherent in it were soon apparent. For suddenly the Russians wanted in. They argued that a truly independent African state ought to have news from the East to offset Western-oriented Reuters. There was no haggling over price; at no cost, the Russians would provide Tass, the official Soviet news service, plus the teletype machines to receive it. In addition they would teach African journalists to edit news from East and West into one distinctive package, again with no charge.

The government of Kenya accepted with alacrity, and shortly after the country became independent in 1963, twelve Kenyans departed without fanfare for training in Czechoslovakia. Six were to study communications and teletype. Six were to be editorial men. One later defected to the West, claiming he had been under the impression he was to study medicine. The group was housed in an ancient castle seventy-five miles from Prague.

In Kenya itself the Communists were handsomely aided by Oginga Odinga, the country's Minister of Home Affairs. (Western diplomats evaluate him as under Communist control though he does not belong to the Communist party.) Odinga is a member of the Luo, a tribe of notable

In 1964 John Strohmeyer, as a member of an American team, conducted workshops for African journalists in Kenya and Sierra Leone. The workshops were organized by the African-American Institute and financed by the State Department. Mr. Strohmeyer is vice president and editor of the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, "Globe-Times."



Boom Goes Baby! Bang Goes the Old Rulebook!

When a population explodes, some old ways of doing business are bound to be blown away. And a good thing, too, for it strips a company for future action and opportunities in other fields.

Just keeping up with the Joneses and their needs today is tough enough for any progressive company. But it's only the beginning: today's U.S. population of some 195,000,000 is expected to almost double in the next 35 years.

That's a lot of new Joneses! And that means a new game has started with a brand new set of rules.

This will give you some idea of the preparations ITT has made. In the U.S. in 1945, ITT had one manufacturing plant in one state—New Jersey. Today, there are ITT plants and facilities in 200 cities and towns in all 50 states.

That's a lot of ITT in the U.S.A.!

Particularly for a company which often has been regarded as being far more international than national.

Today, in the U.S., ITT is involved in a variety of enterprises. Among these are telecommunications systems and equipment, including telephones for homes and automobiles; heating, ventilating and air conditioning equipment for schools, institutions and other commercial and industrial uses; industrial pumps and crop sprayers; navigation systems; aircraft and aerospace controls; flow controls and meters for the petroleum and other process industries; automatic and electronic control systems; data processing services; satellites for a variety of applications; and space communications.

There's more. Finance, investment, insurance and car-rental services—to

say nothing of being named by the Office of Economic Opportunity to assist in the operation, maintenance and administration of a Job Corps Men's Training Center at Camp Kilmer in New Jersey.

So let the baby boom zoom. ITT stands ready now—and will through the year 2000—with any number of new and improved products and services. Need a little additional proof? Consider this: 60% of ITT's present products are the result of the last 5 years' research and development. Quite an accomplishment. But then, one would expect this sort of progress from a company that last year had sales of \$1.5 billion in 115 countries.

There's a big job ahead in this big country. And ITT will help get it done.

ITT

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

warriors. His rise to power was not, however, due to this ancestral skill. American and British diplomats told me that Communist China paid perhaps as much as \$300,000 for his cooperation.

At a press party during the independence ceremonies, Odinga's protégé, boyish-looking R. Achiong Oneko, announced that the government was establishing the Kenya News Agency. The official radio would drop the British Broadcasting Company relay, he explained, and would henceforth receive all its news from KNA, which would serve all newspapers. In line with the country's policy of nonalignment, KNA would offer a composite of dispatches with Tass supplying news of the East and Reuters of the West.

The whole KNA output it turned out would be edited by a team headed by Walter Nyawanda, a graduate of the Czech journalism course, who had spent a fortnight in Moscow afterward.

Lumumba's Ghost

One did not have to be in Nairobi long to sense that the West was in trouble so far as the press was concerned. I was one of four Americans conducting a workshop for fifty African newspapermen and government information specialists from thirteen countries, sponsored by the African-American Institute. For three weeks we lived and worked together in Nairobi, our first stop, discussing the techniques of news writing, editing, photo-journalism, radio and TV reporting, and the principles of journalistic objectivity and integrity. Our students were all young men in their twenties or thirties, recommended for the seminar by their own newspapers. They seemed eager to learn but how durable the impression we made on them is questionable. The counterpressures on them were heavy.

We invited Minister of Information Oneko to address the seminar. He declined. Indeed, his ministry did not even send an underling to attend our sessions. (The information ministries from surrounding countries were all represented.)

Apparently Kenya's Minister of Information dared not risk the possibility of capitalist indoctrination by the American team—consisting of a small-city editor, a CBS newsman, a magazine editor, and a college professor—although the same workshop in previous years had stressed nothing more sinister than clear writing and objective reporting.

After our workshop sessions it was my nightly habit to settle down in the lounge bar of the New Avenue Hotel. As Red Chinese and Russian diplomats chatted nearby, I pored over the Kenya

papers to see how KNA was succeeding with its shotgun marriage of Tass and Reuters. The papers were filled in July 1964 with the Commonwealth Conference in London where Kenya's aged but lively Prime Minister, Jomo Kenyatta, was taking a prominent part. His colorful talks—accented by his swishing fly whisk—made good news as he called for Commonwealth sanctions against Southern Rhodesia and South Africa, the major remaining bastions of white colonialism.

Would the African nations succeed in inducing Commonwealth action against the capitals of African apartheid? All of Kenya awaited the answer to this burning question. But when Kenyatta's resolution was adopted and the conference ended, the Kenya News Agency did not report a word of the happenings in London. Instead, its teleprinter were clogged with a letter forty-two takes long from the Russian Communist party to the Chinese Communist party, a document of virtually no significance in Kenya.

Newsmen on duty at the *East African Standard* night desk called KNA to protest as their deadlines came and went without news from London. One of them, Eric Marsden, an assistant editor, dumped the twenty-column Communist text into the wastebasket in disgust. But the paper went to press without a line on Kenyatta's windup in London or the important Commonwealth resolutions.

After I returned to the United States, the USIA officer in Washington continued to send me the Kenya papers, and the true colors of the Kenya News Agency became more and more apparent. For example, after Tshombe's return to power in the Congo, much prominence was given to stories about the "neocolonialist Americans," with the implication that the United States had played a part in Tshombe's recruitment of South African mercenaries. Africans were constantly reminded that Tshombe—now supported by American arms—was involved in the murder of Patrice Lumumba, who is revered by Africans as a martyred hero.

On October 24, 1964, when the Belgian paratroopers landed at Stanleyville, KNA suddenly dropped Reuters' dispatches entirely from its output, thus depriving its customers of the most authoritative source of news on the Congo, and, of course, an explanation of the U. S. presence in the rescue mission.

When the blackout was lifted, Prime Minister Kenyatta's expression of deep shock over the landings received top play in the *Standard*. The second leading story on page one was headlined: "Russians Say 'Get Out.'" Buried on page seven, deep in the continued portion of the "Get Out" story was the first report that Dr. Paul Carlson, the

an missionary, had been shot
th. "By pure accident," the
said.

otest against this performance
nya Union of Journalists
a motion of censure. Minister
rmation Onoko brushed off the
"We are not going to be par-
the British or Americans," he
d. "We shall say what we like
country." He also took the oc-
to warn "the people who were
ing about freedom of the press"
his government would not pub-
something likely to bring bitter-
the country."

ortunately, this last sentiment
s in most of Africa, where
of state are hypersensitive to
ism. White and black leaders
eact strongly when the printed
displeases.

example, during my stay in
i, the *Uganda Argus* was hit
a whopping libel verdict for
ing a government official. The
as prosecuted by the Attorney
al. Similarly in Rhodesia, the
News of Salisbury, which op-
violence and advocated moder-
was banned outright by the
government presumably be-
t was the only voice that spoke
ie black majority. A Kenya
aster was punished because
o and Circumstance"—a tune of
al memories—was included in
ey of marches on his program.
ite Robert Ruark long had to
is East African atmosphere at
irs of Mozambique instead of
i. He was shut out of Kenya
r after writing *Uhuru*, a work
ion.

Subsidized Independence

U. S. Ambassador to Kenya,
m Attwood, told me on his re-
o the States in September that
ty toward the U. S. noticeably
ed this summer. Errors made by
ed Chinese, notably their at-
to smuggle arms across the
n border, undoubtedly helped
d so has the growing mutual
between Prime Minister
tta and our Ambassador. But
can handicaps have not disap-
l. African countries are estab-
g government news agencies as
s they are setting up national

Stumped for a really original Christmas gift?

This page is from the original manuscript of
"Alice's Adventures under Ground."

Lewis Carroll printed every word by hand.
He drew every picture himself. You can get an exact
reproduction of the original manuscript for only \$4.95.

36

than she expected. before she had drunk
half the bottle, she found her head pressing
against the ceiling, and she stooped to save
her neck from being broken, and hastily
put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's



quite enough—
I hope I shan't
grow any more—
I wish I hadn't
drunk so much!

Alas! it
was too late:
she went on
growing and
growing, and very
soon had to
kneel down in
another minute. there was not room even for
this, and she tried the effect of lying
down, with one elbow against the door,
and the other arm curled round her
head. Still she went on growing, and as
a last resource she put one arm out of
the window, and one foot up the chimney,
and said to herself "now I can do no
more — what will become of me?"

That's a pretty good deal, considering the original manuscript which
is on display in the British Museum is worth \$50,000.

Lewis Carroll wrote "Alice's Adventures under Ground" as a Christ-
mas gift for the daughter of a friend. Later, as "Alice in Wonderland,"
this book became one of the most popular books ever written.

"Alice" is attractively bound in a hard cover with a lovely slipcover.
She makes a unique gift. Or a priceless addition to your own library.

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airlines—with the U. S. wire services shut out.

Right now the pattern of the Kenya government news agency is being repeated in Tanzania (the newly formed nation of Tanganyika and Zanzibar), which has sent its cadre of editors off to the training ground in Czechoslovakia. The governments of Uganda and Malawi are also in the news-service business, and the Ghana News Agency has set an ominous pattern for the West Coast. Organized with the help of Reuters about six years ago, it now spouts the tune for dictator Nkrumah, who has elected himself President for life. Naturally, Tass provides free news service and editing assistance.

What hope, then, is there for a fair picture of the United States in Africa? Reuters provides a seven-hours-a-day service to its African clients. This includes all news from the African continent and the Western world. What little space is left for news about the U. S. reflects a clear anti-American bias.

As an Associated Press man in London told me, "Reuters interprets America as a sea of race riots while rarely is one in Britain ever reported." In fact, the day-to-day image of America reported by Reuters is far more devastating than the net propaganda impact of Tass.

USIS officials feel that the only way to combat this situation is through a joint effort by our government and the two American wire-service agencies. In part it is a problem of dollars and cents. The typical African paper spends \$5,600 a year for the government news service (the KNA price). Few, if any, can afford to spend an additional sum, up to \$8,000, to buy an American wire service. And for our news agencies, the cost of maintaining correspondents all over Africa is prohibitive. Yet unless they can compete with Reuters' African service, they are at a hopeless disadvantage.

Stan Swinton, the hard-driving overseas manager of the Associated Press, estimates it would take at least twenty years before a special news service for Africa, on a par with Reuters, could pay for itself. The Associated Press is a cooperative organization with every newspaper a voting member. It is not hard to envision the reaction of the more conservative AP

members if an assessment increase is proposed to subsidize an African news service.

Unlike the AP, the United Press International is privately owned and therefore has greater freedom to plunge. As a matter of fact, UPI in September 1964 did start a special African news service of six and one-half hours a day to English and French-speaking countries. However, Tom Curran, UPI's general European manager, found it extremely hard to collect fees from UPI's African clients. This problem does not bother our foreign competitors. Agence France-Presse operates with the knowledge that the French government will bail out a delinquent newspaper. The British government stands ready to help those who falter on Reuters' charges. Russia, of course, gives its service away free. But for U. S. wire services, delinquent clients are a serious business risk.

I believe that a fraction of the \$300 million we now spend on grants to Africa should be allocated to helping African newspapers buy American wire services. Such a subsidy would enable AP and UPI to develop an African news wire without incurring irrecoverable losses. This suggestion may shock the American news agencies, which pride themselves on their independence of government. But it is the only real hope of getting an objective picture of the United States to African readers and I believe it is worth serious consideration.

Star Pupils

Meanwhile, we can in other ways encourage the development of press freedom and responsibility in Africa. The picture of Africa that I carried home with me is not one of filth, superstition, and outdated traditions—although they exist. I remember best an emerging generation of sensitive newspapermen who took part in our seminars.

There was, for instance, twenty-six-year-old Naphital Misheck Nyalugwe, of the *Zambia News* in the country then known as Northern Rhodesia. He started a newspaper by posting hand-printed notices on the school wall of the Dutch Reformed Mission at Katete, labored with distinction on an obscure African paper, and won a job on what is today Zam-

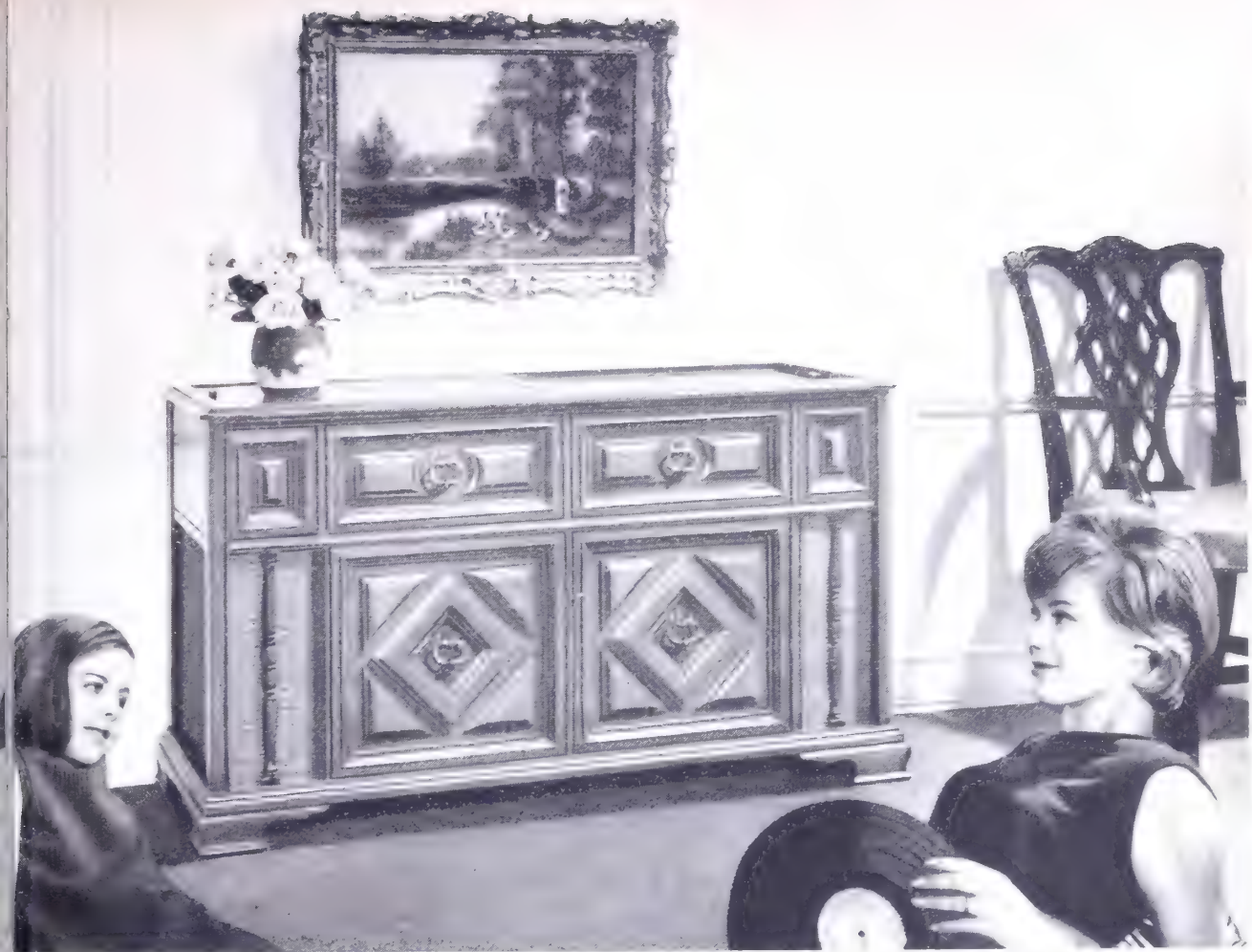
bia's leading daily. Another man, Peter Simon Vareta, of Southern Rhodesia, started as a printer tribal village and discovered that people would read mimeographed letters. He saved and borrowed money to start the *Zimbabwe Times*. After completing our seminar he went to the lean life of a weekly newspaper dedicated to working for the country when independence comes to Southern Rhodesia.

Our star pupil was intense. Jenkins Kiwanuka, who braved imprisonment from his country by writing a critical article about a member of the Uganda ministry. A staggering lawsuit against his paper was a reward for his attempt to expose truth, but he returned to his country rather than seek a less oppressive life.

There are counterparts of these purposeful young men in newspaper offices all across Africa. They are eager to learn from us and we are making some attempt to pass on to them our tradition of a free press. But we are doing it in the disorganized way. At least half a dozen foundations, organizations, branches of government from the Western World offer training courses for African journalists. They frequently compete with one another and often teach the same people contradictory things.

American newspaper organizations should take the initiative to see that training is provided in a professional manner. American publishers already support two excellent training institutions, the American Press Institute at Columbia University in New York and the International Press Institute in Zurich, Switzerland. Each is capable of organizing the efforts widely scattered into a continuing program for African newspapermen. Such a program should include workshops, exchange visits, and avenues for establishing professional contacts with American newspapers.

African newspapermen desperately need professional help. I am confident after firsthand experience, that they will one day rebel and develop a free press, just as America's colonial newspapers ultimately achieved independence. But this could take generations. We can and should help speed the process before it is too late for them and for us.



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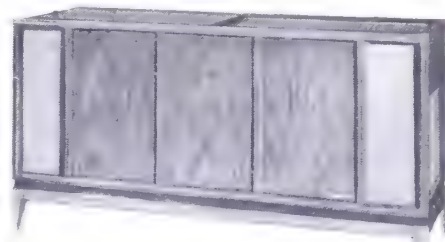
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by Joseph Kraft



The Two Worlds of McGeorge Bundy

Although he is a hereditary member of the Republican Establishment, and a professional intellectual to boot, he has become one of Johnson's most trusted aides. And he may be his generation's leading candidate for the title of "statesman."

"I believe in Heraclitus," he once said to me. And I believe that remark, delivered casually on an occasion of almost no consequence, provides a key to one of the most important, fascinating, and elusive figures in American public life—the President's Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, McGeorge Bundy.

For Heraclitus, as all ex-school-boys, or at least those from the age before the new math, will surely remember, was the famous pre-Socratic thinker who first stressed the idea of ceaseless change. "Man, like a light in the night, is kindled and put out" was one of his precepts. "Goods are exchanged for gold, and gold for goods" was another; "the way upward and the way downward are one" was still another. "All things flow," he wrote, "nothing abides." Fire, that homely example of animation incarnate, was for him the prime substance. In his view of the world, all things were in motion, on their way to becoming other things. He was the philosopher of process.

Bundy, in the deepest sense, is an organizer of process. He organizes, to be more specific, the process of Presidential decision in foreign affairs. His daily job is to present to

the President, in coherent and concise fashion, the oceans of information that flow in from the State Department, the Defense Department, and the intelligence community. At a slightly higher level, Bundy organizes meetings of special task forces and of the National Security Council to thrash out issues for presentation to the President. It was Bundy, for example, who set up the meetings that established American policy during the Cuban missiles crisis. Likewise, it was Bundy who put together, when the first Chinese nuclear bomb went off, a group of leading citizens and experts to work up, under the direction of former Deputy Secretary of Defense, Roswell Gilpatric, a report on the problem of preventing further spread of nuclear weapons. "Executive energy," he once wrote, speaking of academic institutions but using again the key word (*italicized here*), "always depends for its effectiveness on a most intensive *process* of consultation and consensus."

From Option to Option

But Bundy is, of course, much more than a mere coordinator. He sits in on the highest and innermost policy consultations—the President's weekly luncheons with Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara. At critical times he has headed Presidential missions to Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. He has under him a staff of regional specialists and experts in economics and defense matters who are in constant touch with

developments abroad as they various Departments. To be because so much of his work bedded in the matrix of the Presidency and its relations with the Departments, Bundy's independent actions and opinions, in the cases when they do emerge, seem again to be in line with holding a door that is being slammed righting a balance that has tilted, with keeping the game. They are directed not toward a particular aim so much as toward keeping alive a process. As one of Bundy's former assistants once put it: "There are three kinds of people in the policy game. There are those who are looking for positions. There are those with positions who are looking for options. And there are those with options who are looking for options. Bundy is a creature of the third species."

Probably the best-known example of the ceaseless search for options is the Presidential mission to the Dominican Republic which Bundy led two weeks after the American elections last April. When he arrived, American soldiers and American diplomats were day-by-day lining up more and more with

For reasons of health, and because of a commitment to a syndicated newspaper column, Joseph Kraft no longer be serving "Harper's" as a regular Washington Correspondent. He will continue to write for the magazine, on an occasional basis.



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WASHINGTON INS

right-wing Junta under Gen. Antonio Imbert Barreras against left-wing Constitutionalists. Colonel Francisco Caamaño. The Bundy mission enforcing the American military's neutrality as between right and left. Bundy himself initiated negotiations with Caamaño, trying to form a coalition backed by both the Junta and the Constitutionalists. The effort, after coming within a hair's breadth of success, collapsed. But three months later, almost exactly the same arrangement was worked out through intermediaries. In his prime, Bundy had succeeded. He had the game going. The process was moving.

He played a similar role in the famous crisis at the tail end of 1955 year on that tiresome subject, the Multilateral Force, or MLF. In the spring of the year, President Eisenhower had indicated that before he was out he would initiate steps toward the establishing of a sea-based NATO nuclear force without West German participation. The Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, various American representatives abroad, and, above all, the Government believed that a firm commitment had been made. In October, Harold Wilson came to power in Britain with a policy of withdrawal from the MLF. General de Gaulle broke a long-standing hands-off policy to declare open opposition to the MLF. After the American groups of American Senators returned from the Continent with misgivings about the projected nuclear force. Plainly, the President was in a box and he needed a way out. In an exhaustive policy review before Prime Minister Wilson in Washington in early December, Bundy arranged for a way out. The review came up with a plan whereby the President stayed off his obligation but left the work of the MLF up to the British and the West Germans. So far, these two have not yet agreed. The President is off the hook and no one—not even the West Germans—can give color to the claim that he has let them down. The process still goes on.

A third, but abortive, Bundy mission that attracted wide public attention was almost certainly along the same lines. On Feb.

he beginning of the world

to the Middle East—this land of re-
birth and revolution, this restless
change that strangely cherishes
hence, this wonderland of mystery
magic.

Here is the ancient, first
frontier, where East and
West meet—and part.

Here it all began, and
here is the all-there-is.

You may stand on the
very spot of Creation it-
self—where in Hebron
God talked to Abraham,
Noah's dove found an olive branch
very hill you pause on to rest.

ere is still the Orient of
usand and One Nights."
uezzin sounds, a
alls, and the great-
f Allah endures. An
Bedouin recounts
e of a hero of old
s listeners sit in
hless silence. A
wind blows off the des-
d in the starlight you see
osts of long-vanished nomads.

pyramids along the Nile an elo-
silence stirs the dry dust of an-
recalling glories of a golden
an yester-age.

And where a stable once
stood in Bethle-
hem, where
a cross once
stood on a
hill called
Calvary, you
stand in
trembling
wonder. Some-
how your world
will never be the
same again.

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third of this year, Bundy began his one- and- only visit so far—to South Vietnam. Two days later, Vietcong guerrillas attacked the American air base at Pleiku, killing nine United States airmen and wounding a hundred and forty. In retaliation the President initiated the bombing of North Vietnam. But the decision to bomb the North had already been taken by President Johnson on a contingency basis. It is a good guess that Bundy was visiting Vietnam to see for the President whether the implementation of the decision was actually necessary. Though the Pleiku attack forced his hand and the hand of the President, Bundy's purpose had been, once again, to free the President, to keep the options open, to keep the process in motion.

Brains for Openers

When the stakes are so high and the issues so doubtful, very special qualities are required to keep the game going. Bundy has them all. For a starter, there is intelligence. It is by now well known that he got the best grades ever, or close to them, at Groton and Yale, that he was a Junior Fellow at Harvard, and Dean of the Faculty there at thirty-four. None of these grace marks, however, convey the force of his mind. It is perhaps more helpful to note that he took his A.B. in mathematics; for the *furor mathematicus* is probably the only undergraduate enthusiasm that requires intellectual openers, the crossing of a brain-power threshold, a true capacity for abstraction.

Even more impressive, to me anyhow, is the inexhaustible store of metaphor and allusion that Bundy pours forth spontaneously in explanation of the most difficult concepts. On the theme of how the Soviets might more effectively have lulled the West after World War II, for example, he once wrote: "It is hard to believe that a few trained seals could not have been sent to meetings of UNESCO, for instance, with orders to 'come and go, talking of Michelangelo.'" Well before the question had crystallized of whether President Johnson should have a structured staff with fixed assignments or a homogenized staff of interchangeable cronies, Bundy was at once describing and settling the issue with: "If the President likes to

eat tapioca pudding, let him eat tapioca pudding."

"There are many who appear to think that the way to win the Cold War is to move it underground," is a figure he used once to analyze and to rebuff the argument for all-out effort in civil defense that was so much in vogue in 1961. To those in the military lobby who equated safety with all-out weapons production, he once pointed out that "The law of diminishing returns applies to strategic missiles as to all other commodities." And to all the arguments of all the Dr. Strangeloves of all time he has returned what seems to me the definitive retort neat: "In great military matters, the confusions Tolstoi painted are a reality."

But if he knows the Russian novelists, Bundy does not share the mood of the one who told Turgenev after a six-hour argument, "What? We do not know yet if God exists and you want to eat!" There is speed in everything Bundy does. His gestures, his gait, his speech all convey a sense of restless motion, verging on the impulsive. "I always have trouble explaining things to Mac," a very old friend who is now a colleague in government said, "because he wants to get to the point before it can be fully exposed." Perhaps nothing serves Bundy so well in his present job as the capacity to put in the quick fix. A good example occurred during President Kennedy's European trip of June 1963. In an impromptu talk delivered at the West Berlin City Hall, the President called on Berliners to "look to the advance of freedom . . . beyond the wall." That phrase, evoking memories of John Foster Dulles and the liberation of Eastern Europe, seemed out of line with the plea for dealings with Russia made by the President in his American University speeches of April tenth. Though the President spoke at the City Hall at 1:00 P.M., and though the Presidential party then plunged into a round of luncheon festivities, Bundy was able to insert into the next Presidential address that day language that took the curse off the City Hall statement. Speaking two hours later at the Berlin Free University, the President said, "Justice requires us to do what we can . . . to improve the lot and maintain the hopes of those on the other side.

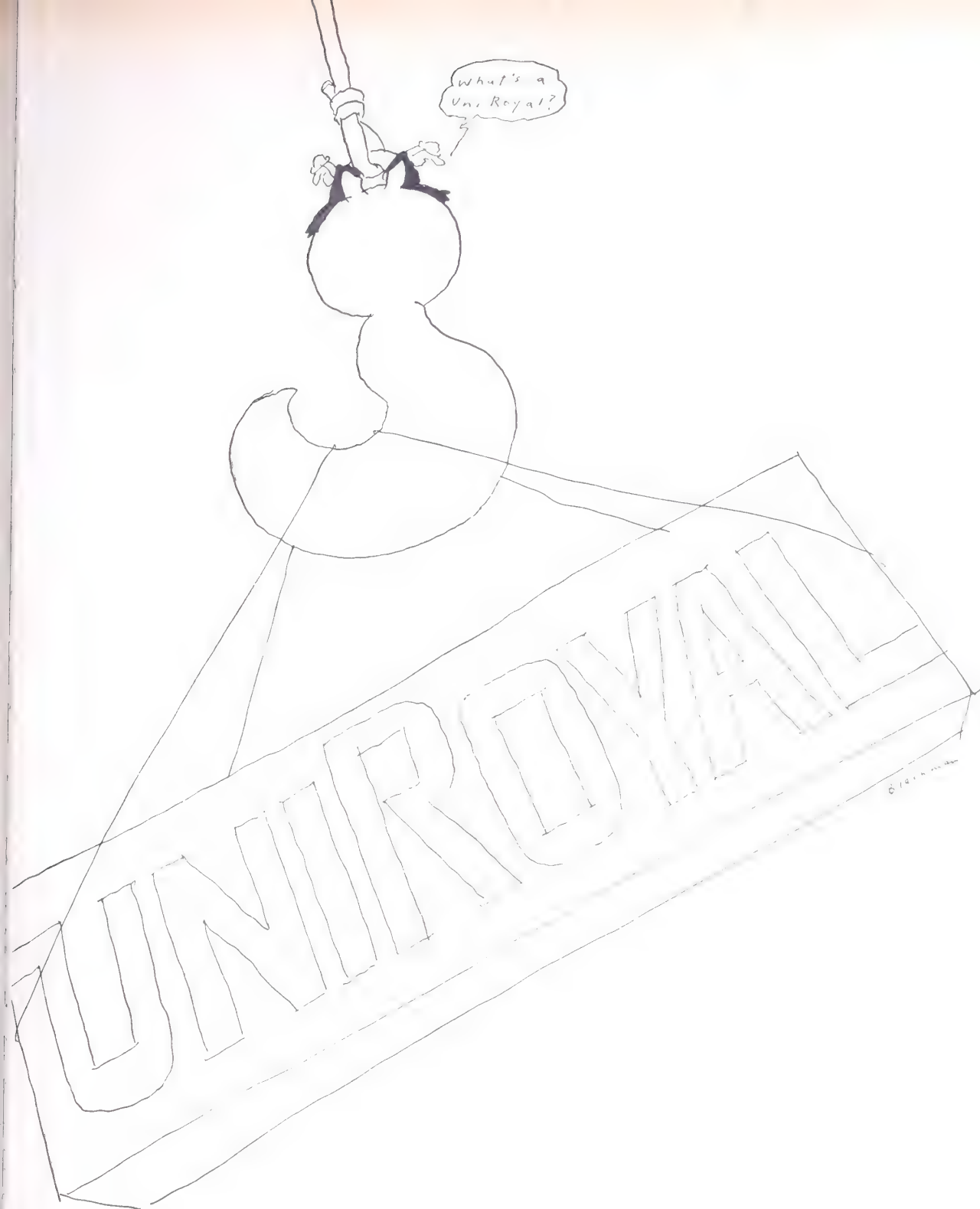
It is important that the people in the quiet streets in the East be in touch with Western society."

Aversion to

One reason Bundy is so swift in his mental apparatus is uncloaked general ideas. On the contrary, most people who concentrate on process, he is keenly sensitive to contrasts between changing and fixed generalities, between practice and preaching. He is one of the authors of the speech delivered by President Kennedy at the 1964 Yale commencement that stressed the distinction between economic "theories" and "realities." Speaking on 1 May at Yale in 1965, he did not fail to point out that "today the country cherishes and successfully practices the doctrines of fiscal management which seemed outrageous to many in the mouth of our famous Harvard temporary. . . ."

Though a deep-dyed Protestant, Bundy was almost alone in the Kennedy White House in arguing that the Catholics had a case for federal aid to parochial schools on the practical ground that these schools were an important part of the general educational system that needed to be improved; he felt, in fact, that some of his Catholic colleagues on the Kennedy staff were "article men." As a Republican, and an administrator of the richest private educational institution in the world, Bundy was doubly allergic to federal control of education. But in a talk to college educators, entitled "Of Winds and Windmills," he put the case for federal aid in a classic example of going beyond labels to practices. He pointed out that, on the whole, federal commissions served academic goals "more than any other major class of agencies come." "A windmill, as you know as Don Quixote did not," he said, "is a peaceful agency for making things do work. The wind may blow in many directions but a well-designed windmill gets results in terms of grain ground. So it is with the designed university."

Connected with the distinction between myth and realities is a native refusal to become entangled in dogma, an aversion to doctrinal strength that it amounts to ideological chastity. For Bundy to call an



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ment "theological" is to him a *reductio ad absurdum*. "If I can possibly help it," one man who works frequently and successfully with Bundy says, "I never let him see how I would like a particular problem to come out. I just work on each part as it comes up. If he thought he knew what I wanted, my advice would be discounted. He would think that I was treating each separate matter not on the merits but in line with the goal I personally felt we ought to reach."

It is typical of him that his sharpest criticism has been reserved for those who have gone overboard with their own ideas. William Buckley was an early target. In a review of *God and Man at Yale* Bundy wrote: "I can imagine no more certain way of discrediting both religion and individualism than the acceptance of Mr. Buckley's guidance." In the Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard this year, he said of General MacArthur that "precisely because he overstated his case, and overasserted his power, there was a downgrading of what he believed in." Similarly with Senator McCarthy: "By making charges so wild and loose that they failed in the end to command respect, by making a wild anticommunism an object of legitimate scorn," Bundy said, "Senator McCarthy gravely impeded the continuing and accurate understanding of the reality of communism."

Iron Knight of the Soft Line

It is a mug's game, in these circumstances, to try to label Bundy as a hawk or a dove or indeed to try to fit him into any crude system of categories. The only apt description I ever heard was marvelously complex: "The iron knight of the soft line." In fact, as a manager of process, Bundy keeps his views in motion all the time.

In the Cuban missiles crisis, for instance, he ended up in the camp of the hawks, favoring harsher methods than the blockade, but he began as the downiest of doves, favoring merely a diplomatic protest without any follow-up action to remove the missiles. This kind of adjustability is indeed the central motif of the Bundy career. It made it possible for him as a young man to help write the autobiography of a very old one—

Henry L. Stimson's *On Active Service in Peace and War*. It helps explain how a Yale man became the sparkplug of the postwar renaissance at Harvard. It enters into the circumstance that as a Republican he first found office under a Democratic President. It indicates how it was possible for him first to suggest that President Johnson pick Robert Kennedy as his running mate in 1964, and then to suggest to Robert Kennedy that he voluntarily withdraw his name from consideration. Now it has made it possible for him to be the only member of the original Kennedy White House staff to stay on with President Johnson at the White House for more than two years. A supreme mark of his unconcern with mere consistency is evident in two magazines dated July 3 of this year. One (*Saturday Review*) carried an article by Bundy which stressed "the three strands" that have been a "steady part of our policy." The other (*The Harvard Alumni Bulletin*) reprinted a Phi Beta Kappa address by Bundy entitled "Four Strands of Reality." Far, far more than woman's name is frailty, in sum, Bundy's name is flexibility.

In a political atmosphere, where loyalty is a prime quality, expressed by advancing friends and baffling foes, Bundy's flexibility is not always appreciated. Few people who have been elected to office in Washington trust him very far. "I know he did worlds for Kennedy," one of them says, "I know he does worlds for Johnson. But he would have done the same for Joe Stalin too." Still, if Bundy is not engrossed in the ordinary political loyalty, he has loyalties of another and not necessarily lower sort. He has institutional loyalties.

Up from the Lowells

For one thing, Bundy is a creature of the Establishment, in every sense of the word. Not only does he come from the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant gentry, not only is he a direct descendant of the Lowells and other first families of the Colonies, but—more important than either of these—he stands in direct line of succession to what he once called "the large names in the American past—the Roosevelts, Root, Stimson." Bundy

himself was Stimson's paratobiography. His father, Harvey Hollister Bundy, went to Stimson when he served Roosevelt as Secretary of War during World War II, and still earlier Stimson was Secretary of State under Herbert Hoover. Stimson had been pushed to the forefront by his law partner, Elihu Root, of course, was Secretary of War under T. R. himself. American standards that is an laying on of hands, perhaps the best thing we have to the great connection that led from Stimson through Marlborough Pitts, Fox, and Grey of down to Winston Churchill.

From these forebears, Bundy inherits his style of life. He lives at stately homes with other from good families. He believes, the best, that is to say the massive, clubs. He believes in what called the "strenuous life," and it in a fierce game of tennis. priggish he is not—if only because fine taste for malice and a s forced, giddy gaiety, most n in uproarious tête-à-têtes with ington's most elegant hostesses. tingly or not, he conveys to sense of self-satisfied su One of the fairest and mos respected journalists in Was Peter Lisagor of the *Chicago News*, once wrote of Bundy may love his family, but he look down his nose at mere

Tradition is an important to him. Unlike his older brot, assistant Secretary of State Bundy, who moved to Was married a local girl (Mary the daughter of the former S of State), and became a D a bureaucrat, and a booster o private school, McGeorge stayed Republican, settled i bridge, and married a proper ian (Mary Lothrop). One of sons has already started the parade through Groton; in Phi Beta Kappa address at Harva year he made a point of tell listeners "to hold to one across the generations." Lik of the statesmen of yore, he h him a certain *gravitas*, expr an eye of steely glint, a jaw t aggressively in debate, and for old-fashioned circumlocuti



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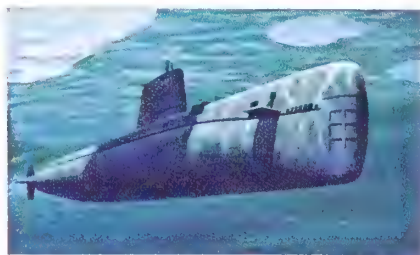
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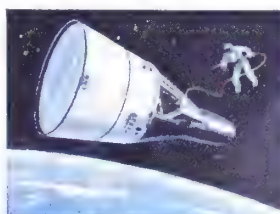
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ht ascribe to Doctor John-
ng over the port of a mellow
at The Club. Probably only
among moderns could speak
eed to arrange international
ffee, and wheat agreements
ng: "We must and do recog-
it what happens to certain
mmodities that make break-
the world is more significant
y a young economy than all
-term loans that Washington
riously assemble."

"Power" or "Service?"

Establishment impact on Bundy
o means confined merely to
tires. It extends to matters
and of personnel. Far more
ost people in government,
s concerned that the men of
e understand, approve, and
it American policies. When-
important roles are entrusted to
ll-known figures as John Mc-
Arthur Dean or Eugene Black-
ral Lucius Clay, the odds are
at Bundy had a hand in the
His central approach to for-
airs, moreover, is in perfect
with the basic precepts of
e Roosevelt. In all his public
Bundy emphasizes that the
States is inescapably part of
of the world. As he put it in
Beta Kappa oration, "None
zing on the world as it really
een able to escape from the
t we are what is called a Great
a great power engaged. A
ower whose inaction is as im-
in the affairs of the world as
n."

y equally tends to stress what
alled "the big stick." In the
tion to *The Pattern of Reli-*
gity, a book of former Secre-
State Acheson's collected
edited by Bundy in 1952, he
"Very near the heart of all
affairs is the relationship be-
policy and military power."
ook he wrote with Stimson he
ty to—if not, as the style sug-
ole author of—a justification
ng atomic weapons against
hat seems militant in its con-
titude. "In war, as in a box-
ch," the book says, "it is sel-
und for the stronger comba-
moderate his blows whenever
onent shows signs of weaken-

ing. . . . It was not the American re-
sponsibility to throw in the sponge
for the Japanese."

But along with a certain harshness,
Bundy has retained from his spiritual
ancestors an outlook characteristic
of the good families who, when they
found themselves outreached in the
race for wealth during the post-Civil
War period, turned to government as
a means of regaining power and pre-
stige. What most of his contemporaries
think of as being posts of power
and privilege, bearing with them the
chance to push other people around,
come out in Bundy's mouth as obli-
gations, duties, and tests. "Service,"
apart from figuring in the title of his
Stimson book, is a word still often on
Bundy's lips. In an essay he wrote
for the quarterly *Foreign Affairs*
during a time of inner stress—in
early 1964, while deciding to stay on
with President Johnson—he spoke of
the "enforced familiarity of close ex-
perience with the Presidential task,"
of "the awful office of the Presiden-
cy," of the President as a "servant of
peace." He ended with the conclusion
that "loyalty to President Kennedy
and loyalty to President Johnson are
not merely naturally compatible, but
logically necessary." Still later, in
the *Saturday Review* article, he was
to carry his love affair with the Pres-
idency to empyrean heights by writ-
ing: "Whether the accents and ac-
tions of an Administration are those
of Hyde Park, or of Independence, or
of Abilene and the Army, or of
Hyannis and Harvard—or the com-
plex and wonderful set of actions and
accents which I have the honor to
serve [that word again] today—they
flow in a single stream."

If that sounds like mere piety, it
is also an expression of, and an in-
troduction to, another Bundy loyalty.
For there is far more to the public
service these days, and especially to
serving a President in the foreign
field, than is dreamed of in the philos-
ophy of the gentlemen of the old
school. To do service to the modern
state it is not enough to be, morally
and in pedigree, a cut above "male-
factors of great wealth." To get a
good grasp on any modern problem,
to discover the pattern from which
there may be deduced the path of re-
sponsibility, requires penetrating
analysis—the special gift of that
bizarre creature, the modern intel-

Ever Think of Yourself As a Product?

THE student might be considered the
product of an educational factory. A
product of thousands of painstaking
learning operations contributing to edu-
cational growth, to the making of the
product, the student.

The analogy goes far enough when it
is understood that, like all products, the
student must eventually be sold. He must
sell himself to businessmen for the job
wanted, to educators for graduate work
and fellowship opportunities. . . .

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report covers

lectual. Despite intense differences of
background and outlook, Bundy as
much as anybody else in Washington
has sought out intellectuals, brought
them into the government, and sus-
tained them close to the center of
power. No enlightened despot, not
Frederick the Great, not Christina of
Sweden, ever did so much for the
philosophes. In a sense the Bundy
staff is a think-tank—a collection of
intellectuals strategically located to
apply the most rigorous criticism and
the most advanced thinking to Ameri-
can foreign policy. Its membership is
exceedingly diverse in matters of
race, background, and professional
expertise. The one kind of person
Bundy has not put on his staff is a
member or even a candidate member
of the Establishment.

The influence of the staff, even
more than Bundy's influence and for
the same reasons, tends to be hidden.
But to me anyhow, the thrust of the
staff is well-represented by the known
public actions of two men who have
moved on to more visible jobs. There
is Ralph Dungan, now Ambassador
to Chile. Dungan has at all times been
concerned to promote harmonious re-
lations between the United States and
the neutralist and underdeveloped
countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin
America. And there is Carl Kaysen,
Bundy's former deputy, now a pro-
fessor of economics at Harvard.
Kaysen has at all times been a lead-
ing proponent of arms control; he
was a key member, perhaps the key
member, of the Harriman mission
that negotiated the test-ban treaty



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with Russia in the summer of 1963.

If these samples say anything, they say that connections with the intellectuals are countervailing pressures to connections with the Establishment. And these pressures also find expression in Bundy's public talk. Almost as much as he emphasizes the great power role of the United States, Bundy stresses the peaceful intent of this country. The *Foreign Affairs* article that reflected his decision to stay with President Johnson was entitled "The Presidency and the Peace." "The American Presidency," Bundy wrote, "has now become the world's best hope for preventing the unexampled catastrophe of nuclear war."

Similarly, Bundy has consistently stressed the need for this country to achieve and maintain, not imperial relations with other countries, but rapport. As early as 1952 Bundy was using in a *Foreign Affairs* article a phrase that John Foster Dulles was to cite when this country refused to back Britain and France in their action against Suez. According to Bundy, the United States had to act "with a decent respect to the opinions of others, and with an understanding of the importance of independent friends." By 1962, in another *Foreign Affairs* article entitled "Friends and Allies," he was writing that between them and us "the central problem is to establish reciprocity." And this year, in his *Saturday Review* article, he was saying about outlanders things lyrical enough to make even Chester Bowles blush. "The dreams of others must have room to come true," Bundy wrote, "and . . . American power must be responsive to that end."

That Bundy's loyalties should run to groups (the Establishment and the Intellectuals) that negate each other may seem logically contradictory. But psychologically it is in harmony. It only reinforces the proposition that Bundy is a process man. He stands exposed to a marvelously full range of opinion, and can move, or open the door for a President to move, now one way, now another. Able to work within any frame of reference, he commands all the tools to keep the game going, is almost always in position to right a balance gone wrong.

Truly to play that role is to be the ideal man of the Greeks—the Man of

the Golden Mean. And it is hard to find places where he has strayed from the mean. The familiar and not very serious that he is prone to harsh judgment of intellectual inferiors. A criticism is that he allows himself to become deeply engaged in debates—a criticism sustained, in his debate on Vietnam with professor Hans Morgenthau, in his willingness to debate a person so little instructed in a complex issue. It may be said that Bundy generally follows the policy that is expedient and that he indulges himself in the luxury of appearing to be committed to hard lines that in reality is. Lastly, some who know him very well argue that the man whose true opinions is not merely of the "passion for anonymity" is supposedly appropriate to President's advisers, but native instinct. His former colleague and admirer, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., said of him, "Mac is exceedingly modest. You don't know what he thinks. He doesn't know what he thinks. The President doesn't know what he thinks. And I sometimes wonder who knows what he thinks."

Reading the

But it is not on that note that I want to end either what I have about Bundy, or what happens in my regular association with this magazine as its Washington correspondent. The central fact, most want to say, is that Bundy is a leading candidate, perhaps the leading candidate, for the statesman's role to emerge in the generation coming to power—the generation that reached maturity in the postwar period. His capacity to consider a wide variety of possibilities, to develop lines of action, to articulate and execute public policy, to impart quickened energy to men of the highest ability, to me unmatched. To me, any other figure seems almost alone among contemporaries a figure of true consequence, a fit subject for Milton's words

A Pillar of State; deep on his
Front engraven
Deliberation sat and public call
And Princely counsel in his face



Associated Press Wirephoto

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

England-born, Alabama-educated Dick Cunningham didn't visit Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery, Alabama, to learn about a murder.

He went there a few hours after the Selma-to-Montgomery freedom march to ask Hosea Williams about the plans for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Williams, director of the march, is a close friend of Martin Luther King's.

It was a dramatic phone call after the interview. It gave the Minneapolis Tribune reporter a news

beat—one that stirred the conscience of the nation. Cunningham wrote:

SELMA, Ala.—A white woman from Detroit, Mich., driving along the highway from Selma to Montgomery, Ala., was shot to death Thursday night, apparently by a bullet from a passing car . . .

The brutal murder of Mrs. Viola Gregg Liuzzo on March 25, 1965, wasn't the first time Dick Cunningham led America's press with a story of national significance.

Ten months before, while writing background stories on the attitudes

of whites and Negroes in Mississippi, Cunningham received a tip that three civil rights workers were missing. His report of their disappearance in the Minneapolis Tribune on June 22, 1964, was the first in print anywhere.

Accurate, on-the-spot reporting, combined with sensitive insight, is another reason why, year after year, the Minneapolis Tribune and Minneapolis Star continue to be the strongest, most influential medium in our nation's 15th market.



Cunningham

Minneapolis Tribune
MORNING SUNDAY



MINNEAPOLIS STAR
EVENING

The New Books

Using the Mother Tongue

by Paul Pickrel

A Dictionary of Modern English Usage, by H. W. Fowler. Second Edition, revised by Sir Ernest Gowers. Oxford University Press, \$5.

The Careful Writer: A Modern Guide to English Usage, by Theodore M. Bernstein. Atheneum, \$7.95.

Freedom and Discipline in English: Report of the Commission on English. College Entrance Examination Board (publisher), \$2.75.

Fractured English, by Norton Mockridge, illustrated by F. B. Modell. Doubleday, \$2.95.

The real enemies of language are always the educated illiterates. The natural or true-born illiterate will use double negatives and double superlatives and any number of other constructions disapproved of by the linguistic constabulary, but these will not violate the nature of the language and all can be found, with some searching, in the writing of the greatest masters of the tongue. It takes a costly education to produce a man who can really pervert language.

H. W. Fowler knew it, and the great strength of his book lay in the fact that, finicky and opinionated as he was, he always reserved the razor-edge of his tongue for the genteel vulgarisms and elegant ineptitudes, the pretensions and evasions and incompetencies of the man who was too refined to talk the way they talked at home and too lazy or too stupid to master the prestige dialect to which he aspired. Fowler was essentially a satirist out to delatate the linguistically puffed-up, and consequently attempts to revise his work and bring it up to date seem to me hardly less



misguided than efforts to redraw Goya's picture of the Napoleonic wars with modern uniforms. Yet Sir Ernest Gowers, though he is not a satirist, is an alert, sensible, circumspect man, and his tactful deletions, additions, and emendations will certainly increase the usefulness of Fowler for today's audience. If an artist is to be tampered with, then Sir Ernest is the man to do the tampering.

Bernstein, on the other hand, is essentially a rewrite man. His effort to put together a book of usage like Fowler's, with articles in alphabetical order on various words and topics (paragraphs, parenthetical remarks, punctuation) is possibly misguided; certainly it is misguided to publish it in a luxurious format of the sort usually reserved for the latest additions to Pound's *Cantos*. Of course there is a great deal of perfectly

sound information and opinion in Bernstein's book and many people will find it of value; but what Bernstein is good at, and he is often good at it, is showing how a sentence can be made inoffensive for that another kind of book have been a more appropriate

To be sure, when you start reading around in such books (I am not by far to read them from cover to cover) you never quite find what you are looking for, but that is not the fault of the author, it is a law of the universe. For instance, the problem of usage that troubles me most at the moment is the question of the preposition to use in the phrase "American policy in (or to, or for, concerning, in regard to, Vietnam." Almost every preposition carries some unfortunate suggestion—*for* is too managerial, *in regard to* too mealy-mouthed. Furthermore, the preposition that may work in this situation may fail in another. Perhaps we have a policy *in* West Germany, where we have established the paraphernalia of diplomatic relations, but can we have a policy *in* Red China, where we have so much as a minister? Neither Fowler-Gowers nor Bernstein offer any help whatever with this problem that I can find.

Bernstein is a good deal softer on educated illiteracy than Fowler or Gowers. In his article on *get*, for

Mr. Pickrel, who has reviewed for "Harper's" for many years, is managing editor of "The Yale Review" and teaches English at Yale.

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

—Alexander Pope

ALAN PATON SOUTH AFRICAN TRAGEDY:

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ample, he makes it clear that he finds something ungentlemanly about the word, but under *get* Fowler refers you to his splendid article on Formal Words, where he tells you what he thinks of people who run down to the drugstore to procure cigarettes or out to the woodshed to obtain an armful of logs. Bernstein also trots out that old nonsense of Ambrose Bierce's that we shouldn't say "got married" because we don't say "got dead," but it happens that *got married* is English idiom and *got dead* is not; besides, from what the big boys tell me I gather that the two states are not necessarily so nearly identical as Bierce and Bernstein assume.

Bernstein is timid on the problem of *persons* and *people*: "'one people,'" he says, "is unthinkable, 'two people' only a little less so." But "one people" was perfectly thinkable to Woodrow Wilson, though his effort to turn the word *people* into a singular may not be foremost among the reasons that he should be honored by a grateful nation; and I regularly say "two people"—in fact I regard *persons* as the kind of affectation you expect among bureaucrats who put up signs limiting the occupancy of public places. (Fowler-Gowers seems not to treat the *people-person* problem.)

Both books are disappointing on what I regard as the chief feature of contemporary educated illiteracy: the misappropriated adverb. Both justly deplore the revival of the adverb *presently* in its obsolete sense of *now* or *currently*, a piece of educated illiteracy for which I believe we are indebted, as for so much else, to the Luce publications. Bernstein points out, firmly enough, that the adverb *hopefully* does not mean "it is hoped that" or "I hope" but "in a hopeful way," so that the construction beloved by my educated illiterate friends—"Hopefully the condemned man will be sentenced tomorrow"—is not quite the tongue of Milton. Neither Bernstein nor Fowler-Gowers (perhaps the British have been spared this one) seems to be aware of the way the educated illiterates now abuse the adverb *importantly*: "He had a number of minor roles, but more importantly he played Uriah Heep in a dramatization of *David Copperfield*." Obviously *impor-*

tantly cannot be an adverb in such a sentence; anyone who tried to play Uriah Heep importantly would miss the essence of an oleaginously obsequious character so completely that he would have to be fired before opening night. The construction is elliptical and requires an adjective: "He had a number of minor roles, and (what is) more important, he played Uriah Heep in a dramatization of *David Copperfield*."

If the policies rather abstractly outlined in the chapter on English usage in the *Report of the Commission on English* can be realized in the training of teachers and in actual classroom materials and procedures, then the next generation may be a little better educated and a little less illiterate than ours. This chapter is an eminently judicious attempt to charter a program for the teaching of the English language that will strike "a decent balance between rigidity and chaos."

On two points the gifted and thoughtful members of the Commission seem to me to have fallen a little below their own very high standard. For one thing, they are more sophisticated sociologically than psychologically: they are keenly aware of the relation between social class and dialect, but they seem unaware of the relation between linguistic confusion and psychological confusion, though surely all real "mistakes" in language (as distinguished from such things as lapses into out-of-favor dialects and simple ignorance) must somehow be inadequacies of thought. For another thing, the Commissioners seem timid on the whole subject of the arbitrariness of language (they are so afraid of it that they call it, inappropriately, explicitness). Yet language as a child learns it is arbitrary in the extreme. As far as I can see, children are not upset by arbitrariness (the rules of all games are arbitrary), but they are upset by the adults' swindle of trying to make what is arbitrary appear just and reasonable. Language *is* a game, the most complex and subtle and beautiful the human mind has ever devised; its rules are not necessarily those that eighteenth-century grammarians derived from Latin, but they do exist, and for the first fifty or sixty years that you study a language,

many of them will seem arbitrary. That fact should be acknowledged in the classroom and the teaching language go on from there.

Norton Mockridge's *Fracture* is a glorious mishmash of linguistic irregularities ranging from folk etymology (the man declared that the bomb dropped on Hiroshima was called the Adam Bomb because it was the first one made) to attempts to find meaning in ritualistic verbal formulas ("I, naked individual, with freedom and justice for all"; "America, Arise! God's shed is braced on thee"). Mockridge shows that many expressions that those of us from the United League take for granite when uttered by the hoi and polloi with malicious forethought are a regular free-for-all circus that would keep you on tenterhooks, if you didn't turn white as a sheik. To the innocent pie-sticker whether he is a big muckler or a real Mr. Middle-toast, so many of Mockridge's examples will bug the imagination, but you've got to give him his onions, he's a Jekyll and Hyde trades and his book a parasite on sore eyes. You wouldn't miss the love of money and it wets your appetite for more.

Mockridge makes no attempt to find any principles at work in language (he simply classifies the examples), but at least two emerge clearly. One is that we are living through a cultural explosion that leaves many mild linguistic casualties in its wake. We must forgive the woman who offers her guests a chocolate Camerberg, Roqueford, and Camerzola; after all, her mother doubtless offered her guests cheese. So we must be patient with the lady who reported that her aunt died of cerebral hemorrhoid; her aunt's mother probably died of a stroke.

The other principle to be discovered is that as the basis of society becomes less and less agrarian the whole heritage of rural metaphor that has been the mainstay of language for thousands of years simply has a clear reference for many speakers. My young friend who turned the line in the Christmas carol from "the cattle are lowing" to "the Camerberg are lowing" was simply substituting something he had heard for something he hadn't, and when

The Swivel Chair

"It all began in the cold. "It had been cold all week in Washington. Then early Thursday afternoon the snow came. Workmen labored to clear Pennsylvania Avenue for the day's parade. Soldiers used flame throwers to melt the frozen drifts around the inaugural ceremony in the Capital Plaza. Toward dawn the snow began to stop. The white city faintly shimmered in the pale sunrise. The President-elect at eight, read over the text of his inaugural address, pencil in hand, and then left to attend to a neighboring church."

That is the way the book begins. It is a book by a great contemporary historian who lived and died in the storm center of a thousand fateful years of American history. A THOUSAND DAYS by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. is the history of a past vanished, inspiring, tragic, and illuminating, told at length in conscientious detail. Here, for the first time, is a study of causes and effects, of the transformation of character under pressure, of the transition from politician to statesman, a project yet informal study of government as an institution, and, finally, the portrait of a close, young man in the White House.

Mr. Schlesinger has written the history of two great democratic revolutions, the Pulitzer prize-winning AGE OF JACKSON and the Bancroft prize-winning AGE OF SEYMOUR. Now he undertakes the chronicle of the third return to power of the liberal view, a view which has inevitably become the mold for our future is cast.

At times so fluid and short of precedent, the telling of this record of our immediate past is made, despite the dangers of ignoring it never so fearful, that Mr. Schlesinger has succeeded in doing what no other historian has. A THOUSAND DAYS has seldom been attempted, for his book is not only an account of the events; it is a chronicle of these events, placed in historic setting, surrounded by its causes and antecedent circumstances.

Few books have excited as much comment ahead of publication. Before the manuscript was complete excerpts from it began appearing in Life, touching off the loudest debate in editorial pages across this country

and through Western Europe. Translators began work on the European editions long before the final chapters had come from the typewriter. The Book-of-the-Month Club announced its selection in the words of John Kenneth Galbraith: "Schlesinger is almost uniquely skilled in the historian's craft; he seems always to have the relevant materials at hand and in usable form, and he is an eloquent and seemingly effortless writer who is aided, without much doubt, by a deep and well-formed view of the issues under discussion. . . .

"This book will enlighten and inform. It may well, however, serve an even higher purpose. In the United States, when something is exposed fully to the light of day, there is often change. . . . "This book could . . . be a powerful force for reform." . . . "It is a deeply perceptive telling of a brief, bright moment in our history."

In the writing, the book grew from a projected 150,000 words to nearly half a million. The original printing of one hundred thousand copies is being raised as it goes to press. For collectors of limited editions there will be a deluxe edition strictly limited to one thousand copies, numbered consecutively, autographed by the author, and sold on a first come, first served basis. The edition will be bound in dark red full calf-skin with imported marbled endpapers, gold top, silk head- and footbands, and maroon silk marker. Dark green leather labels stamped in gold will appear on the front and shelfback. Each book will be in a full-cloth case. Price: \$50.00. The earliest possible date for publication is November 23. A thousand bookstores have special order-taking posters, but if yours has not, you may prefer to use this coupon.



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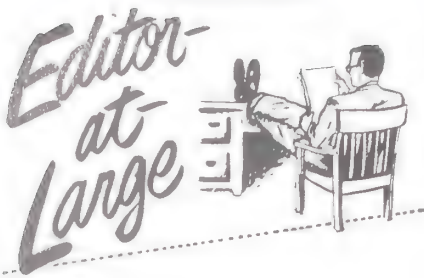
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With the current emphasis on eradicating poverty, it's refreshing to come across a man like Floyd Hunter, who wants to eradicate the rich.

If that's too strong a statement—and it is—perhaps it comes from my rapt reading of sociologist-anthropologist Hunter, a man given to strong statements himself. His new book, *The Big Rich and the Little Rich*, is full of them. It deals with the very rich, the prospering but strapped middle affluent, and the poor. One setting is "Ivydale," a southern university town; the other is plainly named as the San Francisco Bay area.

He speaks of the "toadying" of the "job-rich" (university people with low-to-middling salaries but with fringe benefits and tenure) to the real rich; of people "shouting their respects" to the local rich but deal man. His sweeping accusations about waste in the economy leave most of us bleeding as he brushes by. And he has no hesitation in saying: "*The professors in Ivydale do not work any harder than faculties elsewhere, and that is not very hard. They are basically a leisure class...*"

Dr. Hunter, the man who, with his first book, put the phrase "power structure" into the language, is now working in the brisk and cutting mode of C. Wright Mills, Paul Goodman, and two older hands named Veblen and Marx. His is an angry, almost old-fashioned attack, but modern in method. He is given to occasional words like "dysfunctional" but otherwise one is tempted to agree with Lucius Beebe who wrote recently that *The Big Rich and the Little Rich* may very well be the most profound study of wealth since "Theory of the Leisure Class."

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Big Rich and the Little Rich, \$4.50, by Floyd Hunter is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 12 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 248 North Park Center, Dallas, Texas 75225.

THE NEW BOOKS

late Samuel Goldwyn inveighed against biting the hand that laid the golden egg he was only revealing that he had spent more time around a movie studio than around a henhouse. Since classical antiquity the standard idiom for describing frank dealing with the world has been "calling a spade a spade," and it once seemed very funny in *The Importance of Being Earnest* when one young lady

attempted to put another in by announcing, "I believe in a spade a spade," and the other replied, "I have never seen a But when most people have seen a spade, we will simply find another idiom. For my believe in calling a synthetic thetic, but I am confident the linguistic genius of the race something better.

Unofficial Volunteers for the Great Debate

by Roscoe Drummond

The Paranoid Style in American Politics and Other Essays, by Richard Hofstadter. Knopf, \$5.95.

China and the Peace of Asia, edited by Alastair Buchan. Praeger, \$6.

Affairs at State, by Henry Serrano Villard. Crowell, \$5.95.

World Politics in the General Assembly, by Hayward R. Alker, Jr. and Bruce M. Russett. Yale, \$7.50.

The Free World Colossus, by David Horowitz. Hill and Wang, \$6.95.

At a time when Congress is producing little effective debate on the great issue of U.S. foreign policy, it is doubly welcome that qualified specialists are promoting that debate in their writing. They are beginning to fill the void with meaty and meaningful material. It's none too soon.

Many Republican leaders, as illustrated by their White Paper on Vietnam, are tending to mislead the country by trying to have it both ways—enough support of the President to get some credit if things go well and little enough support to be able to blame the President if things go badly. Many Democratic leaders in Congress are expediently silent or are giving the White House either perfunctory endorsement or meaningless condemnation. One Democratic Senator, Wayne Morse of Oregon, calls Vietnam "McNamara's war" and talks wildly of the growing public desire to see Johnson impeached. There isn't useful debate in a whole carload of *Congressional Records*.

For a time it looked as though the emotional, we-hate-war student protests and the professional teach-ins would sweep the country. But the

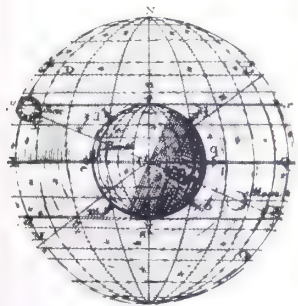
American instinct has been and resistant. Just as the country rejected Barry Goldwater, it is rejecting the raucous academic of the government.

But all this leaves the floor much to the President. He should be—and should not be expected to be—the lone nourisher of public opinion. However much I agree with Morison's actions in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic and in the thrust of his foreign policy, I want to be among the first to recognize that the President is an advocate and that more needs to be said. We need a few more layers of objective information, detached and responsible—however controversial—appraisal. This is the vacuum of public opinion. Usually, when decisions are in the making, as in the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Alliance, Congressional action has filled this vacuum. It isn't so today. This is why it is particularly valuable that competent and serious authors are wisely rushing in where timid politicians fear to tread. A considerable flow of new books is coming with many of the right questions at the right time.

At first blush it could well seem relevant to put at the forefront of this review *The Paranoid Style in American Politics and Other Essays* by Richard Hofstadter. The value of defending South Vietnam or of defending Santo Domingo, the pros and cons or demerits of trade with Latin Europe, the prospects of atomic nuclear proliferation—these are not discussed here at all. But something relevant is. Professor Hofstadter

Encyclopædia Britannica says:

Traveler wanted for distant voyage.



He will come to know the beauties
of the rain forest and the glory
of an island in the sun.

He will see through eyes other
than his own, and hear through other
ears. He will visit ancient tombs
and palaces and walk beneath the sea.
He will sit with kings and
presidents, artists and philosophers,
and feel their wisdom feed his own.

The traveler will journey into
a drop of water, and into the heart of
the earth, and beyond the moon,
and beyond the stars, and plunge to
the very rim of all man's knowledge.
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the travelers who have gone before
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who will follow. He will question
much, and come to understand much.
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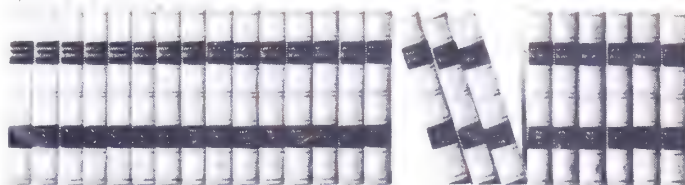
Unusual opportunity for right person.
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and the seven seas, and live in the
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Planetary scenes from Plate XXXIX
in the 1st Edition of Britannica, pub-
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**they strangled Leningrad
and for three terrible years
she refused to die**

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Professor Hofstadter's new book is a premise and prelude to intelligent thinking and intelligent acting in the whole field of foreign policy. Unelected officials are protected by a mature public opinion from being hounded as traitors when the question is an honest difference of judgment, this kind of thing will go on.

Others—the Overstreets among the best—have dissected the style and methods of the Far Right which seek to substitute unproved accusations of evil intent for disagreement in good faith. This poisons the lifeblood of free society. Until the great majority of Americans inoculate themselves against this poison, our political system is in danger. But as these tactics are clearly seen for what they are, their power will be contained. Professor Hofstadter's essays contribute to our capacity for containment. They are calm, clear, dispassionate, and devastating—a joy to read.

China and the Peace of Asia, edited by Alastair Buchan from a free-flowing exchange among scholars and experts at one of the conferences of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London, adds immeasurably to our grasp of the conflicting forces at work in the Far East. These are cogent, competent, and lucid essays by people who know what they are talking about and whose objective is not to defend policy but to clarify the choices available to us.

Mr. Buchan in his foreword points out that while there is disagreement over whether China's intentions are aggressive or whether she seeks an Asian sphere of influence or to change the map of Asia, there is wide agreement "that it is the ideological fa-

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the nature of Chinese Communism, which is the central problem of our security today."

Everybody wants peace. Mao Tse-tung wants peace. He has stated that the man has eliminated capitalism will attain the era of perpetual peace, and there will be no more need of war." But the premise of this for peace is that Communist China must engage in war to erase capitalism in order to bring about peace. One contributor to this volume, Samuel B. Griffith of the Council on Foreign Relations, puts it thus: "his utopia can only be achieved by the use of arms: the Chinese leadership believes, as an article of faith, in struggle—and they specify *violent mortal struggle*—is inevitable as long as 'class society' exists. . . ." Professor Morton Halpern of Harvard University, "China's Strategic Outlook," Professor P. J. Honey of the University of London on Indochina, and Professor Klaus Mehnert of the Institute of Technology at Aachen, Germany, on the Sino-Soviet conflict, are written particularly illuminating chapters. The whole book is an excellent graduate course in what we need to know—expert enough for experts and clear enough for laymen.

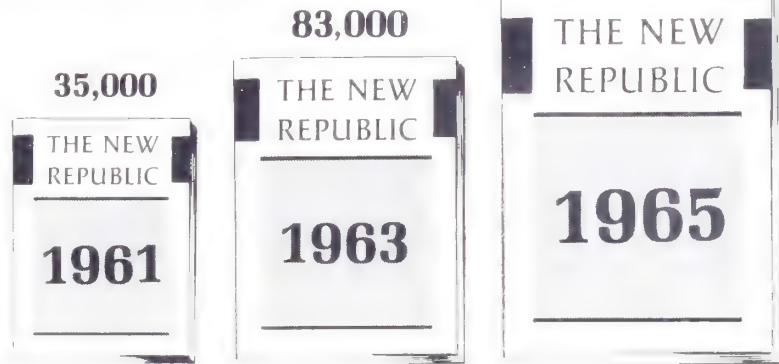
At least two kinds of people will find *Insights at State* by Henry Serrano Lora rewarding: those who think the State Department is just great and those who think the U. S. must take the blame whenever anything goes wrong anywhere in the world.

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Mr. Drummond, distinguished reporter, author, and lecturer, is Washington columnist for the New York Herald Tribune Syndicate.

Whatever He Did Was Notably Done

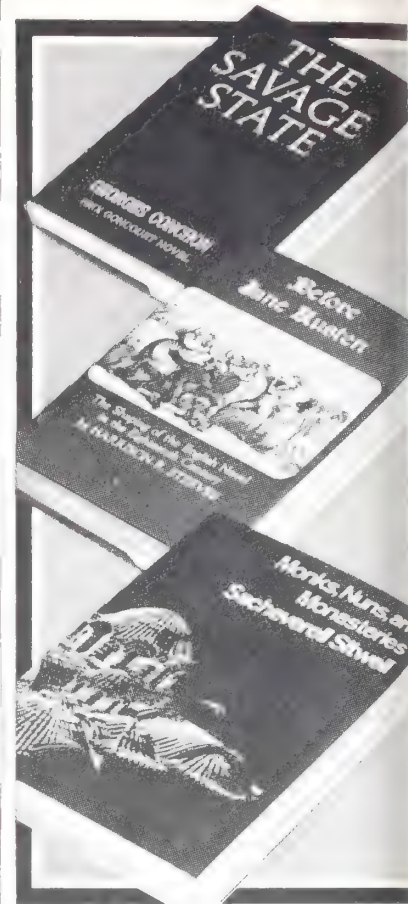
by Alfred B. Rollins, Jr.

The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood:
Mirror to His Times, by John Mason
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rkable eye for personality and
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with a nice sense of the signifi-
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s which have long since become
ood habit. Who else but John
n Brown could have put the
priced poverty of his subject so
y as to say, "... the wolf could
ave served the Sherwoods as but-
because he was so often at their
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to call the conventional praise
e dead "mortuary molasses," or
y of a great lady that the magic
practiced so well was "bitch-
"? And Brown has chosen to
e Sherwood's story a history of
imes. The book is full of impor-
glimpses of Sherwood's associ-
And it is liberally sprinkled with
p insights on the worlds of
er and journalism.
t there are things missed here.
ously there is little about Sher-
l's plays themselves. Brown has
en elsewhere as critic. Here he
entrates upon the pains and
ures of the production. There is
rkably little about what went on
e the man. One yearns for a more
aling study of his retreat from
ism. And one is saddened that
e can be so little explanation of
Robert Sherwood worked. The
ole is, of course, lack of material—
gaps in the record.
the book has a major fault, it is
ly that the biographer has be-
e enchanted with his man in the
ess of recreating him. This is not
etive work. Sherwood's essential
s and distastes, joys and loves
become Brown's also. For ex-
e, the biographer appears to hate
wood's first wife more inten-
y than the husband ever did. Yet,
aps it is this very quality of in-
ement which helps to make this
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is graceful. The Robert Sherwood of *The Petrified Forest* and of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* comes back as a man of significance and charm, not completely understood but no longer easily forgotten. One can only hope that Mr. Brown will not delay his second volume. *On a Larger Stage* will deal with the Sherwood of war and White House, of *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, of *The Best Years of Our Lives*. Mr. Brown needs only to make it as good as the first volume, but that is very good indeed.

Professor Rollins is head of the history department at Harpur College in Binghamton, New York, and author of "Roosevelt and Howe."

Books in Brief

by Roderick Cook

The Mandelbaum Gate, by Muriel Spark.

Miss Spark seems to have gone straight, in a manner of speaking. With her previous novels, she established her own very personal genre—a kind of short, ritualistic comedy, with an elliptical time scheme, and written in a style half liturgy, half news report. It always sounded as if it had been written in one sustained breath, at one sustained sitting.

But with her new novel, she takes her time rather like anyone else and unfolds, in almost strict chronology, a long comic adventure story written in a style that is, for her, merely literate. The plot is centered on the Gate between Jordan and Israel, and a Catholic schoolteacher who is on a pilgrimage via Jordan to the Holy shrines. Her difficulty is that she is half-Jewish (as well as half-engaged to a divorcé archaeologist) and this leads to a lot of running hither and thither and dressing up. It also leads to some startling behavior on the part of an English diplomat, hitherto noted for his obliging smile and a habit of composing deft rondeaux as thank-you notes to his hostesses.

The peculiar quality of Miss Spark's observation, comment, and

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-of-fact irony still prickles about the book, and the com-
es and absurdities of the Jew-
ab situation are cleverly han-
But the total effect of the book
t labored—almost as if she had
d she must write something
bit more “substance” this time.
rte has always been people, and
s using a place as her central
has slightly thrown her.

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ed and the Green, by Iris Mur-

s Murdoch, like Miss Spark,
to have felt the need of a
e. Those who thought her recent
reudian Gothic tales were get-
bit much can relax—and rejoice
use the lady is back in the real
and with a certain mellowness
to the confidence and fastidi-
s of her writing. The book
a while to get going, for it is set
before the Easter Rising in
1916, and a lot of the back-
d has to be set up, rather
y disguised as conversation.

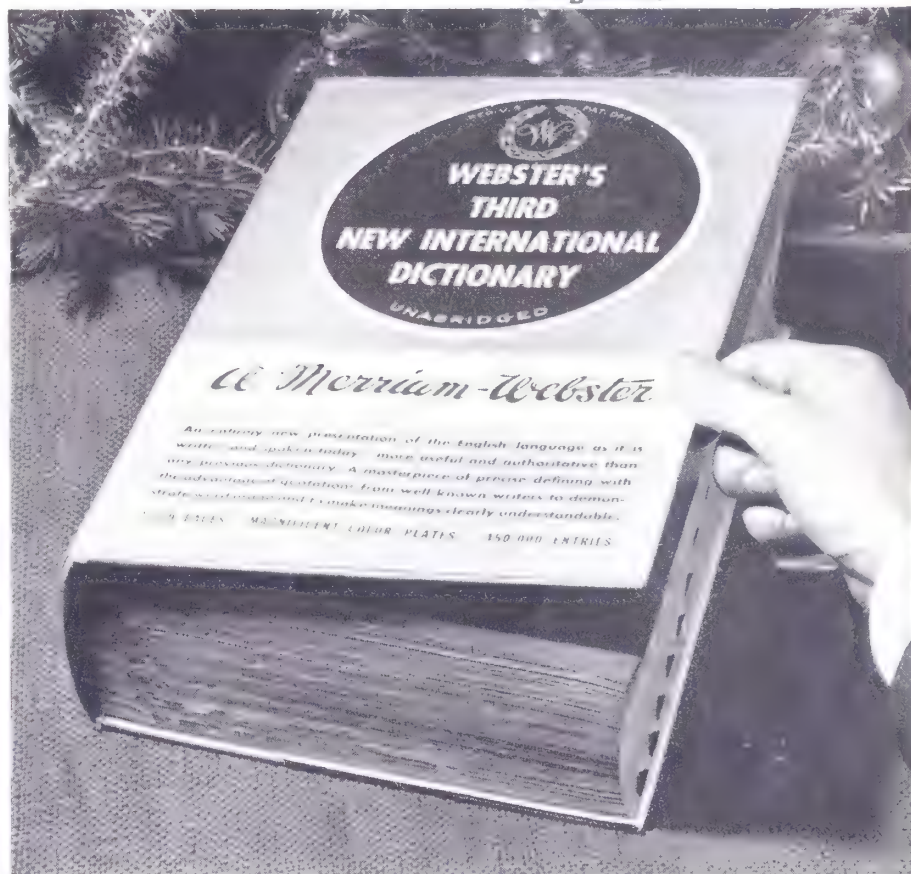
e must also be quick to point out
his is not another book about
troubles.” The historical event
d as the focal point of another
a, because its mixture of bra-
self-pity, and almost willful
rdom reflects directly the char-
of the people in the novel. These
le a cavalry officer nervous of
s, a failed whiskey-priest (no,
e Graham Greene sort—this one
ch sweeter), and an amusing
grande dame manquée who
s all the men involved.

e interrelation of her nine main
cters is as intricate and aston-
g as always, but only in one bed-
scene does it seem like one of
oldly farcical “change partners
ance” charades. There is here a
th and compassion for her char-
s that Miss Murdoch has not
1 since *The Bell* and, as always,
controlled vigor of sensibility
is no one to touch her. It is a
y civilized work. Viking, \$5

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ent and one recently arrived
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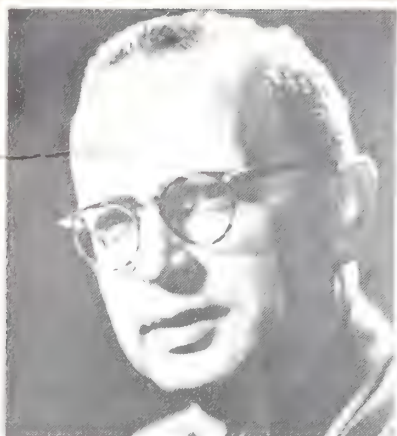
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Cork Street, Next to the Hatter's, by Pamela Hansford Johnson.

Miss Johnson takes a short but elaborate tilt at the Theater of the Absurd and the Theater of Cruelty that are so fashionable now in London. A modest professor, bored and affronted by the current drama, sets out to write a play of such deliberate repellency that (he thinks) the mere fact of its Ultimate Bad Taste will bring the theater managers to their senses. Needless to say, the play finds a producer and defeats everyone by achieving a hideous little success.

The story involves the same artsy-craftsy coterie that turned up in *The Unspeakable Skipton* and it is all very high-spirited in a rather dogged, literary way. The tone suggests more sorrow than anger, but it often sounds like the Duchess speaking roughly to the younger set—who only do it to annoy because they know it teases. Scribner, \$4.95

La Bâtarde, by Violette Leduc.

"My case is not unique," the book begins "I am afraid of dying and distressed at being in this world. I haven't worked. I haven't studied. I have wept. . . . I cannot think about things for long, but I can find pleasure in a withered lettuce leaf offering me nothing but regrets to chew over." After a mere two paragraphs of this, the author says, "It's taken me two and a half hours to write that, two and a half pages of my exercise book.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

keep on, I shall not lose heart." Upon stark terror enters the reviewer—terror lest he be led into saying, "Well I shan't I already have," and moving to the next book.

Science propels him through or two *splendeurs* and thought of *misères* of this self-consciously, consumptive bastard-bian relationships, her heterosexual relationships, and her entry into the literary world via a job as store clerk. She is a determiner, as well as a determined and her style (suggested to the age of sixteen by her) is a series of flat, declamatory sentences, rarely over a dozen and all beginning with "I." The honest and the poor creature who has had problems that make Zola's heroines sound like the Limberlost.

Halfway through she says, "I changed: I still haven't over-desire to juggle with words people will notice me. An phrase, that's my act. I do and my exercise book applauds when my exercise book doesn't me, that means it's indifferent. Darling reader, I will give it I have. I must leave you for not to collect it and give it back. At which point, this reviewer to his original terror and ran from the room before she set back, waving yet another book.

For fairness it must be said this has had a great success in and that this edition has an artistic introduction by that of the New Wave, Simone de Beauvoir.

Harvard, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95

Books 1942-1951, by Albert Camus. Translated and annotated by E. V. Rieu.

The second collection consists, first, of three main categories: philosophical ideas and fragments of description; notes and quotations of the books Camus was reading; and preliminary jottings on the people and situations he used later in his novels, essays, and plays. It is not a book of aphorisms, though there are plenty of them. It is upon heroism and courage and ordinary values—after having

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by William F. Haddad

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MOTHER AND CHILD IN A PUERTO RICAN SLUM

by Oscar Lewis

Excerpted from Mr. Lewis' tape recordings, this turbulent narrative—the first of two parts—explores the desperate life of a prostitute and her five children in a seaside slum in San Juan and in the United States.

THE CASE FOR BUILDING 350 NEW TOWNS

by Wolf Von Eckardt

BALTIMORE BOY

by Robert Kotlowitz

A DECADE OF OLD MOVIES

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

given proof of courage.") The cination of the book is simply seeing a first-class mind trying out on itself. There is little autobiography or historical background even in these random notes, stays as removed from himself as his own "Stranger." But it is this, in this constant need he has to use his intellect to discipline his nature—to eliminate waste and use his best capabilities—that gives his exercise books (unlike Mlle. Le's) their calm and attractive severity. K.

Lena, by Lena Horne and Robert Schickel.

This is only partly the story of Miss Horne grew from being another "chocolate chanteuse" in Harlem's Cotton Club into the herb stylish star she is today in clubs all over the world. It is an account of how things have (and have not) changed for the Negro former over the last thirty years. Miss Horne says she was "thrown to . . ." play certain clubs, at certain times, in certain places; and it is interesting to hear, from her point of view, how the image of Jimi warbling his rhythmic words wild, has toppled, even if it has yet fallen. The book has an easy and modest tone and is much gossipy than these things are to be. Doubleday.

The Life of Dylan Thomas, by Stantaine Fitzgibbon.

The legend and works of Thomas have been pushed at us in many forms since his death—on stage, on records, in movies, memoirs—that a mere Life of the comes as a bit of an anticlimax, especially one like this that is so scientifically restrained. The author is an old friend of the poet's and determined to ignore the romantic hysteria that surrounded him, sticking stolidly to the facts. Mr. Fitzgibbon insists that he is a chronic not a critic, which is perhaps just well—for when he does comment tends to be of the "no poet was conscious of the neiges-d'automne's-wingèd-chariot" school of expression.

But while the chronology is set in sober fashion, Thomas remains splendidly drunk, more with wit than alcohol. After Fitzgibbon's

BOOKS IN BRIEF

on of the poet's background hood and some large chunks of his early essays, Thomas himself going in his young love letters. Pamela Hansford Johnson, then on one never loses the of his voice or the turbulence of his presence. The book is full of poems and anecdotes—some new, well-known—and there seems no why, as long as anyone who asked to him is still alive, this of wonder and fun should ever. How can one be surfeited by about a man whose reaction to could be "to sit down under a tree and cry Jesus to the mice"? Little, Brown, \$7.95

Hater's Handbook. Edited by Rosner.

be misled by the title—this is a book of handy, ready-made. It is a collection, under various headings (politics, literature, etc.) of some of the rotten things that have been said over the years by famous and successful men. The hater (a notable hater) said, "My reward is 'contempt if one is hated if one succeeds.'"

Students seem to head the list of readers, with a positive torrent of letters probably on the principle that the more a man is, the further you are from him. The most interesting is to see *Time* pulled down Truman and lashed up Eisenhower, while almost exactly the same words are used in the same facts.

One can have too much of a bad thing, though, and after a while the mudslinging gets to be a bit tiresome. It takes the witty haters, like H. L. Mencken, Whistler, Wilde, and Shaw, to keep things bubbling. It also comes as a surprise to find Everyone's Favorite—Mencken—and vice versa.

A book that one would like to read afterwards, it is slapdash and a little economy not to have an edition which is why it is difficult to read this review. But it is an interesting book to dip into, and a natural gift for the upcoming Christmas of Goodwill. Delcorte, \$5

Cook was educated at Cambridge, England, and is a New Yorker. He writes regularly for the New York Times and TV in Canada and is the author of a children's almanac, Your Toes." []

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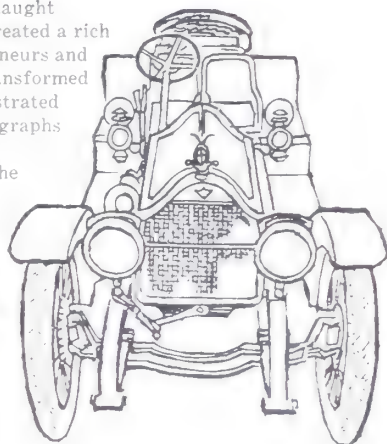
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SCRIBNERS

Music in the Round

by *Discus*

Paradoxical Ives

In music of savage modernism he evoked the Yankee past and yearned for the America of the horse-drawn carriage.

Getting into the music of Charles Ives is like opening a hard-shell clam. Once the knife enters, it is easy, but a certain force is necessary. The clam resists, and many people give up in disgust. And even if in recent years there has been quite an Ives renaissance, his music by and large does not receive many public performances. If for no other reason, much of it is too difficult. Last year, when Leopold Stokowski and the American Symphony Orchestra decided to perform the Fourth Symphony, they were faced with a gigantic score and a gigantically complex one, in which

page after page had all kinds of poly-rhythms, awkward figurations, and a sheer mass of dissonant sound that required slow and painstaking translation. The performance could not have been given at all without foundation support for many additional rehearsals. Not only is the orchestral music of Ives transcendently difficult. For years his *Concord Sonata* was considered unplayable, and only one pianist—John Kirkpatrick—took the considerable time out to learn it.

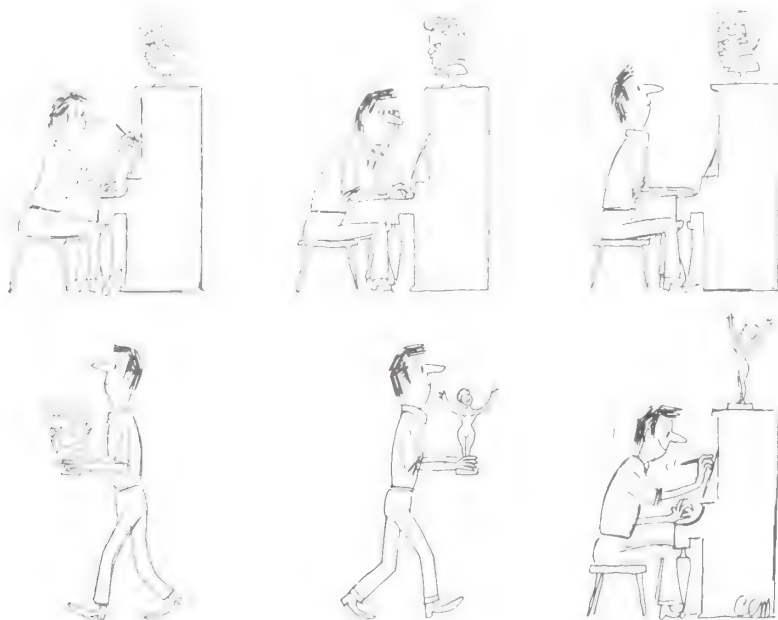
As we all know, Ives was fooling around with the most avant-garde conceptions long before the avant-garde came on the scene. He started composing in the 1880s, but always was a part-time composer. He would take time off from his business (insurance) to write his music: weekends, at night, on vacation. Although he busied himself a good deal with

the propagation and dissemination of the advanced music of the especially in the 1920s, he sought performances for it. During his life he had but a pitifully tiny number of performances. In recent years, though, he has been elevated to the position of saint, and most of the younger generation has hopped on his band. He did not write the kind of music they are writing (though he could be as atonal as any of them), but he even experimented with a kind of serial technique long before Schoenberg, but they are entranced by his innovations, with the text of his music, with its rhythmic complexities, with its defiant, stubborn integrity.

But if there are relatively "live" performances of Ives' music even today, the burgeoning interest in the composer has led to an impressive number of recordings. Here one can study Ives at leisure, and his speech and his idiom become more sounding. Here one can get a taste between the lips of the clam. As with any composer who has something personal to say, Ives' music rapidly becomes clear. His music at first all but repellent, takes strength; and what seems noise, for the sake of noise, or structure, do not hang together, develops strength and logic.

In the Long

The important thing to keep in mind is not Ives the avant-gardist, innovator, and anticipator. The important thing—perhaps the only thing that really counts, in the long run—is nationalism. He was by far the greatest of the American nationalists, and he may have been the only one. For nationalism does not mean quotation of folk tunes. One can hack and can harmonize and orchestrate Western tunes and create a cowboy-Brooklyn score, and many more. The great national composers—Smetana, Dvorak, Balakirev, Vaughan Williams—are the ones who are saturated in their musical heritages that it becomes part of their blood, and muscle. Every note they write is an evocation of their background; and this does not mean quotation. Many of them seldom write an actual folk song.



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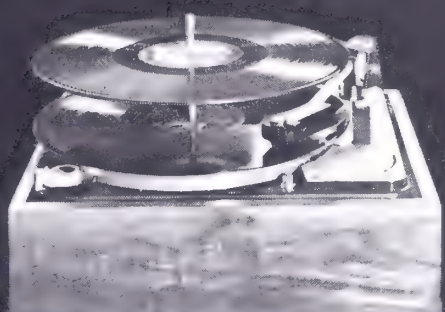
MUSIC IN THE ROUN

Which brings us to the latest addition to the Ives discography—the **Violin Sonatas**, played by Paul Kofsky and the pianist Gilbert K. (Folkways FM 3346/7). Every of Ives is here. He worked on sonatas concurrently, from 1911 to 1914. The last one has a title: *dren's Day at the Camp Meeting*. The movements of the second are named *Autumn*, *In the Barn*, *Revival*. The other two are "absolute." But Ives really could not write absolute music. For one thing, there always are many evocative quotations. In virtually every single work he ever composed, Ives makes musical reference to the ambience of his youth: the hymns he sang in his New England church, to the patriotic songs he remembered, to vaudeville routines, to olders on the green, Civil War marches, to patriotic songs ("Hail Columbia" and, especially, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" are constantly quoted in nostalgic snatches), to rhythmic and melodic fragments of sentimental ballads.

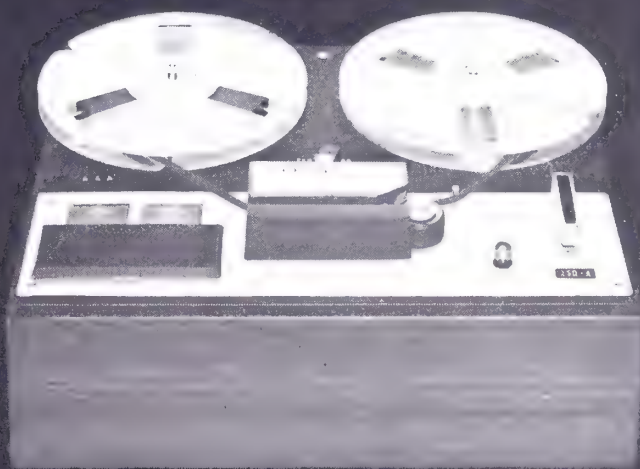
Hard to Assimilate

Ives was a conservative man, a traditionalist, and one who looked back and yearned for the America of an earlier time—the America of Transcendentalists (Emerson, Alcotts, Thoreau), the America of horse-drawn carriages and town meetings, the America of rural Yankee individualism. It is one of the great aesthetic paradoxes that Ives expressed this bucolic and sentimental vision in music of such ferocious and uncompromising modernism. Throughout these four violin sonatas does breathe the spirit of Ives' kind of America, and we do get all the typical Ivesian quotations and references. We also get music of unparalleled wildness for its time. The piano part is all over the keyboard in great clusters of savage sound. The organization is strictly Ives, meaning that it bows distantly to classical sonata form but jogs along on its overgrown road when and as it pleases.

It is music of extraordinary vitality and individuality, and there is nothing like it, anywhere at any time. It also is difficult music to assimilate. Not because of its dissonance, since 1913 we have had *Le Sacre du Printemps*.



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Bartók, Schoenberg, Boulez, and Stockhausen. Not because of its structure, for today we are used to everything from action music to totally organized serial structures. But because of its concept. It cannot be listened to as absolute music, because Ives was trying to suggest something extra-musical. Thus the listener must be prepared to put himself into the frame of mind that Ives had; to receive and enjoy the same stimuli. In effect, the listener, unless he is extremely familiar with the Ives idiom, needs some kind of gloss (and it should be said that the program notes by Samuel Charters that accompany these Folkways discs are a model of their kind). As a minimum, he should read the biography by Henry Cowell.

Part of the fun in listening to Ives is picking out the various allusions, and there is in existence, unfortunately not published, exactly such a gloss—a list of every tune that Ives quoted, and where it can be found in Ives' work.

Musicians Unflustered

Thus Ives' music has to be listened to on two levels, and the nationalistic one is as important as the purely musical. It is fitting that the four violin sonatas be released by Folkways, for the music is very much in the folk tradition, modern and forbidding as it at first may sound. For the performances there can be nothing but praise. Ives composed for a school of musicians who were not around at the time, but who are now coming up fast—musicians unflustered by any kind of rhythmic figuration (a lengthy essay could be written on Ives' rhythm, which is simpler than its notation and has something in common with spoken language) or any kind of technical problem. To engage this music, the performers must unblock themselves of the metrical and mechanical responses developed from Bach to Schoenberg, and this is not easy. By now those responses are genetically ingrained. It takes an entirely different schooling and musical philosophy to play Ives (and, for that matter, all of the new, post-Webern music). Zukofsky and Kalisch have this new kind of training; and if youth must be served, it is in music like this. []

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

San

Some years ago a record called *Surgical Jazz*, issued on a label calling itself "Ecclesia," marked the arrival of jazz religious music on the respectable scene. The fact that jazz and Negro spiritual sprang from the same roots, and at one time were almost indistinguishable, had not before been enough to guarantee acceptability, even with the intervention of priests and ministers—like Father Norman J. O'Connor—who appreciated jazz. What made the difference was the change in the churches themselves, a turn toward everyday realities, for which the true source (I suspect) will eventually be found in civil rights.

Certainly the latest jazz-religious album, *Vince Guaraldi at Grace Cathedral*, would indicate as much. It is the recording of a "modern liturgy for the choral Eucharist," an actual service held last May in San Francisco, in which the sermon was preached by the Reverend Malcolm Boyd, of the Church of the Atonement in Washington, "playwright, freedom rider, and chaplain-at-large to college campuses across the United States." Dr. Boyd he asks, "Do we give a damn about what Christ wants?" Here is the voice of the church that marks the present day, even if a little self-consciously, and the music matches it.

How well Mr. Guaraldi has succeeded can be measured against the success of the trick tried by Lalo Schiffrin, a writer of movie and television scores, aided—or, rather, almost rescued—by a jazz woodwind player Paul Horn. Horn's contributions are the redeeming feature, and they turn the remainder into background music. I do not know quite how Vince Guaraldi does it, but he managed at Grace Cathedral to weave together his old jazz piano and his own version of plainchant, joining what other men had heretofore left asunder. With this recording, jazz enters the church safely.

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The Writer's Life

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WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME

Drawings by Joseph Papin

What Every Writer Wants

by John le Carré

Is every writer doomed to be an outsider? And in his attempts to get inside "the city walls," does he forfeit his freedom? What are the private sources of his inspiration? What are his greatest needs, and what is their cost? These questions—and others—are discussed in a penetrating essay by one of today's most acclaimed novelists, author of "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" and "The Looking Glass War."

I read somewhere it may be apocryphal—that Goethe kept a bottom drawer which he called his *Faustschrank*, his Faust cupboard, into which he dropped those little fragments of poetry for which he had no immediate use. When the second part of Faust came to be written, the old man took a furtive look in the cupboard, then got to work with the paste and scissors. I hope it's true.

The Germans have a word to describe such post-creative creativity: *Nachdichtung*, poetry after the fact. That is an industry of its own, and often consists of no more than putting an intellectual gloss on a good story. Writers and reviewers hold hands in this game, to the greater entertainment (and delusion) of the public. It's a pretty harmless game, and I suspect that like the word which describes it so nicely, it was invented by Germans of the nineteenth century.

The best example of *Nachdichtung* I know of concerns Kafka. He is reported to have been visited once by a team of inquiring German professors. They wanted to know, among other things, why it was that in the early pages of his books Kafka had spoken of a man in a raincoat. The coat, of military cut, was provided with many ingenious buckles, the purpose of which was not clear. The professors wanted to know:

1. What were the buckles for?
2. Alternatively, if they served no purpose, how could Kafka explain the use of the word "in-

genious"? Kafka fell from his chair for laughter. The professors were very worried and reported, from the safe refuge of their homes, that Kafka was off his head, which is yet another good joke about critics.

On the other hand—it is for this that the story would be remarkable—why did Kafka receive the gentlemen in the first place? We can all demonstrate that the processes of creation and criticism are worlds apart, and we all know there is hardly a reviewer but has an unwritten novel in his rucksack. It is one of the dark sides of a writer's life that he spends long hours listening to the projects of literary journalists. Often, this is a perfectly amiable pastime. But Kafka, whose relationship to the world about him was so intensely personal, whose art and nature were infinitely removed from the frivolity of unimaginative opinion, what was Kafka up to?

Was he trying to get in?

An artist is outside the city walls. Picasso is quoted by Madame Gilot in her recent book as saying, "If art is ever given the keys to the city, it will be because it's been so watered down, rendered so impotent, that it's not worth writing for." Kafka, I suspect, was exercising the indefatigable curiosity of the man outside. Time and again we witness in the lives of creative people a series of attempts at integration, each followed by rejection or escape; we watch the



of pursuit of an absolute, and hard upon it the indignant flight from involvement. Writers are two-home men: they want a place outside, and a place within. Why would Goethe who, for all his proposed involvement in life's affairs, was often driven nearly insane by the company of his similar countrymen, talk so interminably to the pious Eckermann? Was Eckermann an instinctive touchstone, like church for the agnostic? Or why did Goethe's strange compatriots in the golden age of German literature run out into the world they denounced to break themselves against the rock of its insensitivity? Hölderlin, Büchner, Novalis, Kleist, every one of whom forfeited his life for his sanity, were not, I am sure, reformers, but protesters at the disproportion between creation and life; and they destroyed themselves less by involvement than by repeated failure in their attempts at reconciliation. Though they pointed to the world around them as if it were an occupying army upon their mother soil, they were not rebels but collaborators, and what they fought against was partly the corruption and the longing within themselves.

It is the writer's nature to conform; he needs the warmth of human contact, he looks at the world through fires like a tramp from the distant hill. Not for nothing did Tonio Kröger stare in wistful longing through the window of a dance hall; or Novalis and Büchner dress the Outsider in military

uniform, compelling the artist figure to suffer by participation. Wilde, publicly in chains at Reading Station, endures the terrible despair of a man rejected by society; Rilke, standing on Stefan Zweig's doorstep, his frail body clad in the uniform of an Austrian recruit, endures the humiliation of being *made* to conform. Both of them, at that moment, were in the last condition of human misery.

Freedom Is Forfeit

This is the ambivalence of the writer. He will steal from life, abstracting experience, which he sifts and changes into art. But while he steals with detachment he reanimates his booty with passion, giving to facts, people, and places the breath of his own resentment, his own loss, and the clarity which derives from his isolation. As long as he can continue to do this—to scavenge and to retreat—he is safe. But woe betide the old fox when they give him an estate to live on, or when the hounds have him to themselves. In either event, his freedom is forfeit.

Today, we seem to have gone a long way since Plato urged that poets be chased out of his Republic. The writer has got his estate, but complains that it is sadly unlike the one he came from. He is sometimes left with the impression of be-

ing no longer persecuted but paid and half heard, no longer shouted down, but reverently granted empty halls. The furniture of success is crammed into his house and he has become, in his own eyes, what Picasso condemned: the artist in the service of society. What becomes of the writer who is being killed with tolerance? One discernible result is a form of nihilism which John Osborne represents, where protest is reviled in the same breath as society. There seems to be nothing Osborne can't get away with, which must be very frustrating. They have even robbed him of his captivity. He is like James Baldwin without the color bar. The worst that has ever happened to him, so far as I know, is to have his plays confined to London theater clubs (whose membership lists are open to the public), which these days is not much more than a guarantee of reasonable entertainment.

Other writers have turned themselves into institutions, gathered a following, and in a traditional gesture of frustration, formed a group whose undeclared aim is the cultivation of quality. The charms of any writers' movement are obvious enough: weak talents hope to profit from the strong, the strong to bask in the admiration of the weak. Each hopes to generate an aura of collective talent which might elude him singly; each reinsures his work by associating it with the work of fellow members. Each can embellish his own image with doctrinal subtleties about his colleagues or (if they are not the same people) his enemies; each can protect his private endeavor by establishing criteria of taste. Writers who adopt this course in effect turn critic, becoming at once as suspect as the critic who is aspiring to be a writer.

Maugham, the greatest craftsman of our century, wrote this in a preface to *A Writer's Notebook*: "... I am always suspicious of a novelist's theories; I have never known them to be anything other than a justification of his own shortcomings. So a writer who has no gift for the contrivance of a plausible story will tell you that storytelling is the least important part of the novelist's equipment, and if he is devoid of humor he will moan that humor is the death of fiction." Perhaps we begin to understand how the professors gained access to Kafka's room, and Eckermann acquired all that free copy. Today, alas, even the writers' movement is frustrated—it receives the same bland welcome as Mr. Osborne. In the territory of benevolent apathy, there is room for everyone.

The pattern of behavior among writers who congregate for no specific purpose seems pretty

standard. The wine of protest sours into the vinegar of complaint.

Team complaint. We have a movement in England which says we don't get enough medals at New Year, and hints darkly that the Queen would rather attend a race meeting than read a book. But wait for the day when Buckingham Palace issues a bulletin like this: "Her Majesty was pleased to retire last night with a volume of Malcolm Muggeridge's essays. Her Majesty wishes it to be known that she spent a dreamless night, rising early this morning to begin her royal duties..." or: "Her Majesty dipped into *The Looking Glass War* by John le Carré and, in common with her courtiers, was bored stiff." Give me horses every time.

Writers have been complaining about their patrons, their critics, and their publishers, I imagine, since printing began, or before. There is a feeling among us that, however good the horse, however favorable the odds, the bookies will get us in the end. Take a look at those publications which pour out of the editorial offices of authors' societies on both sides of the Atlantic. Ernest P. Waller, author of *The Microbe and You*, describes how a world plot prevented him from selling second serial rights to the Dutch. J. Brill, of Idaho, is cantering nicely into his fourth installment on how publishers deliberately destroy manuscripts which could be suspected of talent.

Alas, there is no substitute for writing another book.

Catching the Blurred Image

The fragments of information we have about any great writer's method of work should be enough to convince us that the process of creation is as surprising and varied as mankind itself. It would not surprise or disconcert me in the least if the plot of *Romeo and Juliet* had been conceived a homosexual love affair. I have known very few writers, but those I have known, and whom I respect, confess at once that they have little idea where they are going when they first set pen to paper. They have a character, perhaps two; they are in that condition of eager discomfort which passes for inspiration; all admit to radical changes of destination once the journey has begun; one, to my certain knowledge, spent nine months on a novel about Kashmir, then reset the whole thing in the Scottish Highlands. I never heard of anyone making a "skeleton," as we were taught at school. In the breaking and remaking, in the timing, interweaving, beginning afresh, the

Writer comes to discern things in his material which were not consciously in his mind when he began. This organic process, often leading to moments of extraordinary self-discovery, is of indescribable fascination. A blurred image appears; he adds a brushstroke and another, and it is gone; but something was there, and he will rest till he has captured it. Sometimes the artist within a writer outlives a book he has written. I have heard of writers who read nothing but their own books; like adolescents they stand before the mirror, and still cannot fathom the exact line of the vision before them. For the same reason, writers talk interminably about their own books, winking out hidden meanings, superimposing new ones, begging response from those around them. Of course a writer doing this is misunderstood: he might as well try to explain a crime or a love affair. He is also, incidentally, an unforgivable bore.

This temptation to cover the distance between himself and the reader, to study his image in the sight of those who do not know him, can be undoing: he has begun to write to please.

A young English writer made the pertinent observation a year or two back that the talent goes to the first draft, and the art into the drafts that follow. For this reason also the writer, like any other artist, has no resting place, no crowd movement in which he may take comfort, no judgment from outside which can replace the judgment from within. A writer makes order out of the anarchy of his heart; he submits himself to a more ruthless discipline than any critic dreamed of, and when he flirts with fame, he is taking time off from living with himself, from the search for what *his* world contains at its inmost point.

Talent and art, the man said.

Talent is a combination of the gift of response and the gift of abstraction; art the organization of talent. There is no life which is so satisfying, so sacred from intrusion as the writer's. Only one thing is asked of the writer: that he tell his story as best he can, and having done so, curiously enough, get on with another. That is as near to freedom as anyone will ever get. But don't tell him that, or he will find ways of giving his freedom up.

I suppose that over the last few years, what with the ballyhoo and the fun of success, I have heard as many arguments for doing the wrong thing as other writers hear in a lifetime. That doesn't make me wiser or better. I've just had the shock course and it has taught me to accept the conclusion of the one great writer I know: the writer alone knows what his intention was, and how near his performance came to it; that the only sovereignty he can enjoy lies in his private world, which, as Graham Greene has said, he illustrates in the terms of the big world outside; that it is no good dashing feverishly to the big world, to the reviewers and the photographers, the first nights and the ever-ready advisers in search of consolation, reassurance, or an identity. Let him, as Maugham suggested at a time when money was worth a little more, take his hundred and fifty a year and go to the devil. If he is a writer, he alone knows how it is done and what it is worth to him; if the sap has gone out of him, no one can replenish it but himself. If he wants to protest, let him do so in his books, and not dissipate his private spirit on a platform of public anger. If he wants to set literary standards, let him do it by demonstration. But he doesn't. He wants to be read and admired.



How to Act Like a Writer in New York and London

by Alan Pryce-Jones

A British critic, at home on both sides of the Atlantic, examines the complicated—and, to the novice, threatening—customs of two literary capitals, with special emphasis on snobbery and status.

Not so many weeks ago a famous British novelist published his latest novel. Its readers, shortly afterwards, were regaled in an important weekly with a thoroughly hostile review. Turning to the previous page, they were startled to find a second review of the same book, signed by an eminent don. Its tone was if anything more hostile than the first, a fact which seemed strange to those who remembered that there were close ties between the novelist and the weekly in question.

A friend of mine decided to go into the matter. He found that the editor had first sent the novel to a disciple of a rival critical school, with which the novelist had had a famous controversy. Loyal to his training, the critic rose to the occasion. Appalled, the editor then turned to his don. He knew that the don was about to give high praise to the novel in a radio talk, and therefore felt confident that the balance would be restored by printing a second article alongside the first.

On the contrary, it was a second blast that arrived through the mail. Questioned, the don, who was about to take up the opposite standpoint on the air, simply remarked that he was aware of addressing two very different audiences. A lot of stupid people listen to radio; they cannot be expected to appreciate fine points of failure. On the other hand, the readership of the weekly is exceptionally intelligent. Well then, it must face facts.

This complicated little tale seems to me to sum

up the essential difference between literary life in Britain and in New York. It can be added to yet another experience from my own career as a London editor.

I was rung by a famous museum director who asked if he might review a book well outside his normal field. Let us say it was about Edward VI and the Anglican Prayer Book. Foolishly, I was touched by this request. How nice, I thought, that an expert on Etruscan art should have a private interest so remote from his daily chores. The book was written by a German, and when I received it the review began by launching a diatribe against German scholarship in general and the inadequacy of this one scholar in particular. What could he know about Edward VI, what about the Reformation in England? The book was dismissed as a contemptible venture, so much so that I had to spend some time bringing the dismissal within the bounds of good manners.

When the piece appeared I at once found on my table half-a-dozen letters from the chief authorities on the subject, suggesting that I must have gone out of my mind. The book was by far the best in existence on its subject, the injustice of the criticism was only equaled by his incompetence. I rang up my museum friend who spoke to me in the tone of the Grand Inquisitor addressing a novice. Didn't he know *anything*? Not that the museum director had a friend of his own who had wished to write a book

the same subject, not that the director had been in with his plan of allowing him to destroy rival? "You couldn't," he added, "have thought it old Bob was capable of writing one line about ward VI himself?"

do not suggest that British literary life is ten with duplicity and axe-grinding. I do, however, suggest that it has much in common with George Meredith's Westermarck:

Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.

The trouble is that the denizens of the wood all know one another. Mostly they live in the same cage: an area of London bounded on the west by Chiswick, the south by the Thames, the east by St. Paul's Cathedral, and the north by Islington. Each small area has its loyalties. The people of Chelsea sniff at those who live north of Hyde Park. The people of Fulham think the people of Chelsea their square. The people of Islington find it easier to go to Cambridge than three miles South to Piccadilly. But one and all are caught into the same race, reading the *New Statesman* at the same time each Friday, dropping an easy assortment of names into the talk, and nudging up to total strangers in the pub under the belief that they know Stephen Spender.

I have now known three literary generations in England, and I notice that one and all show a tendency to turn into the same literary man. The old generation, finally extinct, included a few patriarchs like Hardy, Bridges, and Conrad, who went their own way; a few grabbers of the public eye, like Shaw; a handful of country gentlemen living among their Arab ponies, writing sonnet sequences, and harassing the government of the day. But the basic type was already established. The literary man was a cape-wearer, a stick-holder, a robust personage in tweeds with a taste for writing ballades. True, there were a few Ronald Firbank, very tired, hiding out in the Café Royal, but, like pot plants, they did not flourish in ordinary air.

The next generation was rather grander. Fathers born about 1880 had done well; their children went to good schools and learned bad and pleasant habits at Oxford and Cambridge. Quite a number of them, bored by tweed, turned aesthete for a while and wore bright-blue shirts and went to Paris and Berlin. Some of them, like Auden and Isherwood, vanished from England for good, but some of them came home to assist the birth pangs of the BBC. Those who survived the second world war, most of them did—at once reverted to type. They bought disused vicarages, capes, and sticks,

leaving it to their children to mend family fortunes now once again decayed.

The children, at present between twenty and thirty, have not had an easy time of it. To begin with, there has been a sudden invasion of talent struck from molds quite outside the ordinary experience of literary people. There have, of course, always been outsiders crashing in: from mining families, like D. H. Lawrence; from abroad, like T. S. Eliot; from the housekeeper's room, like H. G. Wells. But the normal pattern has been almost Biblical in its continuity. It has been Arthur Waugh, who begat Alec and Evelyn Waugh, who begat Auberon Waugh. It has been Lord Tennyson, who begat three generations of writers to follow him. It has been neat family groups like the Macaulays and the Stracheys and the Stephens and the Sitwells.

And now suddenly single outriders come charging in: young men with names like Wesker and Pinter and Sillitoe and Larkin, Amis and Wain and Hoggart. Some appear in a white heat of indignation, some, like the author of *Room at the Top*, falter almost at once and after a first explosion of vitality, turn back firmly toward the commonplace. But in general the process is rather like that which overtakes Labor peers. In a year or two they become like any other peers. I fully expect, before I die, to find Wesker and Pinter and the rest living in vicarages, walking the downs cape on back, and recalling how Cyril Connolly went the way of Belloc thirty years before, stumbling through those same plantations.

Worried About Dukes

This is all due to the presence of, and a general reaction away from, the city of London. It is in London that money is earned and reputations made. From time to time a writer—especially a young writer—insists on living in a provincial city. Amis chose Swansea. John Wain chose Reading. But the whim depended only in part on the amenities of Reading and Swansea. More important was the goodwill of London, without which no literary career can be established. A kind of counterpoint is thus set up, not only in the cases of Amis and Wain, between the need of appearing at regular intervals in London and the need of escaping from a complexity of life which easily becomes suffocating.

In the United States, the situation is not comparable. New York holds a special position among American cities, but its attraction is rather like that of high office for a politician. The mirage is



almost invisible, but once it turns to reality it gets squeezed off. The test of a good New Yorker, I believe, is to be almost permanently absent from the city. Away all summer, and if possible most of the winter as well, the New Yorker who is often at home feels he is being stared at as a financial failure or a freak.

Some writers, of course, are passive. He may opt for a writer's life in Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, or Southern California, or he may prefer to stay home in the South. The point is that no single American city is a necessity for the American writer. The British writer, by contrast, is hemmed in by the single current of a small country which runs in concentric rings round a single city. He is also hemmed in by the difficulty of knowing that if a writer talks like a politician

his style and imagination has also its reverse side. There are English writers deeply engaged in the process of showing that they do not grasp a word of their own language. But the nagging worry is reversed. The same man has been there at least since the days of Dr. Johnson. It goes with the literature, however, which Britain had the misfortune to be the first to discover the true meaning of the 1844-45 gesture, when others succeeded writers in England. One of the most important and original of them, Charles Dickens, said of the publisher John Forster that he was often asked

to shoot a pleasant man that he had helped to launch a revolution in British taste.

Writers, then, are usually better pleased to be asked to lunch by a dull duke than by an intelligent philosopher. It makes them feel that they have some power made. London is full of quite eminent writers whose triumphs are to be asked to the Yugoslav Embassy or to the dinner of a City Livery company, rather than to spend an agreeable evening with other writers. In Embassy circles they do not have to worry about being outstripped by a man. They do not have to keep an eye on George Orwell. To see whom he is talking to. "Don't ask now. Isn't that young Frenchman? The new [and] [and] man? I think I heard George asking you for a preface for his Great Swimming Pool book? You know the one. The one that turned down in favor of Great Greenhouses").

There are, of course, the literary backtail parties as well. These are the same in all countries and the smart thing in London is to see one never goes and back in preference to a black tie party. The problem here is a particularly public one. The Danish prince who wants to get on has to be continuous in the public eye, but without appearing to wish it. "It's a lovely bore," he will say, "but I have to please in a moment at the Danish Academy, and then there is the Marquise party which Harold would never forgive

ne for cutting altogether, and then I'm dining with the Hamiltons—no, not Jamie and Yvonne, the Duke and Duchess of. I think they want to ask my advice about the Scottish Archers.”

Most British writers have a genuine difficulty in filling in the time when they are not writing. They are quite likely to have a job: with radio, in a university (rather less likely), in a publisher's office, writing movie or TV scripts. They endlessly review each other's books. They take culture to be a game to be played at the expense of the British Council. But secretly they feel that these are time-consuming necessities which must be passed over in silence. They are haunted by thoughts of Somerset Maugham in the Midi, Robert Graves in Majorca, Graham Greene in Anacapri. It would be hard for any section of a community so dogged by class worries as the British to escape into the single aristocracy of art. And so writers in London, eyeing one another with constant suspicion, keep wondering whether success has not eluded them, even when prosperity and admiration wait on their efforts. Somewhere in the background there is a mirage to taunt the modern world: a mirage of Lady Desborough entertaining the Prime Minister and the new young poet, of Mrs. Asquith collecting the wits and the beauties at The Wharf, of Aldous Huxley and D. H. Lawrence spinning down to Lady Ottoline for a weekend at Garsington. Did all this happen between 1910 and 1925? Oh well, literary times change very little in England.

Somewhere on the horizon the new young people take their stand: at first mackintoshed, weastered, and throwing up puffs of smoke and ashes as punctually as Stromboli, then cautious—especially if they have sold out to the enemy by taking up a fellowship at All Souls, Oxford—then looking for a vicarage not too far from London, like everyone else. It takes an extraordinary amount of character to sustain the character of a rebel after the age of thirty-five in a hierarchical society—not character only but health. For it comes to involve dragging round the Soho joints in the afternoon, marching to Trafalgar Square every so often, and getting very red on steep stairways by forty.

It's Easier in New York

I do not find this atmosphere in New York at all. To begin with, the profession of letters in the United States requires one of two extreme attitudes: a seriousness bordering on solemnity, or total abandon. The two can be combined, it is true. But to the foreign observer it is the gravity of

literary living which strikes, rather than its vivacity.

This arises in part, I suppose, from the fact that there is a kind of official art in the United States as there is not in England. The universities and the foundations—operating under conditions entirely different from anything which can be found in Europe—are inevitably forced to play, if not safe, canny. It is hard to imagine a Whitman, a Baudelaire, a Rimbaud, even a Scott Fitzgerald or a Hemingway, settling in as observer to a theater in Tulsa or teaching a school of creative writing in Seekonk. What happens is that the American writer is forced all the time to emphasize his own seriousness. He has continually to be in the public eye, but, unlike his British counterpart, to catch that eye, not swim gracefully into it. After a certain degree he can remain permanently in the public eye by veiling himself against it, like Salinger. But he cannot risk a charge of levity by adopting the British stance of the elegant amateur. There can be no such thing as an American Osbert Sitwell, deeply professional but at the same time entirely detached from any desire to appear so.

At the same time there can be no such thing in England as the literary life of total abandon. For this, romantic distances are needed, extraordinary changes of climate and altitude, visionary cities seen from a different ocean coast. It is often objected by foreigners only slightly acquainted with the United States that its cities are too much alike. Nothing could be farther from the truth. And it is extremely important for the Eastern writer to have an idea of San Francisco, Big Sur, Monterey, just as it is important for the Westerner to have an idea of New York—not necessarily an idea based on personal or vicarious experience, but an idea which serves as an aspiration, Camelot-like.

Partly, no doubt, it is the effect of inhabiting a small country, but British writers strike me as living much more on top of one another than their American equals. In the United States a group may form round a magazine, or an institution like Black Mountain College, or an area. But the group breaks up sooner or later, the knot unties. Whereas in the confined exurbia of London, which now includes most of England, writers huddle together as though for warmth. It is not precisely that they form groups—newspaper critics like asserting they do and the writers themselves usually deny it. But they maintain an uneasy solidarity against the Philistine, a solidarity emphasized by their general dissatisfaction with one another. For strong indeed must be the links between members of a society so critical, so gossipy, so scurrilous.

I do not suppose that the victim of what must have seemed like a conspiracy really minded when his book was twice reviewed unfavorably in the same number of a magazine. I do not suppose my museum director thought he had done anything especially odd when he arranged for a malicious little piece of chicanery. That kind of thing is all in the day's work, if not positively rather funny. For one thing, it keeps names in the news. English writers behave like Roman princesses. They seldom have a good word to say about one another, but because everyone knows that most of their gossip is only half-true, and because it only circulates within a charmed circle, nobody much minds. At least they feel themselves involved in a common front against the outside world.

This does not seem to be so in the United States. For one thing, culture is now fashionable, as it certainly has not been in England since the eighteenth century. It may not be fashionable everywhere to the same degree, but at least the word has gone round that the mind is no longer a disreputable organ. Furthermore, culture can often be related to education, and education, we all know, is good. Then, American writers are not on top of one another. They may cluster in groups, as round *Esquire* or *The New York Review of Books*, but the groups do not mix much. And there is nothing in American life to do the work of an institution like the BBC Third Program which for years now has acted as a central point round which talents of the most diverse kinds revolve.

If I had to pick the most valuable single asset a British writer can have I should have to name the different radio and television networks, whose patronage has been invaluable to writer after writer. It is only necessary to recall Dylan Thomas as the prime example of what so skilled and varied a nursery of talent can foster. If poetry still flourishes in England, if the theater puts on spurts of revival from time to time, if criticism still has influence and intelligent discussion still holds an

audience, it is largely because television and radio have kept as keen a sense of responsibility as they have.

The universities also help, but to a far lesser degree than in the United States. Very rarely they help in an imaginative way, as when King's College, Cambridge, offered a home to E. M. Forster even to the extent of reconstructing as far as might be part of the house in Surrey which he had formerly loved. Usually, however, the universities have yet to discover the concept of a writer in residence, and when a writer is taken on the teaching staff it is more often in one of the lesser known cities rather than in Oxford or Cambridge.

... But Is It As Serious?

This may in part account for one of the sharpest differences between literary life in Britain and in the United States. English people, we know, cling to their amateur status in everything, from politics to sport, and not least in literature. Here, a close relationship between the academic and the creative has probably helped to make the typical American writer far more "serious" than his British rival. It is a weakness of postwar Britain to let the educational system lag, to consider too stern a concentration on accuracy, learning in general, and research in particular, as slightly vulgar. There may be an advantage in keeping the creative imagination free from the purely practical discipline of university life, but there is also great loss to both sides in the general division between the creative and the academic.

These differences add up, I think, to something pretty considerable. Either you like the British, or the American, tempo and rhythm of a writer's life. You may respond to the greater elegance, intimacy, unexpectedness of the British, or to the independence, gusto, and application of the American. You can hardly combine both.

Keeping Out of the Glass Case

Well, this is no age of gold. It is only what it is. Can we do no more than complain about it? We writers have better choices. We can either shut up because the times are too bad, or continue writing because we have an instinct for it, a talent to develop, which even in these disfigured times we cannot suppress. Isolated professionalism is death. Without the common world the novelist is nothing but a curiosity and will find himself in a glass case along some dull museum corridor of the future.

—Saul Bellow, accepting the National Book Award for *Herzog*, March 9, 1965.

Greatness as a Literary Standard

by Stanley Kauffmann

The demand for "greatness" from critics and readers is proving a destructive force among American writers, argues an American critic. Is greatness a delusive criterion? And how does it damage not only authors but critics and readers as well?

The professor of English said that the American arts, in general, were in a bad way. I asked him whether he read much new fiction, and he replied, with a wave of his hand, "Who's writing great novels these days?" His remark—together with others like it and a group of annual literary summaries that expressed a similar dismissal of fiction—seemed to me to ask for analysis and answer; certainly not to prove that great novels are being written every year but to see whether the criterion of greatness is relevant, whether it is applicable to new fiction, whether it is not in fact vicious.

The idea of greatness—as a demand, not a hope—is old in our literary history. Its roots are in our ideological origins. The humanitarian philosophy of the French Enlightenment, with its inherent and dynamic belief in the perfectibility of man, has been the chief influence in our social modes, and has also been a driving force in our literature. The quest for human perfection was transmuted into a quest for perfection, for greatness, in art. Walt Whitman wrote in *Democratic Vistas*:

Our fundamental want . . . is . . . a class of native authors, literatures, far different, far higher in grade, than any yet known, sacerdotal, modern, fit to cope with our occasions, lands, permeating the whole mass of American mentality, taste, belief. . . . Above all previous lands, a great original literature is sure to become the justification and reliance (in some respects the sole reliance) of American democracy.

The idea was heightened at the turn of the century as America, growing in world sway, sought masterpieces to match its moguls and machines in impressing the world. Malcolm Cowley says in *The Literary Situation*:

As late as 1920 literary journalists kept beseeching young writers to provide something that they always described as "the great American novel." . . . The fact is that "great," in the sense in which literary journalists were using the word, is not merely a quality of the novel itself, but also describes the attitude toward it of the educated public.

In succeeding years the "great American novel" tag became more and more of a reviewer's quip. (A novel by Clyde Brion Davis, published in 1938, was titled with the phrase, in quotation marks; it concerned a newspaperman whose ambition was to write that mythical book.) But the idea of greatness as a measure for new works still remained, serious and fixed, as the satirical phrase faded.

For the writer, this transmogrified version of a philosophic ideal and an artistic standard has been not only delusion but snare. More than once, in my own editorial experience, I have heard a talented and recognized novelist say about a work in progress, "I really think this is the Big One," or, "If this one isn't It . . ." Always there was disappointment, even if the book was both good and profitable. This peculiarly American obsession has, at a guess, been partly an impediment to the

careers of such finely gifted men as Ralph Ellison and William Styron. One feels that, in their own demands on themselves and in their sense of reader expectation, they hesitate to publish anything but towering masterpieces. Where there has long been a healthy tradition for writers to have careers, to produce many books which are in sum the articulation of their talents and life-views, the American tries to achieve it all at once, every time; and is thus understandably nervous. In a baseball analogy, an old sports writer once said to me disgustedly, "Nowadays, hitting means home runs."

But our chief concern here is not the author but the critic and reader, and the division that has grown between them and new fiction. It is easy to establish statistically that this division exists. In spite of enormous sales of a few best-sellers (which are occasionally books of merit), in spite of enormous figures for film rights and, lately, for reprint rights of these few books, the facts of fiction publishing are grim. The Annual Summary issue of *Publishers' Weekly* (January 18, 1965) lists 1,703 new fiction titles published in 1964, which is 156 fewer than in 1963. If the new reprints of older fiction titles are included, there was an increase over 1963 of 5 per cent, but this contrasts with the 10 per cent average increase of all categories. Even including reprints, the fiction "percentage gain declined sharply from 28 per cent in 1962 to only 6 per cent in 1963," and it continues to decline. This is happening in the face of a rising population and a rising proportion of college graduates. Publishers are naturally pleased about the larger sales of nonfiction and textbooks, but they are increasingly reluctant to publish first novels or novels by previously published authors who have lost money for them. (And bookshops are increasingly reluctant to give such books space.) The sales of fiction in paperbound reprint continue to grow, although less rapidly than in past years; but it has not yet been established in this country that serious novelists can gain reputations—or can even get substantial paperbound sales—by any other method than original hardbound publication.

Why Readers Are Reluctant

Some of the decline in readership has been ascribed to intrinsic problems of the novel itself—its failure, for cultural-historic reasons, to remain pertinent. This is an argument to which we shall come. Here let us look further at the standard of greatness, as it has impeded critics and readers.

It is important to define that second group. By readers I do not mean the general public, who buy most of the best-selling fiction. They are well and steadily supplied and are, I hope, happy. As used herein, the word "reader" is not meant to include anyone who waits eagerly for the next novel of Herman Wouk, Harold Robbins, Irving Wallace, or, a notch or two higher, that of John O'Hara, John Hersey, or of our two living Nobel laureates, Pearl Buck and John Steinbeck. We are, for the present and at least the near future, two cultural nations, as Dwight Macdonald, Robert Brustein, and others have noted; and every rigor is needed to underscore the differences, not to obscure them. In *The American Novel and Its Tradition* (1957), Richard Chase wrote of

... the division of American culture into "high-brow" and "lowbrow" made by Van Wyck Brooks in 1915 in his *America's Coming of Age*. Brooks's essay is a great piece of writing; it is eloquent, incisive, and witty. But we have lived through enough history now to see its fundamental error—namely, the idea that it is the duty of our writers to heal the split and reconcile the contradictions in our culture by pursuing a middlebrow course.

My concern is not to make the members of the Literary Guild dissatisfied with most of their club's choices; it is to attack a barrier between the best new fiction and the best reader. The last adjective may be understood wherever the word "reader" occurs.

The reader—possibly a lawyer, a businessman, a schoolteacher—may have had some recurrent guilt about his neglect of fiction. But he has a busy life, often involving much reading in his profession or occupation. Part of that professional reading is, on observation, a buffer against disturbance and effort; part of his reluctance to read new fiction is conditioned by the fact that, in school and college, his experience was indeed made up of masterpieces. But part of that reluctance is also due to trial, and disappointment; acting on loose praise by a newspaper reviewer or on highly partisan enthusiasm, he has read inferior novels or those (like many recent French ones) that made him wish the authors had solved their literary problems privately. All these factors, plus the historical ones mentioned above, have discouraged him from active communion with new fiction, from making the effort to sort out the prospectively rewarding in fiction that he makes with his professional literature and with general factual material. The usual result is the dismissive attitude, like that of the professor quoted earlier, of bothering only with the "great." He does not necessarily

demand assurance of great biography or great history or great political comment before he will read it. (He certainly does not demand great criticism.) But in fiction he comes to rely, frequently unconsciously, on the reviewer and critic to dismiss books for him by this standard. As the critic has supplied this peremptory gesture, the reader has encouraged it. It is a perhaps unwitting conspiracy. Certainly one of the functions of criticism of new books is to save the reader's time. But, in my view, much of that time has been diverted from what could be invested to the reader's benefit and the country's cultural health, because no one knows whether a new book of merit is great and because many books, which may prove to be less than great, are valuable.

"Just a Terribly Good One..."

The other conspirator, the critic, must perforce have a strong influence, even with the kind of reader we are discussing. Bernard Shaw pointed out that we are all, in most of our activities, members of the mob; the exigencies of modern life, the rapidly widening scope of knowledge, do not allow expertness in anything more than a narrow field. Thus the connoisseur of literature tends to be the middlebrow of architecture or mathematics, and vice versa. (It was a small publishing joke in the late 'forties that, if you had a sentimental book for which you wanted a commendation, you had only to send a copy to Albert Einstein.) The non-specialist must rely on specialists, in any field. Our reader has to rely on literary critics; and primarily on reviewers, because serious critics whose names he might know and respect do not concern themselves much with new fiction.

In run-of-the-mill reviewing the bogey of greatness-perfection is frequently either evident or implied. Often it is used to shade praise. Elizabeth Janeway on William Humphrey's new novel, the *New York Times* (January 31, 1965): "*The Ordways* isn't a perfect book, it's just a terribly good one. . . ." Terribly helpful; particularly as it implies that the author, though accomplished,

has slipped below the weekly standard of perfection to which we are accustomed, that he has, possibly by naughty inattention, disregarded the national ideal of perfectibility.

The "greatness" standard—as disparagement of the good—is especially apparent in summaries of past seasons or years. Orville Prescott, the *New York Times* (December 4, 1963): "There were a number of good, artful, and rewarding novels published in 1963, but none that I know of was worth excited enthusiasm." (He then lists nine novels that he "admired and enjoyed" and "three exceptionally good historical novels.") In his summary exactly a year later: "Those who lament the low estate of modern fiction usually have not read enough of it, or have read only the books they profess to dislike." He does not note any connection between his two statements. Francis Brown, the editor of *The New York Times Book Review* (December 1, 1963): "We seem to be traveling across a literary prairie, rolling country with no mountain peaks." David Boroff, in the same review (June 7, 1964) on the preceding six months: "What we have missed is the novel that comes along once or twice a season that brings about an epochal shift in consciousness. . ." What seasons were those? one must ask shamefacedly, having



missed many of them. *Time* (February 12, 1965) opens an article about recent "black humor" novelists by stating that ours is "a generally thin time for fiction." The article then goes on to cite seven novelists who are praised in various elevated terms. One of the books is called "a comedy creation that has already become something of a classic." What, one wonders, is a generally fat time for fiction? Will *Time* be satisfied with nothing less than a Great Book of the Month Club?

More serious critics do not often write seasonal summaries. From them we usually get longer retrospects, of at least a decade or so. Leslie A. Fiedler in *Waiting for the End*: "There is now, however, nothing to stem a worldwide drift toward middlebrow art except the sterile and academic nostalgia for yesterday's avant-garde on the part of such European writers as Alain Robbe-Grillet." One might readily assume from this that nothing of "highbrow" consequence is being published. Fiedler names some well-known writers, and because he thinks their recent books were in some measure disappointing (with which I happen to agree), he concludes that the cupboard is bare and brightness has fallen from the air. Saul Bellow says that all of us are asking what a human being is today, and complains, "This question, it seems to me, modern writers have answered poorly." To begin with, I would vigorously except Bellow from his own complaint. One feels that, in the serious critic, there is a reluctance almost equal to the journalist's to praise anything new that he cannot call great.

With the reviewer, the reason for using the standard of greatness is, often, merely dull-mindedness—an inability to see merit. (Or demerit.) To summarize a past year as "not great" or to say that we live in a thin time or on a prairie is to protect himself from future embarrassment; when in doubt, better too little praise than too much. It is also to recognize portentously that this is in general a parlous age and that fiction cannot keep up with the headlines. (As if good fiction ever tried to—in any competitive sense.)

Serious critics, particularly academics, as most of them are, lean on the greatness standard because they do not want to invest much time in literature they cannot "use"—as grist for their courses or for articles in professional journals and for books that will raise their status and gain them tenure. A couple of years spent in reassessing Poe or the past generation is more "useful" than the same time spent in searching out and assessing good new fiction. This state of mind was unwittingly summarized for me by a young instructor who told me that he had been working for several

years on a critical biography of a quite minor Victorian poet and had several more years to go. In answer to my questions, he said that he did not think the man's work unjustly neglected or his life particularly interesting. When I then asked why he was putting all this time into the book, he replied, with surprise at my naïveté, "Because there's never *been* a book about him." (The work has since been published, the instructor elevated.)

Fallacy of the Golden Ages

Beyond the injustice it does to current serious writers, this arbitrary standard (explicit or implied) of greatness is fallacious on two scores. The first is its romantic assumption that there were, in the past, Golden Ages of fiction that were recognizable by contemporaries. The assumption goes further; it implies that there was almost one great continuous Golden Age from the beginnings of the novel until about the time of World War II. A chronological literary chart with black dots for now-accepted great works of fiction would certainly show thick clusters along the line. For example, 1925 saw the publication of Hemingway's *In Our Time*, Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. But to those who were living through those clustered periods month by month, year by year, there were large blank spaces between the dots. Flaubert wrote: "Literature has become consumptive. . . . It would take Christs of art to cure this leper." And: "All of us are mired in mediocrity. . . . Our books, our art . . . are designed for everybody, like railroads and public shelters." These remarks were written in 1850 and 1853 (during his own creative lifetime, incidentally) just after the careers of Balzac and Stendhal had finished, just before those of Maupassant and Zola were to begin. In 1916 H. L. Mencken spoke of the "desert of American fictioneering, so populous and yet so dreary." This was just after the careers of Twain, Crane, Norris, and (in effect) Howells had concluded, and the remark itself was in an essay hailing the emergence of Dreiser. The perspective on what is or is not a Golden Age is not available to those who live in the age.

This leads to the second, more serious fallacy: the belief that, at any intellectual level, greatness is an applicable standard for new works. It is a stale game to supply quotations from reviews of now-accepted works that were derided on their publication or of forgotten works that were garlanded.

Alfred Kazin has summarized it well:

There is little reason to believe that the truest judgments of books are made by their contemporaries. It is all too easy for us to attribute excellence to contemporary books simply because they express our own concern with the age; it is equally easy for us, familiar with the intellectual or philosophic consensus of our society and our age, to dismiss books that seem not sufficiently "original." . . . In the years in which they were first published, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Kafka's *The Castle*, and Eliot's *The Waste Land* . . . were very easily dismissed as "weird," even as "hoaxes." Yet there are just as many examples in literary history of authors who, like Stendhal, seemed all too "common" to their own age. . . .

To this can be added a corollary: the award of eatness is, properly, a historical judgment, not contemporary one. For myself, I would like to see a style manual used by all publishers of reviews, from the slightest to the weightiest, which barred the words "great" and "greatness," or "perfect" and "perfection" used as synonyms for those words, from any association with fiction less than twenty years old. If the terms are not valid when applied, equally they are not valid—and often more injurious—when they are explicitly withheld. ("Of course this is not a great novel, but . . .") Thus we might avoid the implication that we can tell what is great, that what is not great is not good, that we are all exiles from some Lost Paradise of previously continuous greatness.

My List of Fifteen

All the foregoing will not be construed, I hope, as an argument for the lowering of standards. On the contrary, it is a plea for the *application* of standards, for applying the best taste at the command of the individual or society to what is being written now, for searching out the good among the new.

As a contribution to evidence that this effort is justified, I submit three lists, of five titles each, all of them works of fiction published since the beginning of 1960, which, for me, make ridiculous any claim that we live in a barren period. I choose 1960 to emphasize that I am not talking about the remote past. The number five is an arbitrary limitation.

Five books by authors who were known before 1960:

Saul Bellow: *Herzog*
 Thomas Berger: *Little Big Man*
 Bernard Malamud: *Idiot's First*
 Vladimir Nabokov: *Pale Fire*
 William Styron: *Set This House on Fire*

Five debuts that were widely recognized:

Elliott Baker: *A Fine Madness*
 Bruce Jay Friedman: *Stern*
 Joseph Heller: *Catch-22*
 Walker Percy: *The Moviegoer*
 Reynolds Price: *A Long and Happy Life*

Five debuts that, as of now, have been less widely recognized:

Edward Adler: *Notes From a Dark Street*
 Donald Barthelme: *Come Back, Dr. Caligari*
 Irvin Faust: *Roar, Lion, Roar*
 Joyce Carol Oates: *By the North Gate*
 Norma Stahl Rosen: *Joy to Levine!*

These are all Americans. If we include foreign authors, still more valuable work comes flooding in, for all three lists: Henry de Montherlant's *Chaos and Night*, Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook*, Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum*, several novels by Muriel Spark and Anthony Burgess, Piotr Rawicz's *Blood from the Sky*, Ingeborg Bachmann's *The Thirtieth Year*, and many others.

Any attentive reader of new fiction could supplement these lists, would disagree hotly with some choices, would hotly propose others. This would only substantiate my thesis: that the art of fiction, in this country and elsewhere, is currently being practiced at a level that deserves far more than patronization as competence; that to ignore (say) the books on my lists because none of them is—demonstrably, at present—on the level of Tolstoi is to cheat yourself. If a list of fifteen books for six years seems slim, compare it with what has happened in the same period in the American theater. If in that time we had had five plays by known writers and ten debuts of a quality cognate with these books, the presses would be groaning with articles hailing a new Elizabethan age. Compared with theatergoers, readers of fiction are spoiled.

Writing for One Another?

What has been lost by the ignoring reader is, fundamentally, pleasure. However, additional to this pleasure and to the other benefits of artistic experience, an important concurrent responsibility is involved. To shut ourselves off from the stream of good new fiction by this dogmatic yet hollow standard of greatness—or for any other reason—is to occlude vital arteries between ourselves and the culture in which we live, which can nourish us and which, by fulfilling the course of the blood, we can help to nourish. The increase in education has produced more and more people who, moved by literature and spurred by the historical

motive of emulation, are led to write; to comment on their seen and unseen lives in fictional terms. This increased output of fiction has not been matched by a proportionate increase in readership. A sense of exile and inutility afflicts the novelist, makes him feel (a common and pathetic joke) that he and his colleagues write for one another.

To some degree, this sense of exile is due to a harshly admirable reason stated by numerous critics: the schism between the serious writer and the growing bourgeois public, a schism of relatively recent origin. There was a union between them during the rise and reign of the novel, itself bourgeois in origin, but that union no longer exists. As John W. Aldridge put it:

... the serious novel is no longer the vehicle of middlebrow ideas and middlebrow experience, as it pretty largely was back in the days of Dreiser and Anderson, Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway. . . . Currently active writers like Bellow and some of the others have never belonged to or written for the middlebrow world, but have from the beginning worked from assumptions about the nature of modern experience and modern fiction at least paralleling those of the highbrow world.

It is the link between that "highbrow" world and the novelist that is weak; it is that weakness that is grave and relevant. The best reader, aware that he lives on a frontier whose other side is dark with new shadows, seeks for light to illuminate that dark—at least to make sure that it is empty, if it is. (As Bellow says, he wants to know what a human being is today.) Possibly it is this need—in a world where traditional enlightenments, like religion, are flickering—that makes the reader impatient with fiction of anything less than "guaranteed" greatness.

But, besides sealing the novelist's exile, the reader is cheating himself in two ways. Firstly, although writers, such as those I have listed, cannot give satisfactory answers, they can enlarge, deepen, ennoble the questions. They can make the reader feel, in thorough conviction, that he is companioned, that his hungers are known, that his life is not swirling down a drain-hole of bewilderment, that his existence as individual and social being is noted, valuable, contributory. Secondly, it is only by communion between writer and reader that the flow of art can prosper; and only by that prosperity can the truly great books—the ones that time will prove great—come to be written. Without a flow of good art, the occasional great art cannot appear.

A last suggestion. Since the reader, of necessity, needs guidance, whether or not he sometimes ven-

tures on his own, the shape and quality of criticism must improve. As the swift and deserved success of the *New York Review of Books* proves, good critics are available and wanted. There is no point in belaboring the faults of the daily reviewers or of the Sunday supplements. The former have rarely been of satisfactory quality; the latter, in New York at any rate, are making perceptible efforts at improvement but cannot, in their nature, solve the problem.

What the Magazines Could Do

The responsibility is with serious weekly, monthly, and quarterly magazines. What is especially needed in each such magazine is the regular contributions of a reputable critic—surveying the publishing scene, using his regular column as a platform, giving his opinions and taste a continuity of appearance in the public eye in relation to new writing of every kind. What is most important, and what modern scattershot reviewing does not permit, this allows the reader to "learn" the reviewer. This practice is now in use to some degree, but it needs to be amplified greatly, I believe, at the level of the regular column that Stanley Edgar Hyman wrote in *The New Leader* for four years. (Hyman has recently had to resign for personal reasons. His successor, Hilton Kramer, has begun auspiciously.) As that magazine shows, this does not preclude the use of other critics.

Hyman has said that while he was writing for *The New Leader*—where he discussed much besides fiction—he discovered that the general situation in fiction is worse than he had thought. But, for one thing, the continued attention of a critic like himself is one of the elements that can help it to improve. For another, he performed extremely valuable service in doing just what I have been hoping for in this article: he did not use the "greatness" ploy in dismissal of the good. He drew attention to that proportion—always small, throughout history—of good new fiction.

A dozen such columns appearing regularly in respectable magazines would do a very great deal to break down the barrier between novelist and reader; to assure the reader, whenever it is appropriate, that—whatever history's judgment of the book—his time will not be wasted, that sweeping statements about the low state of fiction ought themselves to be swept out. As a running motto, I hope that at least one of these critics will take a line from Emerson: "I value qualities more and magnitudes less."



How a Writer Finds His Material

by Emily Whitehurst Stone

In a sensitive tracing of the countless threads that come together to form "the writer's material," the wife of one of Faulkner's close friends tells how a great adventure of her husband's boyhood became the heart of "The Bear," one of Faulkner's finest short stories.

"What was it, Phil," I asked my husband, "that made hunting so terribly important to Bill?" I was rereading William Faulkner's *The Bear*, which I had often said to be one of America's great stories, and I was asking Phil because Bill had been his closest companion in their early years.

The Bear is the story of young Ike McCaslin's pursuit of Old Ben, whom Faulkner describes as "not even a mortal beast but an anachronism in a world of inevitable and invincible out of an old time, a phantom, epitome and apotheosis of the old wild life which the little puny humans swarmed and hacked at in a fury of abhorrence and fear like pygmies about the ankles of a drowsing elephant. . . ." Ike's growing awareness of the bear and of the wilderness—of its nature and of the proper function of violence even there, in what was to Faulkner man's

closest approximation of Eden—broadens and deepens his understanding of himself and of those among whom he lives.

A year before Phil's birth, his parents had moved to Oxford from Panola County, Mississippi, where the families of both had lived since soon after the territory had become a state. James Stone, Phil's father, was already a brilliant and commanding lawyer. During Phil's boyhood the Stones and the Faulkners became friends, but since Bill was five years younger than Phil—a great gulf in youth—it was not until after Phil had gone to Yale that real friendship between the two developed. To Faulkner he was a glamorous figure.

The bare fact of the existence of the relationship has been recounted elsewhere, as has Phil's

interest in Faulkner's early efforts to write. Phil's primary interest was in fiction, but Bill was writing poetry then. It is generally known that Phil paid for the publication of Faulkner's first volume of verse, *The Marble Faun*, which appeared in 1924. By then Phil was a member of his family's law firm, and he had their stenographers type Faulkner's poems for many years before and after the appearance of that volume, and he wrote to everyone he could think of in an effort to promote it. There are a number of amusing tales about their efforts to be entrepreneurs. "I had the gall of Old Nick in those days," Phil says, laughing. "Later, when Bill went to Europe I wrote people like Ezra Pound and Arnold Bennett and T. S. Eliot. 'Here's a comer,' I said. 'Do see him.'"

Stark Young, who through Phil came to know the young Faulkner in the years when Mr. Young would come to visit his father in Oxford, wrote in *The New Republic* in 1938, "In sum, if discovery has to be brought in, it was by Mr. Phil Stone, an Oxford lawyer, who constantly worked, in person and in correspondence, for the promotion of the man he believed in."

What has not been told is the way Faulkner drew upon the relationship as raw material for his stories. For, as one example, in some of his aspects Phil was to be the model for the garrulousness of Horace Benbow in *Sanctuary*, and of Gavin Stevens in the Snopes trilogy and other Faulkner tales; and his boyhood hunting experiences would appear transformed in *The Bear*.

As the friendship between the two young men began to develop, they spent long days walking over the hills of Lafayette County, which Faulkner transmuted to Yoknapatawpha, discussing two of Phil's favorite subjects, The War Between the States (during a sickly childhood, Phil had read intensively on the subject) and literature. Phil would recite long passages in Greek because Bill, not knowing the language, was nevertheless enraptured with the sheer sound of it. Phil fired the younger boy with talk about the perfection of Swinburne's technique, the beautiful sound of Verlaine's poetry, the simple lucidity of Housman's. "Try writing in somebody else's style," Phil advised him. "Then compare yours with his and see how much better he does it. Read a poem until you think you are familiar with it and shut the book and try to write it. You'll miss doing it. And usually the very word you use that he didn't is the one that sets the tone for the whole thing."

"Or try writing one of your own with as few polysyllables as you can. Then look at how Housman did it."

Faulkner quit school during his high school

years ("I never graduated from anything," he told me once). After that it was Phil who guided his reading. Both boys discovered the works of Balzac by chance—Phil's brother Jack, married then and gone, had left a set at home, and Phil began reading them. Together he and Bill read them all, joyously outraged as Balzac consistently outwitted them with his superior insights into the human heart, into his characters who never did quite what the boys had expected. "I used to finish a book and throw it across the room," Phil says. "Because Balzac was right every time."

But the influences were not limited to literature. During this period the Snopeses were beginning to be born out of the boys' bitter amusement at the people they knew in the town and the countryside. (After a subsequent trip to Europe, Faulkner would say that the farmers of Lafayette County make the French peasants look like spendthrifts.) "We used to laugh and laugh," Phil says, "at the tales we made up about them." When he began to play poker with the professional gamblers in Memphis and in the Delta, he took Bill along. It was through the gamblers that they came to know the prostitutes who were to figure in *Sanctuary* and as characters in other stories, especially in *Light in August*.

One friend who knew them in those early years, Mrs. Katherine Compton, told me, "I think if it hadn't been for Phil, Bill would have been a caricaturist. He drew an awful lot." I knew he had, for I had seen a number of his drawings and watercolors that Phil had.* Still, judging from the tales I had heard about Bill's boyhood, I doubted that he would ever have been anything but a storyteller.

Why Does He Do It?

Certainly Faulkner so absorbed what Phil was and what he said that all his works are to some extent imbued with Phil's experiences, attitudes, and values. To one who knew them both, Faulkner appeared at times not to distinguish between those that were his and those that were Phil's. That interweaving became apparent to me as I read through *The Bear*, for I knew too that Phil had long since quit hunting and that Bill had not. So I asked Phil about it, saying, "I know lots of men do like to hunt, to kill. But Bill doesn't seem to me

*Along with these, Phil stored away thousands of Faulkner's manuscripts and typescripts, letters of introduction he had written on Faulkner's behalf, and correspondence they had exchanged. They burned with our house in 1942.

to be that kind of person. Why does he do it?" "Why," he said, "because he is such a little man, and he has always been sensitive about it. He wants to prove that he can do what other men can."

I was startled: that was a variation on what Phil's mother had always told him about himself. Because he had been sick most of the first ten years of his life, "You're not strong like the other boys," she used to tell him. "You can't do what the others can."

So as soon as he became big enough Phil acquired, as did young Ike McCaslin in *The Bear*, the backyard rabbits and squirrels [for] his kindergarten, then the wilderness the old bear [for] his college."

When Phil was ten his father bought him the makings of the kindergarten—a pair of beagles; and with them the boy started out to prove his mother wrong. He picked up big steel taps from the railroad track which ran near his house and pounded them tight onto the ends of sticks. With these, which he called tapsticks, he began to roam the pastures at the back of the house, and then the fields, and at last the woods. "Beagles don't run very fast, you know," he explains. "Or rabbits either. The dogs would scare up one and take out with me right in behind, over hills, into bushes, right through branches. I would throw the tapstick so that the heavy end would aim at the rabbit. And sometimes I'd hit one."

"I remember one cold January day I ran right through a branch, breaking the ice at every step. I was soaking wet, and I went up to old Aunt Lag's"—she was a wonderful old colored woman who lived up the track, and Phil often remarks that she is bound to be in whatever heaven there is—"and she got me dry and cooked me a hoecake over the ashes in the fireplace. I'll never have anything looking that is as good as that was. When I got home, Mother had a fit. 'You're going to kill yourself,' she said. 'You just can't go out with those dogs any more, and that's all there is to it.' But Dad said, 'Let the boy alone, I tell you. Let him be one.' So she did."

In that tenth year General Stone let his son go on the annual hunting trip. It was a victory, and it has been an important event to Phil all his life. General Stone was never really an officer: he was too young for the Civil War; but his friends said he looked like a general astride his big white horse, and the name stuck.)

In those years the hunters went to the Delta (they called it the bottom, just as in *The Bear*) on the General's land in Tallahatchie County. After they moved the camp to another spot, where

the railroad established for them an accommodation station—Stone Stop. That camp was near the land where Phil's great-uncles Theophilus and Amodeus Potts, whom everybody called Buck and Buddy (and who appeared by name if not in character in many of Faulkner's stories) did their farming, a small part of which consisted in fighting against the coons that raided the cornfields at first light and waddled off on their hind legs, carrying armloads of ears.

In *The Bear* the rail line signified the onslaught of gross civilization into Faulkner's idyllic wilderness. And indeed it was built for the purpose of hauling off the wilderness, trainloads at the time. When the Lamb-Fish Lumber Company finally denuded the country of its timber, the camp was gone.

But before that happened, the camping trips were elaborate affairs, as was anything connected with General Stone—Major DeSpain in the hunting stories. Days before the hunting parties arrived, Negroes would go by wagon to set up tents, dig barbecue pits, and cut hacks or wide paths through the cane which grew sometimes as thick as a man's wrist and closer than the hairs on a dog's back. Cane flourished in the low places and was the haunt of bear. (Deer, on the other hand, depend on speed for their safety, and they ran in the open high ground where, in those days, the trees stood a hundred or more feet apart, their leaves intertwined.)

The hacks were cut low enough so that a running horse would not disembowel himself, but high enough to impede a bear. And when the dogs routed one out, he would soon be running down the hacks and would inevitably pass the intersections where the men had taken their stands.

There had to be strict rules about a man's holding his stand until he was called off; otherwise he might be taken for a bear himself. To avoid this danger and perhaps others, General Stone kept the liquor locked up. "If a man insisted on bringing his own," Phil says, "Dad would ask him to leave. You've got no business fooling with guns when you have liquor inside you."

As Faulkner put it: "There was always a bottle present, so that it would seem to him that those fine instincts and brain and courage and speed were concentrated and distilled into that brown liquor which not women, not boys and girls, but only hunters drank, drinking not of the blood they spilled but some concentration of the wild immortal spirit, drinking it moderately, humbly even..."

At night everybody, including the help, had some, and the men sat around the fire, telling

their yarns or playing poker or blackjack. Then the General would serve one big drink before breakfast; sometimes he would give more to old Ad Jones—Ash in *The Bear*. If Uncle Ad had several drinks, he would flip the batter cakes or the eggs a yard or more in the air (causing the men to laugh, and the Negroes sitting lax on a log or something would say, "Sho, now. Will you look at that-air.") Then he would make them land as softly as flowers back in the spider (frying pan) in cold or hot honey or yellow sand.

How It Happened

By the time Phil joined the hunt, his oldest brother, Jack, had been hunting with them for years. Jack too had been a sickly baby, and for the sake of his health, his adoring grandparents cared for him on their farm in Panola County. It was the Indians thereabouts who got Jack well enough to go hunting before he was old enough to hold on to a rifle. "I shot a bear once," they told his grandmother. Phil always adds there, "Bear meat never hurt anybody." When Jack was ten, he took a rattlesnake and took him over the plantation and on hunting trips, the child in a croker sack which hung from the pommel of the saddle. The old gentleman was quite deaf and could not hear the dogs. So he would ask Jack, "Which way, now? Which way, now?"

"That way, Grandpa! Hurry, hurry!"

Phil began taking one of the stands when he was ten years old. In the early years he was assigned some of the more promising spots. Soon they knew he would indeed stand, and then Jack was off for a likelier spot, leaving Phil to wait

alone for what he never even hoped would happen.

He was twelve when it did.

He was standing there listening to the dogs, as he should have been. He could tell from their sounds of fibrillating excitement that they had lost the trail. Suddenly their voices changed to one of intention. "They've found him," he said to himself, moving the gun a little. As he watched the hack, listening more than really looking, all at once there was the bear. He was not a very big one, but to the boy he looked tremendous. "Then I was shaking all over. I was a fool, but I didn't know it. I didn't know anything. I lifted my gun and let him have both barrels. Then I opened my eyes. He was lumbering and he came toward me, and he fell. I was just lucky, that's all. The gun had no business to kill him. Nobody had so much as dreamed that I'd even get a shot to begin with, and they were horrified that I had tried. If the bullet hadn't hit his heart (he was angling away from me), he'd have torn me to pieces. But I wasn't thinking about that."

General Stone heard the noise and came galloping up.

Phil was jumping up and down and yelling, "I killed a bear! Daddy, Daddy, I killed a bear!"

"Boy, you know you haven't killed any bear." He was looking gravely down at the dark hulk lying in the stubble.

"Yes, I did! Look at him. There he is!"

"I was the happiest boy you ever saw," Phil recalls. "They smeared my face with blood, as they always do with your first bear. I wanted never to wash it off any more." Then he goes on more slowly. "And in a way somehow, I reckon I never did."

Ike in *The Bear* did not make his first kill until



was thirteen; it was deer blood that Samthers spread on his face.

Phil recrosses his legs a little restlessly when comes to that part. "I had proven I could do at others did. And then I got so—" there is realness in his voice now—"I got so I didn't like to hunting any more. Along about then Bill started wanting to go, and I went with him several times. He liked Dad, and he'd heard so much about the hunts and all. . . . But that was when we were younger, older. By the time he started going, I didn't want to handle a gun. Because by then I'd seen the deer.

"I was in the woods by myself. It was when I was sixteen. And right there where I'd been looking all the time, or I thought I had, suddenly there stood a big buck. His head was down and he had a tremendous spread of antlers. Then he knew I was there. Did he smell me, hear the rustle of my clothes, feel death? I don't know. But his head went up and he looked at me. Not into the gun barrel, but into me, and I looked into him. But I could not see past his eyes, for they were full of longing and a sadness that was beyond despair. I soundlessly let down my gun. And he must have whirled. Because he was running then with those long, slow leaps deer have that look so slow, like a work of art, but cover the ground so fast, and his tail was going like a little white flag. "And I never could hunt any more. I couldn't take an animal life and I couldn't take it away."

Metaphors of the Heart

What ability Faulkner had to take another man's inner reality and make it his own could scarcely have functioned in a better spot than the one in which he lived. For Phil, although a good talker, was only one of many thereabouts. The countryside full of storytellers.

Jean-Paul Sartre once commented that in Faulkner's work nothing seems real until someone tells about it. Although Sartre had never visited that country, his statement is a remarkably accurate description of the people there. For in Faulkner's part of the world, people have convinced themselves that there were indeed giants in the earth in those days. And they tell so many and such tremendous stories about them that in time the telling becomes more real than the facts.

They were not giants, of course. I have known some of the people of the old time, and I know that we, the listeners, also wishing to believe in greatness somewhere, are convinced too, and we absorb the legends of the past into our present

selves. As Faulkner said of Ike and Sam Fathers in *Go Down, Moses*:

"And as he talked about those times and those dead and vanished men of another race from either that the boy knew, gradually to the boy those old times would become a part of the boy's present, not only as if they had happened yesterday but as if they were still happening, the men who walked through them actually walking in breath and air and casting an actual shadow on the earth they had not quitted."

But it was Faulkner alone who had the power to transmute the tales and legends and to raise them to metaphors of the heart.

"Before we moved to Oxford," says novelist Zoe Lund Schiller, who came from Seattle by way of New York, "I thought Faulkner made up all of those people out of the whole cloth. But we had hardly got here before I saw them everywhere walking up and down the street. Straight out of Faulkner. And the folks talking. I lay in bed every morning and listened to them passing by, their voices going up and down. Mississippi singing, I call it. They're Faulkner's people talking. All he had to do was put them down."

I heard her, but it was not right somehow. Having lived among such folk all my life, even though mine had been in Georgia when I was a child, I had unconsciously been looking in Oxford for Faulkner people and never quite finding them. And yet I knew that what he had written was so right (the first book of his that I had read, before I had ever heard of Oxford and Lafayette County, had set me afire with its rightness) that I was puzzled and disappointed because the people I knew were—I kept searching for the word—they were diluted.

And it was a long time before I realized that one great source of Faulkner's power as a writer was the very difference between those diluted persons I saw and the Faulkner characters with their qualities of being more driven, absurd, sardonic, more completely Puritan-ruthless concentrations than were the real persons.

That was his strength. Faulkner, like Hawthorne and many other great writers, was haunted by the idea of the tragedy of violence and the transmission of its tragedy even unto the third and fourth generations. In *The Bear* he took one boy's achievement of violence and his withdrawal from it; he took the tales about the bear he called Old Ben that he heard from another set of hunters in later years, and he fused the two concepts into an allegory of man's struggle with the darkness that he finds on his tortuous journey into the knowing of himself.

The Stories Women Tell

by John Weightman

An English writer and teacher probes the subject matter of American, English, and French women-writers and finds sharp emotional differences that derive from varying social conventions, psychological states, and most naturally from the many ways women relate to the men they love.

The sensation of the 1964 autumn publishing season in France was an autobiography, *La Bastarde*, by Violette Leduc.* The title of this book is mild compared to its contents; Mme Leduc's bastardy is the least of her attributes, and she emphasizes it, I suspect, only in response to an Existentialist fashion. The Bastard, after being the picaresque hero or villain for so many centuries, is now firmly established as a noble representative of the alienated consciousness—to such an extent, indeed, that Sartre has claimed to be an honorary Bastard. Mme Leduc is an authentic Bastard by right of birth, but she is also a neurotic bisexual who, during the sixty or so years of her life, has found herself in many strange situations which she describes in such detail that it was felt impossible to give her any of the annual literary prizes. However, I understand that, with the encouragement of Simone de Beauvoir, who prefaced this book, she is now at work on a further volume in which she will (quite rightly, in my view) continue to tell all. Public opinion moves so fast these days that, while she is unlikely to be the first woman elected to the Académie Française, it is conceivable that she may end up in the Académie Goncourt, like her eminent predecessor, Colette.

Her book is only the most recent and the most lurid of the many confessional writings recently published by Frenchwomen. Simone de Beauvoir's

own latest book, *Une Mort très douce*, an account of her mother's death, is a kind of supplement to the three stout volumes of her autobiography *Mémoires d'une jeune fille rangée*, *La Force de l'âge*, and *La Force des choses*. Françoise Gilot's description of her life with Picasso has been a best-seller. Clara Malraux, the former wife of the famous novelist now Minister of Culture in the de Gaulle government, has brought out a first volume of her life-story. There have been autobiographical works by Françoise Mallet-Joris, Dominique Arban, Colette Audry, and Marthe Y. Lebas, which form a more sober sequel to the flamboyant confessions published a few years ago by Thyde Monnier (*Moi*, in three volumes) and Elise Jouhandeau (*Joies et douleurs d'une belle excentrique*, also in three volumes).

There may, of course, be an element of fiction in several of these works, since any autobiographer, whether male or female, finds it difficult to know exactly where truth ends and poetry begins. But conversely, a number of first-person novels written by Frenchwomen in recent years read as if they were thinly disguised autobiographical episodes: I am thinking, for instance, of *Léo Morin, prêtre* by Béatrice Beck, *Un Certain sourire* by Françoise Sagan, and *Le Repos du guerrier* by Christiane Rochefort.

Now, in France, all this amounts to a new phenomenon, peculiar to the middle of the present century, and the nonspecialist reader may be surprised to learn that Frenchwomen have hitherto been slow to unburden themselves in print. The

*It has just been published in the United States and is reviewed in *Harper's* this month by Roderick Cook on page 130.

French, as a nation, have a reputation for frankness and the men, from Montaigne to André Gide and from Rousseau to Jean Genet, have always tended to take the lead in pitiless self-revelation. Moreover, it is often assumed—especially by the French themselves—that Frenchwomen are among the most advanced in the world and have always been intimately associated with culture. So they have, but it is remarkable how few of them have actually written for publication or have left accounts of their lives. They seem to have been content to influence the men, just as in politics, it is said, Frenchwomen have always preferred to be behind the scenes.

In England and America, on the other hand, it has been almost a matter of course during the last few generations for women to publish their life-stories, whether they have had careers in their own right or have been the wives and daughters of politicians, authors, colonial administrators, ambassadors, etc. In any English or American public library, the biography and autobiography section is second only in popularity to the fiction section, and a substantial proportion of the books in it are by, and about, women. They may not be particularly good books; they may even consist of pious half-truths, heavily ghosted; but at least they exist and in large quantities. This is not the case in France where, until recently, comparatively few women had written about themselves as the first person. And even when producing innocuous Romantic fiction until well into the twentieth century, a considerable number of French women-writers felt it necessary to conceal their identities under masculine pseudonyms.

Old-fashioned French Ladies

The explanation is, I think, quite simply that, during the whole of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth, Frenchwomen have not enjoyed the same freedom as their English and American counterparts, because of a combination of Catholic and middle-class convention. Of course, the French erotic tradition (which is so complicated a phenomenon to analyze here) has always ensured the cult of the woman as male, but this has not necessarily improved her civil status or given her a reality of her own. In England—and perhaps in America, too—because of the Puritan heritage, men may not have been adept at eroticism, but they seem to have been rather more ready to treat women as persons, precisely because of the respect for the individual which is inherent in Protestantism. Even at the

height of Victorianism in England, far more women were active and at least semi-independent than in France. Some of them were quite astonishingly strong-minded, as we can see from such a representative book as the *Memoirs* of Louisa Haldane. This is no doubt why the feminist revolution began considerably earlier in the English-speaking countries than in France, where even now traces of Victorianism still linger on.

Some of the recent French female autobiographers, in particular Simone de Beauvoir and Clara Malraux, who tell of their struggle against middle-class convention, both Catholic and Jewish, must sound distinctly old-fashioned in some respects to English-speaking readers. After all, the commanding, intellectual woman—that is, precisely, the Simone de Beauvoir type—was the dominant figure in Bernard Shaw's plays, written during the last phase of English Victorianism, and two real-life examples were Mrs. Shaw herself and Beatrice Webb. Mme de Beauvoir and Mme Malraux are still fighting a battle that has long been over in the English-speaking countries, and to find a parallel to their edgy, resentful tone, we have to go back to Vera Brittain's *Testament of Youth* (published 1939 but mainly concerned with the pre-1914 period) or to the autobiographical notes written by Dorothy Thompson in 1927 at the beginning of her association with Sinclair Lewis and quoted in Vincent Sheean's *Dorothy and Red*.

In the historical survey which she includes in her theoretical work on women, *Le Deuxième sexe*, Simone de Beauvoir seems to have missed the point. When we think of the cultured Frenchwoman exchanging ideas with men on a footing of equality in the *salons* and then describing her life in elegant and pointed memoirs, we are really harking back to the eighteenth century. There are several female autobiographies of this kind and they were prevalent in the early nineteenth century, when nostalgia for the lost delights of the Ancien Régime was particularly strong. Such accounts of aristocratic behavior in provincial *châteaux* or Parisian houses or at the Court of Versailles are not noticeably different from the many similar volumes of memoirs written by men. It may, of course, be the case that some of them, such as the superbly entertaining *Mémoires de Mme de Créquy* were actually ghosted by men. But it is also a fact that those female aristocrats who choose to be emancipated within the rigid conventions governing the behavior of aristocratic society as a whole, seem to have been almost as free as the men, provided they were prepared to disregard the censorious attitude of their respectable, churchgoing sisters. In a class where the

King's *maîtresse en titre* had a recognized position and both sexes were at once profoundly frivolous and convinced of their innate superiority of birth, women and men found themselves almost on the same level.*

This freedom is suggested by the whole tone of the aristocratic literature of eighteenth century France, in spite of the elegant circumlocutions used in the female memoirs. Mme de Châtelet could live quite openly with Voltaire in her country house and devote herself to whatever intellectual pursuits she wished. It is significant, too, that one of the strongest fictional characters of the century—the diabolical Mme de Merteuil in *Les Liaisons dangereuses* by Laclos—prides herself on being able to maneuver as independently as a man; the famous Letter 81, in which she expounds her way of life, is pitched in a triumphant, almost feminist, key.

Brassy-voiced Aristocrats

Some of the outstanding Frenchwomen who wrote their memoirs in the nineteenth century were, in fact, survivors from this eighteenth-century atmosphere—Mme de Staël, for instance, and the now comparatively forgotten but still very readable Mme de Genlis, who was for a time Philippe Egalité's mistress and also acted as tutor to his son, the future King Louis-Philippe. Even George Sand, the great female voice of the Romantic Movement, whom we tend to think of as being purely nineteenth-century, proves on inspection to be similar in type. The first trousered lady of the West may have been partially Lesbian, but she was also very much an aristocrat and she devotes the first two volumes of her four-volume *Histoire de ma vie* (1855) to an account of her forebears during the last phase of the Ancien Régime, the Revolution, and the Napoleonic Era.

In France, she seems to have been the last forceful personality of this kind in literature, with the possible exception of the Comtesse de Noailles, whereas in England, the clear, brassy, female aristocratic voice has continued to ring out right up to the present day. It is audible in Margot Asquith's *Autobiography* (1920-22), in Edith Sitwell's various personal writings, and in Jessica Mitford's *Hons and Rebels* (1960). Margot Asquith, riding on horseback up the steps and into the hall of her father's London house, Edith Sit-

Neither sex, of course, was "free." For instance, both men and women were married off at an early age for family reasons, but belief in blue blood was a kind of faith common to both sexes.

well referring serenely to the denizens of Hollywood as "dear, simple souls," and Jessica Mitford taking it for granted that a destroyer should be sent after her when she eloped to Spain are all three, recognizably, in the same sociological group as Mme de Genlis, Mme de Créquy, and George Sand. It is difficult to imagine any one of these ladies patiently reading Simone de Beauvoir because, even when under physical restraint (and Jessica Mitford escaped from her narrow, out-of-date environment only by means of deliberate deceit), they assume a spiritual liberty that a French girl brought up in a conventional, middle class, nineteenth- or twentieth-century setting can achieve only by long, persistent effort.

Once the aristocratic ethos had begun to fade out in France, there were only two main types of women in society: the respectable *bourgeoise*, who could be discreetly adulterous but never openly emancipated, and the courtesan or *demi-mondaine* who lived on the Bohemian fringe with actors and artists, occasionally married into respectable society, and constituted a sort of geisha class, on a rather higher level than the English chorus girl. The respectable *bourgeoise* wrote few books and did not distinguish herself in literature; the French have no one to compare with Jane Austen, the Brontë sisters, or George Eliot. In Bohemia comparative freedom reigned but, so far as I can discover, no *demi-mondaine* or courtesan wrote a description of her life, although the type is one of the commonest in nineteenth-century novel and was dealt with at length by Balzac, Alexandre Dumas fils, Zola, and Daudet. She continues into the twentieth century; Odette, in Proust's novel is the last full-blown example, and there are minor representatives in Colette's books, such as *Gigi*.

This brings us to a very important point. Female emancipation in contemporary French literature really begins, all of a sudden, with Colette who was in the *demi-monde* without being entirely of it. After her early marriage to the disreputable Willy, she was forced into authorship, for financial reasons, by her tyrannical spouse. He made her specialize in near-pornography, and this may help to explain why, after she had shaken him off, she became the first Frenchwoman to write a frank autobiography, the first to write a novel about the importance of the orgasm in the female sex life and the first to publish Lesbian prose-poems. She was so gifted a writer in her chosen, or accidental, field that no subsequent French woman-author has been able to disregard her, and two of the autobiographers I have mentioned—Thyde Monnier and Violette Leduc—state specifically how much they owe to her. At the same time, they rec-

nize their debt to Simone de Beauvoir, who was the first respectable, professional Frenchwoman to write a full-length life-story and to expound her views on women systematically in the two large volumes of *Le Deuxième sexe*. What she reveals is her beyond the pale of conventional, bourgeois society, so that, in a sense, she joins up with Colette.

Having at last begun to describe themselves, and having before them the example of Colette and of so many male confessionalists who have laid bare the slightest quirks of their natures in diaries and autobiographies, Frenchwomen have perhaps already gone further in the direct revealing of female peculiarities than any English or American woman. It is true that there is considerable freedom of expression, say, in Mary McCarthy's novels or in such English books as Penelope Mortimer's *The Pumpkin Eater* but, on the whole, English-speaking women maintain standards of decorum which prevent certain things being said in any detail. If I am not mistaken, we have no female D. H. Lawrence or Henry Miller or William Burroughs. Writers such as Vera Brittain, Margot Asquith, Virginia Woolf, Jessica Mitford, and Ethel Mannin may not be exactly squeamish, but they remain on an accepted level of polite statement, or use scientific terms to discuss physiological matters. Several of the Frenchwomen on the contrary, following Colette, try to make literature out of sensuality; the extreme case is Violette Leduc who no doubt goes as far as anyone could in describing Lesbian copulations in careful, literary prose. This is as valid as the heterosexual copulations in D. H. Lawrence, but what is more interesting—since copulation of any variety is probably always rather tedious in description—is that these Frenchwomen are fairly shameless about revealing the psychological complexities of their sex.

Marthe Lebas's book is an account of her simultaneous *liaison* with two men which went on for several years. Christiane Rochefort gives a brilliant, though perhaps self-indulgently masochistic, picture of the enslavement of an intelligent young woman by a Bohemian drunk. Simone de Beauvoir, Elise Jouhandeau, Thyde Monnier, etc., are discussing every aspect of their behavior, dot their i's and cross their t's with remarkable vigor. Perhaps Mary McCarthy will do this, if she ever makes her autobiography beyond the childhood and adolescent stage. Dorothy Thompson's fascinating private notes go part of the way and are greatly superior to her published writings. But, generally speaking, what is expressed clearly—though perhaps sometimes unconsciously—in the

French books is only suggested or hinted at in the English and American ones. However, in spite of the different degrees of outspokenness, if all three national groups are considered together, one thing about most of these books is very striking: their femininity.

The Man-hunters

It may seem natural that books by women should be feminine, yet the more affirmative female authors might not take this as a compliment. Simone de Beauvoir, for instance, makes the challenging statement: "One is not born a woman, one becomes a woman," by which she means that "female" characteristics (and indeed "male" ones, too), far from being inborn, are irksome historical accretions, vary from society to society as Margaret Mead says, and would, in an ideal social organization, disappear altogether, so that partial men and women would be replaced by fully developed "persons." This is the assumption behind much "feminist" writing. It is also, perhaps, lurking in the background of Betty Friedan's complaint, in *The Feminine Mystique*, that a great many American women are suffering from neurotic frustrations through having developed their feminine tendencies too exclusively in marriage and childbearing;* her motto might be: "Orgasm and Motherhood are not enough."

Perhaps this is true and, of course, all the women I am considering have transcended the domestic situation, since they have written books. The curious thing is that, in the deeper sense, they should not have changed over from being "objects," which is what Simone de Beauvoir says women have been turned into through historical conditioning, in order to become "subjects" like men. They remain female in the sense that their writing is often male-centered.

Simone de Beauvoir, commanding woman though she is, is perhaps unaware of the extent to which her autobiography and her novels are rooted in traditional female attitudes. Her life-

*I am not sure how to square this complaint with the oft-repeated remark that American women are exceptionally active outside the home, and with the example of Mary McCarthy and Dorothy Thompson, whose writings I mention below. Could the emphasis on being feminine be characteristic of the younger generation? In England, I recently heard a woman-professor remark, "Higher education for women will have been no more than a flash in the pan!" She was referring to the difficulty of finding young women to fill academic posts left vacant by the retirement of their elders. Such posts are now often filled by men.

story can be read not merely as an escape from bourgeois convention but also as a search for the male terminus at which she can stop. The pattern she indicates is almost classically simple: first her father, then various men friends, were found wanting, until she came up against Sartre. One feels that she was able to relax to some extent as soon as she had discovered her male superior. He did not provide complete emotional satisfaction, hence the love affairs with other men, and in particular the liaison with Nelson Algren, which is treated at length both in *Les Mandarins* and in the autobiography. Algren seems to play the part of Instinctive Brute, as opposed to Sartre, the Super-Brain. The brain wins in the end; Simone de Beauvoir has never varied in her wifely reverence for Sartre, and although she presents their relationship as a marriage of minds, she is obviously much more married—metaphorically—to him than he is to her.

She could, of course, argue that women are still in the initial stage of their emancipation, but it is remarkable that so many women, both in novels and autobiographies, should build their story, ultimately, around a man, whose personality is allowed to take precedence over their own. Average women seem to look for exceptional men, and exceptional women for geniuses. Even a vain and egotistical woman like Margot Asquith is happy to be, first and foremost, Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the Prime Minister, who is of humbler birth than herself but has a brain she can respect. A fearless aristocratic tomboy such as Jessica Mitford is subjugated by a still more fearless rebel of her own class, Esmond Romilly. Clara Malraux is still so much in awe of her great man that she can hardly bring herself to mention his name at the point where he has to be brought into her story, and Volume II of her autobiography, which was to be the account of their association, is apparently proving very difficult to write.

The recent books by Dominique Arban (*Le Passé défini*) and Marthe Y. Lebas (*Le Mariage de Moscou*) are frank descriptions of the way in which the woman identifies with the man or men. Dominique Arban (or her heroine, if the book is not entirely autobiographical) falls in love with an Englishman and, when the love affair fails to develop beyond a certain point, extends the emotion to the English language and English culture as representative of the man, and achieves a sort of spiritual marriage between her own Franco-Russian personality and the setting of the beloved. Marthe Lebas, who presents her story as being strictly true in all its details, is torn between one lover, a Parisian professor, and another, a

high-ranking Soviet official of Jewish origin. Although she eventually marries the Frenchman, her deeper allegiance is to the Polish-Russianized Jew with whom she lived in Moscow in the 'thirties. She continued to love him in spite of his infidelities, goes on worshiping him after he has disappeared in the Stalinist purges, and the last sentence in her book refers to him: "*Alors, c'est vrai? Alors, c'est vrai? J'ai été la femme de cet homme-là? Merci, mon Dieu!*"

A Good Man Nowadays Is Hard to Find

I was—or I am—the wife of that man! could be used as an epigraph for most of these books. For instance, the three French novels I mentioned at the beginning are all about subjugation to the male. In Béatrice Beck's excellent book, *Léon Morin, prêtre*, the heroine is fascinated by an exceptional priest, who is attracted to her but withstands temptation. Françoise Sagan's *Un Certain sourire*, her best novel, is a neat description of the young girl's obsession with a father-figure. Christiane Rochefort's *Le Repos du guerrier* is a convincing account of the woman's willing, even humiliating, subservience to the sexual beast, at the same time as she is mothering him.

The strangest phenomenon is the recurrence of submissiveness to the male in very high-powered or gifted women, even when they have Lesbian tendencies. Colette, probably the most subtle of all twentieth-century women-writers, expresses this phenomenon beautifully both in her autobiographical references to her relations with Willy and Henri de Jouvenel and in her fiction. Her two late books, *Duo* and *Le Toutounier*, which are in some ways the most perfect, describe the exasperated sensation of widowhood in a woman whose husband has failed her and finally committed suicide.

The importance of the male, which is absent from Mary McCarthy's *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* because the book stops at the beginning of adult life, reappears to some extent in her novels. One of the tragi-comic aspects of *The Group*, for instance, is that the female pack appears lost, in spite of its Vassar sophistication, because there are no adequate males for it to hunt. A group of women does not appear to be a "normal" unit in the way a group of men can be, at least for a time; it should break up into couples, but no proper masculine principle is to be found for the women to marry up with. This is perhaps why the chapter about Doty's visit to the birth-control clinic, which seemed so hilariously funny

When it appeared in isolation in *Partisan Review* where the reader could be a hypothetical husband or lover, sharing the joke about the ludicrousness of sex), strikes such a sad note within the context of the book. There is no genuinely male seed—i.e., potency plus masculinity of character—for the womb-personalities to be fertilized by, and it is possibly significant that the best-looking and most self-possessed woman has opted out of the difficulty and become a total Lesbian.

What is implicit here is openly debated in Dorothy Thompson's diary jottings. Just after her first meeting with Sinclair Lewis she writes: "The reason why modern women are so unhappy and why they unconsciously hate men, is because they have gotten better and men have gotten worse. They will not let men swallow them up, because men are not good enough." She discusses the inadequacy of her Lesbian experiences but a certain feminine resentment appears when she realizes that she has really fallen in love with Lewis: "I know that being a woman has got me at last." He is able to respect Lewis as a writer, although she was so unbalanced as a man, and in difficult moments she tries to argue with herself in a spirit of feminine humility: "You are totally unimportant and you are married to a man of genius." In the end, this neurosis makes her into the more virile member of the pair; she breaks away, chides him about the decline in the quality of his work, and becomes a worldwide celebrity in her own right, partly because her dissatisfaction as a woman and her urge to be up and doing coincide with the fight against Nazism.

The most complex case is that described at length by Violette Leduc. She began her emotional career as a Lesbian, perhaps through the accident of a first encounter in a boarding school and per-

haps also through being obsessed with what she considered the terrible affliction of a very large, and probably masculine, nose. At the most intense point in her life, she was simultaneously married to a man/woman who treated her as a wife/boy, and having an affair with another woman. The complications of this situation not unnaturally led to the breakdown of both relationships, and sometime later she fell in love again, but on this occasion, it seems, as a woman with a man. However, the man who fascinated her and with whom she formed an unhappy, Platonic union, was Maurice Sachs, the writer, a complete homosexual. Her account of their bisexual friendship within the framework of homosexuality is, I imagine, unique in literature. As a personal relationship, the conjunction was understandably frustrating, but Sachs did her some good through encouraging her to write, so that eventually she dared to imitate Colette and put her experiences down on paper.

Higgins' Slippers

This, of course, has not been a systematic investigation of modern woman as she expresses herself in print. I have merely tried to make a few tentative remarks through a comparison between the recent wave of French books and a number of representative English and American works. The implication seems to be that female emancipation is a much more complex problem than our old Anglo-American feminists thought it was, or than is suggested by the most eminent living European feminist, Simone de Beauvoir. However, there were perhaps intimations of this even at the height of the Anglo-American feminist revolution. Shaw who, for reasons which I have never seen adequately explained, was obsessed with the virile female and carried her to her logical extreme in the character of St. Joan (so powerful a woman that her male principle could only be God), was also the man who successfully refurbished the male-centered myth of Pygmalion and made Eliza meekly fetch Higgins' slippers even after she had become a complete personality in her own right.

In thinking over the various instances I have mentioned, one may wonder if women, especially gifted ones, are not called upon to lead a double life: as females and subservient to men on one level, at the same time as, on another level, they are possibly superior to the same men as brains and personalities. The beauty of Higgins was that he was Instinctive Brute and Super-Brain rolled into one, but how many Elizas find a Higgins?

I Always Say No

"When students ask me if they should make writing their life work, I always say no.

"They've got this gift, but that is just the beginning . . . It is a matter of whether they are willing to starve. When I started writing, I never thought whether I would fail or succeed. I just did what I wanted to do . . .

"My father didn't interfere. He didn't want to be bothered with what I was doing . . . But every night as he passed my place, he asked punctiliously if the Muse had treated me well that day."

—Andrew Lytle, quoted by Louise Davis, in *The Nashville Tennessean Magazine*, August 30, 1964.

Three contrasting American writers appraise the attractions of the writer's life, count up the rewards, and carefully point out some of the dangers.



What's In It for Me

1. By Bruce Jay Friedman

If someone said to me, "I'm sorry, Friedman, no more writing for you. For the rest of your life, you're to be in children's ready-to-wear at a huge annual take-home," I would doubtless find myself a good train, wait until it got up a good head of steam, and hurl myself in front of it. Even if someone said, "Okay, write all you want, but it will have to be in Minsk and there will be certain things you won't be allowed to deal with," I would be out on the tracks all the same, perhaps a little reluctantly, but I would hold my ground until the 6:05 from Port Washington polished me off.

I am not sure how or why I got into this; one good thing about writing is that I get to brood and sulk to my heart's content. My wife covers for me by telling people, "He is not a miserable person. He is working on something in his head." What she doesn't realize is that a lot of it is authentic noncreative brooding and sulking that I am passing off as sensitivity. Another reason I write is to show two girls who rejected me fifteen years ago that they were wrong for running off with optometrists. One of them gave me the word on a Christmas Eve after I had presented her with a pair of Victorian sconces for her dormitory. What is it about optometrists?

I don't really know that much about children's ready-to-wear. The chances are you have a good season and an occasional bad one, but that you

earn a fairly predictable wage. Not so with writing. If you write a book that is full of pressure and comes out of your very center, it will sell twelve copies. People from Hollywood will call at three in the morning and say, "Hate to bug you at this hour, baby, but I just finished it and all I can say is like War and Peaceville. Go back to bed and sleep easy. Tomorrow it goes over to Marlon and then I want my people to chin with your people." You never hear from them again. You then write a book that is meant to tide you over and hold the fort until you think up another that has all of that original pressure. And, of course, the sales go through the roof. It is crap-shooting and it is action and the dream is always there and I doubt that you get it this way in children's ready-to-wear although I did meet a man on a train who said you have the same thing in shingles.

I write to find out how I really feel about things. If I knew in advance, there really would not be any point to writing. There are no doubt writers who have views by the carload. I have some, too, but they are usually some place where I can't get at them. I find out how I feel about things as I go along and there is no one more curious than I am to find out what I am up to. I did a magazine story recently about the fashion world. I took a look at this world for a few weeks and then could hardly wait to get home and start my writing so I could find out how I felt about it. I was dying to know but could not get a word out of myself until the piece was halfway through.

You hear a lot about writers trying for immortality. It seems to me that you get it with the very first observation you put on paper. I got it when I won a carton of candy bars in the eighth grade for a safety slogan. There are writers who are deeper and wiser and more difficult, better sentence makers, craftier storytellers, writers with muscles you simply don't have. But there is no one who sees it quite your way, however peculiar or dopey. There is really no point in chasing after Faulkner, even if you had a thousand years to do so, but, by God, I came up with one thought about crossing on the green that was mine and not his.

If you are lucky, some of your wildest fantasies are realized. Recently, after the publication of *Another's Kisses*, a young lady from a New York newspaper interviewed me. I had been ill with a virus and was looking more sullen and depraved than usual. When the lady appeared with a photographer, a representative of my publisher flew to his feet and shouted, "No pictures, no pictures." For an instant, I, a humble sensitive boy from the

Bronx, was Steve McQueen and Tony Randall.

For a few hundred pages, you are king of the world. You get to show off a little, slip in a joke or two, take the words of a New Yorker cab-driver who took you to Penn Station last night and put them in the mouth of an Alabama jet pilot in Chapter Three. You can order people about, get ordered back, kill them off if you like, or, even better, let them come to love and understand each other.

At the end of it all, marvel of all marvels, if you have not been a bore about it, you can actually get publishers not only to set it all in type and let people read it, but also to pay you dollars for those pages. Dollars for *storytelling*. Dollars for your dreams. I never seem to have gotten over the shock and joy of that incredible fact. Not only have I gotten to tell a story I know and goof off and have some fun, but there is someone foolish enough to pay me eight dollars for my trouble. I can live in this century and tell stories and don't even have to be in children's ready-to-wear.

2. By Gloria Steinem

As a profession, free-lance writing is notorious—insecure. That's the first argument in its favor. For many reasons, a few of them rational, the thought of knowing exactly what next year's accomplishments, routine, income, and vacation will be—or even what time I have to get up tomorrow morning—has always depressed me. Perhaps because I spent my formative years not going to school (except when we happened to stay three months in one place), getting attached to the routine of no-routine, and absorbing my father's philosophy ("I can stand anything today as long as I don't know what tomorrow might bring"), I am wonderfully well-prepared for the precariousness of writing. Or, to look at it another way, I am unprepared for anything else.

But I like it. Short flings at other kinds of work, however suitably disorganized—giving away money at a foundation, for instance, or editing—always seemed to be detours and pleasant ways of putting off what I really wanted to do. Not that I enjoy writing. Except for the occasional pleasure of having an idea or finding the right word, writing is terrible. But for me, it's the only thing that passes the three tests of *métier*: (1) when I am doing it, I don't feel that I should be doing something else instead; (2) it produces a sense

of accomplishment and, once in a while, pride; and (3) it's frightening.

I don't like to write. I like to have written. But I might keep right on trying even if it meant working in an office nine-to-five with guaranteed annual income, fringe benefits, and a two-week vacation. Supposing, though, that no amount of government aid to the arts ever can bring about that boring condition, here are some thoughts on What's In It for Me:

...I can call myself a writer. This requires a certain suspension of judgment on my part—if Forster, Dinesen, and Proust are writers, I must be something else—but after four years of seeing "occupation: writer" on my income-tax form and being introduced as such (hardly anyone points and laughs), I can get it out without apology. Almost.

...I get paid for learning, for following my own interests. Over-researching in preparation for writing articles is a fine way to pursue a liberal education.

...Which means, obviously, that I don't have to specialize. If one year can include articles on suburban integration, electronic music, Saul Bellow, college morals, John Lennon, three Kennedys, the space program, hiring policies in television, hard-edge painting, pop culture, draftees for Vietnam, and James Baldwin, nonfiction writing may be the last bastion of the generalist.

...I get to see my name in print.

...There is freedom, or the illusion of it. Working in spurts to meet deadlines may be just as restricting as having to show up at the same place every day, but I don't think so.

...Writing about a disliked person or theory or institution usually turns out to be worthwhile, because pride of authorship finally takes over from prejudice. Words in print assume such power and importance that it is impossible not to feel acutely responsible for them.

...Writing, on the other hand, keeps me from believing everything I read.

...A writer's product is personally controllable, goes straight to the consumer, and tends not to disappear. Actors, directors, editors, conductors, choreographers, and the like do work which is dependent on others and not so easy to preserve. This almost makes up for their getting paid more.

...I can advocate change, or say, "Oh, come off it," to society.

...I like knowing that something of mine has been translated for reprint in France or Germany or Japan. It makes me feel an international force.

...George Orwell said he wrote so that his fifth-grade teacher, I think, might see his work and be sorry she'd misjudged him. I'm somewhat hampered by having had no fifth-grade teacher, but there is always the chance that out there in Toledo, Ohio, are some high-school classmates who are doing the same. I certainly hope so.

...I like not having to show identification

when I charge things at Doubleday's, because there is a book there with my picture on the back.

...Making what seems to me a lot of money is very agreeable, the more so because it comes in lumps, like feast after famine, and could stop all together at any time.

...Statistics about how few people earn their livings totally from writing make me feel select one of the big kids. So do statements like, "I have to go to Los Angeles on a story." (Or Algeria or Cleveland or Rome.)

...Fortunately, no one believes that I thrive on insecurity, so I don't have to come clean and spoil another reward: the sympathy of normal people. "Do you get many rejection slips?" "Isn't it lonely working at home?" "Don't you worry about paying the rent?" Oh, yes, I sigh, lying in my teeth and soaking up sympathy; all the time wondering how *they* stand it.

...Women whose identity depends more on their outsides than their insides are dangerous when they begin to age. Because I have work I care about, it's possible that I may be less difficult to get along with when the double chins start to form.

...Sometimes, a stranger comes up to me and says, "I liked your article." Because there is no obligation of politeness or a deal, it seems more valuable than praise from a friend, or money. Still, I never quite believe it.

...Writing is the only thing that seems worthwhile.

3. *By Charles Bonner*

I started to answer the question, to explain the attractions of a writer's life in a humorous vein, but it did not come off. That is not to say that a writing career, like any professional undertaking, hasn't its comic moments, high and low, and I advise new adventurers in the field who are deficient in a sense of humor to abandon it altogether. The saving grace is essential to withstand the graceless interludes. Still, it is not possible to treat a lifetime spent in this arduous and often financially unrewarding profession as a long joke. There is too much pain in it, and the responsibilities of being even the "lightest" kind of writer are too heavy.

In assessing the values of a writer's life I think one must first consider motive. Money will do, but it seldom does. Scratch the surface of an admitted

"money writer," and you'll find something more profound that chains him to his typewriter. It need not be a pretentious thing, though some writers speak of a sense of mission and others of a compelling duty to express themselves. On the other hand, I once heard Irvin Cobb say that he had nothing to read on a train, but he had the back of an old envelope and the stub of a pencil.

My first efforts to establish motive—or, more simply, the reason I *had* to write—did not carry me much beyond the idea of *communication*, and that did not seem a long distance for one of my ambitions. I had the luck as a very young man to have George Henry Doran, the publisher, extend it for me. He said communicate WHAT? and TO WHOM?, and invited me to come back and see him again after I had moved around a few years and found the answers to these questions.

Of course I was always aware of the light-hearted gambit that actually started me in the

iting direction. My parents had four sons and, when we were children, it was one of the pleasantly routine family routines to nominate careers for the boys. One Sunday afternoon my brothers were tapped for rapid succession for the law, banking, and medicine. There remained the Church and, while my father was offering me a bishopric and I was resisting parish calls and the Second Lesson, my mother, who was a FORCE, came to the rescue. "We'll make him a novelist," she said.

When I had filled a hundred ruled pages with plagiarisms from Horatio Alger, Jr., Ralph Henry Bourne, and G. A. Henty, Mother gathered up the sheets and swept them to the printer. My first novel (twenty-four pages) was a family success. Nothing since, in long years of newspaper reports, magazine shorts, "shots" and serials, novels, screenplays, articles, essays, ghost-writings, speeches, publicity releases, and in-betweeners, has given me quite the same satisfaction. I was even at the time, and I was hooked.

Real motive came with maturity. I felt no mission especially, and to express myself as a moral obligation to the world seemed very thin indeed. What reader really cared? The thing I settled on, and which provided psychic income with or without other kinds, was to entertain or inform, possibly to instruct—but particularly to try to dig out some small part of what it's all about, and pass it on. Occasionally this seemed to work.

There have been pitfalls, of course, and woe without tangible rewards. While weak on profit motive as a propellant, the writing profession enjoys the illusion, once in hand, as much as any. When a novel (*Legacy*, later called *Adam Had Four Sons*) fetched a good price from the moviemakers after a week's fantastic negotiations, I was able to believe, because of the writer's capacity to cozen himself, that I was earning \$25,000 a week. When no movie companies competed, not very sensationally, for the next (*Angel Casey*), I could afford to take a long view of myself. That is, I lost two months at Palm Springs, and I went back to work. No sale.

Most of the time, however, the free-lancer is working in more hours a day than a country doctor on a steady lonesome grind, more perilous than the daily double, a jump ahead of the sheriff, never much as a nose on the landlord, and perpetually thrall to the small loan company. If, on looking back, I see that I actually met the expenses of the years out of writing income—and nothing else—it never seemed possible at the time.

The course has been irregular, though the ups and downs, joys and disappointments seem to work out to par. It is the puzzlements, I believe,

that are peculiar to writing. There was the magazine (*Today's Woman*) which conducted a survey to discover which fiction writer was most popular among its readers, and I won the prize. They never bought another piece. A novel (*Ambition*), published in October, was riding high toward the Christmas season; the bookstores were out of it, the reorders were excellent, but the publisher had neglected to carry this good news to the bindery. We missed the Christmas season, we missed the reorders, we missed everything.

I have learned not to write under pressure of editors' urging, personal bankruptcy, nor during periods when the ideas and the words simply will not come. At such times the product is not good. I've learned not to trust evaluation of my pieces to family or friends. Their motivations are sometimes too complex. I've learned to trust the editorial judgment of the big majority of editors; to have reached their competency I'd have to spend equal time in the editorial chair, and I won't do it. Obviously, a writer can expect to suffer occasionally from an editorial hangover, but there's always the chance, too, that a story will hit an editor in a moment of upbeat, to one's profit. I've generally found editors' editorial recommendations sound (why should they waste the time?).

The writing field is one of movement, of change, of innovation. This is as true of fiction as it is of nonfiction. A great change came over my career in midflight. It is called television and it offers viewers a form of predigested entertainment which requires no mental exercise to absorb. After all, fiction in a magazine or book takes a little thinking: the reader has to reconstruct in his mind's eye the persons, the places, and the plot. The magazine fiction markets could not stand up to this kind of TV competition. The three that had sustained me for years collapsed in one day—*Collier's*, *The American Magazine*, and *Woman's Home Companion*.

So I decided to change to another sort of writing, a more leisurely, reflective consideration of events, past and present. As this form is still more out of fashion than fiction, it needed substantial support. I found it in public relations, a haven to which writers have not sufficiently acknowledged their debt. I found a happy berth in the public-relations firm of Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy, oldest of its kind in the country, solid, prosperous, and sometimes called "that quiet, hard-working shop up on Forty-fifth Street." It has another merit: it exerts very low pressure on its writers. I can write in my own fashion—as long as it makes a point, the point the boss is interested in. Isn't that the point of all writing—whether the boss is editor, public-relations counsel, or even the reader?

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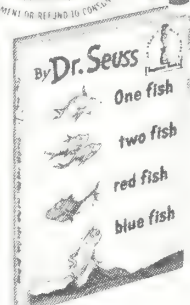
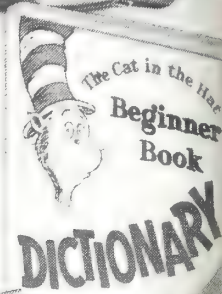
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy, \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America, \$1.50 per year additional.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
 C O F U L F I L L M E N T C O R P . O F A M E R I C A
 381 WEST CENTER STREET
 MARION, OHIO 43302

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
 Telephone Area Code 212 YUkon 6-3344
 Other offices in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles

PRODUCTION MANAGER: KIM SMITH
 Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
 Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Publisher: DANIEL J. BROOKS

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer and Controller.

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 Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing office.

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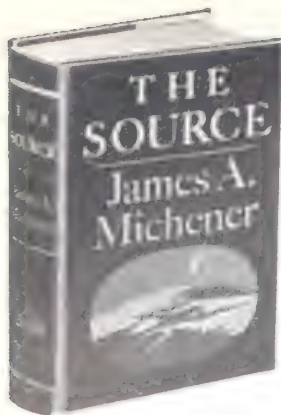
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☐ 231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST



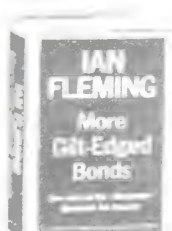
☐ 236. WANDERERS EASTWARD, WANDERERS WEST by KATHLEEN



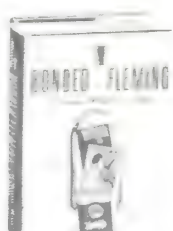
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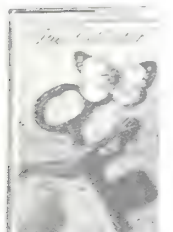
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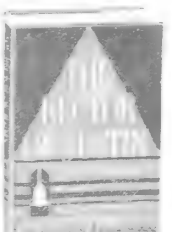
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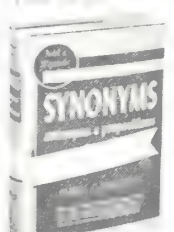
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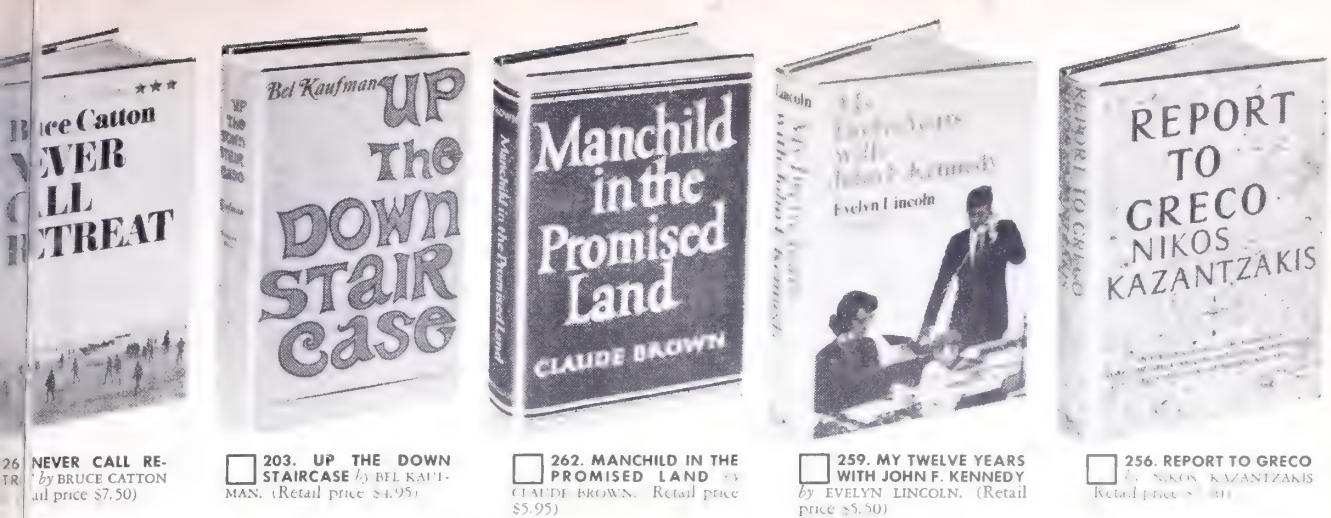
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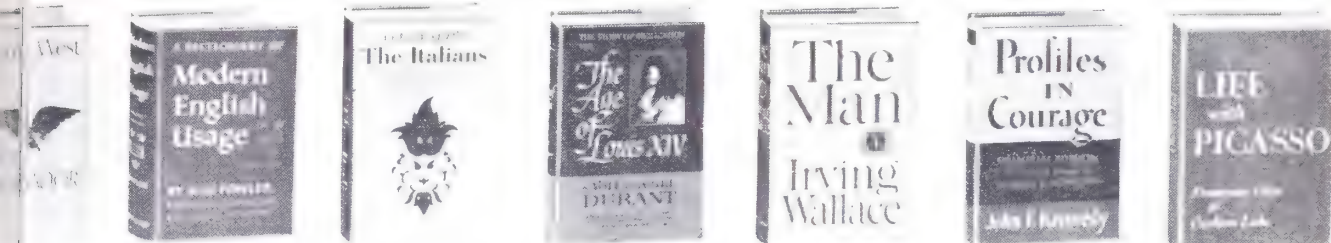
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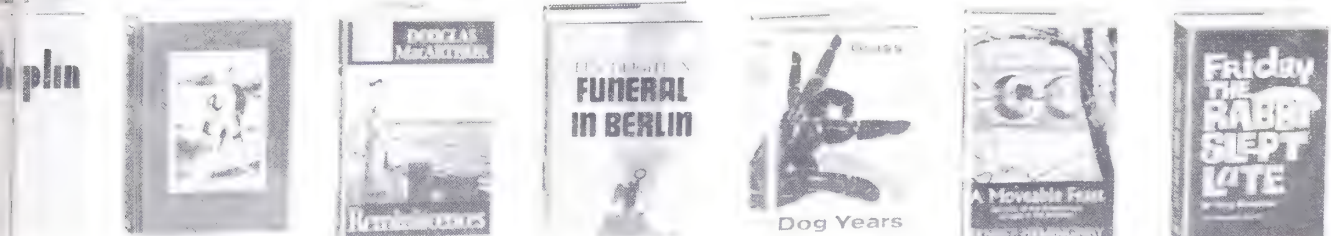
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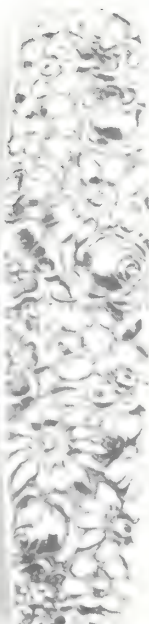


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Letters

Oregon's Governor Versus the Octopus

Murray Morgan's article, "The Most Powerful Governor in the U.S.A." [October], is a valuable piece for both political scientists and those in the practice of statecraft because there are many of us who feel that states which do not recognize the need for streamlining our statutes and procedures are destined to decay.

All governors are held responsible by their constituents but too few have the authority to go with that responsibility. Between them and the people are dozens of autonomous boards and commissions, independent in structure and in attitude. Costs of government can be held down only if duplication, waste, empire-building, and a "spirit of separateness" is replaced. It is as though a general manager were hired to run a business and fifty or a hundred boards of directors were going their separate ways.

The octopus is of legislative creation, presumably under a fear of a too strong chief executive. But what is resulting is a weakening through strangulation as the tentacles multiply and strangle, aided and abetted by federal intrusions and federal bypassing, which are frequently justified by inaction at the local level.

MARK O. HATFIELD
Governor of Oregon
Salem, Ore.

Psychiatry for the Poor

In "The Coming Upheaval in Psychiatry" [October] Maya Pines accomplishes so much. She says things that have needed saying during two years of state planning surveys, ever since federal legislation provided funds to set these mental-health study projects in motion. She provides an educating and mobilizing document for action groups similarly concerned.

Harper's Magazine, December 1965

Those of us whose responsibility is to stimulate local planning and decision need all the help we can get. . . . We need an informed leadership to spend the next few years helping to set up for the right occupancy of new centers, rather than trying to figure out how to "rent them out."

MRS. REX ROBERTS, I
Mental Health
North Central Mass
Fitchburg

I found Maya Pines' article encouraging, but I must protest. Levon Boyajian's remark that only the psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers, but not the nurses see patients. Why not soon we'll let the aides do it?

Dr. Boyajian apparently does not find it revolutionary to allow nurses to talk with people. . . . This disheartening attitude, coupled with the fact that nurses today are still paid criminally low salaries, is in part why many well-educated nurses cease practice as soon as they can.

I am commenting on this because it keeps doctors from using the great potential in the close contact with patients. They disregard nurses' observations and the opportunity to work with nurses in helping patients.

A greater upheaval in psychiatry will occur on the day that the medical profession decides to recognize nursing as a professional, competitive field in patient care. . . .

MRS. DOROTHY L.
R.
Param

I would like to express my appreciation over "The Coming Upheaval in Psychiatry." But the term "coming upheaval" appears to be somewhat out of date. Many of the policies advanced by Maya Pines have been implemented or experimented with at this

The writer of this ad rented an Avis car recently. Here's what I found:



Cigarette butts. A whole ashtray full.

I write Avis ads for a living. But that doesn't make me a paid liar.

When I promise that the least you'll get from Avis is a clean Plymouth with everything in perfect order, I expect Avis to back me up.

I don't expect full ashtrays; it's not like them. I know for a fact that everybody in that company, from the president down, tries harder.

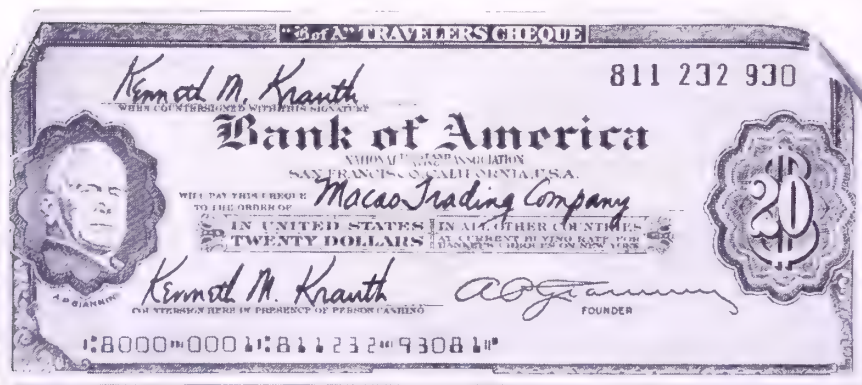
"We try harder" was their idea; not mine. And now they're stuck with it; not me. So if I'm going to continue writing these ads, Avis had better live up to them. Or they can get themselves a new boy.

They'll probably never run this ad.



The pataca is local currency in Macao.

So is this.



In Portuguese, Persian or Punjabi there's no better word for "security" than "Bank of America Travelers Cheques." Known and accepted the world over, they come with a money-back guarantee against loss or theft. Whenever you travel, carry money only you can spend—**BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES.**

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LETTERS

in the past six or seven years. The statement that "no public facilities of any kind exist for mental patients in their own communities" appears to be rather strong and Virginia alone has some twenty mental-health centers.

The need for counselors has received a minimum of training. The Center has progressed from the experimental stage to the employment of VISTA Volunteers... in portions of town, carrying out the time many of Miss Pines' suggestions for the future....

The goal of one thousand community mental-health centers with residential facilities, etc., appears highly unrealistic. This state, for instance, sees these centers as an financial burden which only a few municipalities will be able to assume.

The revolution in psychiatry does not concern itself so much with buildings, but with new methods. The will to experiment and to be flexible in the therapeutic approach, new training methods, the lowering of the anxiety of the present professional groups about "competence" and the removal of the stigma attached to psychological abnormalities will bring about the upheaval and the successes your author expounds excellently.

DIETRICH W. HEYDEN,
Dir., The Mental Health Institute
of Norfolk and Chesapeake
Norfolk, Va.

The Amateur Reporter

Like most products of the famous "journalism schools," most disheartened by "What A Journalist Schools" [October]. Unfortunately, David Boroff was unable to right the wrong that had been done to the journalism schools throughout the U.S. which men had demands and were slighted in the article because he failed to visit the campuses.

At Marquette University I have been put through just about the journalistic rigor a school can possibly ask of a student. I've traveled all over Milwaukee interviewing judges, clergymen, heads of the harbor commission, and county supervisors, getting my story, and then meeting a deadline. I and my class in Public Affairs Reporting were required to do a



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Bell System

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Epilepsy

Among these bright and lively children, there is one who has this disease. Fortunately, medicines that control or lessen the frequency and severity of seizures have made it possible for most epileptics to live almost normally.

Many of the new and better medicines which have brightened the outlook for most victims of this disorder were developed by Parke-Davis.



LETTERS

port, which covered more
y pages, on current municipi-
ons. Our sources were . . .
e themselves involved. I've
rom "live" type (AP and
al was required to compile my
paper from the copy. . . .
ston University they may
into journalism if they can't
grade. At Marquette they
out. Of my original fresh-
only 39 per cent now remain
alism.

MITCHELL S. DYDO, '66
News Ed., *Marquette Tribune*
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wis.

Boroff did a masterful job
What Ails the Journalism
I can't quarrel with any of
usions, though I wish most
were not valid.

DAVID WARD, Chairman
Journalism Department
Wichita State University
Wichita, Kans.

Boroff's critique exempted
a's Graduate School of Jour-
rom most of its broadsides.
less, it may be appropriate to
t that the same issue of *Har-*
tained three articles by Co-
Journalism alumni (Maya
alan Levy, and Murray Mor-
EDWARD W. BARRETT, Dean
Columbia University
Graduate School of Journalism
New York, N. Y.

menting on the University of
na's Professional Writing
a, the late David Boroff states
he teacher"—me, I assume,
happened to be the faculty
present during his ten-min-
t—"proudly displayed a rack
grade paperbacks which had
d from the course over the
le should have blushed. Yet
ly explained that the empha-
e course is on publishing—"it
matter where." . . .

lly, the display of "low-grade
cks" included also such suc-
hard-cover books as William
s *Fun House*, Al Dewlen's
t of *Honor* (McGraw-Hill
award winner, Book-of-the-
club selection, and MGM film),
lick's *Hallelujah Train* (cur-
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LETTERS

tion), . . . Harold Keith's *Rifles*, *Watie* (Newbery Medal winner), many others. . . .

Each student writes as well as he is able. His present skill, not his yearnings or potential, is of necessity a factor that determines where he publishes. To condemn him because isn't capable of or interested in winning acclaim in *Kenyon Review* strikes me as equivalent to denouncing Mr. Boroff on grounds that he never topped *Crime and Punishment*.

I find nothing sinful in a would-be writer's desire for editors' checks. If he sells men's magazine articles, confession stories, or even critical pieces to *Harper's* while he learns craft and discovers the limitations of his talent, I doubt that it is any more corrupting or demeaning than serving in shoe store, bank, or advertising agency.

DWIGHT V. SWAIN, Assoc. Prof.
of Professional Writing
University of Oklahoma
Norman, Okla.

So Long at the Fair

I was momentarily convinced by Russell Lynes' article, "Goodbye World's Fairs" [After Hours, October], but on second thought one sees why fifty million people still attended the most recent Fair.

Even today there are millions who are less internationally mobile than Mr. Lynes might believe, tied down by small children, low income, or the confines of the two-week vacation. Furthermore, very few people have been everywhere. I have visited Europe nine times and Mexico twice but vast areas of the world are unknown to me and some of these, like India, the Philippines, and Egypt were beautifully and instructively presented at the Fair. . . . DONALD VINING
New York, N. Y.

Worthy Non-jobs

The Don Oberdorfer article, "The New Political Non-Job" [Washington Insight, October], perhaps ended too soon. It placed too little stress upon the worthwhileness of such appointments to the nation and it didn't say that in many instances they aren't political at all. . . . I've held several non-jobs and in each I've felt I provided useful service to my country.



Would you brew your morning coffee with secondhand water?

You did this morning.

You will tomorrow morning.

Even the most fastidious cook can't avoid starting the coffee with water that only yesterday might have laundered shirts, descaled steel, and whistled through a steam calliope or someone else's coffeepot. And tomorrow used water will start its rounds all over again.

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CALGON

LETTERS

*A Quiet Toast
to the Season
With George Dickel
from Tennessee*

*Your toast to
the season can
be smooth as
hot butter. If
you toast it
with George
Dickel, the Tennessee Sour Mash
Whisky that's drinkin'-light. It
was born to be a whisky for
gentlefolk -- full-bodied enough
to start with, light
enough to stay with.*

Still is.



Currently, I am Civilian Aide to the Secretary of the Army for North Dakota and I've served on several groups advisory to the U. S. Department of Agriculture and elsewhere. . . . We can get in a few good licks of democracy when the nation's business and professional leaders whose only official status in the government is spelled c-i-t-i-z-e-n represent us at an inaugural in equatorial Africa, advise Interior on conservation or the Army on ROTC. Most importantly, the non-job holder himself can come to experience government action, enlarging his effectiveness as an adviser, as a voter, and as an influence for good government at every level.

H. R. ALBRECHT, President
North Dakota State University
Agriculture and Applied Science
Fargo, N. D.

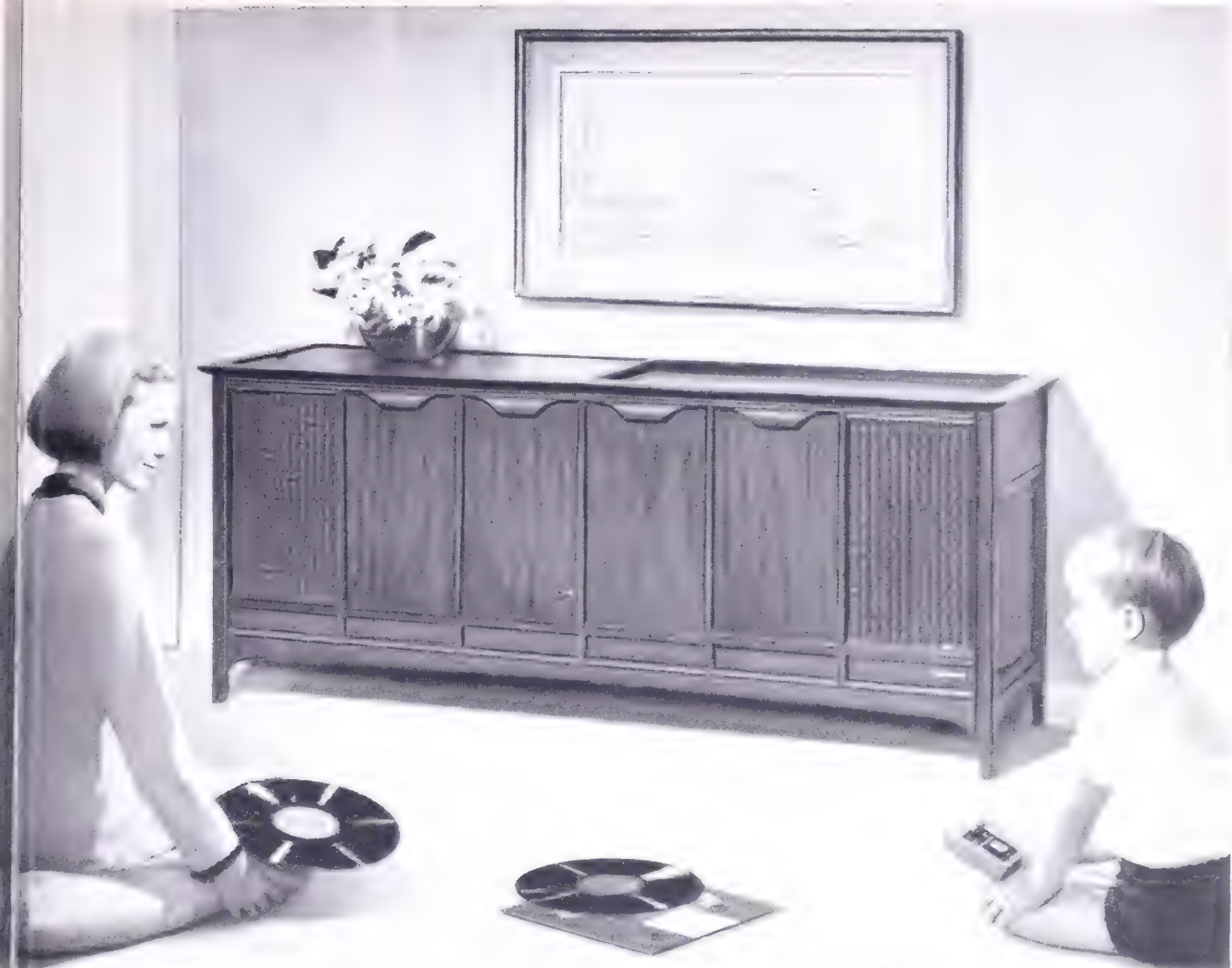
Unborn Women

I read with interest Tillie Olsen's moving account of "Silences: Writers Don't Write" [*The Writer's Life*, Part I, October]. . . . If a writer's life demands a "totality of self" and if women are "traditionally trained to place others' needs first, are there not to be any writers among those new American females Mary K. Sanders was talking about in your July issue [*"The New American Male: Demi-feminism Takes Over"*]? Does the would-be woman writer drive herself to an early grave or padded cell, snatching moments from sleep or scrubbing, on the slim hope of that one-in-a-million grant that may give her the gift of time? Or does she stand by, a mere interested spectator, and watch what she has to say and her ability to say it wither on the vine?

Or is there room, perhaps, for a new breed of American female who isn't trained to put everyone else's needs first, who is her own best self first, and consequently a real honest-to-goodness full-blooded woman?

MARJORIE A. LIENECHE
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Tillie Olsen stated that the writer Sigrid Undset was childless. This is incorrect. She had three children (See A. H. Winsnes, *Sigrid Undset*.) She also took care of three children of her husband by a former marriage. She had some help with the house-

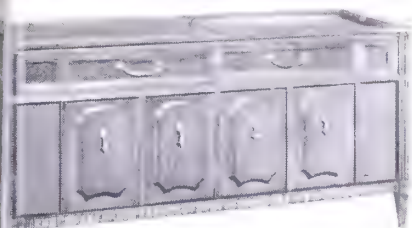


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Music, song and dance come naturally to fun-loving Trinidadians whose lovely island is the home of a veritable U.N.—Africans, Hindus, Moslems, Syrians, Chinese, Europeans and Americans. Here in this colorful new country the spirit of Carnival is a year-round way of life that casts its alluring spell on the young at heart.

Only twenty miles away, charming, pastoral Tobago is an entirely different world. A world so calm and quiet and unspoiled as to seem unreal. Here the blue skies are ablaze with the color of tropical flowers and rare birds—the white beaches stretch endlessly under the gently swaying palms. Fishing, swimming, sailing, snorkeling are at their best in Tobago and world-famed Buccoo Reef provides an unforgettable spectacle of marine life.

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LETTERS

work, but looked after the children and prepared the meals herself. She had a son Anders killed during World War II in resisting the German occupation of Norway. (See Undset, *To the Future*.) Her son Harald escaped to Sweden. Her third child, a daughter, was sickly and died when rather young.

But I do not challenge Mrs. G. H. conclusion that raising children makes it difficult if not impossible for most women to have a literary career.

LESTER B. OLMSTEAD

Professor of English

Indiana University

Indianapolis

Students "Fad"

It is not surprising that there is so much interest in film-making on American campuses, as David Stewart pointed out in "The Movie Students Make: New Wave on Campus" [October]. Who can doubt that we live more by images than words in our world of mass communication?

I particularly agree that students speak a different language than adults. This is critically true of teachers who are, when it comes to communicating with their classes, complete illiterates in terms of visual understanding. This discrepancy especially worries me since I am in the business of educating English teachers-to-be.

The big trouble is that words have blocked the image-making ability of students because of the stress placed on a textual point of view. To expand imagination—which I take to be an important function of an English teacher—one must go beyond the printed word to the creation of images. What better way to do this than encourage film-making in secondary and even primary schools? I understand Britain is far ahead of us in this respect. The point is that *teachers* on all levels need to be trained to understand the importance of film as communication and as art.

DR. STANLEY SOLOMON

Assoc. Prof., Div. of Education

State University College

Plattsburgh, N.Y.

The Right to Die

As a physician I found Dr. Sidney Cohen's "LSD and the Anguish of Dying" [September] extremely inter-

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For example: We believe that your business is your business and to maintain the confidential relation-

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For example: We have a Special Handling Unit that arranges the sale of thousands of blocks of listed stock every year so as not to disturb the market. Blocks of 2,000, 4,000, 10,000 shares or more that don't lend themselves to normal handling.

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For example: We have separate divisions to handle Government Securi-

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For example: We have a net worth of over \$120,000,000—about two and a half times the capital needed to meet the requirements of the New York Stock Exchange.

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LETTERS

esting. However, from a medical point of view (as opposed to a purely psychiatric one) I am opposed to the use of LSD.

My first objection is that, according to Dr. Cohen's article, it does not work in any predictable manner. My second objection is that as a hallucinogen, its effects are transient, and in such cases as the one mentioned, may be viewed as fraudulent.

Since LSD is known to accentuate the senses, the question of its effect on pain, and the possibility that it may worsen already unbearable pain, must therefore be considered. I am afraid that I can see no value in a drug of this type to relieve the very real anguish of pain and dying.

The Euthanasia Society of America, of course, is interested in all responsible efforts to cope with the problems of those facing death in terminal illnesses. . . . A most basic question is whether it should be mandatory [for physicians] to artificially prolong the existence of an incurable sufferer. With proper safeguards, should not a patient have the right to die? Is the life and dignity of an individual being protected and revered when all hope of recovery is gone and all that is being nurtured is the anguish of certain death?

DR. H. LESLIE WENGER
Treas., Euthanasia Society
of America, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Bufano's Bonanza

Last March a storybook ending was added to one of your recent articles, "The Sculptor Who Embarrasses San Francisco" [February 1963]. There Donovan Bess tells of the banishment of several of Beniamino Bufano's sculptures, including a large black granite bear, to the San Francisco sewage plant. In February 1962 Bufano, understandably irritated, demanded the return of two of his works—the bear and a woman's torso. It seems that they did not belong to the city. Bufano had, years before, loaned them to the WPA which in turn had transferred them to the city. When refused, he brought suit for recovery of the two works. The case went to trial and a jury awarded Bufano \$50,000; however, the trial judge set this verdict aside on the ground that suit had not been brought

before the statute of limitations run out.

Last March the District Court Appeal reversed the trial court restored Bufano's judgment. Hopefully, now that San Francisco has been forced to acknowledge the value of Bufano's works, it may find a worthwhile setting for them. Who knows, perhaps the gentle, sexless bear may eventually find its way to the zoo for admiring nose pats from countless youngsters.

RONALD R. HRUSKA
San Diego, California

The Fungus Among Us

Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare John W. Gardner should realize that organizational dry rot exists because of euphoric reporting upward in the organizational chain of command ["How to Prevent Organizational Dry Rot," Easy Chair, October]. No administrator is going to highlight the deficiencies in an operation under his responsibility or control. . . . As my young son would say, "There is fungus among us." Perhaps, therefore, our poor leader whose goal is to cut the fungus from among us with a scalpel made of paper.

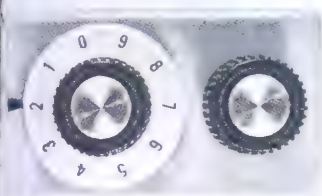
He need not despair. The job can be done very simply. He need only provide that at every level in which a report is required, there be required "adversary report" prepared by one not under the jurisdiction . . . of the administrator, whose duty demands the presentation of the bad side in the most persuasive and objective manner. . . . Thus, each administrator at every level will be aware of the problems at or below his level, whether he likes it or not. . . .

There are many in Secretary Gardner's organization in whom the spark of individuality has not been snuffed who have the capacity for innovation and change but who have no feet in the stirrups, who might well qualify for the position of the devil's advocate. Needless to say, I sit tight waiting, with bated breath and application in hand, for the announcement of openings.

JOSEPH C. BOULDER
Analyst, Civil Actions Branch
Bureau of Hearings and Appeals
Social Security Administration
Dept. of Health, Education
and Welfare
Washington, D. C.

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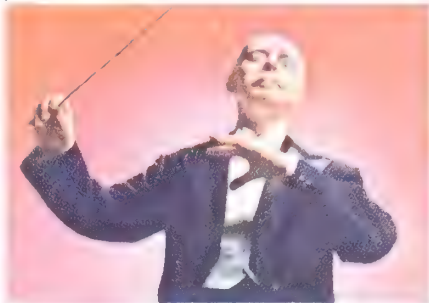
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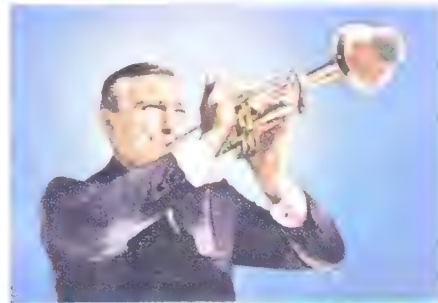
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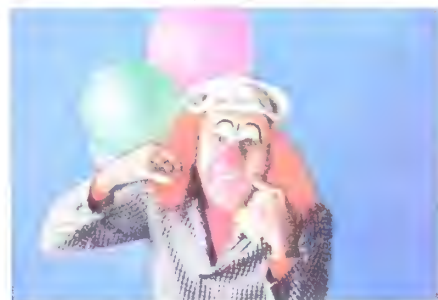
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This makes Douglas fir every bit as valuable in its own way as other natural resources like oil and uranium. But un-

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Douglas fir is but one of many species we grow and harvest on our tree farms in a perpetual cycle of crops. Result? An endless source of wood for scores of forest products, as well as a stable base for taxes and jobs.

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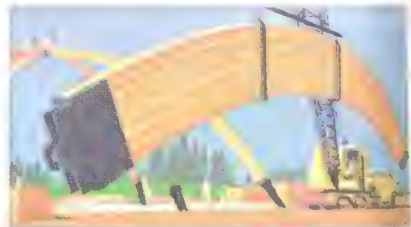
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Christmas List

by John Fischer



A special holiday greeting to the wing people who have done something during the past year to earn the word (or at least the bemused attention) of their fellow citizens:

For unabashed effrontery, to Dr. Martin Luther King and his fellow editors of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

I asked a professional writer who is not a physician to contribute a 500-word article to a symposium in the *Journal* on the use of patients as experimental subjects in clinical research. "Unfortunately," Dr. King wrote, "our journal does not pay for contributions."

He did not explain why—perhaps he uses no explanation would sound more convincing. The *Journal* is one of the country's wealthier publications. It carries about five thousand pages of advertising a year, for which it charges roughly \$10 million. (This is an informed estimate by knowledgeable people in the advertising business; precise figures are not available, because the AMA is notoriously close-mouthed about its finances.) Moreover, since the *Journal* is a "nonprofit" magazine, it pays no income taxes. And the AMA has no difficulty in finding hundreds of thousands of dollars to maintain the most expensive lobby in Washington, to fight Medicare and other legislation that it dislikes.

When it happened, the writer who received Dr. King's strange request for editorial contribution had paid heavy utility bills during the year to a number of doctors, all of them with annual incomes considerably greater than his own. None of them offered him services for free.

2. To a gallant legislator, Representative Bob Bass of De Kalb, Texas, for his fight to give equal shooting rights to women.

Under Texas law, dating back to Spanish colonial times, it is perfectly all right for a husband to kill any man he suspects of making love to his wife. He doesn't have to catch them in adultery; the homicide is justified if he merely has reason to think that the couple might be (in the words of one Texas judge) "clandestinin' around."

But the husband cannot, with impunity, shoot his wife as well; nor is it legal for a wife to unlimber her artillery on another lady who has been carrying on with her husband. This anomaly struck Representative Bass as an outrageous discrimination against womankind. Consequently in the last session of the legislature he introduced an amendment (to Article 1220 of the Texas penal code) to give the gentler sex an equal right to summary vengeance. Some of his colleagues were enthusiastic—for example, Representative Charles Whitfield of Houston, who remarked that "Murder is thoroughly justified in many instances. I say let's just share the right with the girls." Others, such as Representative Bob Eckhardt, also of Houston, suggested that the legislature ought to think twice before legalizing "a kind of general carnage." The debate, as reported in *The Texas Observer*, ended in referral of the amendment to a subcommittee, for further study by the legislature's experts on homicide, women, and local folkways.

3. To Dr. Hans Kraus, for a book which may quite literally change your life.

Back trouble—in many guises: a "slipped disk," arthritis, sciatica, a chronic stiff neck, or what our grandfathers used to call lumbago and rheumatism—has become one of the commonest of American afflictions. It seems to be a kind of occupational disease, to which urban office workers are particularly susceptible; it is especially widespread among business executives, psychiatrists, editors, diplomats, professors, and other people whose lives are both (a) sedentary and (b) subject to considerable tension. (Placid, peasant types seldom complain of backache, no matter how hard they labor.)

For some curious reason, however, relatively few doctors have specialized in this field. One internist told me that he referred practically all his back cases either to psychoanalysts or osteopaths, "not that I think they can do much good, but they probably won't do much harm either and at least it gets a hopeless problem out of my office." One explanation for this defeatist point of view among general practitioners is that until recently all known medications—from aspirin to hydrocortisone injections—provided only temporary and partial relief for most people suffering from arthritis and related ailments.*

A physician who does not regard such problems as hopeless is Dr. Hans Kraus, one of the very few specialists in back troubles. (For three years he treated the then Senator John F. Ken-

*Within the last few months a new drug which shows promise in the treatment of some types of arthritis, gout, and bursitis has been placed on the market and is being cautiously prescribed by some physicians.

nedy.) Last summer he published a book *Backache, Stress and Tension* (Simon and Schuster, \$1.50) which sums up his findings about the cause of most back troubles and what to do about them. From my own experience and that of a dozen friends, I can testify that his remedy really works.

Basically it consists of exercises—a special kind designed to relax certain muscles which have gone into spasm from tension, and then to strengthen others gone flabby from sedentary living. (Before starting on his regimen, I had been getting lots of exercise—nearly all of the wrong kind; standard military calisthenics, for example, are likely to make most back trouble worse, not better.) In some cases, the treatment can be supplemented by therapy such as electrical treatment and injections to help relax muscles in permanent spasm; but essentially it is a do-it-yourself proposition, which anybody can learn by following carefully the instructions in Dr. Kraus's book. If you can reorganize your life to reduce stress, so much the better.

4. *To Milton Mayer, for another book which also might change your life, although I hope it doesn't.*

Published rather shyly by the University of Chicago Press, Mayer's *What Can a Man Do?* got almost no attention when it came out last spring. I disagree violently with nearly every word in it, but I'm persuaded that it is one of the most remarkable books of the year. Whatever you may think of its argument—I think it outrageously wrongheaded—the book will make you reexamine, and maybe reinforce, your own convictions and view of the world. Besides, if you are a writer (or hope to become one) you can learn a lot from it; for Mayer is one of the most diabolically skillful craftsmen with words now in practice. He can make a shaky case sound more plausible than anyone I know.

Mayer is a pacifist. Although he was raised in a Jewish family, he now seems to be a vague sort of Christian, or Christy, as he would put it. He also describes himself as a fellow traveler of the Quakers, and spends a lot of time lecturing for the American Friends Service Committee and the Fellowship of Reconciliation. I suspect he is bucking for a sainthood, or at least martyrdom; but, unlike

most people with such ambitions, he is not a bore because he has never been quite able to take himself seriously. In fact, he may be the funniest fellow to come along since Groucho Marx, whom he would resemble a good deal if he only had a moustache. For this reason, he is pretty much a loner. The conventional Peaceniks—the “Quit Vietnam” youngsters with the beards, sandals, and lanky hair—wouldn't tolerate him for a moment, because of his inability to act like a solemn ass.

What Can a Man Do? is not a tightly organized book. Mostly it is a collection of magazine pieces, published over the last three decades, some of them in *Harper's*. At a hasty glance, they look innocent enough. They are about Mayer's troubles with Mr. Veepings from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Mr. Robert C. Ode, the American consul in Bern, the Secretary of State, the Chicago *Tribune*, Roger the Terrible Touhy, the Swiss, and a lot of other people; for Our Hero has a vocation for trouble. They include a classic about The Girl from Sewickley, Pa., and another about why Grandma Ought to Have Her Head Examined; also “The Case Against the Jew” which shook the *Saturday Evening Post* like an earthquake when it published the article in 1944. Rereading it today, you may wonder what all the hurrah was about.

But not for long. As you meander through these apparently random, comic essays, you will soon notice that in every one of them Mayer is preaching the same profoundly subversive doctrine. It is far more dangerous than communism, because Mayer really believes that people ought to live like Christ. He is trying to persuade you, with the most insinuating kind of humor, that you ought to give all you have to the poor, walk humbly with your God, and take “Thou Shalt Not Kill” as a literal commandment. This sort of thing just isn't practical today, as I've pointed out to Mayer a thousand times; but he is too stubborn to listen to reason. Moreover, he's a disconcerting man to argue with because he actually tries to practice what he preaches. If I could catch him in hypocrisy, just once, I'd have him on the mat in no time.

On second thought, I'm not sure I ought to recommend the book. At least

not for the young, who might be hooked by Mayer's sophistries. Probably it is safe only for the skeptical and the middle-aged, toughened by scar tissue and long resigned to the facts of life.

5. *To Mrs. Edward Thomas, for not being like Representative Bob I. I want more inequality for the poor, not less.*

She doesn't believe women have equal rights as much as a few states' privileges, especially when it comes to parking. When the village board in her home town of Northport, Long Island, considered doing away with diagonal parking, she objected. Halfway, that is.

Men, she argued, don't see the mind backing into parallel parking spaces; but women hate it. Therefore, why not keep diagonal parking on one side of the street for women, and let men park parallel on the other?

6. *To a Philadelphia grand jury for its refusal to indict Dr. Iva L. Rudnytsky, a champion of civil liberties.*

The good doctor, who teaches history at La Salle College, was riding on a bus when a lady passenger switched on her transistor radio. She complained that the noise was annoying the other passengers, and requested that she turn down the volume. She refused; in fact, she turned it up louder, and moved to a seat closer to him. Goaded into direct action, Dr. Rudnytsky tried to grab the radio and turn it off. In the ensuing scuffle it somehow hit the lady on the head, and the doctor was charged with assault and battery. After hearing the facts, the jury turned him loose, thus striking a small, silent blow for the most basic of all human rights: the right to be let alone.

7. *To the Sierra Club of San Francisco and David Brower, its executive director, for one of the most daring publishing ventures since Cotton's “Histories of Troye.”*

Last August they published their tenth volume in a series of books most too good to be true; and they now just about breaking even on the enterprise which any prudent commercial publisher would regard as hopeless.

Their latest book is *Not Man Against*



Remember how cozy it was when you and your wife were both working?

Life was uncomplicated. You had few responsibilities. You made enough between the two of you to splurge with a big night on the town every so often.

Then everything changed. Two incomes became one. Two mouths became three... then four.

You're now paying off a car, a house—

everything, it seems. Sure, you'd like to own

more life insurance. Who wouldn't—in your shoes. But what do you use for money?

You're far from alone. Many other business and professional men, finding themselves in a similar

position, have turned to Aetna Life's Family Income Plan. This is a sensible way to get the

most protection for your money at the time you

need it most—right now. Then, as your family grows and becomes more independent, the protection decreases and the cash values increase. In choosing your life insurance company, as in choosing anything unfamiliar but important, it's wise to let reputation guide you.

Aetna has the reputation of being the choice of businessmen. For instance, more businesses are group insured with Aetna Life than with any other company. And this same professional service that businessmen prefer is available to you for your personal insurance needs.

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produced from these leaves, and they must be plucked at their
peak and processed immediately to preserve their full flavor.

Mint leaves, tender and fragrant, are vital to a superb
Crème de Menthe. But that's not all. The liqueur must be bottled
as soon as possible after it is made. For this is one sure way to
capture its true flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still
takes such pains with Crème de Menthe—and 13 other delicious
flavors—all made and bottled in France.

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Crème de Menthe



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THE EASY CHAI

an exquisite photographic record of the Big Sur Coast, with photographs by Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, Philip Hyde, Eliot Porter, and others. Eric Wright and a text taken from the poems of Robinson Jeffers. In its predecessors, it is big—nearly 14 by 14 inches—and the printing may well be an example of the highest quality yet reached in the difficult art. It is the work of Ansel Adams and Jerry Barnes of the Barnes Foundation in New York City; to my eye, it surpasses in fidelity of color registration the output of any other I know of, here or abroad.

Such work is expensive. At \$40 a book is a bargain, and at such a price most commercial firms would expect to sell enough copies to cover their costs. Yet the Sierra Club has been selling from 15,000 to 43,000 copies of its publications, and one of its best, *Time and the River Flowing*, about the Grand Canyon—was a Book-of-the-Month-Club alternate choice. The State Department has used some of them as official gifts to heads of foreign governments—for example, *Wilderness: America's Living Heritage* to the Emperor of Japan.

All of the books are about America's natural splendors, since their preservation and enjoyment is the chief business of the Sierra Club. The income is plowed back into the club's many conservation projects. I want to buy an especially sumptuous Christmas present (and to help one of the best of causes at the same time), you might look at the Sierra Club volumes in your local book store. If it doesn't stock them, they can be ordered directly from the Sierra Club, Mills Tower, San Francisco, California 94104.

8. *For exemplary civic conscience to two citizens of New York—a man and a woman, each of whom has a wealth which is not exactly overflowing with that commodity.*

When the Board of Supervisors of Nassau County raised her salary from \$10,582 to \$17,500, Miss Laura D. DeLoach, the deputy commissioner of the county's election board, refused to accept the increase. "I don't need any more money," she said, "and I don't see I should take it."

And in Westchester County, J. Motley Morehead gave a new city to the town of Rye. The town's government had planned to build a



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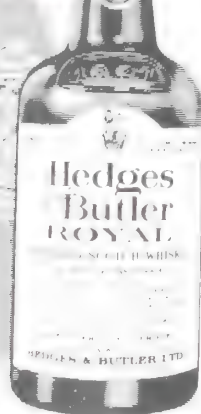
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The Christmas Dinner that was knighted

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Charles II (1630-1685), in a pleasant mood while enjoying a great roast at a Christmas dinner, is said to have addressed his court: "Fond as I am of all of you, yet I have a still greater favorite—the loin of good beef. Therefore, good beef roast, I knight thee, Sir Loin."

Just as choice beef today is known as sirloin, so is Hedges & Butler Royal known as today's finest light scotch. Established in 1667, the House of Hedges & Butler is proud of its magnificent reputation. Try famous light Hedges & Butler Royal Scotch. You can enjoy or give it as a gift, with pride.

THE EASY CHAIR

tarian, inexpensive building place its outgrown quarters, a time stagecoach tavern dating the colonial era. Mr. Morehead, mer mayor of Rye and once U. S. minister to Sweden—felt that his community deserved something, even if it couldn't afford it. He reached into his own pocket. The \$510,000 it cost to build a handsome structure of Federal design, appropriate to its setting beside the hundred-year-old village green. The gift probably did not leave Mr. Morehead in penury. He was one of the early executives of—and investor in—the Union Carbide Corporation. His other philanthropies have included \$17 million given to the University of North Carolina where he was once a student.)

9. Finally, to the Asia Foundation for a special kind of contribution to peace on earth and goodwill between men.

During the last ten years the foundation has collected nearly five million books and one million copies of scholarly journals, for shipment to thousands of schools and colleges throughout Asia which could not afford adequate books and libraries on their own.

The books have been donated to American schoolchildren, scholars, publishers, libraries, civic clubs, and school systems, which sent them to the Books for Asian Students headquarters (451 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California 94103). There they are sorted, packed, and shipped out, with the eye to the individual needs of the receiving institutions in seventeen countries from Afghanistan to Japan. May they be read in peace.

Come in and get the feel of a VW before you pick one up in Europe.

Before you make the Grand Tour in a VW over there, make a "little tour" over here. Around the block. Uphill and downhill. In traffic. On an open straightaway.

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**ITT Scientist awarded medal by Franklin Institute
for being 25 years ahead of his time.**

Twenty-five years ago Alec Reeves, ITT scientist, invented the system which allowed the recent Mariner IV spacecraft to transmit television pictures from Mars to Earth. It's called Pulse Code Modulation or PCM.

Only now, 25 years later, has science, with the introduction of transistor devices and other semiconductors, caught up with PCM's great potential.

PCM, of course, was never intended for outer space projects. It was a way to slice a telephone call, a television picture or other electric communication into pieces or "bits." These then could be transmitted long distances and reconstructed instantaneously at the receiving end.

Today PCM permits multiple telephone conversations to be sent simultaneously over a single line facility. It's already installed in England and widely used in the United States.

For his remarkable idea, Alec Reeves was awarded this year's Stuart Ballantine Medal of the Franklin Institute.

Helping people and nations communicate, that's a vital part of the work of all the people at ITT, world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment.

After Hours

by Russell Lynes



Steinberg and the Others

Winter is the spring season for cartoon books; they blossom most and blossom best when the snows begin to fly. Some of them are worth plucking this winter—Steinberg, Feiffer, Kelly, Schulz, and a bouquet from *The New Yorker*.

To call Steinberg a cartoonist is like calling Dean Swift a humorist or Voltaire a gag-man or Euclid a doodler. He does not draw cartoons in either of the common meanings of the word. He neither makes scale drawings for murals or tapestries (though he has, of course), nor does he do funny drawings (though he has, of course). His drawings are philosophical shorthand. One wonders or winces or gapes or smiles; one says, "Ouch!" or "Huh?" or "Oh-my-god!" No one has said, "Ha! ha!" in years. One most often says just, "Steinberg." The reaction he evokes is as unique as what evokes it.

Steinberg's new book of drawings, *The New World* (it has little to do specifically with the continent of the same name), is his first collection since *Labyrinth* in 1960. This is not a mixture as before; it is primarily philosophical rather than a social

While and it is concerned almost the core with abstractions (than

against the world, man against himself) and not with mores and landscape and architecture. It has to do with his intellectual and psycho-spiritual rather than his physical environment on which Lady Bird Johnson is at work. The visualization of abstract ideas has always run strong in Steinberg's collections, to be sure, but it has in the past been liberally mixed with social comment. Here comment is reduced to a minimum, and the undrawable is drawn again and again. Can sound, for example, be drawn? Can the nature of conversation be drawn? Can self-aggrandizement be diagramed? Can Darwin's survival of the fittest be demonstrated and commented upon only with the letters of Darwin's name, a tree, an armchair, and a teapot?

"Oh-my-god!"

When some of these drawings appeared in *The New Yorker*, a comic weekly (we'll come to its new album in a minute), spaced out over many weeks, one got the feeling that Steinberg was overmining a vein, or several veins, that he was taking ideas and seeing how far and not how elegantly he could push them. They grew tiresome. They made his ad-

mirers say, "This time he's far." Precisely the opposite reaction to the same or similar things seen in juxtaposition. The richness of one enhances the richness of the next and the subtleties of overstatement (this is where the cartoonist comes in), of the delicacy of the penmanship, the depth of Steinberg's intelligence, and the bottomless pit of his imagination. "Ouch!"

There are also, of course, Steinberg's drawings in *The New Yorker* 1965 Album, an illustrated compendium of recent social history of Upper Bohemians. They are cloves of garlic in an already rich dish; if you allow yourself to bite them they stay with you. This album is identical in format to the previous *New Yorker* albums and similar in tone of voice, graphic manner (and mannerisms), style, matter, and quality of writing. Yes, writing; the caption as handled by *The New Yorker* is a form of literature.

Whereas Steinberg's *The New World* is an artist's book (rather than an "art book," the modern equivalent of the nineteenth-century "picture book") the *New Yorker* album is a high-class cartoon book and for so. There have been two previous general albums of *New Yorker* cartoons: the first one spanned the magazine's first twenty-five years, 1925 to 1950, and the second included 1950 to 1955. The current one is annotated as a Fortieth Anniversary volume. It is an interesting, if time-consuming exercise to leaf through all three of them . . . from John Held and Charles Coolidge and *Abie's Irish* through the Depression and "Rejection" and "That Man in the White House."

The New World, by Steinberg (Harper & Row, \$5.95).

The New Yorker 1955-1965 Album (Harper & Row, \$7.50).

The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergendel, by Julius Feiffer (Random House, \$2.99 paper \$1.50).

Sunday's Fun Day, Charlie Brown by Charles M. Schulz (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$1.00).

The Return of Pogo, by Walt Kelly (Simon and Schuster, \$1.50).



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But if the Skylark or Skylark GS don't quite fit you, you can have twenty or so other 1966 Buicks to choose from.

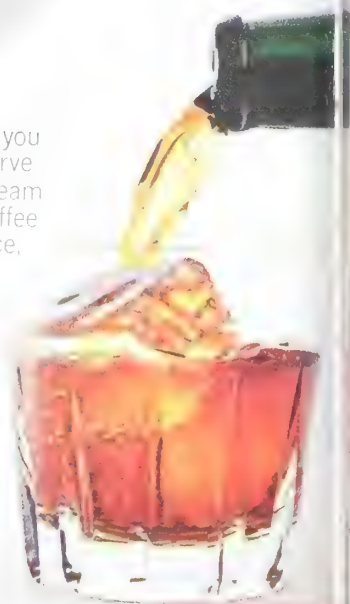
Which leads to a happy conclusion: you get to tune the tuned car to yourself. **Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?**



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that is

... but you
can serve
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without the coffee
... for instance,
on the rocks.



AFTER HOURS

world war, and well beyond, in the volume. In the second volume is no evidence that anything of moment happened, but the third one recognizes the existence of "space age." Though history has brought some remarkable changes in the face of the earth and in the nature of society in the last forty years, it has done less than you might think after the nature of visual humor as evidenced from West 43rd Street. This is not a complaint. Man's foibles do not change much either.

When, however, *The New Yorker's* constituency moves, the magazine's content (or part of it) moves with it. In the first and second *New Yorker* albums there were very few suburban comics; the current album suggests that more New Yorkers live in Connecticut and Westchester than in New York, which the circulation department could probably verify. The new volume introduces two chroniclers of the suburbs who have emerged in the last decade, Charles Sclafoni and James Stevenson, both sociologists at heart (if they will forgive the expression), both extremely able and telling draftsmen. In both, it would seem, with a high degree of amused tolerance. They are essentially friendly men with their pens, one suspects, turned inward as well as outward.

There are a good many other new talents whose work appears in the new album. There is Bruce Petty with a spidery line and rather spidery ideas. There is Ton Smits, who bears some distant but distinct relationship to O. Soglow, who blessedly is still going strong. Dedini seems to have somewhat replaced Richard Taylor as the chronicler of sexy extravaganza, though Taylor (do you remember his wonderful series years ago of mythological subjects such as the Rape of the Sabines, and Ulysses and the Sirens?) is here though less well. Fradon and Opie and Kraus and Mirachi and Lorenz are among the new boys who catch my eye particularly. I grow weary of Chas Williams and what has become his formula. I bemoan the passing of Guy Williams and Thurber and Parkinson, but take comfort in the number of the men and women who retained the special aura of the *New Yorker* cartoon who are still very much in evidence. I never cease to

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wonder at the skill of Peter A. and the ingenuity of who besides himself supplies his Steig and Richter and Hoff and row and Dunn and especially G. Price, infallible draftsmen all here. Behind all this is the inv James Geraghty, cartoon editor *The New Yorker*. Some editor!

Jules Feiffer, the graphic Freudian in-residence of the *Village Voice*, regional New York City newspaper published another collection of his "strips" called *The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergens*, which is the funniest thing about the book. Like all the rest of us "N people" I am a fan of Jules Feiffer but I felt a little let down this time. It seemed to me that I had been read several times before, and I rather wished that Feiffer had skipped a year and given the deep well of his intelligence a chance to be filled with fresh inspiration.

Children could be taught old-fashioned arithmetic (I don't know about "the new math") just by adding the number of books about Charlie Brown and Pogo and dividing by the authors, Schulz and Kelly. This year's Schulz is his eighteenth (*Today's Fun Day, Charlie Brown*) and Walt Kelly's *The Return of Pogo*. Pogo's twenty-fifth return week makes it the twenty-sixth volume of his biography. There has been much philosophical speculation and explication prompted by these comic geniuses that I have no intention of intensifying the fog by tempting an interpretation of my own. I feel I know Mr. Schulz's children far better than I ever knew my own, and I suspect that my beard reads about Snoopy while I'm at the office. As for Pogo, a friend of mine once quoted me in *The Reporter* saying that "Walt Kelly is the Father of the animal world." I'll stand by that, and wish you Pogo's seasonal greeting:

Deck us all with Boston Charlie Walla Walla, Wash., and Kalamazoo

The IN and OUT Book by Benton and Schmidt, for which I wrote the foreword several years ago, says quite didactically that I am "OUT," but I can't trust Benton and Schmidt.

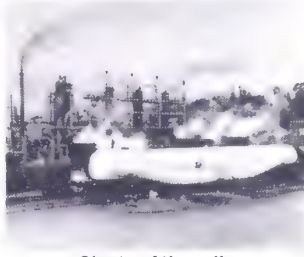
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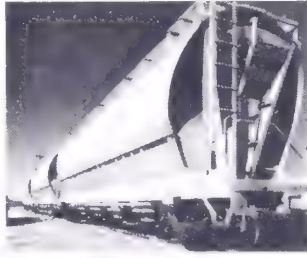
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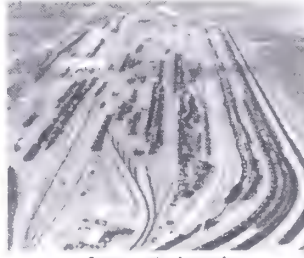
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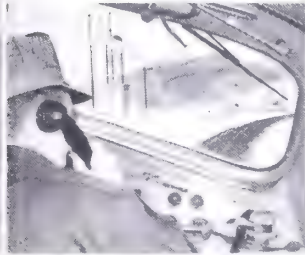
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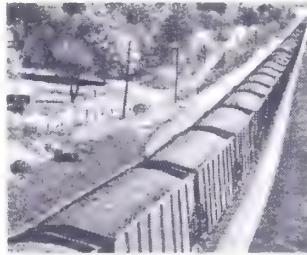
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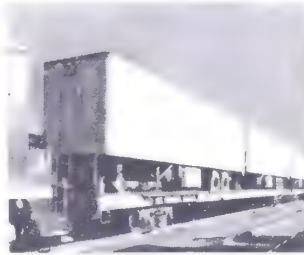
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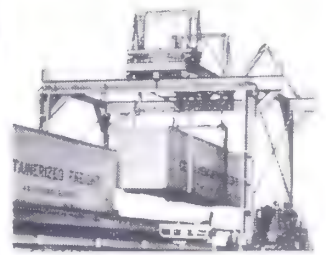
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Unit train



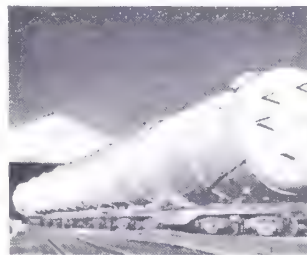
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TV Segment

On several occasions, perhaps half-a-dozen, it has been my privilege to take part in a segment of the "Today Show" which begins to emanate from the first floor of the RCA building in New York earlier in the morning than I care to get up. Five days a week the Florida Showcase, where the show is produced, is rendered a shambles while the show is prepared and telecast, and each day it is tidied up to promote during the rest of the day whatever parts of Florida haven't just been blown away by hurricanes. Presumably the reason for doing the show on the street floor is so that those people who gather outside to watch what is going on inside can make faces at their friends and families who, presumably, have got up early to see them grin and wave. It used to be that "they" (whoever "they" are; "they" are never anybody one meets) used to send a chauffeured Cadillac to drive me through the empty streets of pre-dawn Manhattan, but now they say they can't afford Cadillacs for me, which wouldn't cost them much anyway because they don't want me very nearly all of the time.

My role on the "Today Show" has been to be interviewed, a thing that happens to writers around book publication time. (Once, for example, I went through an agony with the pathetic chimpanzee that used to be on the "Today Show" because I had written a preface to Nancy Mitford's book on U and Non-U.) Whatever it may do for his book, exposure on the "Today Show" to millions of sleepy people is thought by publishers to do a great deal for an author's ego,

which it unquestionably does. Being interviewed one becomes known as a "segment" of a show. A segment is to a TV show what a pie is to a pie, except that some segments are tastier than others.

There is another "TV person" named Sinatra who occasionally appears on shows as a segment. I heard recently that he was invited to do a bit to be "rolled in," to say in the business, to a spot in the Hollywood Palace," a Saturday variety show which, I am told, is popular in the Middle West. I thought I would stop by on my way home from the office and see how he did it upstairs in the RCA building. I suppose Sinatra was willing to be a segment in order to promote a song called "Everyone Has a Right to Be Wrong—Once!" but I am not wrong. *Newsweek* says he does things for money.

I was allowed into the studio before the public came in because I was "a friend of production," and the usher called me when he showed me to a seat over on the left side of the auditorium out of a very large hall. The usher said, "The higher you sit up, the better you are." And he was right. From higher up one can look down over some of the TV cameras that are between you and what is on on the stage set, and in this particular studio the monitors, through which they are hung above the tiered seats, and one can see what is on the set and on the monitor almost simultaneously.

What one sees are the same things but not the same colors. "Hollywood Palace" is produced in color, but not the same colors that I saw on the set. For a while there was a girl in a bright pink dress standing right in the center, shifting her weight from one pretty foot to the other and bending as nearly as I could make out, a sample, a delightfully three-dimensional swatch. On the monitor the pink dress looked almost white with faint pink shadows and her hair looked slightly green. The girl dropped on the set, which was lit very bright green, showed up on the monitor as a deep, late-evening green. "The problem," a man sitting

It was to be shown October 16, but I missed it, so to speak, *in situ*.



Mr. Cooper is shown gloating over two perfectly mated midnight blue star sapphires. They must never be separated.

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ose to make them.

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ve them lead separate lives, says
Cooper, would be unthinkable. He
efore, devised several interesting
avoid such a tragedy.

sting idea #1: Grandparents with
dchildren could give one to each. If
three grandchildren, leaving the

summer place to the third might possibly
soothe any hurt feelings. (If there are more
than three grandchildren, you're on your
own.)

Interesting idea #2: The gems might be
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rings. The lady would then be devastating
no matter which way she turned.

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lady's ring could be designed. The ultimate
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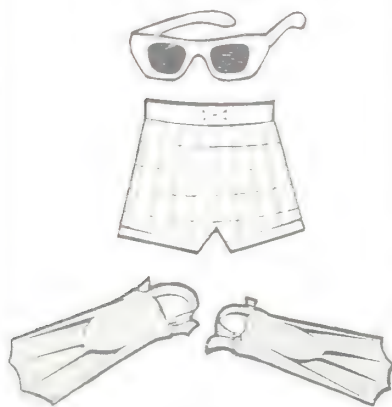
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AFTER HOURS

me said, "is to get all of the cameras to see the same colors." The girl in the pink dress was replaced by a brunette in an emerald-green dress.

There were a great many people milling around on the set. I asked the man next to me, who seemed to be at home, who they were.

"Well," he said, "they're agents and hangers-on and the agents of the agents and the agents of the hangers-

In front of part of the backdrop was a white curtain with black art nouveau swirls on it (everything's up-to-date), and the set consisted of a bandstand and a grand piano. Down at the very front on the floor was a row of prop footlights, to look like the apron of a stage, and between them and the audience were, also on the floor as though they were emerging from it, a scattering of mannequin heads, male and female. They had the best seats.

"Frankie won't sing without Count Basie," the man next to me said. "That's why they're shooting this segment in New York. In fact it's the only time a segment of the show has been shot in New York. Frank jetted in from Hollywood. So did Bill."

Bill's father, Otto Harbach, was the producer of the show and the son of the late Otto Harbach, whose musical comedies ("Rose Marie," "No, No, Nanette," "Roberta," and literally dozens of others) so engagingly illuminated the 1920s and '30s. A young lady sitting in front of me said to her neighbor "I was surrounded, as you can see, by talkative types." "I never saw Bill wear glasses before, but I don't care, he's still good-looking," Bill used to be known as "Willie" when I first met him twenty-odd years ago; I wondered then how that charming, hip-talking, seemingly frivolous young man in the Coast Guard gob's uniform would ever make a living. The charm is still there, so is the hip talk, but now there's the living.

"There's Frankie in front of the piano," the man next to me said. "I guess we'll go pretty soon."

But we didn't go. The band arrived and got into its seats. Count Basie with a cigarette in his mouth and wearing a red dinner jacket poked at the keys of the piano. Frankie patted the Count's cheeks and then

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1. Date of filing: October 1, 1965
2. Title: Harper's Magazine
3. Frequency of issue: monthly
4. Location of known office of publication: Two Park Avenue, New York
5. Location of the headquarters or general offices of the publishers: Two Park Avenue, New York
6. Names and addresses of publisher, managing editor:
Publisher: Daniel J. Brooks
Two Park Avenue, New York,
Editor: John Fischer
Two Park Avenue, New York,
Managing Editor: Russell Lynes
Two Park Avenue, New York,
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Total no. copies printed: 349,160

Paid circulation:

1. Sales through dealers, 46,068
carriers, street ven-

2. Mail subscriptions: 238,512

C. Total paid circulation: 284,580

D. Free distribution (one: 13,798

F. Total distribution: 298,379

F. Office use, left-over, 50,781

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AFTER HOURS

took the band through a few lines. "Everyone Has a Right . . ." and then he said, "I guess I'd better go home in my overalls." He disappeared for a few minutes and came back in a few minutes wearing a dinner jacket.

Then the public was let in. When he came, several hundred of them were waiting at the door at the upper side of the theater, and they filled every one of the seats.

"Look, it's Sinatra," a man said. "I thought we'd see a monster show something."

"You are," his friend said.

There was a blare of brass and a sort of test toot. Harbach addressed the multitude.

"This is a segment," he said. "We need all your applause. Let's see how much noise you can make." He rolled up a script above his head and the applause rolled out as long as he waved.

"That's great," he said.

Sinatra sang "It's All Too Wonderful" against the remarkable sort of Basie's band. Harbach waved for applause and got whistles as well. A prop man brought in a cup of smoking tea and put it on the piano. Sinatra picked it up; it was too hot and he dropped it into the open piano. The prop man came back and picked it up.

"If I dropped into this thing and I usually drink," Frank said. "I would shrink it down to the size of a celesta."

"See that," the man next to me said. "It had to be a prop man that picked it up. Frankie couldn't. Bill couldn't. Union rules."

In the middle of his last song, Sinatra got the words mixed up and stopped the band and started over again and even so it didn't come out right.

"They'll just fix it on the tape," a man said. The segment was over and we filed out. We passed a young man in uniform showing the studio a "guided tour."

"This studio floats . . .," she said. That was all I heard of her sentence—just another little meaningless sentence.

Some of Mr. Lynes's books which frequently have put him on television as an interviewee are "Cadwallader," "The Tastemakers," and "The Domesticated Americans."

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UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

Harper's

magazine

Mr. Shriver and the Savage Politics of Poverty

By William F. Haddad

Behind the high-minded purposes of the Poverty Program, two groups are locked in a ruthless struggle for power. A report from the hidden battlefield, by an ex-general fresh from combat.

The War Against Poverty represents jobs and money, the historic cement of organizational politics. The federal agency in charge, the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), has over a billion and a half dollars this year to spend in cities, towns, and hamlets across the country in the first great surge of federal welfare largess since the New Deal.

Many of the nation's Mayors, Governors, and Congressmen remember the PWA, the WPA, and the other Roosevelt programs that lifted the dead weight of the Depression and, incidentally, built the great urban power bases of the Democratic

party. When the War on Poverty was announced, here it seemed, was more of the same.*

To be sure, the vocabulary was new. In the 1930s, no one talked of dropouts, disadvantaged children, the problems of the aging, or school integration. But the ingredients of the program seemed familiar enough: contracts to be let; favors to be granted; jobs to be filled, ranging from the top \$25,000-a-year administrative posts to thousands upon thousands of "subprofessional" slots designed to involve the poor themselves. It

*OEO has grown so rapidly that few Americans have been able to keep track of all its activities. The chart on pages 46-47 pictures the scope and variety of its programs as of late fall 1965. The cost of these projects actually represents only a small slice of the nation's poverty budget, which runs annually to some \$35 billion in public and private expenditures. Established welfare programs, such as social security, unemployment insurance, and aid to slum schools, cost more than \$18 billion a year in federal funds (see second chart on page 47).

was through such instruments in the 1930s and 1940s that the Democrats built a constituency among the poor and eventually wrested local and national political power from the business elite that had long run the Republican party and the country. In the Poverty Programs, today's city halls and statehouses see the means to reinforce their position.

If they should succeed—and the outcome is as yet by no means clear—then the Poverty Program will be a disastrous failure.

This is a many-front war. About half of OEO's funds have been allocated to programs in which the chain of command runs directly to Washington—such projects as the Job Corps; the preschool Head Start program; and VISTA, the domestic Peace Corps. These programs have gotten under way with no more than what might be considered a normal amount of political infighting.

The rest of the money is earmarked for something called the Community Action Program (CAP). It provides financial support for specific local anti-poverty efforts in rural and urban areas—everything from birth-control clinics to neighborhood law firms where the poor can obtain free legal service. In themselves these seem innocuous endeavors. But Congress wrote into the law a proviso which converts Community Action into a powder keg. Local programs, says the law, must be “developed, conducted, and administered with maximum feasible participation of residents of the areas and members of the groups served.”

What this meant in political terms was soon apparent to members of Congress, to Governors and Mayors, and to the established social agencies whose power and influence had long been based on their beneficences to the poor. If now the poor were to be given not merely the money but a voice in expending it, would not their leaders become competitors for power?

The issue became concrete and explosive as the Poverty Program moved into the field. Typical was one West Coast Congressman who found himself besieged by two rival groups contending for control of the local Poverty Program. One included all the respectable social agencies of the area; the other was a collection of radicals—“peo-

ple from the valley no one ever heard of.” When OEO said the latter were more representative of the poor, the harassed Congressman exploded.

“I’ve known these Community Chest people all my life,” he shouted. “They’ve been helping the poor for generations. They’re the best people in town. Who the hell ever heard of the other group?” Nonetheless, OEO insisted on a merger of the two factions.

Philadelphia’s Mayor Tate suffered a similar and even ruder shock. When the War on Poverty was announced, he organized a thirteen-man task force—of whom eleven were city officials—to direct it locally. As a starter he asked for \$13 million in OEO funds and invited a hundred local civic groups to submit ideas on how to spend the money. The operating agency was to be the Philadelphia Council for Community Advancement, a group financed by the Ford Foundation which was about to close up shop and had already been sharply criticized for its lack of grass-roots support.

Soon Mayor Tate and his plan were under the same fire—from the ADA, CORE, the NAACP, and the press. It seemed, one writer cynically observed, that the plan was “for the poor to be on the payroll at election time.” Mayor Tate, however, ignored the protests and took his proposals to Washington, confident that the Johnson Administration would smile on a Democratic Mayor who had moved so speedily to implement the program.

He was stunned when OEO coldly told him that not more than a third of his board could be made up of city officials. Tate pushed all the traditional political buttons but no one jumped. By October, a month before the 1964 election, it was clear that Mayor Tate was coming home empty-handed, and his plight was intolerable. He had promised to help the poor. Now he was charged with letting political and patronage considerations override his humanitarianism. Actually, Mayor Tate was only guilty of doing business as usual. No one told him the rules had been changed.

There was, in the end, nothing to do but compromise by setting up an independent board. It includes five Mayoral appointees, the Presiding Judge of the County Court, twelve representatives of religious, racial, and labor organizations and social agencies, and twelve representatives of the poor. The last were chosen through unique elections in which, as it turned out, only 3 per cent of the city’s 500,000 poor actually voted. (The poor later complained that they were not informed about the election.) This was a feeble showing—no more than the token emergence of a new power bloc which has only begun to feel its political

William F. Haddad, who resigned this fall as assistant director and inspector general of the War on Poverty, was also a founder and associate director of the Peace Corps. Earlier he was a reporter for the New York “Post” and the “Herald Tribune” and special assistant to both Robert F. Kennedy and Senator Estes Kefauver. Recently he has worked as a computer designer.

identity and whose future direction is unknown.

Still it has an unpredictable potential. Sensing this, and smarting from OEO's support of the poor, the U.S. Conference of Mayors last June came close to adopting a resolution accusing OEO of "trying to wreck local government by setting the poor against city hall." (The resolution they adopted contained less explosive language, but the warning was clear.)

This is, in many respects, an ironic charge to be leveled at OEO, which is directed by Sargent Shriver—as political an animal as any Cabinet member in the Johnson Administration. He is, to be sure, many other things besides a politician.

Handshaker with a Vision

I have worked with Shriver for over four years—as his Associate Director in the Peace Corps and as his Assistant Director and Inspector General in the Poverty Program. And I still don't know precisely what makes him run.

Like President Johnson, he uses the levers of power with one eye on the press—of which he expects too much objectivity—and the other on Congress, whose moods and necessities he understands to perfection. In the Kennedy style, he dislikes weakness. Signs on his door at the Peace Corps read, "Nice guys finish last," and, "Good guys don't win ball games."

Shriver drives himself and his staff relentlessly. When someone suggested an early-morning meeting "about ten" he shook his head. "By ten o'clock the day is half over," he said.

His liberal social philosophy is rooted in Catholicism. He is both a devout Catholic and one of the Church's most prominent laymen. He is also a highly pragmatic politician, equally comfortable chewing a cigar with a Senator and delivering an inspirational talk to Peace Corps volunteers. He has an insatiable appetite for new ideas.

"That's a great program," he will say. "Now find me the man to run it." In this fashion, for example, the idea of starting in March a preschool program to involve over half a million children in 13,000 centers by July was woven into the incredibly complicated fabric of the Program. It promises to be one of its most popular ventures.

No one doubts that Shriver's concern for the poor is both deep and real. Yet one of his most faithful lieutenants only half-humorously told a reporter, "Shriver doesn't give a damn about people. He uses them. He uses me. When I can't produce, out I go. You don't get two chances here."

This was not said in anger. For Shriver's abil-

ity, personal charm, and his quick, Kennedy-esque humor command a rare loyalty. But he runs his office like a big-business corporation. Occasionally he may bestow lavish praise. More often he forgets who accomplished what.

These qualities made him the ideal leader of the Peace Corps. The cause was good, the time was right, and each worker was secure in his own talents. No one in the Peace Corps ever dreamed he could do the job as well as Shriver.

But the Poverty Program was something else again. In the Peace Corps, Shriver set up his own independent sources of information to keep him precisely informed about what was happening in the field, down to the lowest level. Now, in another highly controversial and visible program, he decided to do the same thing. This was my job as Inspector General. "I want to know about our problems before the press or Congress," he said. And, because in fact he so often succeeded in doing this, he was often able to deal with crises before they became catastrophes.

But the organization over which he presided was not made up only of tough, able young men fanatically devoted to their chief. The top layer of his staff were public figures chosen not merely for their competence but because they possessed the impressive credentials which would guarantee Congressional approval. Among them were some who soon had no hesitancy in saying to anyone who would listen that they could do a far better job than Shriver if given a chance. They told the press they resented his constant probing, his reversal of their decisions, his opening to overall staff debate their most sensitive issues. They fought his private line of information.

Shriver certainly appointed no one whose qualifications he did not respect. But personally he seemed more at home with his second-echelon staff—a group of young men in their thirties still full of hope and ideas. When he was working with these Young Turks,* trying to get a new project started or a program expedited, the sweet smell of the Peace Corps success lingered on. He is given to inviting the juniors to stir up a competition of ideas within his staff. For some, these methods didn't seem like orderly procedures. Nor were his eighteen-hour days and seven-day weeks conducive to the relaxed camaraderie which makes for harmonious relations on Capitol Hill.

"You know why I really voted for the Peace Corps?" a powerful member of the House Rules

*They included: Dick Boone, who was trained in Chicago's Back of the Yards; Edgar May, a young Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter; William Mullins, Edgar Cahn, Sam Yette, Chris Weeks, Bob Clampitt.

War on Poverty

Cost for First Year: \$800 million

Estimated Cost for Second Year: \$1.5 billion

	<i>Activities</i>	<i>Scope</i>	<i>Administered</i>
Youth Programs			
Job Corps	Remedial education, job training for men and women, 16-21, who are out-of-school and out-of-work; provided in residential rural and urban centers where enrollees live, work, learn. The most successful centers are run, under contract, by major industries.	<i>First year:</i> 10,241 in 48 centers <i>Second year:</i> 50,000 in 121 centers	Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO); with staff help from Depts. of Agriculture and Interior
Neighborhood Youth Corps	Part-time hometown work for teenagers who are (1) out-of-school, or (2) in-school and need money to stay in. Work in newly created jobs in non-profit or municipal agencies. Out-of-school, about 30 hours; in-school, about 15 hours; both at \$1.25 an hour.	<i>First year:</i> 278,000 <i>Second:</i> 280,000 (200,000 year-round; remainder in summer programs)	Dept. of Labor
College Work Study	Part-time employment for college and university students from low-income families; 15 hours, \$1.25 an hour.	<i>First year:</i> 37,482 in 674 schools <i>Summer:</i> 46,000 in 766 schools <i>Second Year:</i> 105,000 in 1,100 schools	Office of Education (Dept. of HEW)
Adult Programs			
Adult Basic Education	Diversified programs for adults 18 and over whose illiteracy impairs ability to get or retain employment.	<i>Two-year total:</i> 105,000	Office of Education: to states
Rural Loans	Loan assistance, management advice to low-income and non-farm rural families and cooperatives not able to get credit elsewhere.	<i>First year:</i> 11,000 indiv. loans, 82 to cooperatives <i>Second year:</i> 15,500 indiv., 350 co-ops	Farmers Home Administration (Dept. of Agriculture)
Small Business Loans	Small Business Development Centers to provide loans and management advice to small businesses which cannot get conventional financing. Emphasis on minority groups.	16 SBDCs have been funded; 10-15 under way	Small Business Administration
Work Experience	Work and training for unemployed heads of families and others, to prepare them for regular employment and self-sufficiency. Usually for people on relief rolls.	<i>First year:</i> 88,700 (276,700 dependents) <i>Second year:</i> 109,300 (327,900 dependents)	Welfare Administration (Dept. of HEW)
Community Programs			
Community Action Program	The major component of the War on Poverty. Financial support for local anti-poverty programs in urban and rural areas, on Indian reservations, etc. Local programs vary but usually include child development, remedial education, literacy courses, day care, legal aid, neighborhood services, consumer education, services for aged. Some birth control programs.	<i>First year:</i> 3,169 grants <i>Second year:</i> 4,200 grants	OEO: to local community

Community Programs (continued)

ate Technical assistance	Community Action funds to states to assist smaller communities to plan programs.	<i>First year:</i> 47 states <i>Second year:</i> 50 states	OEO: to states
Head Start	Most successful undertaking to date. Summer preschool child-development centers providing education, medical care, nutrition. Will become year-round under local Community Action boards.	<i>Summer, 1965:</i> 561,000 children 13,344 centers <i>Second year:</i> no estimate	OEO: to Head Start centers
migrant Program	Special needs of migratory agricultural workers and families: housing, sanitation, education, day care.	<i>First year:</i> 100,000 people <i>Second year:</i> no estimate, funds increased	OEO: to local community or organization
Indians	Programs for improving conditions on reservations.	Grants to 25 reservations	OEO: to tribal councils
Legal Services for the Poor	Neighborhood legal firms to provide free legal help to indigent. Will come under Community Action Program.	Being developed	OEO: to local community
aged	"Foster grandparents" for infants, older children, and the retarded in institutions. Home health aides and home-makers for bedridden old people and broken homes.	18,000 old people in 20 states working average of 4 hours a day 5 days a week	OEO: to local community
Consumer Education	Provides information on how to shop, to avoid exploitation. Will come under Community Action Program.	Being developed	OEO: to local community
Research and Demonstration	Moneys made available for experimental ideas.	<i>First year:</i> \$14,600,000 <i>Second year:</i> \$75 million	OEO: to local community or university
Volunteer Programs			
ISTA	Domestic Peace Corps: one-year service for men and women 18 to 80.	<i>First year:</i> 1,000 in 59 projects <i>Second year:</i> 4,000 in 1,400 projects	OEO

Major Federal Welfare Programs Outside of OEO*Estimated Annual Cost: \$18,378,000,000**

Cash Payments (\$14 billion)	Food (\$268 million)	Education (\$2 billion)	Housing (\$110 million)	Regional (\$2 billion)
Social security	Stamps	Aid to slum schools	Rent subsidies†	Economic development
Old-age assistance	Distribution	Teacher corps†	Public housing	Appalachia
Unemployment insurance		Aid to impacted schools		
Aid to dependent children		Federal scholarships		
Medical Relief		Manpower training		

*Expenditures by state and local governments and private philanthropy run to an additional \$15 billion annually.

†No funds as yet appropriated by Congress.

Committee told me. "One night I was leaving at 7:30 and there was Shriver, walking up and down the halls of the House Office Building, by himself, looking into all the doors. He came in and talked to me. I still didn't like the program, but I was sold on Shriver. I voted for him.

"Now I can't get him on the phone and we don't see him walking the halls anymore."

The Fine Art of Saying No

Inaccessibility was, of course, only a minor reason for the inevitable hardening of Shriver's relationship with Congressmen and other political leaders. In the Peace Corps he was not dealing in any valuable political currency. None of the politicians showed any eagerness for jobs to teach in Malaya or to build roads in Tanganyika. But the Poverty Program could be translated into political power, if not for them, perhaps for their political opponents. Although Shriver was realistic enough to know he needed the support of the Congress, and could not stir up too many Mayors and Governors, he also knew that the program would fail in its goal if it became—or even appeared to be—a political pork barrel.

So he guarded the independence of his staff, many of whom took a certain pride in saying no to politicians. This was not easy for Shriver. One House leader, for example, sent over the names of thirty-nine "acceptable" candidates for high-level jobs. Not one was accepted. After repeated phone calls from the Hill, Shriver assembled his senior staff. "Isn't there at least one man on that list you can hire?" he asked. The answer was no.

Early in 1965 OEO authorized a grant of \$132,000 to the state of Louisiana. Governor John J. McKeithen promptly announced the names of a half-dozen appointees who would run the program. Almost at once the OEO office in Washington was flooded with letters and phone calls from Louisiana complaining that some of the McKeithen appointees were mere political henchmen, and that many were rabid segregationists. White supremacists and civil-rights leaders, labor and business, Negroes and white citizens joined in the protests. But the Governor stubbornly defended his choices. There would be no changes, he said.

While other Southern Governors awaited the outcome with intense interest, Shriver—as is his practice—decided to find out the facts for himself. He sent to Louisiana a team of investigators borrowed from the Internal Revenue Service. These men do not have access to tax records while on a special assignment of this sort. But nonetheless

McKeithen cried foul. He appealed to Congress the White House, the Vice President. Finally he came to Washington to beard Shriver in person. Their appointment was on a Saturday. Because of a sudden heavy snowstorm, Shriver arrived an hour late, an accident which rubbed salt in the wound.

"He [Shriver] obviously didn't like me," McKeithen reported when he got home. "And within thirty seconds after we met, the feeling was mutual. . . . In the first place, he was ten minutes [*sic*] late. And when he got there, he started looking down his nose at me as if he were trying to shut out some odor that was offensive to him."

Shriver, of course, had no power to tell a Governor whom to appoint. But he was and is free to withhold a grant if he felt it would not be administered effectively. Shortly after their confrontation, McKeithen "reluctantly" sent his hand-picked staff home. A new group was appointed, and some of those most severely criticized were not on it. Poverty money has begun to flow into Louisiana and into other Southern states where OEO's policies have been similarly tested.

Where Is the Victory?

Though the War on Poverty can chalk up many victories in the cities and the more industrialized areas, it is stalemated in some rural counties of the South—notably in Appalachia, where the local politicians could teach big-city bosses a trick or two.

In one Appalachian county, for example, the "boss" is a woman Superintendent of Schools. (The school system represents one of the few sources of jobs and contracts in depressed areas.) She is also the wife of the Judge of the Circuit Court, an aunt of the County Court Judge, and mother of the Assistant School Superintendent and State Senator. Another relative runs the county newspaper. The chairman of the Poverty Program is a cashier at the family bank. The executive director of the program was fired recently and replaced by a nephew of the "boss."

This family, according to a local newspaper editor, controls not only school and courthouse patronage, but also highway, parole, probation, and welfare jobs. They also own some school buildings and the garage where the school buses are repaired. To pour poverty funds into this county would merely strengthen the status quo which needs a poverty-stricken constituency just as a Negro politician needs a Negro ghetto as a power base. Unless the Poverty Program can somehow

change this pattern, Appalachia will not break out of the cycle of poverty.

There is a dim prospect that this may one day come about. VISTA volunteers and others on the fringes of the Appalachian Poverty Program report that opposition is forming. Some men have lost their livelihood in retaliation.

Meanwhile, of course, the people of Appalachia need help. So do uncounted thousands of young and old, whose plight and existence the Poverty Program has brought to public view.

"I don't get to eat but one time a day," one young woman wrote. "I am so glad when night come [*sic*] I do not know what to do."

At Camp Catocin, Maryland, a young Job Corps enrollee failed to eat for several days. When a counselor questioned him, the young man broke down and cried.

"My teeth hurt so much when I eat that I was afraid you would find out and send me home."

A dentist removed seventeen teeth. He found the infection had spread throughout the young man's body, affected his ears and eyes, his weight, his view of life.

In Jacksonville, Florida, the medical examinations for the Head Start (preschool) program revealed that 52 per cent of the 1,055 children tested were anemic; 45 per cent needed dental care; 31 per cent had hearing defects; 25 per cent had eye troubles; and 5 per cent were partially blind.

Programs that disclose needs like these and do something to remedy them are valuable of course. But they do not represent any major victory in the war against poverty. For the fact is that the poor have lost confidence in the traditional "servants of the poor." They no longer follow the leader nor graciously accept the dole society provides them. They intensely dislike the way they have been handled and are beginning to sense that, finally, they are in a position to do something about it.

Finding a Voice

This realization is the heart of OEO's Community Action Program. It holds that the poor themselves must identify their problems, devise solutions, and execute these decisions. The main advantage does not come from the school built, or the program successfully completed. It comes from participation, from the use of their own power. It also comes from making mistakes and learning from them.

The Achilles' heel of the Community Action Program is the concept of states' rights—a cliff-

beloved by aging politicians. For the poor don't fear federal control or centralization. In times of crisis, it has been the federal government that produced for them, not the local authorities. It was so during the depression decade and it continued to be so during the civil-rights decade. On the family farm, in Appalachia, on the Indian reservations, with the Mexican-Americans, with the Negro, with the migrant worker, what little has been done has been done by the federal government, after local authorities failed.

And now, it is only when the federal government—through OEO—injects itself into the local decision-making process, that the poor can again have a real voice in the Poverty Program.

Republicans, in general, find this doctrine wicked if not subversive. To them the Poverty legislation sounded like a computerized version of the New Deal, and they reacted accordingly. Equally bewildered though not hostile are the graying 1936 liberals who can't quite figure out what is happening. They still hold the charter of liberalism but, like the toothless Legionnaires of World War I, they have lost their troops. The Poverty Program has driven the final wedge between what is happening in the streets and what is happening in the plush offices of the labor unions, in the higher echelons of government, and in the remoteness of the university.

The 1936 liberal has learned to compromise with city hall. As far as the poor are concerned, he is as much a part of the Establishment as big business. And today the minority poor picket the blatant racial segregation of some unions.

The liberals still invoke the names of their heroes (my heroes). But there is little applause. Their children have their own heroes.

Not long ago, Shriver visited the Job Corps camp at Kilmer, New Jersey, and, as is his custom, he began inviting the enrollees to express their opinions. "Shriver was great," a reporter told me later. "He had a tremendous rapport with the kids. He lost them only once."

"When?"

"When he began asking them who they thought should come to visit their camps. They named Cassius Clay, the disc jockey Murray the K, and people like that."

"Shriver then suggested some well-known liberals. He asked if they would like to see A. Philip Randolph. 'Who's he?' the kids asked."

"Shriver told them, but it was obvious that they had never heard of the fight for unionism. Whitney Young. No. He kept naming people, but he lost the crowd. He was speaking a language they didn't understand."

Rejecting the liberal heroes of the past, the poor have so far not developed strong or noteworthy leaders of their own. Their society is wrapped in frustration and disappointment and they are cynical, hostile, turbulent. Many have been chased from slum to slum by the liberal Urban Renewal Program. Even young men who arrive hopefully at Job Corps camps feel the Poverty Program will disappear after the news stories have been written and the pictures are taken.

The poor are wary of new programs and offers of help. They've had their hopes raised before, only to find the liberal programs were for someone else. Now they're determined to make their own mistakes with their own leaders.

It is easy to romanticize the poor, but, in fact, poor Negroes can be exploited by their own as easily as by "whitey" downtown. Some are as reckless with power as were some of the Italian and Irish leaders who first captured the Democratic party at the local level. For example, this fall, when New York's District Attorney Frank Hogan subpoenaed the books of Haryou-Act, the multimillion Poverty Program in Harlem, and the New York *Herald Tribune* printed the story, Negroes from Harlem promptly picketed the newspaper, condemned Hogan, and threatened violence.

"There has never been a grand-jury investigation in Harlem when black babies were cremated in tenement fires," said Livingston Wingate, the program's highly paid director. "This investigation is a smear tactic by forces opposed to the War on Poverty. The only thing that stands be-

tween the black youth of Harlem and the guns of the outer society is Haryou-Act. Remove Haryou-Act and you're asking for a holocaust."

The poor are the newest minority, maybe the last minority, to be melted into the pot of democracy. If they follow history, they will first maintain a separationist policy. Next they will press against the Establishment. Soon they will have a wedge and later a slice. Eventually they will become part of the Establishment and defend its goals and their position.

For all the irritation the Poverty Program is causing, the social revolution it is bringing about has narrow, almost middle-class horizons. It has its roots, as Professor Richard A. Cloward of Columbia said, "in relatively moderate ideologies—self-help, local autonomy, democratic collective action, and the importance of ethnic separation. The struggle, in short, is in the tradition of urban politics and nothing more."

Shriver maintains that "involvement of the poor must mean giving them effective power, a respected and heeded voice, and genuine representation in all aspects of the program and at all stages in the significant decision-making processes."

In its first year, the Poverty Program has held off the other contestants of power so the poor could gain their voice, so they could become involved, so their needs can be met by their decisions. From here on in, it cannot aristocratically rise above politics and hope for the best. It must enter the struggle and win the battle.

How to Look at Other People's Poverty

Our foreign visitor's social conscience is tender and highly developed, and his first glances will be towards those miserable huts he sees wherever he drives in his taxi. . . . What sort of people live in them, what do they think about, how do they talk to one another, what do they eat, etc., etc.? If only it were possible to know! . . . But it is not possible . . . for even if there were no language difficulty, there would not really be much to talk about. There is not in the world's history any record of fruitful dialogue between those who have enough to eat and those who don't. Our foreign visitor turns away from the sight of those wretched hovels and feels sad. No longer quite as sad, perhaps, or as outraged as he felt when he first saw them—it never takes long to get used to other people's poverty—but the poor of Delhi will always be sure of his concern. He will often talk about them, and when he does so, he will make that special face we all make when we feel guilty about something (whether it is *apartheid*, political prisoners, or starving children) but are no longer sure that our feeling is still as deep as it ought to be.

—From "Letter from Delhi," by R. Prawer Jhabvala, in *Encounter* (May 1964).



15¢ Before 6:00 P M : The Wonderful Movies of the 'Thirties

by John Clellon Holmes

They provided a whole generation with a common fantasy life, a full set of myths and symbols—and a lot of cheap fun, to boot.

It has been said that if you would understand the mind of my generation you must start with World War II, on the theory that a widespread attitude is shaped by a common experience. The war seems a likely enough starting place, and yet in a subtler sense everyone who is now between the ages of thirty-odd and forty-odd had already shared a common experience by the time they entered the armed services. It was the experience of moviegoing in the 1930s and early 1940s, and it gave us all a fantasy life in common, from which we are still dragging up the images that obsess us.

Whether the theater was the small-town two-hundred-seater with the fading black-and-yellow billboard advertising PHOTOPLAYS, or one of

those huge, Moorish big-city film palaces, with stars that twinkled and fountains that played, the pictures that flickered on the silver screen, and the dreams and visions they aroused, were identical. One's boyhood experience of the Depression may center around a Hooverville or a house in the suburbs, but one's fantasies of those years are likely to inhabit that carefree world, as shiny and as shallow as patent leather, where Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers denied all shabbiness and anxiety for a few hypnotic hours.

The power of the film as a molder of mass emotions was clearly recognized in the 'twenties, but it was probably not until the advent of sound, together with the death of vaudeville, and the insecurities of the Depression, that moviegoing became a universal part of puberty. If sound produced a lowering of artistic standards, it also made possible a heightening of psychological involvement so persuasive that the gulf between the audience and the image was all but obliterated. Vaudeville's death so multiplied the number of theaters that there was hardly a town in America

The photographs accompanying this article are from the Bettmann Archive, except the one of Humphrey Bogart, which is from Culver Pictures, Inc.

that did not have its Orpheum, Bijou, or Rex, all showing the same movies. The idleness and bewilderment of the Depression awakened a hunger for fantasies that would compensate for the impoverishment of reality, and by deceit or cajolery most of an entire generation went to the movies two or three times a week, and accumulated, in common, a surrogate-reality.

It should be admitted right off that we were indiscriminate. We went to good films and bad films alike, to MGM super-spectacles that cost more than the historical events they depicted, and Twentieth Century Fox musicals about as nutritious as Kool-Aid, and Universal horror-films that used the same bit of fabricated Transylvania in picture after picture. We would go to see anything that moved, and we probably learned as much from the B-films as we did from the A's. We reveled in their sleazy sets, indifferent acting, and skeletal plots. For every Saturday we spent with Gable and Shearer, we probably spent four with Richard Arlen or Arline Judge, and they taught a lot of us to relish the back-of-town, wrong-side-of-the-tracks America where motives were simple and the action was brisk. We still have our favorites—what a friend of mine calls Great Bad Films—and our affection for them is undiminished by the fact that they grow worse with every viewing. I still drop everything whenever *A Message to Garcia* comes around on television, if only to watch Wallace Beery's superbly awful hamming with his torn straw hat.

To Each His Own Duck Soup

It would be difficult to calculate the number of hours that people of my age spend simply talking about the movies of those years. The talk is carried on in the sort of shorthand that is all but unintelligible to outsiders, and a snatch of it might go like this: "Name the Lane Sisters, and you're out of the game if you include Gale Page. . . . Remember Henry Armetta with his head askew? Porter Hall the Eternal Conniver? George Zucco's Grey Eminence? Jane Darwell the Earth Mother of Arkansas? . . . Remember the Three Musketeers of Warner Brothers: Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh, and Edward Brophy? . . . Who can cast all the secondary roles in *King's Row*? . . ."

Everyone has his favorite William Powell scene (mine is the drunk scene in *My Man Godfrey*), his essential Marx Brothers sequence (I have been torn for years between the end of *Duck Soup* and the stateroom routine in *A Night at the*

Opera); and that special film, mostly obscure, often undistinguished, which opened the consciousness to a new perception about life or the world that remains as vivid and evocative as the *madeleine* in Proust. For reasons which defy description, my awareness of the existential character of modern history was first evoked by a brief scene in a wine cellar from an unimportant 1937 film, *Last Train from Madrid*.

Equally, everyone carries in his head the memory of a special girl, with a special fleeting beauty, that is as graphic and moving today as it was in those years when he pursued that face through film after film until it vanished into death, obscurity, or character roles. I know a man who has never really gotten over the death of Thelma Todd, and she exists in his mind not as the object of Groucho's lechery, or as the dumb steno in countless low-budget comedies with Patsy Kelly, but as a fragile, ash-blond wraith, fine-boned and petal-lipped, with that vaguely solemn aura in which some girls, cursed with startling beauty, seem to move. I myself am an Elissa Landi man. I remember her face with the poignancy and awe that are reserved for one's first crush on an older woman, and even when I was only ten her beauty seemed to me to be too rarefied, too breathtaking, for this world. There are Myrna Loy men (reporters and wits), and Jean Harlow men (sportsmen and boozers), and Marlene Dietrich men (intellectuals and homosexuals); and I suppose we are all Garbo men—at least a little.

Everyone, as well, has a particular star who embodies for him the first full awareness of the rousing eroticism of adolescence, a fantasy love-image that initiated him into manhood. For myself, I recall the soft, white, trembling curve of Jean Harlow's breast momentarily revealed in the seduction scene in *Hell's Angels*. There it was, unmoored beneath her robe, that object of ceaseless, exhausting midnight speculations. And Ben Lyon was sitting not two feet from her, and it! I remember her moistly hesitant half-smile, which at first I simply refused to believe indicated her acquiescence to *that*. I remember the embrace that followed which, of course, silenced all doubts. And I remember, as well, that I left the theater with my first awareness that women could be more than just reluctant mannequins in the sexual encounter. There are men of my age who have been more or less searching, since those days, for

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Luise Rainer's gamine smile, or Madeleine Carroll's deep-breasted elegance, or June Lang's indescribably delicate neck, or the buttocks of Frances Farmer. In some cases, they have even gone so far as to marry reasonable facsimiles.

The movies were also a continuation of our schooling by other means, and the degree to which they affected our appreciation of literature, for instance, is difficult to estimate. In almost every case, however, we saw the movie, and only *then* read the book. Though I have been with Tolstoi's *Anna* many more times than I have watched Garbo's, whenever I read the book it is the film star who moves so darkly toward the accelerating railway cars in my mind's eye, giving the chapters an uncanny third dimension. And is there any way to imagine Mr. Micawber except in the carrot-nosed, garrulous, shabby-genteel figure of W. C. Fields? Is it possible that Sidney Carton did not have the quenched, whimsical eyes, and resolute mouth of Ronald Colman? Not to me. And when I finally plunged into the great English novels of the nineteenth century, I found all of them richly peopled by the likes of Edna May Oliver, Roland Young, Freddie Bartholomew, Montague Love, Herbert Mundin, and Una O'Connor—indeed, the entire Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stock company of the 'thirties, with their marvelous Cruikshank faces. Gary Cooper sent me to Hemingway, and Paul Muni to Zola, and certainly my vision of war was almost exclusively the result of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which I never would have read at such an impressionable age had it not been for an opportune exposure to the movie at eleven.

The war is a good example of how subtly we were shaped by those far-off Saturday afternoons. Unlike our fathers, we went off to our war with no illusions about "glory and patriotism." Though it was far more worth the fighting than theirs, most of us viewed it (in advance) as an unpleasant, monotonous, dispiriting task that had somehow been shoved on us by the follies of our elders. Part of the reason for this is that we had been exposed to almost a decade of antiwar movies, and the abrupt shift to antifascist films in the early 'forties could never quite make us forget the image of Lew Ayres, as the young German, begging the bayoneted *poilu* to forgive him there in the shell hole, or the obvious meaning of the doughboy-turned-gangster in *They Gave Him a Gun*, or the smashed hopes behind James Stewart's smashed eyes in *Seventh Heaven*. It has always astonished me that almost no one has perceived that one reason why we went through the war so laconically, with so little rhetoric, and with our eye out mainly for personal survival (not only



against the enemy, but against the military system itself) was that we knew that all wars were basically frauds, even just wars. After all, hadn't we learned precisely that in our local movie theater?

The films of the 'thirties and 'forties reflected the zenith of the star system, and above all they were vehicles for great personalities, always somehow bigger than the roles they played. To my generation, for instance, Humphrey Bogart is not merely Sam Spade in *The Maltese Falcon*, or Rick in *Casablanca*. Sometimes a hero, sometimes a villain, he is always preeminently the Existential Knight, suspicious of sentiment, verbosity, and cheap idealism. He was Bogey to us; we knew his style and attitudes as well as we knew our own; and he taught us something about the world we would inherit that was no less contagious than what Hemingway taught us, and will last as long.

I remember, as well, feeling genuinely saddened when Carole Lombard died in a wartime plane crash. It was not that she had ever been an object of romantic reverie to me, or even that I knew very much about her personally. It was that something witty, madcap, tough, earnest, and even noble had gone out of life, something I would always associate with the 'thirties: the zany rich girl with the good heart; the honey-blond broad, with the prominent hipbones, who could drink with the boys; everyone's hip older sister who brought a whiff of the Big World with

her when she visited home. She was funny and she was fun, she had something more substantial than glamour, and her very name evokes a point of view that I still encounter in the women of my generation.

Sounding the Absurd

In recent years, nearly everyone has been justly intimidated by James Agee's brilliant piece on silent-film comedy, but I'm sure there are many of my generation who, like me, feel that the laugh-makers of our era, to whom sound was essential, have been sadly neglected as a result. Though they began in the silent days, the Marx Brothers, for instance, are unthinkable without the verbal insanity of Groucho and Chico. Their shameless punning, their deliciously infantile literalness, their eruptions of outright gibberish, drove a decade of Douglas Dumbrilles, Sig Rumanns, and Herman Bings to the very brink of epilepsy. And can anyone seriously imagine Harpo without his piercing, two-handed whistle, or the lewd honk of his automobile horn? The adult world of sense and gravity and dullness, which the Marx Brothers invaded like a gang of surrealist kids on a perpetual Fourth of July, was exactly the pompous, problem-filled world to which we had to return when the film was over, and we went back to it renewed by the knowledge that the bores could be foiled by the cagey irrationality of Groucho, and the girls would eventually succumb to Harpo's mysterious and angelic smiles. If you looked at it from the vantage of energy and joy, life was absurd, but the absurdity itself was endearing, and this message wasn't lost on us. Just look at Terry Southern, Gregory Corso, and Robert Rauschenberg.

We feel that Laurel and Hardy, too, belong to us, and we cannot imagine Laurel—why-faced, looking either like a weeping sheep or a grinning horse—without his unmatched whimper that built so slowly into pathetic sobs, or his droll and somehow tender Cockney accent. Hardy's tiny mouth and tiny moustache and tiny eyes in that great runny pudding of a face would always be incomplete to us without his exasperated "*Stanley!*", delivered with all the prissy impatience of a harassed scoutmaster. Laurel and Hardy were Outsiders, always broke, somehow innocent, certainly ill-equipped to handle a world of hard facts and solid objects; and yet they were always optimistic, no defeat was final, and the sequence which recurred most often in their films found them sitting on the curbstone (having been

summarily ejected from the warmth of Life Within), trying to decide what to do next. We often felt exactly the same.

With W. C. Fields, one is on higher ground. Indeed, one is in the realm where mythic figures reside, and Fields probably comes closer to being the secret Dutch Uncle of my generation than any other single artist. To this day, we lapse into the musing, rhetorical, nasal rasp by means of which he sought to evade the hostile world of Una Merkel, Franklin Pangborn, and Baby Leroy. It is our connection with an older America of frontier gamblers, carny barkers, tall-tale tellers. In it, we hear train whistles, the click of poker chips, saloon talk, whorehouse pianos, the shrewd lies that outwit cops and wives, and the monologues that can be heard at midnight under the trestle where men for whom this world is not enough gather around a bonfire and a can.

We were in immediate rapport with the profounder aspects of Fields' character: the impatient Fields trying to get a scoop of ice cream to his mouth by means of two limp soda straws, the outraged Fields finding himself in bed with a goat, the insatiable Fields vaulting out of an airplane after his flask, the fatalistic Fields making for the Black Pussy Café like a wounded elephant lumbering off into the bush. His mouth full of windy jargon, his mordant eye a-scheme, his bulbous nose hinting at thirsts and joys he had managed to thief from under the very eyes of convention—all this had a lasting influence on us, and what Fields taught us was invaluable, for he was neither merely crazy nor innocent, but a flawed, eccentric man, making out in a reality geared to the silly abstractions of the middle class.

Off the streets where these giants roamed, there was a luxurious room, sound-proofed and deodorized, where William Powell, Franchot Tone, and Robert Montgomery traded glittering bon mots with Myrna Loy, Jean Arthur, and Margaret Sullavan, for sound also brought to our ears nuances of irony and wit as sibilant as so many cocktail pianos. In this room, Eric Blore spluttered and buttled like a paranoid chipmunk, Eugene Pallette huffed and paid the bills, Billie Burke arrived in a flutter of chiffon, Mischa Auer preened in a rented tuxedo and a bogus title, and Edward Everett Horton gabbled like a huge absent-minded rabbit. Here, Irene Dunne consoled herself with Ralph Bellamy after her misunderstanding with Cary Grant over Gail Patrick, but the orchestra was always ready just off camera to supply the lush accompaniment for the reconciliation. People got pixilated, but never drunk.

No one worked for a living, and everyone always carried enough cash on their persons to pay first-class passage to Europe when they overstayed the bon-voyage party. If the hilarity was irresponsible, the hangover was mostly imaginary. But so was the film, and it was as essential a part of the fantasy life of the 1930s as the musicals that made us wonder (as Kerouac has written) "about the world that spoke of beautiful piney islands and Indian love calls and Jeanette MacDonald, yet had nothing to show for it but jailhouses, arrested fathers, [and] distant moanings." Who is to say that our sense of the ambiguity of life—a distinctive trait of this generation—did not begin when we watched Nelson Eddy singing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," and then walked home through the bitter hardtime streets of 1935?

The movies matured us in other ways too, and I, for one, still associate certain films with the dawning of certain ideas. The social idealism of Frank Capra, for instance, probably reached its apogee in *Meet John Doe*, but it wasn't the betrayed-utopianism of the film which impressed me so much as the dangerous heat and dire manipulations of mass politics that it crystallized in three faultless images. Edward Arnold's reptilian eyes behind his pince-nez will always signify for me the desperate lust for power out of which the powerlessness of modern life produces totalitarians. Barbara Stanwyck's gradual involvement in her own Frankenstein still strikes me as a succinct example of how the liberal professional (or vice versa) can be tripped up by trying to walk both sides of the street. And James Gleason, magnificently drunk, attempting to light that memorably bent cigarette and muttering, "Chalk up another one for the Pontius Pilates," expresses for all time the bitterness and disgust a decent man feels at the debauching of hope by one of Orwell's "smelly little orthodoxies." In the years that followed, when I became attracted to, and then involved with, and finally disaffected from, party politics, the memory of this film (and others like it) had an influence on my decisions and aversions that is incalculable.

We learned subtler things as well. There was the horror film, for instance—a venerable and once-dignified genre which, like the detective novel, has degenerated in these latter days into a moronic comic book of meaningless gore. The 'thirties were the great years of the horror film—the age of *The Mummy* as well as *Frankenstein*, and *Freaks* as well as *Dracula*; but far from merely titillating tastes so jaded by newsreels of Belsen and Dachau that nothing but gouged-out eyeballs in lustful Technicolor will serve to

them, the great classics of our day were specifically films of moral complexity. We sympathized with Dr. Frankenstein's Monster, for his tragedy was the inability to love; we pitied King Kong, for after all wasn't he the visual embodiment of our own overgrown, inarticulate desires for Fay Wray? We knew even Dracula's loneliness before the empty mirror, and his daytime vulnerability there in the coffin.

Our Collective Unconscious

But perhaps it was the experience of moviegoing itself that left the deepest impression on us. For moviegoing was sitting in the Plaza Theater in Englewood, New Jersey, with your imagination so heated by images of London or Paris that years later, when you found yourself there, your keenest response was a kind of *déjà vu* that made you round every corner fully expecting to come upon Nigel Bruce or Simone Simon. It was recognizing in yourself, even at thirteen, the bitter, half-lyrical, unkempt, rebellious figure of John Garfield in *Four Daughters*—a romantic image of the disaffiliated hobo-artist that has been as difficult for some of us to shake off as the Hemingway sportsman-artist has been for others. It was seeing *Gunga Din* thirteen times with guilty, gluttonous pleasure that was tinged with the wistful knowledge that our world would never be as gallant, rollicking, and simple as the one in which Sam Jaffe climbed that golden dome and saved British India from Eduardo Ciannelli. It was coming out of the theater at night, by yourself, and walking home under the summer-heavy trees, the drama continuing to spin on and on inside your head, so that years later you would realize that it was on those nights that you first learned that the dark is made for fantasies, and aspirations, and freedoms. It was 15-cent ticket stubs come upon weeks later in the linty pockets of trousers rolled up at the cuffs; and counting off the minutes until the lights went out with all the impatience of a lover; and knowing the "Coming Attractions" announcement, different in each theater, as well as you knew your own saddle shoes from those of your best friend.

But it was also the sharing of an initiation rite with your contemporaries (like suffering the same trauma, and being supplied with the same clues to its cure); for the movies of the 1930s constitute, for my generation, nothing less than a kind of Jungian collective unconscious, a decade of coming attractions out of which some of the truths of our maturity have been formed.

Witch Doctors and Psychiatry

by Judith Randal

Ancient superstitions and arcane rites become tools of modern therapy in Africa's unique "community mental health centers."

Chief Ladipo Obafemi is a square-jawed, middle-aged Nigerian witch doctor. When I first saw him he was wearing a native robe of blue-and-yellow print and was seated outdoors amidst a half-dozen or so mentally ill patients participating in a unique kind of group-therapy session. The place was Aro, a mud-hut suburb of the ancient Nigerian city of Abeokuta. Here a remarkable experiment combining the techniques of modern psychiatry with the ancient arts of witchcraft is under way. Guiding genius of the project is Dr. Thomas Adeoye Lambo, a British-trained Nigerian psychiatrist. Chief Obafemi is one of a team of witch doctors—or native healers, as Dr. Lambo prefers to call them—who are working with him in a venture which has important implications for all the less advanced countries and also holds the promise of significant new insights for psychiatrists elsewhere.

Aro lies in the rain-forest belt of West Africa, about sixty miles inland from the seacoast. I arrived in Nigeria in February in what is called the dry season. When I emerged from the air-conditioned jetliner I was nearly suffocated by the steaming vapor of the tropical Lagos night with its fever blend of odors and its pervasive

residue of stale, moist sweat. I soon forgot the heat and smells, however, in the press of making arrangements to visit Aro and in the excitement of the bustle and sense of purpose that seems to distinguish Nigeria from much of sub-Saharan Africa.

Aro itself teams with life. Dwarf goats with their tiny kids, long-eared sheep and scrawny chickens wander at will among women wrapped in hand-dyed blue batik cloth, men in pajama-like trousers and overblouses, and small children wearing little except red beads around their necks. When I stepped out of the car I was immediately surrounded by youngsters who followed me everywhere chanting "*oyimbo, oyimbo*," which means "peeled one"—i.e., white. The houses are built of laterite, an adobe-like substance which powders the village with an apricot-colored dust. Blue-green lizards with red birettas crawl along walls, usefully snapping at insects. Less pleasant scavenging is left to skinny dogs, whose hip bones are as prominent as their ribs.

Aro, nonetheless, is a cheerful place. The women, with babies on their backs and calabash gourds of water balanced on their heads, smile amiably at you, and men sing while at work in the fields. The normal population of this village of the Yoruba tribe are peasant farmers, fishermen, and craftsmen. The visitor finds it hard to believe that about two-thirds of the present adult population are sufferers from some form of mental illness. The patients board with the villagers, mingle in local activities, and seem to have been absorbed

quite naturally into community life. Indeed, it is their presence that has given Aro a semblance of well-being uncommon in impoverished Nigeria—funds supplied by the mental-health project have made possible such amenities as purified drinking water, pit latrines, and a mosquito-eradication squad. There are no uniformed attendants; the patients wear their own clothing, and physical restraint and isolation are forbidden. Only a small road sign identifies this community as a mental-health unit of the University of Ibadan Medical School, some sixty miles away, where Dr. Lambo is head of the department of psychiatry.

A tall man in his forties, Dr. Lambo is slimmer and more finely boned than many Yoruba—although he has the typical flat, isosceles-triangle nose—and is darker than most American Negroes. Strangely for an African, he often complains of the heat. Perhaps because he is a man of both worlds and understands public relations, he often wears Western dress in Africa and the Nigerian loose trousers and embroidered overrobe on formal occasions abroad. At a recent conference in New York he made an elegant appearance in a *café-au-lait* silk robe and a black cap embossed with cloth-of-gold leaves.

Like many Africans, Dr. Lambo was first educated in a mission school. When his father died, his tribal chieftain, the Alake of Abeokuta, helped him to finish his medical studies in England at the University of Birmingham and financed his psychiatric training at the University of London. In Britain Dr. Lambo studied the successful day-hospital plan in which mental patients are hospitalized by day, but sent back to their families at night. He adapted this plan into the "village system" of community psychiatry now operating at Aro.

No Vacation from Family

From the outset, no patient was admitted to the treatment program unless he was accompanied by at least one member of the family—mother, sister, brother, or aunt who would cook for him, wash his clothes, take him to the hospital for treatment in the morning, and collect him in the afternoon. This arrangement was dictated less by a shortage of personnel than by the fact that the Nigerian mental patient is used to a closely knit tribal society and, unlike his Western counterpart, rarely benefits from a vacation from his family. Indeed, shorn of his tribal ties and the obligations they entail, he tends to lose his sense of self. Equally important, family members who partici-

pate in the therapy gain insights which become a key factor in the patient's rehabilitation. One of the unique advantages of the village system is that it creates the opportunity to conduct treatment and rehabilitation almost at the same time. A disturbed Yoruba patient—Dr. Lambo has found—is likely to become more disoriented if he is penned up in an institution. "Africans more than most people," he explained, "have to be part of a situation, not just the reason for its existence. Today, most of the sick who are in my care are treated and discharged without ever setting foot in the formal hospital."

This modern two-hundred-bed institution was built in Aro by the British. Dr. Lambo has grafted onto it a treatment system dispersed in four surrounding villages. Subsequently, clinics were built in two of the villages and a mobile clinic was set up, staffed by doctors and nurses, for forays into more remote territory. Patients arrive at Aro on foot or by the passenger trucks, called "mammy wagons," which are adorned with Yoruba slogans like "Sea never dry" or "There are no telephones to heaven." They come with throngs of relatives—the shyly withdrawn, the anxious, the boldly frenzied, and the depressed. In the modest bungalow clinic a doctor interviews and examines the patient; then he and his family are introduced to a *babalawo*—a native healer—who escorts them to the villager with whom they will live. The population ratio is constantly maintained at six villagers to four patients.

As a landlord, a villager is paid ten shillings (\$1.40) a month. The University of Ibadan will lend him money if he wishes to add to his house to accommodate more patients. He can also earn extra cash by working as a gardener, cook, or porter, or running errands for the resident doctors and nurses. Doctors from the university hold monthly meetings with village elders to discuss community problems.

The average patient stays at Aro about six months and leads a largely unscheduled life. When he is not undergoing treatment, he is free to drop in on neighbors or to join the villagers as they make cloth, prepare food, or harvest their crops. Often you may find him by the road simply

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watching passing trucks or loafing at the local market which, with its myriad booths and stalls, is the West African equivalent of the corner drugstore.

When Dr. Lambo returned to his native country in 1954, Nigeria, like all Africa, was undergoing the rapid social, economic, and cultural changes which bring emotional and mental disorders in their wake. Yet Nigeria, along with other developing countries, lacked the money and trained manpower even to think of setting up large-scale mental hospitals along conventional Western lines. Dr. Lambo himself was indeed the first Nigerian to be trained as a psychiatrist. The unorthodox idea of using the ancient occult arts of witchcraft to help the mentally disturbed—which seems startling, even scandalous, to the Western mind—grew out of his experiences with African patients both at home and in England. Unlike advanced techniques for physical illness which are universally applicable, the treatment of mental illness must fit the culture in which the illness developed. While the Yoruba have the same emotional ills as Westerners, local beliefs and the pattern of native life shape the ways the illness is expressed. Thus Dr. Lambo repeatedly found that illiterate patients who failed to respond to modern techniques alone often recovered under the added influence of native healers working within the framework of traditional beliefs.

Like most preliterate peoples, the African believes that supernatural powers are constantly threatening him. This inbred fear of the occult tends to make him especially vulnerable to anxiety, which is, in fact, the most common and crippling psychiatric disorder in Africa. As one Yoruba put it, "The world is full of forces we cannot see. Some are already evil; the rest could become evil. We must protect ourselves in every way we can." The Yoruba also believe in animal sacrifice; they practice ancestor worship, and have an almost fanatical faith in certain kinds of magic. These deeply ingrained beliefs are not necessarily eradicated by Western education. Dr. Lambo has treated many apparently sophisticated Africans who reverted, under severe stress, to their ancient tribal beliefs in the supernatural. For instance, among a group of Nigerian students who broke down during their university training in Great Britain, more than 90 per cent clung to their traditional beliefs in bewitchments and diabolic spells.

Dr. Lambo also told me of a young West African educated at a British university who was subsequently promoted over the heads of several other able colleagues in the Nigerian Adminis-

trative Service. Shortly afterwards, an accident occurred under somewhat mysterious circumstances. The young man was terrified and became convinced that his co-workers were plotting a supernatural revenge. During this period of extreme anxiety his grandfather appeared to him one night in a dream and assured him of long life, but also directed that a goat be sacrificed. The patient carried out the sacrifice and forthwith recovered. Though he later preferred to forget the episode, he admitted that he believed there was something in this "native thing."

Incidents of this sort led Dr. Lambo to recognize the part native healing could play in the patient's cure. "Help must first be offered at the most basic level," he said. "A healer might say to a patient suffering from acute depression, 'You think you're so westernized you don't have to propitiate your ancestors? What's troubling you is that you've displeased your grandfather.' The witch doctor would then prescribe a sacrifice to the gods. Calmed and reassured by this ancient rite, the patient may then respond more easily to modern methods."

The Abeokuta area has, as a matter of fact, long been the site of mental-health centers operated exclusively by witch doctors, who were handsomely paid for their services. I asked Dr. Lambo how he had persuaded them to forsake a profitable local industry to join a modern psychiatric team. "Mutual blackmail," he said laughing. "I needed them and they needed me."

Diagnosis by Kola Nuts

Chief Obafemi, the first witch doctor I met, had been described to me as a "half-pagan, half-Christian sort of fellow." Actually, the Chief, who spent many years as a bank clerk under the British, is a portly man who looks like a prosperous storekeeper or farmer. His face, the color of a well-aged saddle, sports a graying, down-curved moustache and tribal scars on his cheeks. The son and grandson of witch doctors, he studied seven years to learn his art, and the pledge he took as a "practitioner" sounded, as he described it, very much like the Hippocratic oath.

The idea that mental illness may be traceable to an individual's childhood experiences is alien to the witch doctor's beliefs, as is the notion that talking out problems may clarify or resolve them. For diagnostic purposes Chief Obafemi makes use of Ifa, the cult of the god of fate and the local name for a kind of divination. When he is performing as an Ifa priest he dons special beads

and sits cross-legged on a striped reed mat, with the patient by his side. The patient takes several kola nuts from a footed wooden bowl and throws them onto a carved board about the size of a pizza pie. By studying the way the nuts fall, Chief Obafemi makes his diagnosis and decides what must be done to exorcise the particular unseen power which has taken over the patient's psyche. If the patient hears voices and cannot sleep, he must placate Ogun, the god of iron, by sacrificing a dog or perhaps a cock. If he sees and talks to spirits, it is Sango, the god of thunder, who must be appeased. Or possibly Sopano, the god of smallpox, fevers, and psychoses, threatens the patient's sanity. If so, the offering of a he-goat, together with palm oil, kola nuts, cowrie shells, and perhaps snails and chickens may be indicated. Through the sacrifice the evil in the patient passes to the animal. The animal offering is often roasted and eaten—a feast usually shared by the patient and his family, or the patient may receive a ceremonial bath and later be washed in the blood of the sacrifice. Many of these ceremonies take place in an atmosphere of terror—at night, and to the mystical accompaniment of drums in a remote part of the bush.

Such arcane rites, however, are by no means the whole of Chief Obafemi's functions. In the group-therapy session I watched he was drawing out one patient after another, interjecting sing-song comments from the vast lore of Yoruba verses that all witch doctors know by heart.

The Chief discussed his patients and their treatment with the impersonal compassion of any Western physician. However, he differentiates less between what they imagine and what to us would be objective fact. "Spirits and dead people can cause as much harm as people you can see and touch," he told me. "And they have just as much power." This is typically Yoruba. Everything experienced has equal validity, and apparent contradictions are not disturbing. Thus Christianity or Mohammedanism can be comfortable with native gods, and a dream is as real as one's waking life. Indeed, the content of a dream may suggest not only what is bothering a patient, but the appropriate relief.

Competition is intense among native healers. Each one has special refinements of treatment which are closely guarded family secrets, handed down from father to son. It is said that the only professional matter witch doctors will discuss together is how to collect fees. This is no problem at Aro where they are on the government payroll.

For Dr. Lambo and his staff the main function of the witch doctors is to relieve the patients

their fears of the supernatural and thus calm them for more scientific treatment. Dr. Lambo finds a close similarity between the collaboration of native healers and psychiatrists and the growing cooperation between doctors and priests. However, relationships between the two "professions" are carefully defined. For example, although Yoruba healers have for centuries used a form of rauwolfia as a tranquilizer and it is sometimes more effective when dispensed by them than by the psychiatrist, no patient may be given anything to eat or drink without the prior permission of a physician.

A Curse from the Dead

On the other hand, it is the witch doctors, not the psychiatrists, who are with the sick day in and day out. And because there are often only two or three part-time psychiatrists for several hundred patients, and just a few nurses, it is the witch doctors who know the sick most intimately and who do much of the work. On my first Aro visit I saw a young man admitted who heard voices telling him that he had quarreled with a dead uncle. Convinced that the dead man's living sons had instigated the quarrel, and terrorized by the possible consequences of their curse, he had repeatedly threatened to kill them. Dr. Lambo's diagnosis of the case was "frenzied anxiety." He was treating it with sedation and free-association interviews after sodium-pentothal injections. In the meantime, he had assigned a witch doctor to talk at length with the young man, to urge him to stop listening to the voices (witch doctors are often very dogmatic) and to draw him into as many group activities as possible. When next I saw the patient, about two weeks later, he was chatting easily with his landlady and seemed cheerful and relaxed.

Like nurses in a more orthodox hospital, the witch doctors keep careful notes. (A scribe comes around daily to help those who cannot write.) About once a week the witch doctors and psychiatrists confer to make treatment plans. "In this way," Dr. Lambo explains, "some of our point of view rubs off on them and some of theirs on us. . . . In fact, through their participation we have enriched our knowledge of the psychopathology of the major mental disorders of these exotic societies. They have enabled us to compile data on the natural history and prevalence of many psychiatric disorders in terms of cultural and social variables that do not fit into Western classifications."



Ifa divination in session. At right is Chief Obafemi, a witch doctor, who in this photograph is undergoing "analysis" himself.

The witch doctors, Dr. Lambo said on another occasion, "help to identify some subtleties of mental illness that I might miss. . . . After all, they have been practicing psychotherapy for centuries—everything from group therapy for an entire village beset by evil spirits to curing intractable insomnia. Furthermore, unless I can learn to see what the witch doctors see and find out why people are so devoted to their methods, I might fail completely in building the mental-health program Nigeria needs."

The witch doctors organize Aro's more formal social life, which includes drama-dances, rituals, storytelling sessions, and ceremonial occasions in which the sick and the well take part together. The local band, an aggregation resplendent in leopard skins, is made up of villagers and patients alike. Painting and drawing, however, are rarely used as therapy. It doesn't occur to most Yoruba to set down feelings graphically; if you ask them to draw whatever they wish, they are either totally baffled, or copy what is in front of them.

What They Fear from Women

Anxiety in the Yoruba is often related to belief in witches. Indeed most sick people—whatever is wrong with them—tend to blame their ills on women, particularly those past childbearing age. Although not all women are thought to be witches, all are considered potentially capable of causing

insanity, or interfering with fertility or potency blood-sucking, or killing

The Yoruba word for witch—"aje"—is probably a contraction of "ija je"—meaning "mother eat." In a society where men take several wives (usually four) and expect them to support themselves and their children, the bond between mother and child is usually stronger than between husband and wife. Many male schizophrenics will say quite openly that their mothers are witches, whereas women often attribute their emotional problems to the sinister doings of their fathers' or husbands'

other wives. Women feel vulnerable to witches in the matter of childbearing. A woman's prestige in Yorubaland depends on how many babies she can bear and raise. Hence a young pregnant wife will keep her condition secret as long as possible for fear of the jealous reprisal of an older wife who can no longer conceive. The witch may even kill the baby, it is thought. Many infants wear bracelets around their wrists or ankles, as a sign to the gods that a previous child has died and that this one must be protected. However, health conditions are so poor in Nigeria that a quarter of the infants never reach the second birthday, and nearly half are dead of malaria or some other malady before the age of five.

Native healers use Ifa divination methods to dispel witchcraft. But many people who are not ill practice anti-witch "preventive medicine." Almost every market has its juju stalls where you can buy shrunken monkey heads, dried rats, and other fetishes designed to ward off evil spirits. There are also special cults to appease witches. One of these, the Gelede, is a dancing society headed by a priestess, but is otherwise a men-only affair. On the "If you can't beat them, join them" theory, witch doctors themselves often belong. The dancers disguise themselves as women with exaggerated breasts and buttocks, wear carved and colorful feminine masks and often carry replicas of babies. The belief is that by taking on the outward appearance of those they fear, they become impervious to their wiles.

The fear of witches is perhaps not too surprising in a country where the average life span is between thirty-five and forty. Old women are treated with a mixture of deference and dread on the assumption that only the supernatural could have kept them so long alive.

Prescription for Mankind?

Dr. Lambo's "village system" experiment, with its blend of advanced Western methods and tribalism to treat the mentally ill, has been so successful (its discharge rate compares favorably with that of the best Western mental hospitals) that it is being widely copied in Africa.* A similar project is planned for northern Nigeria, a modified version is in operation in Ghana, and various adaptations are being considered in East Africa. In newly independent nations, long on hope and intention, but short on cash and professional personnel, schemes like Aro make a lot of sense. Nigeria, with an area almost half again as large as Texas and with almost six times its population, has only a fraction of its wealth.

I watched Dr. Lambo examining Ola, an alert young man in his late twenties, wearing an American-style sport shirt. He had been born and brought up in an isolated jungle village. He and all his family were illiterate except for an older brother whose talent had been spotted by the local mission school. The brother had been sent to England to study law and was now a judge, with such perquisites of office as a driver and a car. After his brother's chauffeur had taught him to drive, young Ola abandoned yam farming to become a truck driver in the city. There he became addicted to hemp smoking and developed symptoms of schizophrenia. Finally he ran amok and was brought to Aro by another brother, who stayed with him throughout the illness. "He'll help him make the adjustment to the outside world," Dr. Lambo said. Ola would soon be released in the custody of the judge who planned to set him up with a sewing machine in the more stable occupation of tailor.

Not all patients, of course, reach self-sufficiency. Some of the chronically ill are placed with villagers who have large farms in the outlying districts. "There they can work with a minimum of strain, but still come under our supervision," Dr. Lambo said. "We're also making arrangements with industries in Abeokuta to hire the

more westernized patients who are well enough to hold jobs, but not well enough to go home."

Africa is now undergoing the transition from a tribal to a complex modern society. Dr. Lambo is well aware that, while his country needs these changes, some new problems are in the making and others are already here. In Lagos and other cities, as tribalism disintegrates, alcoholism, hemp-smoking, and prostitution are common. The mental ills of civilization are increasingly manifest among the patients at Aro.

As more and more children of illiterates learn to read, the gap between generations will grow and traditional bonds will weaken. Six years of primary education are now free in Nigeria, though not compulsory. Higher education brings problems, too. Nigerian secondary-school and university students are peculiarly prone to what, for want of a better term, psychiatrists call "brain fog." The symptoms may be headaches, inability to concentrate, or even a failure to comprehend the meaning of sentences. Reassurance cures the milder cases, but some young people are so severely affected that they have to leave school.

Then there is the matter of the "been to"—the local name for anyone from typist to lawyer who has studied abroad. The "been to" enjoys considerable prestige, particularly if he has studied in Britain rather than in Europe or the U. S. However, the "been to" has worries of his own which Dr. Lambo—himself the product of a British education and happily married to an Englishwoman—well understands.

Relatives and fellow villagers frequently finance foreign schooling at great personal sacrifice. Once the student is back in Nigeria, ready to rear a family and pursue his own career, he is expected to repay the debt by sending someone else abroad. One young man, a physician trained at the University of Ibadan who planned to go to England for further study, was seriously worried by the prospect of this obligation.

"What we have to realize in planning for the future," says Dr. Lambo, "is that while we talk of 'a sense of reality,' reality is, in fact, infinitely varied and can change. The greater the confidence which the community has in the nature and form of treatment they can obtain and in the people who will care for them, the more readily they will come forward when they or their relatives need help. And the greater the responsibility that is given to the community in the care and management of the mentally ill, the better and more sympathetic will be their response."

This might not be a bad prescription for the rest of the world, as well.

*See *Magic, Faith, and Healing: Studies in Primitive Psychiatry Today*, edited by Ari Kiev, M.D. (The Free Press of Glencoe, Collier-Macmillan, 1964).

Baltimore Boy

by Robert Kotlowitz

Which Baltimore? That is the only real question, since I can almost define myself (circa 1932-43) by the neighborhood in which I lived and its relationship to the others in that city. It was called Forest Park, as imaginative a name, unhappily, as Baltimore ever achieved, and it cannot be blamed for having looked precisely like every other self-contained suburb on the American continent, give or take a few odd features.

Old oaks and sycamores overgrew the streets. Flowers grew in everyone's backyard, most particularly our own (at least after the Depression), a prize collection of thousands of red, yellow, and white roses on less than a third of an acre, which the lower-grade pupils from P. S. 64 visited each June as guests of my father, who helped them feel at home by cracking corny jokes. Inside our house were hundreds of nervous, multicolored tropical fish which the children viewed after the garden; the noise of their aerators pumping away, the brilliant lighting in their huge tanks, and their quick aimless motion turned our home into an underwater phantasmagoria.

Hills garlanded the western edge of Forest Park, gradually leading into Gwynns Falls Valley and making, along the way, perfect slopes for

sledding, which we used each winter. Nothing ever really happened on those hills and streets except a certain amount of necessary movement to and fro and the steady, subversive activity, mostly invisible to adults, of children at play picking up misinformation about life. There were also many churches in Forest Park, as well as the largest synagogue in the city. My father was cantor of the synagogue. Despite the many gentiles who lived in Forest Park, real-estate covenants had turned the neighborhood into only one of several ghettos in which Baltimore's Jews were allowed to live. That was the setting (and part of the terms) in which I made my first moves to find myself and, by extension, the whole world.

Four themes ran through our Forest Park home like quicksilver: Judaism, Zionism, Culture (but literature and music only), and The Future, that is my sister's and my own. Her future lay in a good marriage. For "good," read money, children, home, and stability; the husband who supplied all this would be, by definition, perfect. Mine lay in "financial security," to be enjoyed against a "cultural background," both being among my parents' chief and persisting myths. Financial security, in those Depression days, was like the vision of an oasis in a desert of nonnegotiable dust and sand; eventually, it became an obsession. I can hardly remember an extended conversation with my father that did not have financial security, sooner or later, as its guiding principle. In that one sense, at least, he was exactly like most of his contemporaries.

Actually, the only financial security my father saw around him lay in the benign hands of the rich businessmen and comfortable professional men in his congregation; the professional men, in my parents' eyes, had the advantage of personal freedom and dignity. A doctor, then, like a thousand other Jewish boys, I would be. Of course, the whole thing was a comedy, but neither my father nor I knew that at the time. He would try, through my adolescence, to guide me to medical school and away from all the things I really loved. These included music and books and it must have disappointed him, in a way, to watch me grow more and more involved with them over the years. How was I to earn my living from music? Or books? The only irony—and it was important—was that he loved them, too, and our continuing disagreements must have summoned up his own European adolescence in a specific and painful way; as a boy he had fought a similar skirmish with his own family.

We struggled for a decade over this matter, and I won only because the war liberated me from

our private battleground, sent me off on my own, and offered, as a final reward, the GI Bill and independence. Just last year, my father suggested to me that, if I still wanted, I could become a doctor in another six years, with application and study. If I still wanted! I was indignant at first, but then we burst into laughter and I gave him my copy of *Herzog* to read. (He couldn't finish it from boredom.)

A Double Snob

We had come to Baltimore from New Rochelle, New York, in search of equilibrium. The 1929 crash ruined the New Rochelle congregation, which could not meet its obligations to its cantor. When the Baltimore synagogue called my father after a Passover tryout, we followed. At that point, there was no way but up, both for us and the rest of the country, although I never knew until years later that my parents had any financial problems. Through it all, my father continued to cultivate his moustache and affect spats and a shining mahogany walking cane, which I admired, and if he did not seem rich to me (we lived in three rooms in New Rochelle and I knew we could afford no more, but we ate and dressed well, or at least my mother dressed *me* well), he did seem an aristocrat. So being aristocratic, rather than rich, became one of the ideals of my childhood.

In Baltimore, the congregation was mainly middle-class with pockets of wealth that grew more extensive over the years as the Depression became the past. By the late 'thirties, money was easier and people wanted to have fun and look beautiful. At fourteen, I and the children of wealthy congregation members were wearing black ties at Saturday night dances at the country club; that was how we celebrated confirmations in the short lull before the war. But this wealth—since it often turned me into an observer of other people's pleasures—became uncomfortable for me; I had too many rich friends for my own good and I secretly began to envy them. At the same time, none of their fathers, I noticed, wore spats or carried a cane. Nor did most of them have books in their home, although some did keep an unplayed piano in the living room. So for a while I became a double snob: I possessed both rich friends and superior culture. The flaw, of course, was that there was no one who could possibly have cared.

The fact is that we had a library at home: all of Tolstoi, Turgenev, Dickens, Maupassant, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Voltaire, Mark Twain, H. G. Wells, Edgar Allan Poe, and Anatole France;

books of Jewish learning, the poetry of Judah Halevi and Chaim Bialik, studies of Zionism; Biblical commentaries and encyclopedias; and my parents' own choice among their contemporaries—Lion Feuchtwanger, Emil Ludwig, Ludwig Lewisohn, Franz Werfel, the brothers Zweig. There were shelves of odds and ends, too, holding children's classics, copies of last year's best-sellers, like Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* or Negley Farson's *The Way of a Transgressor*, bought by my father as remainders at the Peabody Book Shop, as well as biographies of esoteric historic figures, Napoleon's chief-of-police, Fouché, being among them. My mother, sister, and I had never heard of Fouché. Who had, in Baltimore? It was a library that mainly spoke with a Central European accent, although my father came from Warsaw and my mother from London. I have never seen one quite like it. In bits and pieces, it is now partly on my own bookshelves, stolen volume by volume from my parents; my sister has the rest.

As for music, it was then the most natural expression of all our personalities, I think. My father, of course, sang, so did my mother and sister. I did not, but I had the talent at the baby grand, which arrived at our house in the midst of the Depression, long before my parents found the money for an automobile.

For years, I studied the piano with a succession of private teachers, most of them sweet, virginal young women without imagination or dreams. They were bored by teaching, they were bored by music. Eventually, my father decided to send me to the preparatory branch of the Peabody Conservatory. In order to enter, I had to go through a battery of tests on music theory and keyboard technique, my father a nervous wreck all the way through. What did it mean to him? I cannot be sure; but the Peabody is one of the few centers of Baltimore's laggard cultural tradition, which is both thin and debilitated. Perhaps if it accepted me, it meant that it accepted my father, too. It was distant from the parochial Jewish world in which we lived and carried a strong, attractive suggestion of safe cosmopolitanism, of culture without Bohemianism. At the Peabody, there was creativity enclosed in a bourgeois cocoon. No bad end could come to anyone in its genteel halls, in

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which, as far as I can remember, no music composed after 1900 was ever heard.

Of I went, twice a week, to enhance my "cultural background." For years I worked hard at Czerny (all finger exercises, no music), Haydn, Mozart, Bach, a little Beethoven; the company, I admit, could have been worse. Part of the Peabody requirements were appearances at public recitals; two or three times a year, I—and my family—would emerge from Forest Park and make our way downtown on a Saturday night, when we would seat ourselves in a small, muted auditorium along with a dozen other performers and their families. There we would await our individual turn, indicated on the program, and at last climb to the stage and the concert grand in total agony to show off our gifts.

No matter how many times I went through this process, I never learned how to control my nerves, which had me visibly trembling in my seat before each performance. I was afraid I would forget the notes, play the wrong ones, hit the keys too hard, too soft, or not at all; I was also self-consciously afraid that I would look foolish, being fourteen. And the enormous tone of the concert grand we had to perform on always caught me by surprise, so that I spent my entire time onstage adjusting to it. The last note played brought the sweetest relief I have ever known; it was over at last, until the next time.

The annual examinations were no easier. Besides written tests in theory, semi-public performances in front of fellow students were also required, and it was there that I learned to flirt with the old maid examiners who were susceptible to innocence, or its facsimile. I might mangle a Haydn sonata, but a single look—compounded of real fright, a guileful longing to please, and a certain cowlike submissiveness—was enough to get me a passing mark. Still, music is music and I am bound to it for life; I play the piano to this day, Haydn, Mozart, Bach, a little Beethoven, but no Czerny.

Twilight Symbols

There were rewards, too, at the Peabody that my parents had not imagined when they enrolled me. Each week, I was surrounded by fresh, desirable blond creatures, in blue or green or gray uniforms most of them. They were special students from the city's private schools: Bryn Mawr, Notre Dame, Mt. Saint Agnes, the Friends School. I worshiped them all, no matter how little talent they had or how little they might care for

music. For me, they were emissaries from the land of financial security, coming from rich, restricted, Anglo-Saxon neighborhoods in Roland Park, and with them they brought candor, spirit, and good looks. Nothing could embarrass them, or so it seemed. It did not matter that we barely exchanged a word week after week; one cursory, side-long glance from Pat Demarest during our class in theory was enough to set off a social revolution in me that raged just below the surface. Aboveboard I was a neat, pleasant, well-mannered boy who paid attention to the rules; it was easier that way. Actually, I was like those French peasants who could not muster their revolt until they had a taste of what they had been missing. Once I had spent three years at the Peabody with the girls from Roland Park and all they symbolized, however wrongly, I was almost lost to the possibilities that were realistically supposed to be mine.

The Peabody itself stood in the heart of Mount Vernon Place, which remains Baltimore's aesthetic climax, a crossway of two arteries landscaped for the length of a block in each direction. At its center rises a tall phallic monument to George Washington himself, who, as the Father of it all, genteelly surveys the city from several hundred feet in the air. Most of Mount Vernon Place, outside of the Peabody, the Walters Art Gallery, and several churches, is made up of enormous homes, in brownstone, brick, or granite, all attached to each other like the homes in Louisburg or Washington Square, interspersed by a few apartment buildings that give variety and accent to the neighborhood.

Twice a week, at twilight, I would leave the Peabody at the east end of Mount Vernon Place and walk up the hill to the monument, heading west to the Forest Park streetcar as the lights came on in the Place and the homes around it. Often, then, a feeling of desperate longing would settle in me: I wanted to live in one of those homes and I knew I never would. I imagined grand lives—all liberated warmth and generous intelligence—for their owners; no one on this earth has ever lived the way I thought those invisible people lived. I created my own myths, embellished them week by week, and refused to give them up, even when the houses were already being broken up into small apartments out of financial necessity. Years later, when I came to Paris for the first time, certain squares in that city nostalgically surfaced all my feelings about Mount Vernon Place, but by then time had transformed my needs and I discovered that I cared very little. I do not want to sentimentalize my early feelings. All in all, they worked for me. They helped to create in reality what I had been

ending only in books until then: a vision of another place, another style, another world.

It was a silent process. I led the quietest of all possible inner lives for I never spoke to anyone about it. My real surface life went on in Forest Park, and other neighborhoods like it, where I dated pretty young girls (idealizing them and, because I did, always losing them) and tried, never successfully, to become part of a "crowd" and share its intense sense of exclusive self-identification; I could never pull that off but I had little trouble reconciling the demands of a voracious fantasy life with most of the pleasures and miseries of day-to-day, middle-class living. I dreamed my way happily through the public schools of Baltimore; I sailed the Chesapeake Bay once a year on an old steamer down to a rundown resort called Tolchester; I went to Carlin's Park on sodden summer nights to watch Sandor Szabo, Man Mountain Dean, and with luck the Greek champion himself, Jim Londos, wrestle out-of-doors.

Meanwhile, letters came to Baltimore from Warsaw: I had a new cousin; my father's sister had been crowned the beauty queen of the city and included as proof was a rotogravure newspaper photograph showing an utter stranger with huge, demure eyes set in an exquisite oval face; another cousin had been shipped off to the Riviera to recover from an unhappy love affair; one letter said that my grandmother was dead, leaving my father, who was the only son to have made the trip West, to weep alone in our living room. Occasionally, former countrymen of my father's would stop by for an afternoon, bringing news of his family, rolling the rich, vivid names off their tongues and evoking an uncontrollable nostalgia in my father; it would take him days to quiet down and then he would start to plan a European trip again, "before it gets too late." He never went back.

At the Rabbi's

On Sundays in Baltimore, I went to the synagogue school, studying history and ritual there as the two irreplaceable links in Jewish continuity. The ritual was dramatized for me in our home, to my endless boredom, and while I lavished all my imagination upon the history, it remained remote, cut off from life by simpering textbooks. During the week I studied the Old Testament in Hebrew, setting up barriers of psychological resistance so intense that after ten years of study, I could not translate a single line of Hebrew to anyone's satisfaction. The genealogies and census-taking, the elaborate cataloguing of all events, im-

portant or not, made me wild with impatience. Where was God—or reality—in all this?

At one point in my uprising, I was suspended from the school for two weeks for back-talking to the principal; the experience unnerved my mother, who took my obligations as the cantor's son, and hers as the cantor's wife, seriously. On Saturday afternoon, while almost everyone I knew went to the movies, I and a few friends made our lazy way to the rabbi's house on Springdale Avenue (Forest Park streets were tagged with simple bucolic names: Fairview, Oakfield, Liberty Heights, Woodhaven) to study the Biblical commentary of Rashi, the famous and ancient rabbi of Troyes. There we sat around the dining-room table, while the afternoon sun streamed in through the west windows and the rabbi's son, who was younger than we and looked as though he had just stepped out of the Old Testament, showed us up with his erudition. Those afternoons were made up of equal parts panic and tedium. If the rabbi called on me to translate, I turned out to be a dolt, embarrassing myself and my family. On the other hand, while the rabbi expounded Rashi and text in the ripest, most hypnotic English diction I have ever heard, I sat slowly paralyzing from weariness. I could make no link then between an eleventh-century rabbi from Troyes, France, and my American fantasies of money, fame, and love.

The act of my Bar Mitzvah at this time did what it was supposed to, at least in part; my voice sounding there loud and reedy in the vast synagogue prayer hall confirmed me to myself. And while I had a feeling for religion (but none for piety), no sense of a covenant with God came through to me from the ceremony. I simply mounted the pulpit, faced the Ark, and, my knees shaking a bit, dashingly ululated the Bible excerpt for the week in Hebrew with all the intricate style of a muezzin. All my friends did it the same way in synagogues and temples around the city that were simple variations of each other: built of huge granite stones, domed either in the center of the roof or on twin towers, ambiguous in profile (Turkish, Greek, Palestinian, Persian, vague touches of the Middle East and Asia Minor), dim inside, smelling of oiled prayer books and suggesting, but only barely, mystery.

The following night, five hundred guests showed up at a marathon reception at our home that lasted eight hours. For it, my bedroom had been transformed into a bar. In the center of the dining room, where our table always stood, fountains splashed softly over naked cherubs. The party exhausted me. I shook everyone's hand, accepted

their congratulations, and longed for sleep. With so much worldly and divine attention focused on me, I soon began to feel more important than our guests. Late in the evening, someone hissed into my ear, "Mayor Jackson is here!" "Who cares?" I said, pretending insouciance. He arrived with an escort of a half-dozen policemen mounted noisily on motorcycles and as soon as he entered the house bore down on me heavily, mopping his brow. His hair was white and his moon face was flushed a deep red. "Congratulations, son," he said, shaking my hand. (*His son later married Rosa Ponselle, a fact that finally made the Jackson family interesting to me.*) The cops then came in for a drink, too. I knew that the Mayor of Baltimore was not there for me. I knew that he was not there for my mother or my father. He was there to assure future votes among influential citizens and I felt patronizing toward him for it and for the panoply that went with it. It did not seem to me, at thirteen, to be worth an adult's trouble.

The Subject Was History

And all the time history crept up on us, not quietly but with constant reverberations, echoes, signals, subtle warnings, and the sight and sound of noisy, sad events unrolling in grimy black-and-white on the newsreel screen. One day in the third grade, I came home from school for lunch and heard on the kitchen radio news of the Japanese snaking their way through Manchuria. Something in the voice of the announcer, beyond the actual news, frightened me: portentousness and his own fear of the words he was speaking. Those radio bulletins and the headlines of the Baltimore Sunpapers became the patterns in which history was recorded for us.

It seemed to me that the 'thirties continued for at least two decades, stretched out beyond any usefulness, like all unhappy times. The phenomenon, shocking to all of us, of real Europeans suddenly arriving in considerable numbers in Baltimore became a part of my daily landscape. With the reddened cheeks peculiar to European children, the Falkenburg brothers, Sigi Gebhardt and his brother, Julian Hess, and dozens of others began to converge on the city, coming from Frankfurt am Main, Coblenz, Hamburg, Berlin as young "Aliyah" refugees brought over by my mother and her friends who were desperate to "get the children out." They did not come with their parents, who remained behind, nor did they ever speak of them or of Germany.

And there was another curious fact: there were many more boys than girls; could this have been a result of deliberate policy? Some of them brought an attractive quality that I was unable to name then but which I now recognize was a kind of unashamed intellectuality. They were never afraid to care about what they cared about. Again, I do not want to sentimentalize these refugees. Yet the truth is that I found a close friend or two among them, especially during my junior-high-school days, and I could talk to them of matters that made uneasy conversation with most of my Baltimore friends. Music was among these subjects. So were books. And so, in fact, was history.

The Nazi occupation of the Rhineland terrified me, as had the news of Manchuria and, later, Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia. The front page of the *Sun* showed a picture of a soldier in a sinister spiked helmet marching into the Saar on horseback. Cannon and foot soldiers followed. I had never even seen a company of real soldiers. Around this time, a group of my contemporaries formed a club which met once a week to discuss the endless issues of the day. We would select a subject—isolationism, Palestine and the British, the threat of fascism—and precociously offer lengthy opinions on it to each other in very loud voices. We were bright, argumentative, and perhaps a little repellent. But we gathered faith in ourselves at these meetings and helped to get rid of some of our fears of the time.

The actual war came via the Sunpapers. That morning—it could not have been later than six-thirty—our neighbor, Bobby Dunner, barely a year older than I, his eyes bulging with fierce excitement, came running down Forest Park Avenue yelling "Extra, Extra!" He carried the news of the Nazi invasion of Poland under his arm. I bought a copy of the paper, reading the news for the moment as though it were a synopsis of an adventure novel. Then my father grabbed the paper from me. He turned ashen and I saw tears come to his eyes; he was thinking of his family in Warsaw. Later that year, in the spring, I could read the war news on my way home from school each afternoon through the display windows of the vending machines that sold the Sunpapers on every other street corner. Each day's story grew worse, as the French crumbled and the British made their way back to the Channel.

I disbelieved it all; no news, no matter how conditioned I had been over the past decade to catastrophe, could be that bad. Yet the evacuation at Dunkirk took place and, while I accepted it as total apocalypse, the world, in fact, went on



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and time did not stop. I was too young to know skirmishes from battles, defeat from setbacks, retreat from rout, the end from beginnings. A year later, Germany invaded Russia on the night of our Senior Prom. We learned the news sipping milk shakes after the dance at the A & W when the *Sunday Sun* was delivered to the restaurant in great piles, ready to be picked up for delivery to suburban Baltimore homes. The girl I had taken to the Senior Prom was uninterested in those bracing headlines and so was the couple we had double-dated with. Their detachment shocked me just as my concern undoubtedly bored them.

Entangled in Barbed Wire

I can hardly remember a time when the sociology of Baltimore did not partially hypnotize me. What belonged to whom? Who owned all the property? How had the intricate family relationships been established? There were young men and women, I knew, who had acquired fifty cousins by the simple act of getting married. Where had Baltimore's million people come from and how had they grown into sharply differing tribes that were insulated from each other? Why were the city's Italians—individual and outspoken—in their own ghettos? Who told the Poles they had to live in south Baltimore, tough and distant from us, in endless skinny row houses, fronted by white marble steps? If Negro women could make their way into Forest Park to work twelve hours a day, six-and-a-half days a week, for seven dollars plus a nickel for each streetcar ride, to and fro, why could I not visit their neighborhoods? What horrors could possibly exist there that frightened the adults so much?

When I headed downtown to the Peabody, the streetcar ran right along the perimeter of the huge and well-defined Negro ghetto. Four times a week, riding uptown and down, I could see Douglas High School sitting up on its hill and I knew that I would never enter it. My own high school in Forest Park played every school, public and private, in the city in sports, but not Douglas. I never knew a Negro my own age in Baltimore.

But of maids there was no end. Della, Joy, Ruth, Josephine, Rodean, Mary, they came and went, but only after my sister and I had managed some emotional involvement that made every departure painful. They prepared three meals a day and served them, cleaned the house, washed the laundry, scrubbed floors, kept an eye on us, and in one case exchanged French for Hebrew lessons (the arrangement lasted three weeks and died).

mutual laziness). Yet it was clear to us all that they could barely manage a human relationship with the adults, who never failed to say in public what they expected from these "girls." What they expected was hostility, which indeed was what they got since it was the sole emotion permitted a Negro woman in the white Baltimore suburbs.

Sometimes it seemed that we lived in a whirlpool of snobbery and prejudice. Those who were not Jewish, for example, could not understand the mysteries of life or enjoy its pleasures. Blandness was associated with the gentiles, as was cruelty and, often, stupidity. These were not the prejudices of my parents, however; but they existed and where they existed surrounded us all like barbed-wire fences. Nor did prejudice exist solely against outsiders. German Jews looked down upon their fellow Ashkenazim, the Russian Jews. The Germans had arrived in the city first—some of them before the Civil War, refugees from the 1848 revolutions—and over the years had kept to themselves, inbreeding for generation upon generation. Strousse married Guntermacher, and Guntermacher married Oberdorfer; Oberdorfer married Strousse and Strousse, in turn, married Strauss. Strauss married Levi and Levi found Kahn; Kahn married Fruchtman, Fruchtman Oberdorfer. A circle of perpetual motion was set loose in which third cousins discovered each other as marriage prospects and first cousins sometimes fell in love. There were uncles and grandnieces who looked more alike than fathers and daughters. Features thinned, so did blood. Commerce supported this vast, entangled snarl of family relationships, and culture eventually became its cause.

When the Jews from Eastern Europe began to arrive in Baltimore late in the nineteenth century, they brought exotic ways, kosher cooking, old-fashioned, orthodox rituals on which the German community, already among the leaders of Reformed Judaism, had turned its back. (Paradoxically, the most austere Orthodox Jews in Baltimore were clustered in a few German Jewish families that maintained two kitchens, among other ritual obligations, in their enormous homes, one for cooking milk dishes, the other for meat.) Still, whatever exceptional pockets remained in each group, by the time I entered adolescence, the German Jews were generally assumed to be assimilationist, anti-Zionist, antiritual, while the Eastern Jews were supposed to be precisely the reverse. While this was far from being always true, it was nevertheless a curious and unpleasant fact that the Eastern European Jews adopted more German refugee children than did the older, more settled "Germans" themselves. In any case,

a striking social split existed. Marriages between the two groups were rare and so, in fact, was ordinary social contact; two country clubs had grown up, each to cater to one or the other branch. The war collapsed the whole arbitrary construction, as it did other nonsense, but for years the German-Russian split in Baltimore was a real and constant affair and reverberations can be felt to this day, particularly from those who were ever snubbed on one side or another.

One Who Laughed

Within the Eastern European group, which was by far the larger in terms of population and varieties of subcultures, many of those who had made their fortunes and acquired a taste for American life—that is, without ritual, which, having lost all spiritual meaning, had become “superstitions” to those who considered themselves enlightened—looked down, in turn, upon those who retained any of the primitive ways of European ghetto life. There were not many of them left in Forest Park.

One was a middle-aged man set heavy like a short, stout cigar, with dirty fingernails and a kind of mindlessness about mundane existence that marked him instantly as part of the old school. He lived alone among his disappearing cronies. They had begun to die from age; I do not remember coronaries and cancer among them. He called himself a Hasid, a not very holy one I suspect, but still attached in an unbreakable way to the Hasidic court he had emigrated from in Poland or Lithuania. What did he make of the city of Baltimore? Or, being a worldly object, was it meaningless to him? He came to all the services at our synagogue, morning and evening during the week, and Sabbath, of course, as well. There, too, he was an alien, arriving at Friday evening services the slightest bit tipsy, returning the next morning in the hopes of a Bar Mitzvah celebration so that he might enjoy a glass of wine.

The truth is that he was drunk much of the time and that was what gave him, in part at least, his quality of timelessness; drink makes time disappear and it showed in our Hasid's sometimes vacant, highly spiritualized face. His own personal style of prayer in the synagogue resembled no one else's because he had learned to smile and even laugh while praying, and as the morning progressed his smile became fixed, then transported. Rapture, fueled by alcohol and love, had taken hold. He sang, talked to himself, enjoyed in a mocking way the grim, sedate upper-middle-class

atmosphere so carefully nurtured by the congregation's leaders. And embarrassed everyone who thought that relics like that had been left for good in the old country. Drunk or sober, the Hasid did not stand a chance. He was an undesirable in this New World of personal liberty and unlimited choice. But he did not remain a problem for long. When he died, noisy to the last, no one was left to take his place.

By then, even the synagogues and temples themselves in Baltimore had begun to change, relinquishing at the hands of brilliant and gifted young architects all links with the Near East, with those massive granite houses of worship, domed and solid, that had been the tradition internationally for centuries. New, spacious, elegant, square-edged, angular contemporary brick buildings went up in their place and their clean lines cannot be gainsaid nor can their equipment for secular pleasures: gymnasiums, dining rooms, ballrooms, meeting rooms, lecture rooms. With the disappearance of the old synagogues, the gnarled, crackling Hebrew of the Bible slowly began its transformation at services into the resonant dignity of English as even orthodox congregations began to pray more and more in the national language; and with that has come a paling of Jehovah Himself into a neat, even-featured image of polite divinity; in short, an Anglo-Saxon God.

It was in Baltimore that I first read Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*; it was to suggest a vision of the future that has never been either redeemed or quite forgotten. I would not have that romantic and glorious way of life that Vincent Sheean made up out of a Midwestern fantasy if I could, but I have always been attracted to the spirit that created it: in love with words and music, involved in life and uncommitted to ideology, at home everywhere in the world. It was one of those books—perhaps they are not so impressive in 1965—that first blurred the boundaries for me, reformed or, even better, eliminated lines of demarcation. In my later adolescent years, not long before I went off to war and left Baltimore for good, Sheean gave way to Thomas Wolfe, whom I found in the neighborhood library during a convalescence from pneumonia. In his books, I read about interminable train journeys, yearning all the while on my Forest Park porch that sickly spring (surrounded by the scent of a thousand budding roses) to make my own train journeys, blur my own boundaries, and finding again in a book in Baltimore another, different world I wanted to enter.

Mother and Son in a Puerto Rican Slum

Part I: Felicita

by Oscar Lewis



Introduction: In an effort to improve our understanding of low-income Puerto Ricans, their style of life, their problems, and the process of adjustment in New York, I have done a two-year study of one hundred Puerto Rican families in four slums of Greater San Juan and of their relatives in New York.

I have excerpted for Harper's my tape-recordings with a Puerto Rican woman, Felicita, and her eleven-year-old son, Gabriel, both of which will be included in my book, *In the Life*, to be published by Random House in 1966. The Felicita section follows; the tape-recording of the son Gabriel will appear in the January issue. (The names of persons and places have been changed to maintain the anonymity of the subjects.)

Approximately a million Puerto Ricans now live in the United States, over 600,000 in New York. Most of them live in poverty; they have a very low education level (the lowest of any ethnic group in New York City), a high incidence of mental disability, and a high rate of tuberculosis, conditions which reflect the poverty of their native land. Because of the dramatic and inspiring progress of

Puerto Rico since 1940, we tend to forget that it is still a very poor country, twice as poor as the poorest state in the United States.

In 1960, 42.7 per cent of all families reporting monetary income had less than \$1,000 a year; 80 per cent had less than \$3,000. Fourteen per cent of the population were still unemployed, 15 per cent of all families were on relief, and 20 per cent received food allotments.

In 1960, 58.5 per cent of the males and 85.1 per cent of the females between fourteen and nineteen—approximately 100,000 Puerto Ricans—were neither in school nor in the labor force. These are much higher figures than for 1950.

The persistence of a Puerto Rican way of life, especially among the low-income group, even after many years of residence in the United States, is the result of several factors, one of which is the maintenance of close ties with Puerto Rico. Indeed, one of the most distinctive characteristics of the Puerto Rican migration to the States is that it is a two-way rather than a one-way movement. In 1960, there was a total net migration to the United States of 20,000, but Puerto Ricans made

almost a million trips back and forth, taking advantage of the inexpensive plane fare between New York and San Juan.

One of the major obstacles to more rapid and significant progress in the current war against poverty is the great gulf that exists between the values and way of life of the very poor and those of the middle-class personnel—teachers, social workers, health workers, and others—who bear the major responsibility in carrying out these programs. We know a great deal about the statistics and economics of poverty, but we are only beginning to understand the psychology and inner life of some of the very poor. In the case of the Puerto Ricans, many of whom have come from rural areas or urban slums, the obstacles to understanding are even greater because of the barrier of language and the differences between cultures. And while Puerto Ricans have been one of the most surveyed and studied groups, most of the studies have been of a questionnaire type and have told us too little about the intimate details of their lives and the conditions which have formed their character.

In the Life is the story of a family from La Esmeralda, an old and very colorful slum in San Juan, built on a steep embankment between the city's ancient fort walls and the sea. Although only ten minutes from the Governor's palace and the city center, and San Juan, La Esmeralda forms a little community of its own with about 3,600 people who live in 900 houses squeezed into an area of less than five city blocks long and a few hundred yards wide. Most of the houses are fairly large wooden structures set on cement bases, with overhanging porches and balconies. Many houses are painted in various shades of blue, green, or yellow; many are unpainted. Seen from above, La Esmeralda looks prosperous because all the buildings are roofed with new green tar paper, a gift from the Mayoress.

From the wall above, down to the sea, the physical condition of the houses becomes poorer and poorer and the social status of the people becomes correspondingly lower, until at the beach itself, the poorest people live in the most dilapidated houses. To live on the beach is dangerous. Only recently, fifty homes were destroyed by high waves in a single night and the residents had to be moved to public housing projects. The beach is the dirtiest part of La Esmeralda. Several large conduits, broken in places, carry sewage down to the sea, and the beach is swarming with flies and littered with trash—garbage, human feces, beer bottles, condoms, broken beds, and rotted wood. But the people of La Esmeralda use the beach for bathing, for lovecaking, for fishing, and when hungry for collecting snails and crabs. They raise pigs there because of the abundant supply of garbage. The beach is also a refuge for dope addicts (the so-

called "tecatos") who gather under the pile house to inject themselves.

To the people of Greater San Juan, La Esmeralda has a bad reputation. Most middle-class people are afraid to go there, and even doctors refuse to make house calls. To the residents themselves, however, La Esmeralda is a relatively elegant and healthful place, with its beautiful view of the sea, its paved streets, the absence of mosquitoes, the low rentals, and its nearness to their places of work. Despite the poverty and occasional violence, the general mood of the people of La Esmeralda is one of gaiety. They are outgoing and friendly, with relatively little distrust of outsiders.

The people earn their living in a large number of occupations. By far the greater proportion of the men are laborers and longshoremen working on the city docks; others work in restaurants or hotels and in other service occupations. Very few men or women from La Esmeralda work in factories. Some women are maids in homes or hotels in the city, some are sales workers or clerks. Many of the women work within La Esmeralda taking in washing and ironing. An unusually large number of women—compared to other slums in Greater San Juan—work as prostitutes catering to longshoremen and to visiting sailors and soldiers. Approximately 30 per cent of the families have had some history of prostitution.

The Ríos family, portrayed in *In the Life*, is one of thirty-two sample families selected for this study in the La Esmeralda slum. The two principal criteria of selection was low income and the presence of relatives in New York. Forty-seven per cent of the sample families had an annual income of less than \$1,000; the average for the sample was \$1,370. Felicita was well above the average with an estimated income of about \$1,700.

The family consists of five households, a mother and two married daughters in La Esmeralda and a married son and daughter in New York. The mother, Fernanda Fuentes, a Negress, age 40, is now living with her sixth husband. Her children—Soledad 25, Felicita 23, Simplicio 21, and Cruz 19—were born to Fernanda while she was living in free union with her first husband Cristóbal Ríos, a light-skinned Puerto Rican.

Felicita, a slim, attractive mulatto less than five feet tall, is the mother of five children by three husbands. Her son Gabriel, age seven, and his twin brother Angelito are Felicita's eldest children by her first husband. Felicita lives with her children in a wooden house near the beach, in a two-room apartment which she rents for \$12 a month. A flimsy partition separates her apartment from her neighbor with whom she shares a common porch and toilet. Felicita has no kitchen and cooks on a two-burner kerosene stove. A leaking faucet in the toilet is the only source of water; the electricity was shut off because the bill had not been paid.

—Oscar Lewis

Felicita

I

When I was a child my stepmother told me that my *mamá* was a prostitute but I didn't believe her. I said I wanted to see my *mamá*, to know her, and my stepmother would say that there was no reason for me to see that bitch because she was no mother, the way she treated us. She said that my *mamá* didn't want to cook for us and that she went out with men, carrying on and drinking and leaving us dirty and alone at all hours of the night.

I didn't care what my stepmother said. I was sad because my *mamá* and *papá* were living apart and the only thing I wished was that they'd get together again so they could be a good example to us.

My *mamá* tells me that my father was mean to her, that sometimes he didn't give her money for food and there wasn't anything but corn flour for us to eat. She would have to go and wash clothes in order to feed us. So when the army sent my *papá* to French Guiana, she took a lover and ended up pregnant, and when my father came back he found her with a big belly. She tried to blame it on him but he said how could the child be his if he had been away for a year and a half? Well, they were fighting over it so much that they separated. I was about five then.

My stepmother, Hortensia, had moved to San-turce from the country and was living next door to us. She began making eyes at my *papá*, and this and that, until he fell in love with her. He said, "All right, I'll marry you, but my children must stay with me." She was angry but she accepted us because my *mamá* didn't want to take care of us.

Hortensia mistreated us kids and didn't want to cook for us or send us to school. According to my godmother, my stepmother would throw our bread and food to us on the floor. She didn't want to buy us clothes, and would beat us if we sat down in the living room. Once my sister Cruz was crying and Hortensia went and grabbed her and threw her to the floor and that's why she is lame, although my stepmother says it was meningitis which made Cruz a cripple.

Once when my *papá* was not in Puerto Rico, my real *mamá* came to the house and said she wanted to see my sister Soledad. My stepmother was frightened because people said my *mamá* carried a Gem razor in her mouth. So my *mamá* took my sister out for a walk and didn't bring her back. My stepmother didn't really want to have us anyway and she kept saying, "Oh, if that

woman would only come and take all of you." Then my *mamá* came and won over my brother and, after that, Cruz. Finally I was the only one left.

When I'd get home from school, my stepmother would have coffee and things ready for her boys but nothing for me. She didn't want me to play with anybody or to have friends. She wanted me just to stay in the house. If she saw me talking to a girl friend, she would spank me. I told her that I was going to stay with my *mamá*. She said that was a good idea because I was going to be a whore just like my *mamá* was.

I loved my *papá* very much. He would give me anything I asked for. And if I got sick, he looked after me and took me to the hospital and he himself would prepare the remedies. He is a fine man, my *papá*, but he was not very happy with my *mamá* or with my stepmother either, although he always did what she told him to. He set up a home for her, bought her furniture, and bought her a house right off, something he never did for my *mamá*. He bought another house that cost him \$3,800 but he gave it to a friend for \$80 one day when he had a fight with Hortensia and got drunk.

Papá behaved very well with my stepmother, even though he liked to run around with women and once she wanted to divorce him. At first, when he'd cash his paycheck he wouldn't give any of it to her, but later he turned all his money over to her, as if she had him tied up. It seems to me she must have put some kind of a spell on him because she kept going to the spiritist. She had *tallagü* sticks all over the place, and crosses, lighted candles, saints, and prayers and such. And she burned a lot of incense in the house, to hold him in check.

She did as she pleased in the house. There were times when she would even beat him! What happened was that my father had a girl friend and he'd come home drunk. One day Hortensia got hold of him and was going to throw him down a staircase with seventy-three steps. I had to go out and yell for the neighbors because he couldn't get up and she was on top of him. She broke a chair over him and he couldn't get out of bed for a week. That's how forward she is with him.

Oscar Lewis has been professor of anthropology at the University of Illinois since 1948. His books dealing with Mexican life, including "Five Families," "The Children of Sanchez," and "Pedro Martínez," employed the technique used here and aroused remarkable critical and popular interest. Several of the Mexican characters appeared in articles in "Harper's" in 1961 and 1964.

II

I was living with my *mamá* and stepfather Pedro when I met Angel and we became sweethearts. He was a soldier at Fort Brooke. He came to my house but my mother took a dislike to him from the start. She spent her time in the bars playing dice and getting drunk but she wouldn't let me go out with Angel. She was always scolding me and never gave me the things I needed. So one day I went off with Angel. He was twenty-six and I was fourteen.

On the way to his mother's house he told me he was going to marry me, that he had a house all ready for me. But we never married. His *mamá* was opposed to it because he was white and I was colored. We lived in her house for four months and I got pregnant. He had prayed for me to become pregnant but when it happened he turned awfully mean. He would come home drunk after spending his money and would beat me all over, kick me in the belly, and knock me on the floor. Once he gave me a kick that knocked me into an open dresser drawer. Then he picked me up in the air by one arm and one leg and dropped me into a chamber pot full of urine.

Finally my twins, Gabi and Angelito, were born. They were tiny babies. One weighed three pounds and the other four. Little bits of things. I had to put a pillow under them to be able to pick them up to nurse them. The two of them would cry at the same time and whatever one did the other did. They would get sick at the same time too, so I had to carry them both. It was terrible. Angel continued to get drunk and mistreat me and he wanted no part of the children. One day I told him I was going to leave so he beat me up and gave me a black eye. So after living with Angel for two years I went back to La Esmeralda with my mother.

One day a friend of mine, Zulma, who was in the profession, took me to Papo's bar to introduce me to a young man. He looked as nice as could be. He was well-dressed, and from the way he behaved you could tell he must come from good people. I told him I had children but he said he didn't care. He said he wanted to live with me and would support my children. I was only sixteen then and very ignorant. I fell for anything people told me. And on top of that I had to worry about feeding the two boys. Lots of time I gave them sugar water because I didn't have money for milk. So I let myself get tied up with Nicolás. After a week I had relations with him. I enjoyed being with him because after all I'm a woman and have sensations. He said he wasn't married but when he learned

that I was pregnant he told me he was married and would have to break off with me. He kept seeing me for a while at night but he never brought me anything except a can of juice. I was three-months pregnant when he abandoned me.

When I had the baby he said she wasn't his. But after the little girl's features began to form, people told him her face was a copy of his. As soon as he saw her he burst out crying because he could see that she resembled him. The next day he accepted her as his and gave me five dollars. The next week he gave me three more and that was the last.

I kept on fighting and fighting to keep afloat. I was in bad shape, very bad shape, and decided to go to New York. So I sent word to my father, who was now in Virginia, that if he didn't want his daughter to become a prostitute he'd better help me find some way to get to New York. So he said he would, and the first week he sent me fourteen dollars and then twenty after that.



My twins were only two and a half years old when I left them with their grandmother. I felt terrible about it but what could I do? I went to Virginia to live with my *papá* and stepmother. On the plane I imagined myself in the States, struggling through the snow, surrounded by luxurious buildings, like in the movies. I dreamed that I was going to be rich. "I'll work and get money together and find my happiness there." That's what I told myself and that's why I went.

My stepmother, Hortensia, behaved well for a couple of days. After that I had to be washing and waxing and polishing the floors. I had to clean

the Venetian blinds and the furniture, cook and iron for her. The baby had begun to crawl and would grab my stepmother's little figurines. She broke one and my stepmother hit her so hard her little leg swelled up.

Then my stepmother began saying things to me. One day, she let me know that a spiritist had told her I was a witch. I was putting on some cologne and she says to me, "Oh, pfui, that stinks of witchcraft. And now that we are on the subject, I'll tell you that a spiritist said you were going to the cemetery to sorcerize me."

When my stepmother began to treat me badly I decided to go to my Uncle Simón's house and work to get the money for my fare back to Puerto Rico. My father's brother, Uncle Simón, had a wife and four children in Salem, New Jersey. The first time I asked him if I could stay with him, he kept quiet but then when I told him I was going to work and help him out, he said, "All right, come." They live well. They own a two-story house and have sets of furniture in the living room, dining room, and bedroom. They also have a very pretty, well-equipped kitchen.

In Puerto Rico, my uncle sold candy off a pushcart. He lived at Stop 26 and his house was built right in the mud. If they ate a chicken there, they couldn't afford to discard even the neck and feet. In the States they'll take nothing but the breast and the drumsticks. The rest they throw away. My uncle had almost forgotten how to speak Spanish. My cousins, his daughters, spoke only English. They had a dance at their house when we got there and they played only English records. When I explained to them that I only knew Spanish, they turned to the other girls and spoke to them. I remembered how miserably poor they had been and I felt very uncomfortable seeing them try to act as if they were better than other people.

What I'd like to do to people who show off talking English! If I could be Governor of Puerto Rico or the Mayor of New York for five or ten minutes I'd take a pistol and I'd shoot every Puerto Rican who has forgotten Spanish. It's a disgrace! It makes me uncomfortable to hear a Puerto Rican talk in such a ridiculous way. The modern teen-agers, for instance, are speaking a brand of English nobody can make head or tail of. They'll play an American record and exclaim, "*Ave Maria*, that's really sharp!" but if you ask them what the words mean, they have to shut up because all they can understand about that record is the name of the singer.

I'll speak English to an American if I have to, but forget my own language? Never! Latins should speak their native tongue at home. Those

who don't can't love their own father and mother.

Family doesn't count there in New York . . . money is behind whatever anybody does. I got a job in a canning factory belonging to Italians and I was supposed to give my uncle \$20 a week, just for food alone. I bought my own clothes and shoes and did my own laundry. If I didn't give my uncle the money on the day I was supposed to, he would go around with a sour look on his face.

The only ones who were nice to me were the neighbors and Iris, my uncle's wife. She would take me along with her wherever she went. You see, she was in love with a fifteen-year-old boy, he couldn't have been any older, and she put the horns on my uncle. She would say to me, "Look, go tell so-and-so to come over here to do an errand for me." And I would go and tell him. But my uncle said that I was the one who was influencing his wife and he kept scolding me until he finally drove me out of the house.

III

I met my husband, Edmundo, at my uncle's house. Edmundo is a little darker than I and his hair is wavy. He looks Spanish, short and thin, and was about twenty-four years old then. He was a friend of my uncle's and he came to a dance in the house. A week after we met, I went off with him. And when I got pregnant we were married.

Our first house in New Jersey was very pretty. After that we moved twice. All three houses were nicer than the ones in Puerto Rico, because I had a set of furniture and a carpet for the living room. There were big curtains to cover the glass windows, and I had a dining-room set and a lamp. There was a separate room for the children. Edmundo gave me a washing machine and, later on, he got himself a car. I had everything I needed. Edmundo earned \$64 a week in the winter working at the graveyard. He paid the rent, bought the groceries, and gave me spending money. In summer he got a job at the canning factory. And he gave me driving lessons. But I didn't learn much because his car was a '49 model Cadillac and it was too heavy for me.

Edmundo was a member of the Sacred Name of Jesus. That's why he married me. We got married, there in New Jersey, both in the Catholic church and before a judge. Before I could marry I had to make my First Communion. I got scared when they put that stuff into my mouth. The week before, I had to go to confession. I told the priest, "This is the first time I have confessed."

"Confess, then, my daughter," he said, "and tell me all your sins."

"Well, Father, I have committed adultery, I have wished my husband dead, I beat my children often, I like married men." Just like that I said it. After all, I couldn't see him and he couldn't see me.

He asked me, "What else?"

"Father, when I was a child I sneaked money from my stepmother and when she went out I went to the neighbors! When I lived with my *mamá*, I was always falling for the boys. I didn't obey her and I took stuff from the refrigerator without permission. One day, in a store, I saw a little pearly clip I liked. I put it in my hair and walked off without paying for it." I said lots more things that I've forgotten now. He asked me, see? So I answered. He talked a lot to me. He kept saying, "My daughter, you shouldn't do that, the Lord . . ."

I answered, "Yes, Father, I'll never do that again." When I finished he blessed me without giving me any more advice. It had taken me about an hour to confess. My knees hurt from kneeling so long.

Edmundo worked and I would help him out sometimes, taking care of children. Then he began putting money in the bank, saving and saving. He worked in a box factory, making boxes for apples, I think, until he had an accident and hurt a kidney and was in the hospital for a month and a half. When that happened I got four people together that I gave meals to. I had to get up at two in the morning to make their lunches and then had to have dinner ready at five in the afternoon when they came from work. I did this for a month and a half and made \$95 a week, but got even skinnier than I am now. I couldn't sleep because I was worried about getting up at two in the morning to cook. I couldn't rest in the daytime either because I was washing and ironing for the boarders and doing the other household chores.

When he came out of the hospital, Edmundo went back to work. I went back to the factory again for two weeks. I worked on the labor machine making piccalilli, soup, and spaghetti. Every year, in the summertime, they hire a lot of women. I made \$102 the first week and \$94 the second week. They pay like that because there is a lot of work in the summer, from seven in the morning till eight at night and that's a lot of hours! But you can make a lot of money. Edmundo bought his car, paid for the license, and paid off our debts with that money.

But being pregnant I had a bad belly and the smell of the tomato sauce at the factory made me sick. I couldn't work any more and Edmundo wanted me to keep on working. He claimed that

the money he earned wasn't enough. He'd burst out, "Ah, you're the only woman who doesn't work." I told him I didn't go because I knew I couldn't do it and I wasn't going to kill myself. And right there we began to quarrel. One day I almost threw myself out of a window on the second story of our house. He grabbed my arm to stop me. Every time he spoke about that business of me getting a job I got mad and swore at him. So we quarreled and he kicked me out of the house.

Finally I said, "All right, I'll take care of children to help you out a bit." I got thirty dollars for taking care of two children. I was with them from 7:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. I had to bathe and dress them and wash their diapers. I kept this job for seven months, until winter. I had about \$300 in a bank in New Jersey. The account was in my name. Edmundo was getting money from Unemployment Compensation, you know, and he didn't want them to go thinking he had any money.

We were getting along wonderfully then, but after the baby was born he began to go out with other women and to mistreat me. He would stay out all night and one day he chased me with a gun. And he'd bring his women to the house, telling me they were just friends. But a next-door neighbor explained to me that they were women he was going with because she had seen them at the movies and dancing at the club. So there we were, fighting again and everything.

In less than six months we went back to Puerto Rico to buy a house. We had saved \$900 in New York and Edmundo bought a wooden house in La Esmeralda for \$525. So now we had property, a house of our own. I thought it was very pretty inside. It had a refrigerator, a living-room set, curtains, figurines, and a radio. The floor was covered with linoleum. It had electricity too. Edmundo bought everything *cash* except the bed, which he bought on the installment plan.

I was well off and had every comfort at home. My only trouble was that I had a quarrelsome husband and he beat me. It wasn't jealousy because I never left the house. I don't know what it was, a kind of madness. It's only when Edmundo is sober that he's so unpleasant. When he's drinking, he's a good guy. He was even worse when we moved away from San Juan to Salinas, because he beat my little girl Tany too, and mistreated the twins. He made those little boys go out into the fields with him to dig yams and carry them down to the house on their backs. When I asked him not to beat the children, he'd say they could get out because, after all, they were not his and he didn't have to support them. He kept sharpening his *perrillo*, as they call a *machete* in Salinas, and say-

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g he was getting it ready for me and the boys. got to be really scared of him.

He was always throwing me out of the house. o, just as he'd done in New York. I had warned m then. I said, "You know that I have no one in ew York except my uncle, and I can't go to his ouse. But once we are back in Puerto Rico, if you o the least little thing to me, I'll leave you. When ou feel happiest with me that's the day I'm going o leave you."

One Sunday he went to the farm and brought e oranges, grapefruit, and a whole sackful of egetables. He filled up the refrigerator with all inds of soft drinks, fruit juices, and other things. e cleaned the house from top to bottom that day. e gave him breakfast in bed and fed him his oat-eal with my own hands. Then I watched him go. s soon as he was out of sight, I got myself and e children ready. I had already packed the suit-ases and hidden them under the bed.

I returned with the children to San Juan and ent to my sister Cruz' house. I wrote to Edmundo elling him the children needed money. He sent e ten dollars every two weeks. One day he came o San Juan to fetch me back but I wouldn't go. He ame two more times, trying to get me back, but wouldn't go. Once I leave a man, I don't want im to pester me anymore. When I love, I love ith my whole heart. I love blindly, I live as in a dream. And I'm jealous even if a fly approaches he man I love. But when a man fails me in any-thing, even if it's only once, I hate him. I hate him nd hate him and I'd rather see him dead. That's hy all three men I've had have ended up the same ay. And all of them have wanted me back. But I ust stopped loving them.

IV

I had no money because my husband didn't send e any. My sister Cruz was as poor as I. I would go to where my *mamá* worked to ask her for left-er food and half a dollar or so for milk. I prac-tically went begging for about two weeks. I would often ask people for money for the children's breakfast. If the boys at Papo's bar invited me for a beer, I always said, "No. Give me the twenty cents instead."

I began seeing my friend Zulma again, and she helped me out sometimes. Zulma, the drug addict, helped me out, but my own *mamá* often denied me money, even when she had it. One day she told me that if I wanted money, there was plenty to be earned in La Marina, especially since the sailors were in. Sailors are free spenders, she said, and that day it happened to be payday. I

told my *mamá* that I would never do what she sug-gested. Time passed and my children got sick. I went to my *mamá* again to ask for money. This time she said she had money but not for me, be-cause she had to spend on her husband. I asked her then, "What do you think, shall I go down to La Marina tonight?" All she answered was, "Well . . ."

I had thought of going down before because I saw that the women who were whores dressed well and had all kinds of luxuries and I wanted those things too. But I wanted advice from some-one who might at least point out some other way. But my mother said, "Well, go ahead. There's good money to be made there. I was in the life for a long time and I made quite a bit of dough. All you have to do is get ready, put the children to bed, and wait until they fall asleep. Then you lock them in with a padlock. You can go out hustling this very night." She told me too, that *gringos* pay pretty well and that some old men would pay quite a bit of money when they knew it was a woman's first time as a whore.

It made me feel uncomfortable that my *mamá* should give me such advice. In fact, I didn't go to La Marina that night nor for many nights after that. But time passed, and none of my children's fathers ever sent money. When my children got sick again I got ready that same night. I told Cruz, "Edmundo doesn't send me any money, so I'm going to go out." She didn't argue but said, "Go if you want to, but be careful nobody cuts up your face and be sure you get home early." I put the children to bed and prayed to the Guardian Angel. I left them locked in with Cruz and went to the Silver Cup to find customers.

The people I meet at work often ask where I live, and when I answer, "La Esmeralda," they say, "*Ave Maria*, that's a terrible place!" But it used to be worse. When I first came to live there, the place was full of whores. There were lots of fights too. And many of the houses were right at the edge of the sea. Everything is different now. There are fewer fights and fewer whores. It's much more peaceful than it used to be.

Father Ponce did a lot to improve the place. When that priest first came here, people from La Esmeralda were going to church just to joke and have a good time and the drunks used the church as a place to drink. Father Ponce would say, "Inside the church, I'm the priest. But out here, I'm a man like any other." He'd take off his cloak, cross himself and punch any man or woman in the face. That's why we all were so fond of him. More people went to church when he was there.

Life in La Esmeralda can be very hard but it has its good side too. It's very gay during the Christmas season. Every family throws a party. It's an amusing place to live. There are drunks everywhere, dancing around and acting funny. You often can see naked people bathing at the beach too. And cops chasing robbers. With such good shows on the street, who needs the movies?

Still, the first thing I'd do if I won a big lottery prize would be to get a house somewhere else. I'd like to move with my children to a suburb or a housing development, someplace with a very different atmosphere. If I could afford to pay thirty dollars a month for an apartment in San Juan, I'd leave La Esmeralda, although in some ways I like it. Here I pay only twelve dollars a month and still there are times when I simply can't make ends meet.

At the Silver Cup I made good money on the first night, but after that I earned very little, ten dollars or so a night. Business dropped off and they had to close the hotel because the cops were going around arresting the women.

You can't imagine how low people are. Just because they have been lucky enough to find their happiness, they treat whores terribly. They have their homes and wives and children and they think that anyone who goes whoring must do it by choice. They think that if one is a whore one smokes marihuana, takes heroin, and steals—they get those three kinds of life mixed up.

But I'm telling you, I'd rather be with twenty thousand whores than with one honest woman. Because whores know more about life. Suppose I'm going down the street with a whore and someone starts to attack me. The whore, being used to blows, would come to my defense. But if I was with a housewife, an honest woman, her thoughts would be about herself and her own danger. She'd be afraid of losing her husband or getting cut up, so she'd run the minute she saw trouble.

There are some women who want to be whores from their earliest youth, even from childhood, I think. They do it for love of the art. They may have good opportunities and yet refuse to leave the life, because they really like it. Whores can dress well, go anywhere they please, dance, stay out all night. They enjoy the gaiety, the drinking, the good times at the beach. But all I ever think of is my children and the bit of food I'm earning for them. I keep hoping that some day I'll find a good man who will take me out of this life.

I always dream that some boy, a foreigner or even an old man whose eyelashes are gone, will come along and offer me a home. And when I tell him I have five children he'll say, "Never mind.

I'll take your five children too." If he ever comes I'll accept him, even if I feel no love for him at first.

As far as I can see, no Puerto Rican ever has only one wife, he has at least two. There are women who throw themselves at other men, and, well, if a man is offered beefsteak, he doesn't turn it down. All the women cheat on their husbands, absolutely all of them. Everybody who comes to La Esmeralda gets ruined, even if he comes from the other end of the world. There is a kind of fever here that everybody catches. They say, "Ah, if that one does it, I will, too." But when I had a husband, I didn't even dare leave my house.

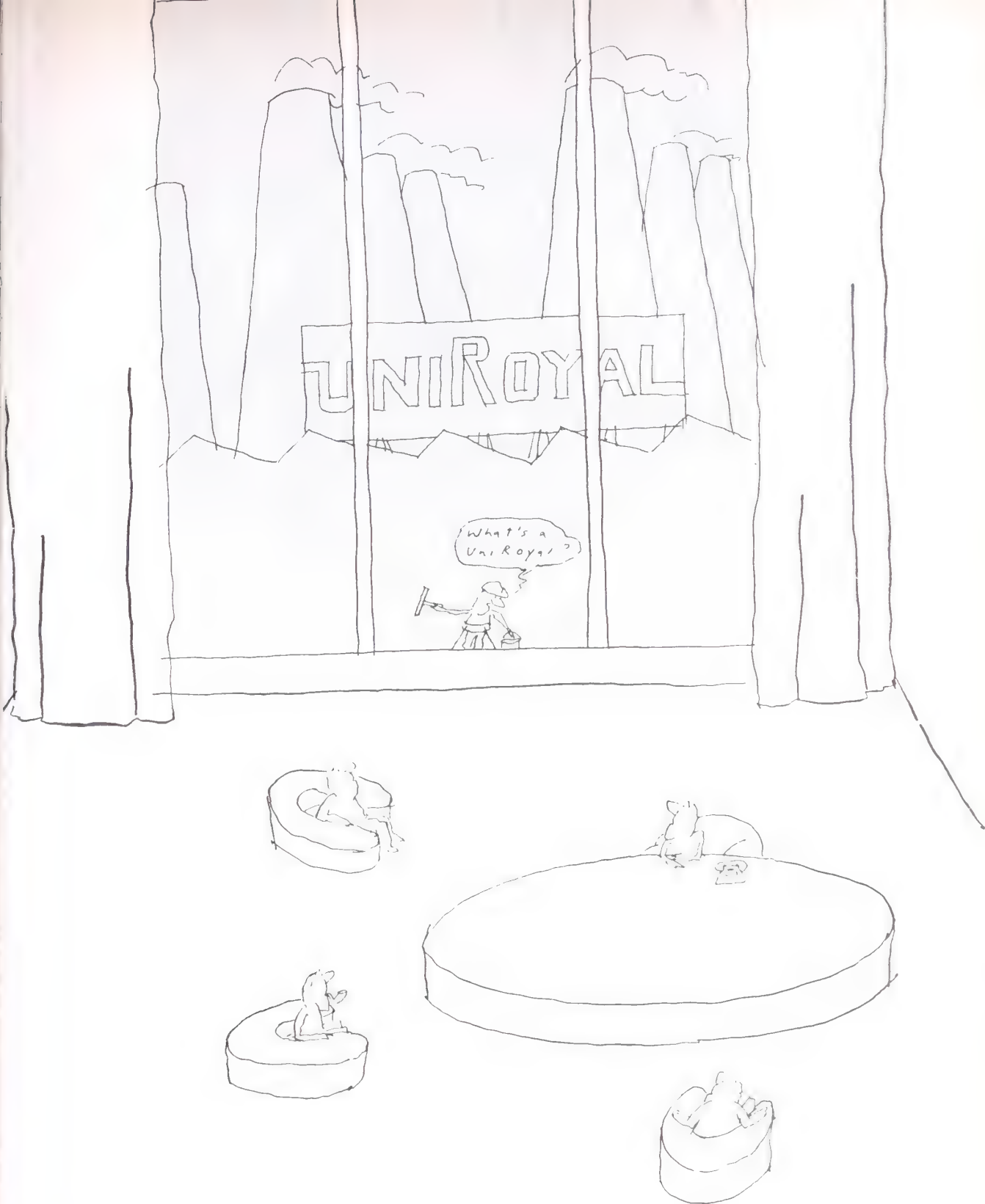
Once a spiritist told me that a man was going to fall in love with me and, as I wouldn't pay any attention to him because he was married, he was going to cut my face. She prepared some essence with my name hidden in it to protect me against evil and to wipe all such things out of his mind. It cost six dollars. I was to keep it in my brassiere all the time, but I lost it.

In order to dominate a man, the spiritist writes his first and last names on two pieces of paper and then drips some strong love essence, like "come-with-me," on them. She puts your name and your rival's name on top and folds it tight with those drops of perfume. She wraps all this in a piece of plastic and sews it with a needle and white thread. She makes some passes over it, then you take it and put it in your shoe or under your pillow. You can dominate a man with Saint Martha's or Saint Napoleon's prayer. You buy a red candle and the prayer of the Seven Restless Spirits, to make him uneasy outside the house and come back to you. You say the prayer backwards three times, light the candle from the bottom, say the first and last name of the person, stamp on the floor three times in the name of the woman. Then take a string and cut it into nine pieces. Take one by the end, another by the middle, and one by the other end, and throw them out of the house while saying the prayer. Do this for nine days.

There are many things like that and others which I have to look into more carefully. Some of this kind of work has turned out well for me. When Edmundo kept coming to my house, I bought mercury to make him go away. I threw it outside and that's why he left and has never come back.

V

When I went out hustling, I had to leave my children locked in at home. I used to leave them with Cruz but the next day she would insult me and want to know what made me so late. She'd say that I took better care of my boy friends than



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I did of my children and I would answer, "I have to, because they're the ones who give me cash."

I'm affectionate with my children. I love them because they're growing up without a father. I work hard for them and I suffer for them too. Christmas time is the worst because they expect new clothes and toys and I begin to think about what I can do, with no money and owing rent and payments on the furniture. Many people are sad at that time of year. The year Edmundo left me, I couldn't buy any presents for my kids. I started to cry right in the bar. A boy asked me what was the matter, and I told him.

"How many children do you have?" he asked me.

"Listen, stop worrying. I have seven, and last year I had no money for presents either. So I stole some." But when I need something, I'd rather pray.

What I'd like most for my children is for them to study and see if they can't make something of themselves. Not something very big, because I can't afford to send them to college. But I hope they at least finish high school, and have a trade so that they can get good jobs. And I'd like my daughters to be virgins and marry with a veil and crown. I want them to be decent people, better than I am. One should always live with hope. But as long as I stay in Puerto Rico, I don't see how I

I worry about my situation, about not having a husband. There are times when I can't even buy milk for the children. When I get hungry, *Acá María!* I get very nervous and can't stand to have

I get cold all over. I lose my temper and snap at people, but I bear it as best I can and drink sugar water to make it go away.

I get fed up, but what can I do? Sometimes I feel like killing the children and then setting fire

I really get angry I punish those with fury. I do that because I want them to get up. I beat them when they won't

The truth is
other's

at fighting each other.
is the big one and

I g
him. Some times I'll slap their faces. Other times

I'll take a strap and whip them on the legs or on the hands. I'll even hit them with the broomstick. But never hard enough to cause a dangerous injury.

I have told my boys to hit back when other children hit them, and if they don't, I beat them. Because it's up to me to develop their character. I don't beat them often, only about once a week when I've had all I can take.

I don't know what my kids think of me because I've never asked them if they love me or anything like that. Gabriel says that when he grows up he'll buy me a house and work to support me. And Angelito also says that he'll give me money when he works. Gabriel is brighter than Angelito in school. He can read well, add, and write his name. Sometimes when I take him to a store, he'll read the price tags for other people.

Mundito likes to play a lot. But he cries all the time and begs me for money. He's only two and a half and he already takes money out of my purse. Just now, when I went out, he asked me to light a cigarette for him. If he sees me drinking beer, he'll beg for some. He really likes it, too. Mundito is very troublesome and, in spite of being the youngest boy, he's always fighting. When he decides to hit somebody, it always has to be a bigger boy. I don't know what to do with that child because he's going to have his father's temper.

One time the twins wanted to watch TV and I told them, "All right, but let's go home and use the new TV set I just bought." They ran all the way home. When they got there they were mad at me because I had fooled them. There was no TV set at all. There was only a wooden box I had covered with a cloth. They began to cry so I said, "Do you want me to play with you?" I gave them a nickel for two rolls of caps and I told them to get their pistols. Then they hid behind the box and started shooting. Gabriel kept saying, "Ay, they killed me."

It makes me sad that the children call for their father so often. The other day, the baby kept saying *papá, papá*, and pointing outside every time she said it. That kind of thing makes me very sad. And so does the thought that I might get sick for a long time and have no one to support my children. My family would take care of them but that's not the same as their own mother. When I'm working, I buy them anything that catches their eye. If I could at least find somebody to take care of those kids I would look for a better job, because whoring is not my line.

Next Month: Gabriel, Age Seven

Harper's Magazine, December 1965

The Case for Building 350 New Towns

by Wolf Von Eckardt

If we bestir ourselves, we can save our cities (and ourselves) from choking to death, and make our standard of life equal to our standard of living.

With liberal help from the mayors of our big cities, Congress early this summer quietly cut the guts out of the so-called "new towns" provisions of the Housing and Urban Development Act. This dashed our best hope of coming to grips with the problems of megalopolis—problems that have since exploded with such violence in the Watts district of Los Angeles.

Actually, the Administration had studiously avoided the words "new town," a now generally accepted term for comprehensively planned communities where people can find employment and more than shelter. President Johnson obviously wanted to avoid the impression that he was proposing anything as sweeping as the British New Towns Act of 1946, under which both Labor and Conservative governments have, with equal enthusiasm, built seventeen new towns so far.

Johnson's proposal—calling for federal insurance of large-scale loans to private new-town developers, and low-interest federal loans to states for advance acquisition of potential new-town sites—merely offered some of the same federal help for the prevention of slums that has long been available for their clearance. Rather than contribute solely to urban sprawl, the proposal was to make a modest contribution to orderly growth

as well. And rather than help build only one-class, one-color dormitory suburbs and housing projects, the government would also encourage and assist the creation of balanced communities for all kinds of people.

Such communities, explained Mr. Johnson in his message to Congress last March, "can help break the pattern of central-city ghettos by providing low- and moderate-income housing in suburban areas." The goal of our furious building and rebuilding, he said, must be "nothing less than to improve the quality of life for every American . . . to create and preserve the sense of community with others which gives us significance and security, a sense of belonging and of sharing in the common life."

It is not surprising that the mortgage-banker, home-builder, and realtor organizations opposed the still timid new-towns provisions. Pampered by federal legislation which has tended to favor their welfare over that of the people, they are doing fine, thank you, and have no interest in tidying the urban mess. But the mayors should have known better. It is deplorable that both the National League of Cities and the U. S. Conference of Mayors added their considerable weight to crush the proposal before it ever got out of committee.

"I think it is more a question of fear of competition," was the explanation Mayor Jerome P. Cavanaugh offered when pressed. "My job as the Mayor of Detroit is to try and make that city a more attractive place in which to live and retain what industry we have."

There was no Congressional, let alone public, debate. Despite all the noble talk lately about the virtues of "natural beauty" and the evils of unplanned urbanization, no one defended the proposal. And the Administration, which had failed with similar proposals last year, again did nothing to dramatize the idea.

It is, however, far from being as startling, new, and untried as Ira S. Robbins, president of the National Association of Housing and Redevelopment Officials, asserted in his Congressional testimony, which echoed that of the mayors. An Englishman named Ebenezer Howard first proposed it in 1898 and Letchworth, near London, his first Garden City, as he called it, was dedicated more than sixty years ago. There is a lovely new town, Reston, well under way in Virginia, only seventeen miles from the Capitol. Construction of another, Columbia, Maryland, also near Washington, will begin shortly.* And NAHRO members, as well as architects and city planners, have made pilgrimages to the new towns of Europe for years by the chartered plane-load.

Perambulator Distances

The most handsome European new town is probably Tapiola in Finland, where the first of now 17,000 residents moved in a dozen years ago. Its distinct apartment and office towers beckon you from afar, much like the church towers of medieval towns. On a clear day you can see them from Helsinki, six or seven miles away, rising above the forest beyond the cold blue of the gulf.

The bus takes you to the edge of the town center. Terraced steps lure you up to the paved plaza, formed by a horseshoe of shopping arcades with offices, mostly for doctors, dentists, and lawyers, above them. It is flanked by the town's tallest and most imposing building, a thirteen-story central office tower which houses the town administration. Large trees, big rocks, flower displays, and a gushing fountain blend with the bustle of people. Looking back, you have a superb, open view of Finnish landscape—a large meadow with trees and rocks rolls softly down to the calm Otsolahti Bay. Ahead one of the arcades continues as a walkway through the building, framing a more urban vista of clustered apartment towers.

The plaza has some of the drama of the Piazza San Marco, though without pigeons, and some of the intimacy of Verona's Piazza dell' Erbe. Nearby, clustered around a pool—which solved the prob-

lem of an unsightly gravel pit—is a movie house, a theater, a hotel, a swimming hall, and a restaurant. To all this, the center's architect Aarne Ervi brought what usually only time can bring—a sense of place.

Ervi, a young Finn, won a competition for Tapiola's overall master plan. It is based on what he calls "perambulator distances." No young mother, he decided, should live further from any of his three neighborhood or village centers—where she can buy her bread, fish, and other essentials, meet friends at the café, or drop off her elementary-school children—than she can conveniently push a baby carriage. The distance is never more than 250 yards.

Ervi also harmonized the designs of Tapiola's amazingly varied but always daringly modern and colorful houses, apartment towers, schools, manufacturing plants, and other buildings—including the most attractive filling station I've ever seen—as well as the street signs, lighting fixtures, benches, and landscaping. Also the result of competitions, they are the work of twelve different architects.

But the hero and prime mover of this marvel is Heikki von Hertzen, a youngish-looking man, now in his fifties, and a lawyer who heads a social-welfare agency. We talked in his eleventh-story office, which has a superb view of his now nearly completed first town. Before he pulled out his plans and charts he told me how he came to build it.

"Prosperity came late to Finland," he said, "because until recently the Soviets got every penny we earned as war reparations. Perhaps that was an advantage. We could learn from your mistakes. When we finally caught up, we asked ourselves: What are we to do with our new affluence? We can't eat more. There is a limit to the automobiles and gadgets we really need. So I started to persuade my countrymen that we should build a beautiful and suitable environment for everyone. Good housing is not enough. We have to counteract the strains and tensions of modern urban life."

Von Hertzen began by persuading the Finnish Family Welfare League, the labor unions, and women's clubs. They formed a foundation, got bank loans under conditions far more difficult than prevail in the United States, bought 670 acres of wooded land, and named their town after Tapio, a forest sprite in Finnish folklore. Surely he still

*See "A Brand New City for Maryland," by J. W. Anderson in *Harper's*, November 1964.

Wolf Von Eckardt, architecture critic of the Washington "Post," visited Europe's new towns on a recent Ford Foundation grant. He has written or edited several books, including "Mid-Century Architecture in America."

eigns there. The buildings seem to hug the gullies and grow out of the rocks and between the seemingly undisturbed pines and birch trees as naturally as mushrooms.

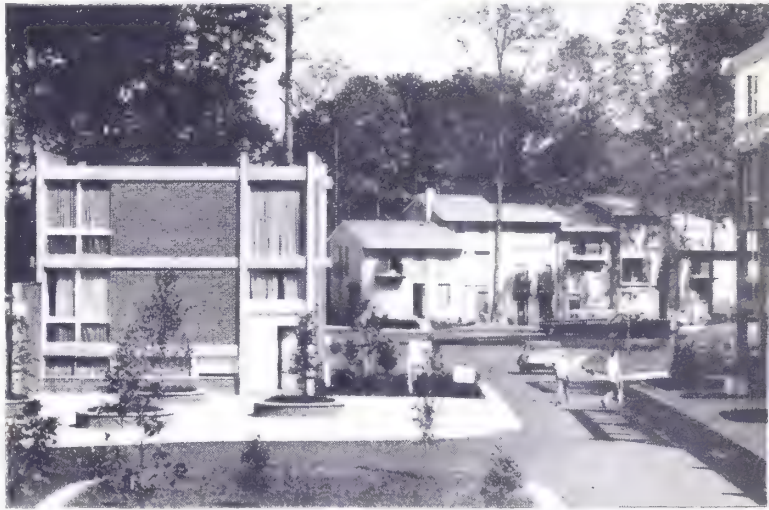
In this sylvan setting people of all incomes and locations live together along the same meandering streets and walkways. But from the outside you can't tell the 40 per cent government-subsidized "social housing" for low-income families from the entirely privately built and owned apartments and town houses for the more affluent. All residents share the convenience of a central plant for heating and hot water, abundant playgrounds, sports fields, a marina, a good many libraries, and community centers. There are special studio houses for artists and workshops for teen-agers where they can tinker with their hot rods and model airplanes and where they themselves have decided to set up soft-drink bars and occasionally discothèques.

The choice of different types of apartments or houses—if you get one at all, for the waiting list naturally is long—is amazing, while prices are slightly below those prevailing in Helsinki. All of them are equipped with the inevitable sauna where, I was told, even the dog sometimes joins the family. But beyond this delightful family togetherness, there is as much privacy as community in Tapiola. And all this, including the town center and the industrial park where about half of Tapiola's wage earners work, is within easy walking distance on walkways separate from the motorways.

"It's all just a matter of thoughtful planning, good organization, and efficient administration," said von Hertzen, who is currently planning several other nonprofit new towns throughout Finland.

Von Hertzen was too polite to ask what it is we in America do with our affluence. But, I'm afraid, Tapiola is a sharp rejoinder, if any is needed, that our high standard of living has so far failed to bring us a correspondingly high standard of life. It's not just a matter of Watts and our other miserable pockets of despair. It is, of course, now fashionable to lament the fact, but nonetheless a malaise pervades all parts of our metropolitan areas where seven out of ten Americans live.

The white middle class, sped by federal super-highways and mortgage insurance, is spreading unsightly manifestations of its wealth all over the countryside. And poor in-migrants, impelled by federally subsidized farm mechanization to give up the struggle on the land, are spreading the diseases of their poverty all over the cities. City and country have blurred and neighborhoods and communities have lost their identity. Our idea



LEHTICUVA 09

TOP—Thirty-seven town houses of the Hickory Cluster at Reston, Virginia. MIDDLE—Town houses at Reston (foreground) designed by Charles M. Goodman Assoc.; (background) designed by Chloethiel W. Smith & Assoc. BOTTOM—Aerial view of Tapiola, Finland.

of "gracious living," according to a recent real-estate news story, is "smartly improved ranch homes packed with new appliances and fixtures . . . step-saving kitchens with hand-rubbed wood cabinets and glass-fronted wall ovens."

How Many Horsepower for a Loaf of Bread?

But no one saves us any steps to the store. Suburban Americans must mobilize all the 250 horsepower of their automobiles to get that loaf of bread or have a beer in the anonymous conviviality of a tavern. As city planner Constantinos A. Doxiadis has pointed out, the faster our means of transportation, the longer it takes us to get around within the urban environment. In the eighteenth century it took man ten minutes to get from the outskirts to the center of his city. In the nineteenth century it took twenty minutes. Now, on the average, it takes more than forty minutes.

The problem is not just a matter of wasting time. The automobile, with its insensate demands on space, has torn things apart to such an extent that it is dangerously dissipating the quality of our life and our society. Even the affluent American two-car family can no longer spontaneously do as it wants. Johnny cannot attend his Boy Scout meeting, or Jane her dancing lesson, while Dad is at work and Mother out shopping.

And even if they live in nearby Santa Monica, say, chances are none of them have ever been in the Watts district, let alone met anyone who lives there. The human and geographic isolation of our ghettos from the mainstream and the opportunities of American life accounts largely for the troubles there. The immigrants from Europe in America could climb out of the slums on the ladder of "upward mobility." Jim Crow pulled that ladder away from the Negro. Few manage to get out. And only a few poverty warriors and cops ever venture in.

Ebenezer Howard's Garden City concept, which inspired Tapiola and all new towns, is essentially still the most valid solution yet put forward. A mild and studious man, without much formal education, he was by profession a stenographer and by vocation an inventor, rather than a social reformer. He invented his Garden City, down to every administrative and financial detail, with much the same practical precision with which he invented improvements for the typewriter and other machinery. And he presented it sixty-seven years ago in a fascinating little book, originally entitled *Tomorrow: A Peaceful Path to Real Re-*

form, later reissued as *Garden Cities of Tomorrow*.

The foremost problem of his time, as Howard saw it, was the magnetic pull of London and other big cities, which overcrowded their slums and depleted the countryside. His Garden City was to reestablish the balance between city and country and thus create a healthy ecological pattern for the habitat of industrial society. He had the audacity, as Lewis Mumford put it, "to conceive a new form of the city which would utilize the facilities of modern technology without sacrificing the social advantages of the historic city."

Starting fresh, out in the open country on a large, cooperatively purchased tract of land, Howard proposed to build his new town in one fell swoop. Right from the start he would build into it sufficient industry within easy reach of every home to provide "for workers of every grade . . . abundant opportunities for employment and bright opportunities for advancement." He would give it "equal, nay better opportunities of social intercourse . . . than are enjoyed in any crowded city, while yet the beauties of nature may encompass and enfold each dweller therein." Today this idea is even more important than it was in Howard's day. If people can work, play and shop close to where they live they don't need to clutter up the roads or overtax public transportation with their rush-hour commuting.

Howard wanted to limit his city to about 30,000 inhabitants, a number he thought most congenial and manageable, yet sufficient to assure a varied population able to support a varied social and cultural life. Leonardo da Vinci, in his proposal to break up congested sixteenth-century Milan into ten new towns, had advocated the same number for each. But there is, of course, nothing magical about it. The ideal size of a city depends on what is expected of it. A regional capital should have its own theater and symphony orchestra, say, and obviously needs more people to support them than a satellite town, which can well get by with a couple of movie houses. Aristotle's concept that a city, to be a good place to live, ought to be large enough to encompass all its functions but not too large to interfere with them still holds true.

To keep his Garden City from expanding and spilling over into the countryside, Howard proposed to girdle it with an inviolate, permanent agricultural belt. This would supply the town with fresh farm products, give its residents easy access to nature and, like the medieval city walls, tighten its coherence and internal unity. Ultimately Howard envisioned that metropolitan growth would be structured by whole constellations of



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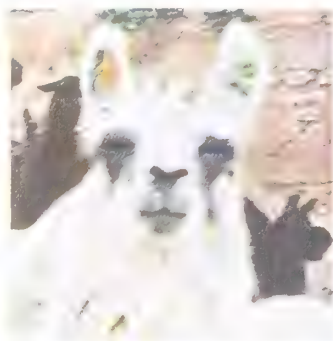
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such distinct satellites, kept apart from each other by green open space and connected by fast transportation. Again, in the age of air, water, and land pollution, as well as desperate lack of outdoor recreation, this concept is far more vital than Howard could possibly have dreamed.

Sir Ebenezer Howard died in 1928—the knighted and honored leader of a worldwide movement—in Welwyn, near London, his second thriving new town. His invention, somewhat updated, of course, has become national policy in England. London, to be sure, is still congested. But it is surrounded by a protected belt of lovely countryside that clearly defines where one town ends and another begins.

New towns are being built or planned in most countries of the world now, including the Soviet Union. In France, Premier Pompidou announced recently that by the end of this century eight new satellite towns are to be completed within forty miles of Paris. All of these towns, in fact all modern community planning, would be unthinkable without Radburn. New Jersey, the vital contribution of the American branch of the new-town movement, largely led by Lewis Mumford. Designed in 1929 by Clarence Stein and Henry Wright, with Mumford cheering them on, Radburn adapted the Garden City to the motor age. It was the first community anywhere to put the automobile in its place, to reconcile the demands of livability with mobility. Its buildings face two directions: One toward roads and services with their noise, smells, and dangers, the other toward open green space where children can roam freely and where, in planner Victor Gruen's phrase, people can feel free to walk without attaching themselves to a dog. People and vehicles are kept out of each other's way.

Under Franklin D. Roosevelt, more than a quarter of a century ago, the United States government picked up the Radburn idea. It built three planned communities, the Greenbelt Towns—Greenhills (Ohio), Greendale (Wisconsin), and Greenbelt (Maryland). Their belts are still reasonably green. And like Radburn, they are still more pleasant places to live than most suburban areas that were to come. But they are part of suburbia and not, strictly speaking, new towns. They never succeeded in attracting the intended industry.

We might have remembered at least the most elementary lessons of Radburn and the Greenbelt Towns. But the metropolitan explosion after the second world war completed what the industrial revolution had begun. It all but demolished America's city-planning tradition. Early in our history we had planned and built some lovely cities, not

all of them along a rigid gridiron street pattern, as is often assumed. Suddenly effective planning became almost un-American, and although planning boards, commissions, and committees proliferated they did nothing to counteract or even learn to understand the cataclysmic economic forces that were dramatically at work. For the sake of quick, private gain we indulged in an orgy of scandalous public waste.

It is obvious, for instance, that when you plan a community, you know where the children will live. Before the land cost skyrockets, therefore, you place the school where they can easily walk to it and you build walkways for them. You save money, school buses and, perhaps, lives. A shopping center, for another instance, needs parking only on weekdays. A church needs it only on Sundays. If you put the church next to the shops you can pool the parking and may acquire the beginning of a community center as well. You save not only land but the other costs of urban sprawl.

The only aspect of the Garden City concept our planners did adopt—with a vengeance!—was, ironically, its one serious error. Ebenezer Howard's idea of taking "people from the crowded cities to the bosom of our kindly mother earth" has contributed considerably to urban spread and the suburbanization of our cities. Revolted by the London slums at the turn of the century, the Garden City enthusiasts drank a bit too deeply at nature's bosom and intoxicated themselves with Thoreauvian ideals. *Nothing Gained by Overcrowding* was not only the title of a book by Sir Raymond Unwin, co-planner of Letchworth, the First Garden City, but also the battlecry of the planner-reformers who fought for decent, safe, and sanitary housing on both sides of the Atlantic.

Is Acreage the Answer?

THE ONLY reason I know of why people like to live in Tapiola because the town is small and exceedingly cleverly designed. In most larger communities and cities today, however, especially in the suburbanized cities of America, the problem is no longer that densities are too high but that they are, overall, too low. Yet the notion that lowering density will *per se* heighten livability, morality, and virtue still obsesses most of our planners and their zoning codes. They substitute compulsory open space and setbacks for creative urban design. With visions, no doubt, of deep woods, clear brooks, birds and bees, they paint green blotches on their plans. But, more often than not, they don't have the slightest idea how to make



TOP—A residential section of Tapiola. MIDDLE AND BOTTOM—Two views of Cumbernauld, new town in Scotland, showing pedestrian way through a block of apartments, and cobbled play area.

or keep them green on the actual landscape or even what people might do with them. Often they end up as nothing but a big weed patch.

This is what happened in Harlow, a 1947 vintage new town of 60,000 located twenty-three miles from London. The center is a bit drab, though the development corporation has tried its best to decorate it with opulent flower boxes and a number of handsome modern sculptures. I visited on market day when the vendors who travel all the new towns around London set up their colorful stalls, and the center was lively enough. But the rest of Harlow is utterly dull, and the faces of the mop-topped teen-agers show it. The reason, it soon dawns on you as you drive around, is precisely that you are forced to drive around. The unkempt green spaces that wind through the town are too large to negotiate on foot. This keeps those Beatle types from making much use of the sports fields, clubs, and activities that the planners have thoughtfully provided for them. I suspect the posters offering five pounds reward for information leading to the arrest of vandals may be one result. The automobile traffic and positively American clutter of parked cars everywhere certainly are another. Nothing gained by *overspacing*, either!

But the British have learned, and subsequent new towns have become increasingly more compact. Their most exciting one, Cumbernauld, near Glasgow, will house 70,000 people within one-third mile of its center when it is completed in 1980. Architect Hugh Wilson's design points the way to the urban community of the future. Some people will live in apartment towers but most in two- and three-story town houses that are ingeniously stacked, much like a Mediterranean hilltown, on fairly steep hills. Everyone will have privacy and sunlight, yet no one looks into the other fellow's garden. And designed into this cluster are the suddenly rediscovered delights of corner stores, taverns, and other amenities, the surprising vistas, the charm, variety, and bustle that recently made places like Georgetown in Washington, D.C., Beacon Hill in Boston, or Greenwich Village in New York so popular.

But Cumbernauld's coal miners will have one advantage over the residents of our Georgetowns. Their automobiles have been tamed. They can walk on a network of turning and twisting alleys with the schools and neighborhood stores set along the way. The street uncluttered by cars, parked or moving, has been returned to people, especially the children. They can rattle sticks as they run along the fences or walk, sit, and climb on the low walls. The streets open into paved courts or plazas,

some with odd but delightful cobblestone-paved mounds with marvelous play sculptures. This open space is put to work.

Yet the automobile can also go nearly everywhere in Cumbernauld. There is parking room for one car per family, either below its home or in a nearby garage. You will be able to park right under but not in the town center, which is now being built. Escalators, elevators, and stairs take you up inside the buildings and onto the pedestrian streets, plazas, and terraces. Leonardo da Vinci, nearly five hundred years ago, envisioned such a city where all vehicles move underground, leaving man to move freely in the sun. Leonardo might also have sketched Cumbernauld's town center, a soaring citadel surrounded by meadow that sets it apart from the residences. There will be sheep grazing on that meadow, the planners promise.

Americans Want Both

As enlightened free enterprises, new towns have at last caught on in this country, although not all builder subdivisions that have appropriated this suddenly fashionable term meet its definition. Reston, backed by the Gulf Oil Company, is almost the spitting image of Tapiola, which is the greatest compliment I can pay its designers, Whittlesey and Conklin. And Columbia, backed by the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, also promises as happy "a marriage between town and country," to use Sir Ebenezer's phrase, as the Finnish jewel. With an ultimate population of 110,000, it is much larger, of course, and will feature a strong, entirely urban town center on the shores of one of its man-made lakes. The rest of the plans and sketches, however, look rather suburban. Columbia's designer, Morton Hoppens, is a little disdainful of Cumbernauld and asserts that Americans will never go for "medieval hilltowns."

That, however, is exactly what William Pereira is designing on Santa Catalina Island, twenty-six miles offshore from Los Angeles, and at Mountain Park near Santa Monica. He took a special trip to study Mediterranean towns and sees planning "as an opportunity to make history anew." Perhaps Californians are different.

In the end, Americans will probably want both—sylvan Tapiolas and urban Cumbernaulds. There is no sense generalizing about urban design, which must be determined by a town's natural setting, its intended function and population, and a host of other circumstances, including the de-

signer's art. The point is precisely to give us a greater choice and variety of good places in which to live. The point is design, any good design, instead of mere urban "happenings."

The slums in the big cities are growing faster than we can clear them. Worse, clearance or rehabilitation or anything that would get rid of the rats and squalor is frustrated by the fact that we don't know where to house the slum dwellers. We can't seem to build enough housing they can afford. The main reason is that land within the city is increasingly scarce and prohibitively expensive. But neither can we build homes for the uprooted in the suburbs. It will be a good many years until established suburbia will accept people who are both colored *and* poor. Nor is it only the white middle class that no longer lives where it works. White-collar commuters on the way to the city in the morning have lately noticed blue-collar workers commuting the other way. Industrial plants are moving out to where their trucks can get to them and where they can expand. That is also the reason so many big-city poor stay poor. It is hard to find jobs that are no longer there.

As a result our cities keep deteriorating. With taxpayers and industry leaving, the cities receive less and less tax income but must pay more and more for welfare, health, education, police protection, and all the other expenses of the growing ghetto. All this will get a lot worse. In the next twenty years the population of the United States will increase, it is estimated, from the present 195 million to 266 million; this increase will occur in the metropolitan areas where 70 per cent of the total population already lives. But the general growth will be dwarfed by the even larger increase in the number of Negroes. In twenty-five years Chicago, for instance, will probably have a million and a half more Negroes than it has today. With our present rigidly stratified social and racial pattern, the statistical explosion may well be expressed again and again by explosions of violence such as already occurred in Watts.

The only solution is to attempt to break the pattern by taking substantial numbers of low-skilled Negroes out of the big city and moving substantial numbers of suburbanites back into it. In a paper published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, developer Bernard Weissbourd has suggested that new towns, built in accordance with regional open-space and transportation plans, "accommodate industrial workers and industries displaced by an intensified residential and industrial slum-clearance program in the core areas of our major cities. At the same time, on the land within the city made available



Much of the new town of Reston, Virginia.

by slum clearance, new communities can be established for middle-income families."

New towns would conserve precious open countryside. Not everyone will want to live in them, of course. But if we were to build just 350 new towns of 100,000 inhabitants each, they would house 35 million people, or about half of the estimated twenty-year population increase.

Our present rate of urbanization is thirty acres per hundred people and these 35 million people would therefore use 10.5 million acres. Even low-density new towns like Reston and Columbia in this country and Tapiola in Finland, despite their abundant green spaces, use only ten acres for a hundred people. The 350 new towns would thus consume only a total of 3.5 million acres—a two-thirds saving. It is in our power to conserve seven million acres of countryside for better health and greater enjoyment not only of the new-town residents but of all the people in our metropolitan areas.

But, welcome as this might be, private developers cannot accomplish such a program without federal aid, at least not for a while. Both Robert Simon, the developer of Reston, and James Rouse, the developer of Columbia, are, to be sure, rare idealists. Once their towns are going concerns with enough industry to demand low-skilled labor, they will be happy to welcome subsidized housing for low-income families. But what with American prejudice against living next door to poor people, that day will never dawn if they hasten it unduly.

They would be fools to risk their investment and the whole noble idea. They are in business for profit.

Not for Profit Alone

Only federal assistance and state involvement, such as President Johnson has proposed, can get the big population switch started that is needed to save the cities. We simply can't count on enough private idealists like Simon and Rouse to build enough new towns—not as long as developers can make plenty of money without all that trouble. The best, if not the only, way to create interracial and socially balanced communities is to offer housing bargains tempting enough to overcome prejudice. That takes financial help.

Only the states, with their power to make special tax concessions, build special roads, and offer other favors, can effectively lure industry into the new towns. And, most important, only state and local governments can coordinate new-town planning with roads, sewers, and zoning, and make sure the towns are not engulfed by suburban sprawl.

New towns are not, perhaps, the only answer to our urban dilemma. But as Mumford suggests, "In a period when automatic and irrational forces are driving mankind close to its self-annihilation," they are "a victory for the rational, the human, the disciplined, and the purposeful."

It's time someone told Congress.

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A Brave Englishman in a Midwest Pulpit

by Peter Watkins

He found it bewilderingly different from his British parishes, but he ended up with a wry affection (and some hope) for American boys and girls.

Before I came to serve in an American parish I had served in three English parishes. When I arrived I was often asked why I had wanted to come to America. Itchy feet? Sheer curiosity? The everlasting urge to Go West, Young Man? I don't know. I do know that tuneful, comical, or sentimental lyrics often penetrate deeply into my mind. Thus one summer I went to Capri to see a bar on the Piccola Marina, where, Noel Coward had sung, love came to Mrs. Wentworth-Brewster. When I first heard Ella Fitzgerald sing "Manhattan" I knew that I had to see America.

In 1963 I met an American Bishop at the Ritz Hotel in London and another met me in a tartan smoking jacket. Between them they arranged work for me in America. "You are footloose and fancy-free," the latter said, "and I think you'll enjoy the trip." Before I left I visited the Bishop of London. "I have some spiritual advice for you," he said. "Put plenty of water with your Scotch."

The arms of St. James's patronage are wide. He was able to pluck me from a church of his name in London's West End on a Sunday evening and fly me to another of his name in America's Middle West by Monday afternoon. During the flight I read the Denning Report on the Profumo affair

and the letters of Ignatius of Antioch—a strange cocktail of modern perversity and ancient piety.

On the morning after my arrival I was introduced to my new job as an assistant minister in charge of Christian Education, with special responsibility for the young. After the Advent I could scarcely put a foot wrong with the young—I mean after the coming of the Beatles to America. I simply bathed in their reflected English glory and took care not to go to the barber too often.

I hasten to mention that I do not claim that my two years in America have made me into an expert on American suburban churches or even in the comparative study of American and English Christianity. There are already theological experts of the suburban churches who report in the approved, turgid sociologese. Let me merely tell you about a few of the things that I have seen and make some English comparisons.

English churches lag far behind American in their methods of business and promotion and in the imaginativeness of their social activities, and they are not to be congratulated for doing so. I soon fell for the native American fascination with numbers, the membership totals, and huge budget figures. In *Major Thompson and I*, Pierre Daninos had a gorgeous chapter entitled "The Numbers Men." "The United States," he concluded, "believes in numbers as the Arabs in the Koran." I was certainly impressed by the dollars and paid-staff statistics.

As soon as I was taken into the church plan-

the wheels of *The Mackerel Plaza* by Peter de Vries started spinning in my head. There seemed to be miles of corridors with countless rooms—class, store, office, vesting, kitchen, choir, lounge, rest, hall, and boiler. And there were also worship areas. There was all around impressive equipment—electric, domestic, business, cinematic. Of course we had the authentic prayer wheel of American Protestantism—the mimeograph. Via the mail the mimeograph urged and begged, reminded and exhorted the congregation. Daddy Bear had to be reminded of the bowling league dinner; Mummy Bear had to be asked to mend choir robes; and Little Baby Bear was told to bring a dime along to help feed a team of hungry huskies at an Alaskan mission.

The most sacred duty seemed to be to keep this precious cult object revolving and holy-rolling. In a nutshell, I suppose that the starkest difference in my experience of the Church of England and of the American Episcopal Church was that in the former I went to my *study* in the morning and in the latter I went to my *office*. Business is much more evidently the business of the churches in America. In our thirty-page annual report, nearly forty different organizations were mentioned. There were study groups and social groups, women's guilds and altar guilds. There were semi-commercial enterprises and wholly philanthropic enterprises. We catered, we sold clothing and much else, we sponsored lectures in the Town Hall. There is no doubt that we operated with an efficient plan. I am not suggesting that there were no more invisible assets to the church, although in all the business and busyness one was sometimes left wondering by which of the five entrances of the plant did God enter into the picture. Perhaps it was an idle speculation and unobservant of the omnipresence.

Sermons and Funeral Games

Any expert in the fine art of keeping the parochial boat from rocking knows much better than to dip into the present troubled waters of theology proper for sermon material. There is no doubt that the safest, if hardly the most courageous, strategy for a preacher in an affluent suburb is to limit one's sermons to questions confined within the area marked out by the most expensive real estate. This nicely eliminates most issues of social justice and business ethics. It reduces the field to the borders of domestic heaven and hell, juvenile manners and morals, church attendance and country clubs, cocktails and conformity. The

comedy is that within this area it scarcely seems to matter what you say. In spite of Spock, so many American parents have lost confidence in their ability to bring up their children that they will listen to almost anything. And there are always those who sleep and yet who grasp you warmly by the hand and tell you what a fine sermon you preached. This is a startling experience for an English preacher. If Paul the Apostle spoke in Westminster Abbey with the tongue of an angel on his great theme of the excellence of charity, no doubt the only comment from the congregation would be an odd, almost imperceptible, nod of approval.

The influence of the American preacher extends, of course, further than the back pew of the church. Billy Graham has his syndicated column in the press. Norman Vincent Peale aims to provide a Positive Thinking pillar for the national psyche. On Sunday mornings the radio networks throb with the strain of carrying rather too many sincere voices at once.

Radio religion amused me after the pallid pieties of the British Broadcasting Corporation. To be told how to shrink my hemorrhoids, to be questioned, "Doesn't it get a little lonely sometimes out on a limb without Him?", to be advised to use a *man's* way of clearing my spots, to be asked to put my hands on the radio so that the spiritual influence can be passed down the line—is to get the impression that at least someone behind the scenes cares for your body and soul.

The books of Jessica Mitford and Evelyn Waugh suggest that the burial of the American dead is of lively interest to the English. I was indeed surprised at my first funeral service here to see the deceased gentleman popping out of his coffin, with a crimson-and-pink background of cushions and flowers. In his neat blue suit he looked very trim and he was, of course, very dead. He had had an English education and his wife came up to me just before the service and said, "He would be tickled to death if he knew you were taking this." I bit my lips in an agony of self-control.

In my first parish in England I had been kept very busy with a surfeit of funerals. I had several weeks of duty at a bright and modern crematorium where there was every convenience at the

The Reverend Peter Watkins, ordained in the Church of England in 1959, has served as minister in a slum parish in the Midlands of England, in the fashionable West End parish of St. James's, Piccadilly, and in the Midwest suburban parish described here. He took an M.A. at Oxford and was an infantry officer in the Far East.

push of a button. "Earth to earth," I said, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." I pushed the button on the lectern and the coffin gently sank to the ovens below as the oh-so-tasteful curtains swung around to hide the view. The place lacked only an automatic symphony of three-dimension cinematographic angels. At the midmorning break I went downstairs by the ovens for Cokes and jokes with the caretakers and gardeners.

The first time I went down I was invited to watch a furnace doing its work and of course I could not refuse. The men were strangely like Shakespeare's clownish gravediggers in *Hamlet*. One morning they asked me what was the fastest thing on earth. They could hardly contain themselves as they told me, "Milk, because it is pasteurized before you see it." At the height of the season I watched the mourners out of one door, winked at the impish organist, turned on my heels, and rushed to greet the next coffin at the entrance. There was just enough time to check if the contents were male or female. Sometimes the English way of death is as slick, quick, and sick as the American.

It is clear that shawls for babies and shrouds for the dead are always good trade. As yet the English, however, have not pushed this homely economic axiom to the dead end of its commercial conclusion. To me a macabre wedding of the American way of death and the advertising way of life is summed up in a line I found at the bottom of an authentic Hollywood mortuary's letterhead: "Nothing in Los Angeles Gives Me a Finer Thrill than Forest Lawn."

Clergy Meetings

In my American parish the local clergy met each month at Uncle John's Pancake House for breakfast. They were a well-dressed and jolly group and, afterwards, well-fed. Two had the doubtful honor of making the religious column of *Time*: one for calling himself an atheist and another for calling the Episcopal Bishop of Alabama a wolf. The meetings were only moderately dull in contrast to similar clergy gatherings that I had attended in England. There they did not instruct or persuade each other; they did not agree on courses of action. I would leave those meetings depressed by the purposelessness and foolishness of the English clergy. A little later in reading *The Great Crash* by J. K. Galbraith I was made somewhat more tolerant of clerical waste of time. He pointed out that all sorts of men meet to transact no business:

Meetings are held because men seek companionship or, at a minimum, wish to escape the tedium of solitary duties. They yearn for the prestige which accrues to the man who presides over meetings, and this leads them to convoke assemblages over which they can preside. Finally, there is the meeting which is called not because there is business to be done, but because it is necessary to create the impression that business is being done. Such meetings are more than a substitute for action. They are widely regarded as action.

I admit that the caliber of these English clergy shocked me. I noted at the time, "They all seem to be almost entirely without intelligence or initiative, enthusiasm, or ambition. They are quite content to spend a morning talking nonsense and doing nothing." I have mellowed since then, for I think that their story is one of the saddest of the century in England, the story of the broken, despairing, lonely English clergy in urban backstreets and rural backwaters. They have fought a decline too enormous for them in quiet desperation and isolation.

Church attendance is dropping in every type of English parish although it is true that suburban churches are holding out better than the rest. The intellectual quality of men becoming clergymen is also slumping. The proportion of candidates for ordination with degrees is growing less at a time when the proportion of degrees to the total population is growing more. At a recent ordination a Bishop remarked of the candidates, "I don't know what they will do to the enemy, but, my God, they frighten me." It seems to me that the great majority of English clergy are engaged in a losing battle with antiquated weapons against forces with which they do not have the intellectual power to grapple. Needless to say, in suburban America the situation is different. How long it will be different is another question.

In Uncle John's Pancake House, by the way, I saw "Uncles" and "Aunties." I have seen "Show Girls" and "Cow Boys," and, in an Indian restaurant, "Himalaya" and "Heralaya." When pots were put under beds were they marked "His" and "Hers"? Perhaps there is a doctorate thesis waiting to be written on the American lavatory mind.

The Children Taught Me

It was with the children that I spent most of my time. They undertook to educate me. I was initiated into the mysteries of teen-age love life. Soon two invited me to come as an "observer" on



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*Evenings that memories are made of
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the cordial with the scotch whisky base*



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their date. We started at a sock hop run by a local Roman Catholic church. We left early and a worried priest followed us out thinking that something fishy was afoot. "Believe me," I told him, "you don't know just *how* odd this is." I was introduced to bowling and drive-ins, and was told the car lights and petting game. I left them before they played out their final scene of the evening.

In the months following I experienced the whole gamut, from hayride jinks to Halloween stunts, from progressive supper parties to physically prostrating weekend camping parties. At our week-long summer camp I joined the ribald laughter rising from countless cabins of boys across America and the bull sessions that go deep into August evenings. And I would darkly hint that English girls had a new trick for each of a thousand Arabian nights. There was tennis for the active, cards for the cunning, guitar rhythm for those without brawn and brain, cook-outs, sing-outs, and the fight-out of a mammoth battle of eggs and water, whipped cream and ketchup. I had arranged various discussion topics of international and quite overwhelming significance but the only vital concern of the hour seemed to be whether, on a first date, to kiss or not to kiss, that was the question.

It is the same the whole world over. In England I was once asked to run a weekly discussion group at a youth club. Sex was invariably and unanimously voted the topic. The girls spent their time vainly trying to cover knees that they deliberately displayed. Two of the boys would come together, the one as bald as a billiard ball, and the other with enough down his neck to wig a dozen judges. At this club I discovered, by the way, a bitter truth: without hope of tactical victory in discipline, all "youth work" is hell on earth.

I heard a great deal about teen-age problems, parents who push, boys who booze, girls who say yes, and so on. If I had noted every remark overheard in conversations and had collected every article and news item on this somewhat tedious subject, I would have died by drowning in paper—worse than death, I might have become an expert. As it was, I steadfastly refused to refer to their problems in their meetings in any other phrase than "the petty problems of petty minds." It is one thing to listen to an individual, but it is another to allow them to indulge in orgies of teen-age self-pity in groups. When I first opened the file in my office I found a Teen-age Litany. "From hypochondria," I read, "false rationalizations, and other emotional instability, Good Lord, deliver

Invitation

by Martha Sherwood Johnson

Is that you, you starving yellow
stray, scratching at my door again?
Yes, it is, you poor disastered
creature—coat of moldy mustard
and those orange Jello
eyes, with that terrored loneliness
only those without address possess.
Ribs outlined like concertina . . .
I have never seen as lean a
small uneasy frightened fellow.
By the way, where did you hear
this asylum recommended?
Well, no matter, since you've landed
here, be my guest, pest. Come on in;
could be some St. Francis may
do the same for me some day.

us." "From that sort of thing," I added quickly, "Good Lord, deliver me."

Perhaps I was delivered because I certainly had fun with them in the months that followed. Among many other things, they taught me to exchange the consistent inconsistency of English football with the mechanical efficiency of American. We did not always understand each other. Addison H. Hallock's lines would often run through my mind:

I wonder why, as wall to wall
Our young son gyrates at the ball
He took a girl along at all.

And some of them found it hard at first to accept my own brand of impiety. But the years and the Atlantic were spanned. On my birthday a teen-age daughter of a couple I knew invited me to dinner. When I arrived there was no cozy family dinner but a secret party put on by forty high-school students to celebrate my decline into middle age.

Since coming to America I have been north and south, east and west, but the sights of fondest memory are those of Sunday morning, of little girls so spruce and pretty, of earnest and lively boys, of Jackie, Tom, Lynne . . . "The soul of every child," wrote Péguy, "represents a hope of God," and I can dimly understand it. American or English, these are incomparable.



One Christmas in Montana

A story by Adrienne Richard

I had delivered the afternoon prescriptions for Arnstad's drugstore where I worked in those days, hurrying up Main Street before it grew dark and colder. The store windows glittered with Christmas lights, and the snow was shoveled into huge windrows at the outer edge of the sidewalk. I was thinking about stopping for a hamburger before going home to dinner when I saw Tom Gaskill coming toward me on the street.

Tom Gaskill was a cowboy from near Sonnette, eighty miles south of my hometown, and I had worked with him the past two summers on a cattle ranch. He stopped and greeted me, calling me Pistol, a cowboy name for the boy who works with the men, and then he asked me what I was doing with school out and if I wanted to come out to the ranch for a few days and help drive a herd over to Wolf Creek, where he had feed for them. The herd was already gathered at Tom's place, so the drive would only be about ten miles, not a big day's work. Another cowboy was in the Wolf Creek camp, looking after another herd, and Tom and I would drive the rest over there.

I was enormously excited, for my single-minded, fourteen-year-old ambition in the winter of 1930 was to be a cowboy and maybe someday a rancher, and my ideal after whom I patterned every thought and gesture was Tom Gaskill. I had reason to love and admire Tom Gaskill. He

was over six feet tall and well over two hundred pounds, a big man with huge shoulders and narrow hips. His levis always fit him tight, and his blue denim work shirt was always too tight across the chest. He had a large, round head and a broad face, open and freckled, that would have been round, too, if it hadn't been so lean and hard, and a big, wonderful grin. The first time I saw him he was topping out a horse in the corral. He was a superb horseman but, most important to me, he never took part in the merciless teasing of the pistol that goes on in a cow camp.

Tom knew there wasn't much question whether I wanted to or not, just would my parents let me go, and I could leave a message for him at the Milligan House when I found out. I raced home to find my mother, who said it was all right as long as I was home by Christmas and dressed warmly. I was ecstatic. I hauled my saddle and heavy leather chaps to the front porch and stowed my extra shirts and pants and mittens and liners and overshoes which fitted over my high-heeled boots into a duffle bag with my razor which I didn't need yet, and I was ready, prancing, when next morning Tom appeared in his Model A coupe.

The Sonnette road was covered in snow. The loose layers had blown off, leaving bare the tracks which had been beaten into the frozen

face. The day was gray and still and cold, but the drive passed swiftly enough as we discussed, man to man, the seriousness of range conditions, the summer drought, and now the early heavy snow.

Tom had a modest spread where he lived with his wife and kids. The little house was dominated by a radio with a gigantic horn which brought Dr. Goat Gland Brinkley loud and clear. A Christmas tree had been erected in the sitting room and decorated with a few ornaments and tinsel ropes, and under it lay a few packages in Christmas paper. Mrs. Gaskill and the kids I didn't notice much. It struck me a little funny that Tom had a wife and kids. In my eyes he was as perfect and complete when he was on his horse working cattle on the open range.

Early the next morning we got ready for the drive. I put on my long underwear, wool pants, vis and chaps and a work shirt and a wool shirt and melton cloth mackinaw and melton cloth Scotch cap that had a flap from ear to ear, boots and rubber-soled felt overshoes and my big mittens with two linings. Tom wore the same number of layers, and it didn't feel particularly cold, though we were saddled before sunup. Tom let the herd of cows and late calves out of the corral. There was an old lead cow, and she immediately trucked out, taking first place from the others. As soon as we drove them onto the prairie, the whole herd strung out behind her. The little calves fell behind and the cows went ahead, sometimes bunched behind the lead cow but mostly logging in single file. They were strung out for almost a quarter of a mile, with Tom and me riding at a walk behind them. The old lead cow seemed to know where she was going, because she hit the trail with little guidance. Once in a while Tom lit out around the herd to turn her one way or the other but not often.

The first hour passed, but the sky grew no lighter. The sun did not come up. The ceiling hung low and gray and heavy. The old snow crackled under the hooves of horses and cattle. Windless—smoking cold breath eddied around our mouths and the heads of the stock. The little calves were silent.

About ten o'clock it began. The snow fell at first in small, dry flakes, straight down. I watched it gather on the curly, red-brown backs of the calves before me. It was beautiful. The whole world around us, locked in gray and cold, was complete and perfect for me. I was riding my maverick stallion with the man who had broken it for me, the man I admired more than

anyone else, driving cattle across the open slopes of my homeland, and I had no room nor need for any other world. When the snow stirred on the brown backs, when the flakes thickened and the wind rose, I still found not a flaw in my perfect realm.

The wind was sharp, driving the snow before it in long white strings. It came across the long slopes and frozen, snow-crustured ridges with nothing to stop it. There was no growth in this region except lines of bare cottonwoods meandering along creek bottoms. The pine hills lay south, and north were only more snow-locked slopes and prairies and frozen gumbo hills.

Soon we couldn't see the lead cow. The snow heaped on the curly rumps ahead of me. I swung my rope, partly to keep my arms warm, and flicked a rump to keep it moving. What would stop us from getting lost, I wondered. We might wander forever and freeze to death, and I looked at Tom, but if any such thought came to him, he never breathed it or looked it. If we were lost, he would know what to do. He would find a creek bottom, make a lean-to of saddles, build a fire, and butcher a calf. I halfway hoped it would happen.

"Hold up, Pistol," Tom was swinging off his horse. I looked around, wondering, until I saw the little rufous carcass stretched out in the snow. The curly flank rose and fell, rose and fell, and the soft eye was half shut. Snow had crusted on the soft caracul of the coat and the pubic hairs were a beard of ice. Tom lifted him onto his feet and held him a moment, knocking off the snow and ice, and giving him a slap, sent him ahead.

We followed. A few yards farther on, another calf lay in the snow. I jumped down and picked him up, brushing off the snow and ice and letting go with a slap. Another ten feet, a third had sprawled in a drift, stretched out upright like a merry-go-round pony. Tom got down again, and this time he didn't remount. He wrapped the reins around the saddle horn and walked ahead. As soon as I saw him wrapping the reins, I swung down, too, and dallied mine around the horn, and side by side we hiked on. The horses followed, their heads slung low, and the snow

Adrienne Richard, who lives in Davenport, Iowa, writes fiction and does reporting chiefly for art magazines, television, and newspapers. She has an A.B. from Chicago, and studied in the graduate fiction workshop of the University of Iowa. The Montana boy of the cattle drive is her husband. They have three sons.



instantly gathering on the saddles and along the manes where our bodies had given protection.

The old lead cow didn't stop. Somewhere a quarter or a half mile ahead, out of our sight, utterly alone in the stinging blizzard, she was breaking the trail to Wolf Creek. She led the way laterally up a long rise with the cows plodding in her hoofsteps and the little calves blindly following, with Tom and me behind. She passed over the ridge and struck a drift. She breasted the drift as it grew deeper and deeper until it broke around her shoulders. She never halted. The cows followed through the white defile she trampled for them.

Noon came and went, and along with it my fourteen-year-old hunger pains. We had no lunch, no candy bars, no canteen of coffee, nothing. In those days on the range a cowboy never took a noon break, and this day was no exception. I wondered how much of the ten miles we had covered. The herd moved more and more slowly. The far side of every ridge was deep in drifts. More and more calves floundered and stopped, and we were continually lifting one out of the drift and setting him going in the beaten track. Tom laid the smallest across his empty saddle. It lay there, half-dead, its flanks slowly and just perceptibly heaving under the snow which gathered swiftly over it.

The light began to fail. The gray deepened shade by shade, but the wind continued to whine past my ears, laden with snow. Every so often, Tom held up his mitten and watched the snow collect on the back. "If the wind stays behind us, Pistol," he told me, "we are all right." Then he disappeared into the slot ahead. I picked up a calf lying in the trail and another sunk in the drift. I suddenly felt my aloneness and perishability against the vast, inhuman storm, and I knew how easy it was to panic and rush headlong into the drifts, breasting them like great breakers until I could go no further and snuggled,

exhausted as the small calf, into the folds of snow. When Tom appeared, he looked better than ever, and he said, "That old lead cow, she's quite a girl." We fell in side by side again between the last calf and the horses, and half-walking, half-blown, we went down the trail.

Up the rising slope, down through the drifts, along a creek bottom to the rising ground of the next ridge we plodded. It was now night. Four, six, eight o'clock I didn't know; I virtually didn't manipulate my arms and legs. They moved through the great distance of fatigue like independent mechanisms set in motion long ago. I was aware little by little that I moved more slowly, and my brain gradually came into focus on the idea that the wind had dropped. I lifted my head from the trail before me. It had stopped snowing, and the darkness was black indeed all around us.

Tom said, "There it is."

We had come to the ridge of a long slope, and across the abyss of drifts and darkness shone one small crossed square of yellow light. The shack at Wolf Creek.

There was nothing left in me for a wild, cowboy yell, but my spirits came up for a moment above the weariness. The old lead cow broke the drifts for one last time, heading downhill toward the cow camp. It lay protected somewhat under a crescent of cliff. The shack and the sheds, corrals and pens were spread out in the lee of the cliff, and the snow was not deep around them. Tom strode ahead and opened the gate for the herd to plod through. The moment they did so, the little calves bellered and the mothering up began.

In the commotion of mooing and little calf bleats, the shack door opened, a long slice of yellow light fell across the snow, and another big cowboy joined us. With a little conversation like "Howdy," "What took you so long?", "A bit snowy under foot," Red and Tom set to work. Tom led his horse into the shed and unsaddled, and I followed him. I could hardly loosen the cinch and drag the weight of the saddle across the horse's back. Tom measured oats for his horse, so afterwards I did. Then Tom strode to the trough and swinging an axe, broke the ice. I tottered after him and heaved the chunks out of the water, but he wouldn't let me drop them right there. I had to fling them as far as I could so that the cows wouldn't stumble on them. While we were opening the trough, Red hitched a team to a wagon, and Tom swung sacks of cottonseed cake and bales of hay into the wagon bed. I

staggered after him and tried to do it, too. Then Tom climbed into the wagon and I followed, and with Red driving, we circled the pen, breaking open the sacks of cottonseed cake and snipping baling wire and emptying sacks and bales into the wagon's wake. I didn't dare stand at the edge because my legs were giving out. After an endless time the job was done, the team unhitched, and the three of us headed for the shack.

No human shelter will ever look so good to me as the cowboy shack on Wolf Creek that night. That one-room cabin, with the plank floor and plank wainscoting, with Beaverboard walls and ceiling, a window or two, and the door, was lit with a gas lantern and heated to the point of suffocation by a small iron wood-burning spit-and-argue stove and a big black wood-burning cookstove. There were plank shelves for dishes and canned food, and bins by the door for potatoes and onions, and pegs on the wall for clothes, a table and chairs, and one large, sagging, feather-ticked double bed.

When we stepped in the door, Tom and Red began to peel. They took off their Scotch caps and mackinaws and overshoes and high-heeled boots and levis and shirts and wool pants until they were down to their oatmeal, button-seated, baggy-bottomed, saggy-kneed underwear, and there they stopped. So I shed layer after layer until I looked just like them only smaller.

Red had hauled in with us a great haunch of beef, frozen to the marrow, and flung it on the table. As soon as he was down to his long johns, he tackled it with a huge butcher knife and a

meat saw and sliced a steak as thick as my forearm. Telling me to peel those spuds and stoke the fire, Red stood at the cookstove, showing us nothing but his button-seated rear view and prepared a dinner no gourmet chef will ever equal and no diner appreciate more. He fried thick slabs of home-cured bacon in a huge skillet and then heaped the potatoes I had sliced into an inch of bacon grease and cut the bacon chunks into them. He opened a great can of tomatoes and dumped them into a pan and pulled bread apart and stirred it in. He freshened the coffee-pot by throwing in more grounds and pouring in more water and moving the pot to a hotter place on the stove's black surface, and then he flipped that steak into the largest skillet of all, heated smoking hot. I put a stack of bread and the bowl of home-churned butter and the canned milk and a bowl of jam on the table. When Red had everything ready, he sliced the steak onto worn tin plates, heaped the edge with fried potatoes and stewed tomatoes, and we pulled up our chairs and fell into it, hunched over it, a slice of buttered bread in one hand, smoking coffee beside our plates, saying practically nothing, just eating and eating and eating until it was all gone.

Afterwards, Tom and Red pushed back their chairs, Tom slapped his chest where his pocket should have been, looking for his cigarette makings, and his eyes met mine in a certain way so that I got up and brought his tobacco sack and washed the dishes without a word. While I washed, I listened to their laconic, understated, deadpan cowboy talk. I wanted terribly hard not



to laugh out loud and be just as straight-faced as they were, but shortly I was doubled up over the dishpan, laughing so hard my stomach muscles, already weary, knotted in unbearable cramps.

I wondered where I was going to sleep since there was only one bed. Maybe Red had a bedroll somewhere. I was more than ready when Tom said, "Okay, Pistol, you get in the middle so's you don't get lost." Still in my long underwear, I crawled into the center of the ancient double bed. The coil springs groaned and creaked as Tom, over six feet and two hundred pounds, took one side, and Red, a little shorter and scrawnier, took the other. "Now, Pistol," Red said, "don't you do no thrashin'." We pulled up the feather tick, and I didn't notice anything until I heard a scratching.

When I opened my eyes, I found the cabin flooded with blinding sunlight, and I saw Tom in his long johns standing at the window scraping away the frost with his pocket knife. Red swung out of bed and leaned over his shoulder. The cabin was icy.

"It fell some," Red said.

"You read it and tell me," Tom said, stepping aside.

"I read 63 below."

"That's what I read."

I read the thermometer myself. There was no mistake. The mercury had fallen to 63 below.

We stoked the fires and dressed in the numerous layers, pulling scarves around our mouths and noses until only the eyes showed, and went out. The routine was the same: breaking the ice on the water trough, hitching the team, loading the wagon with hay and cottonseed cake, and driving it in a great circle around the pen. We moved very slowly to avoid deep breathing. The air was like a knife in my lungs, and my nostrils seemed to stick together after each inhalation.

When we finished, Red prepared another monumental meal. This time he scraped away a layer of lard in a crock and extracted pork sausage patties, and he fried them along with another heaping skillet of potatoes and stacks of wheat cakes, hot Mapleine syrup, and coffee.

At breakfast Tom said that we wouldn't be going back that day. We'd just have to wait till the cold broke. I didn't care if it never did.

The days went by, and the temperature stayed in the sixties below. We fed and watered the stock several times each day. Tom checked each animal daily and doctored those that needed it. Red made us boots of newspaper that fitted inside

the overshoes, and we wore these instead of leather boots for warmth. We put on tin pants—lined canvas trousers—when we went out, and we moved slowly and never stayed long. When they weren't being worn the tin pants still looked inhabited, hanging in a row against the wall. I listened to Red and Tom making cowboy talk, hilarious tales of past roundups and drives and trips to town and mutual acquaintances, that broke me up over the dishpan or the cards or the checkerboard. The airtight shack grew fragrant with wood fires and leather and horse clothes and men in long underwear. The dashes to the out-house were the fastest of my career. As Red said, all the constipated people in Montana had to be buried in a sitting position that year, just plumb froze stiff. My spirits sank on the morning I awoke in my niche in the featherbed to find the weather noticeably warmer.

Tom and I rode side by side on the trail home. It was the same one the old lead cow had broken. We trotted most of the way in the brilliant sun and arrived at Tom's place just after noon. When we went inside, the house seemed unbearably hot. Tom's little kids were running around, the presents under the tree were gone, and the tree bedraggled. Suddenly I realized that Christmas was over, and I thought for the first time of my parents. I asked what day it was, and it was past New Year's. I had been gone two weeks with no word to anyone, and in a frozen cow camp eighty miles from home, which was in the middle of nowhere anyway, I had had the time of my life.

Tom took me into town that afternoon and let me off in front of our ample old house. My mother was hurt and lifted her chin and cried a little that I hadn't been there for Christmas. My father and older brother bawled me out for wounding my mother—didn't I have any consideration for others—but later my little brother asked me how it was out there, and I said diffidently, "A bit snowy underfoot," in the way, I hoped, that Tom had said it.



**"Is old Mexican saying:
He who receives Kahlúa in holiday
gift pack has good fortune;
He who gives Kahlúa in holiday
gift pack is smart cookie."**

"Funny, you don't
look Mexican..."



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT



Washington, Europe, and the Tower of Babel

by Max Frankel

Why the President will soon have to make a hard choice in foreign policy—and to face up to the fact that our cherished plans of an earlier decade are now hopelessly out of date, whether he likes it or not.

In the beginning, to fill the void that it inherited from World War II, America created the idea of Europe. It was to be a United Europe, not merely strong and prosperous; also gratefully pro-American and peace-loving; and above all a single-minded potent ally against the forces of darkness—that is to say, the forces of communism. It was to become the equal of the United States in an Atlantic Partnership, which in turn, according to John Kennedy's version of this mythology, was to be the "nucleus for the eventual union of all free men."

Rarely had a nation invested so much wild hope, currency, and energy in such a Biblical vision. And rarely have the days of inspiration and creation passed with such speed. Facing disappointment in our dream, we are to be giving up on dreams altogether, reacting to failure with a righteous anger that is certain only to compound the failure.

"And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one

language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel . . ."

Our kind of tower or no tower at all. Supranationalism or dispersion. No unity, no policy. Is this what we now say to Europe?

It seems so. The tales of Atlantica charm no more in Washington. The tribes of Europe are scattering—confounded, babbling incoherently of NATO and MLF and ANF and OECD, of nationality and liquidity, of Inner Sixes and Outer Sevens, of Building Bridges to the East and Tunneling Under from the West and of Blasting Holes in the Wall, of Confederation and Integration and Subordination, of Proliferation and Dissemination, of Gaullism, Polycentrism, and Hegemony.

By default, if not by design, Washington's response seems to be that if there is not to be one Europe, then there will probably be none worth bothering about. Nothing formal has been said, in fact, since John Kennedy's ringing Declaration of Inter-

dependence more than three years ago. Little is said informally except in anger and frustration about That Man de Gaulle. The retreat from Babel is rationalized by expressions of confidence that America can and will be as selfish as any of the other errant tribes and that it can well take care of itself in the coming age of the New Nationalism.

The master alliance builder of two American Administrations, Under Secretary of State George W. Ball, was almost secretive in revealing the death of the Grand Design this fall. He returned from a tour of Europe and a visit with de Gaulle, went to the West Coast of America and while looking out over the Pacific spoke a modest three paragraphs about the crisis over the Atlantic:

I have the sad impression that, for the first time in fifteen years, the forces of fragmentation may be working more insistently than the forces of unity.

This tendency, if continued, can have lamentable consequences. Not only can it lead to a renewal of ancient and dangerous rivalries, but, if the peoples of Europe fail to organize themselves so as to be able to play a role of world responsibility commensurate with their resources, humanity will be denied the full benefit of their talents in the ordering of world affairs.

To shed old habits is, of course, not easy. It is difficult for the established nations of Europe.

And for the established nation of the United States, is it easy? What of its dangerous, if not ancient, encouragement and neglect of European rivalries? What is it doing to reverse "this tendency" besides reasserting a long shattered dream?

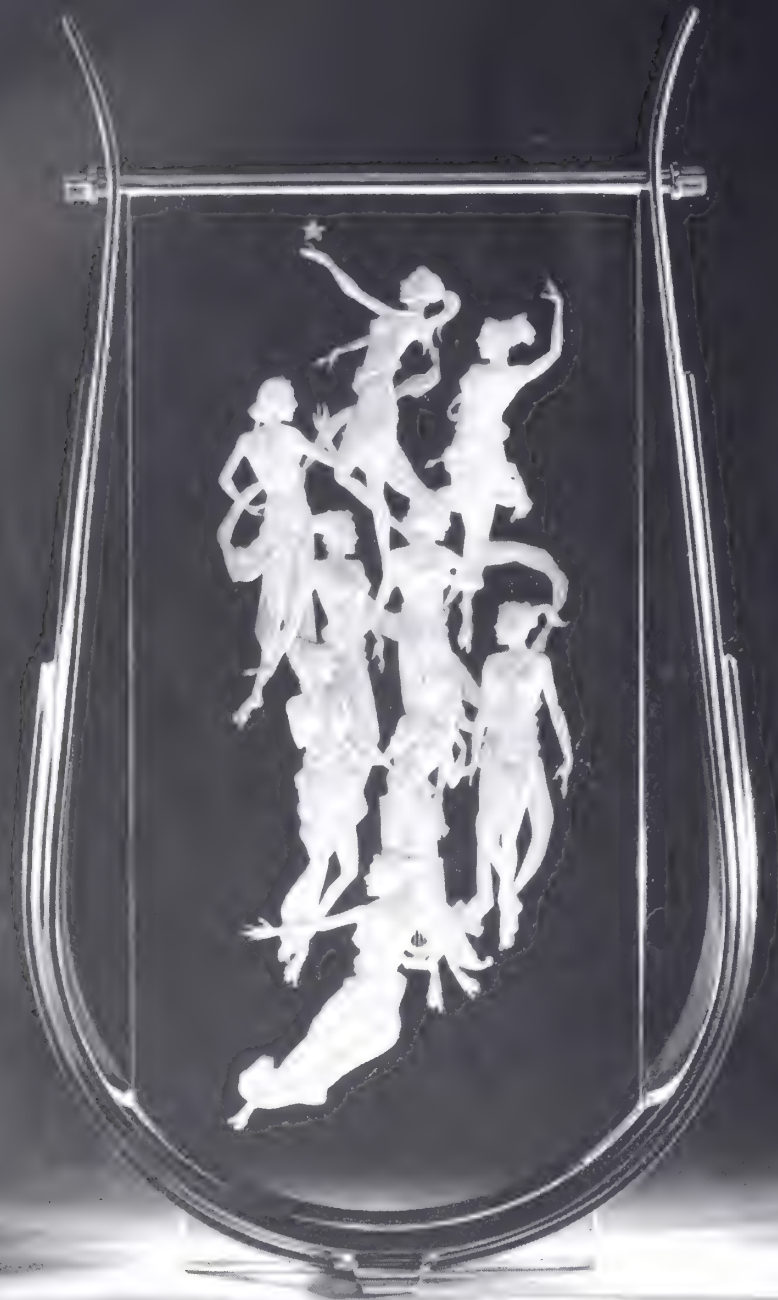
Seeking an Easy Scapegoat

The answer is that no one in Washington knows what to do about it, and the visions of a United Europe and an Atlantic Partnership are nostalgically recalled as a more perfect policy than they ever were in fact. No one is rude enough to point out that the Europe of which we dreamed was in fact less than half of Europe, even with Britain included. No one seems to remark that the Europe we were to keep at peace with American power applied from afar had twice be-

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

refused to be pacified or frightened by our great but distant might. No one is crying out that American involvement in Europe ought to be greater, not less, as the nations of Europe gained prosperity without

those in Europe who have thought all along that the United States had helped to nourish and defend them only to enrich and defend itself, the new nationalism in Washington is only proof positive. To those who contend that Soviet communism is not Western supranationalism, our real concern all along, we now give concrete evidence.

Never really interested in yielding up our sovereignty, as promised, to a planned community of equal Atlantic societies, we seem to feel gratefully absolved of all obligation. Because Europe is not uniting on its own—and our terms—into a single political nationality with a definable primary and diplomatic policy, Washington feels no greater need than to make a scapegoat for its own aloofness.

Barbara Tuchman has said of Andrew Wilson, Americans can be intent upon saving Europe that they ignore "the mood of the Europeans." Neither the Britons, Poles, Czechs who yearn for a final East-West settlement in central Europe nor the Germans and Frenchmen who mostly or cynically oppose it; neither the Europeans who want their own nuclear establishments nor the Europeans who wish to yield to the protection of the United States; neither the advocates of German unification nor the opponents of it; and neither the sponsors of European integration nor the advocates of cooperation can find in Washington a careful leader or wise counselor. All that is left is the faint echo of the post-war dream, the one that would have Europe abolish national rivalries and abolishing nations and entrust its fate to a partnership whose principal concern is to be controlled in America. It is only a trend and not yet an

Frankel is diplomatic correspondent in the Washington Bureau of the New York Times. For the "Times" he served in Vienna (during the Hungarian revolt), in Moscow, Havana, and at the U.N. He has an M.A. in political science from Columbia.



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irreversible fact, this American f from Europe. But the trend is dent everywhere—in the intelle boredom with European problem the arrogant calculation that s rarely none of the European nat need concern us as a rival, in the coordinated chumminess with Russians without regard for the roses and rivalries thus aro among our allies, in the cocky c dence that gaullism will die with Gaulle, in the growing resentm that Europe is not assuming "share" of "world responsibility" (meaning the cost of American p cies), in the smug belief that the cost of nuclear might will bring Europeans begging for Amer protection soon enough, and in shortsighted assumption that w ever happens the resources and territories of Western Europe are u terably bound to ours.

Covering their own tracks of treat from involvement in Eur American officials can only offer a myth: that the bad guys (Mr. B "forces of fragmentation") are overwhelming us good guys ("the fo of unity") and that that snake nar de Gaulle is luring European n from Eden with, in Ball's words, "assertion of an inward-looking tionalism that breeds disharm where there should be mutual tr suspicion where there should be c fidence, and division where th should be a concerting of policies a a combining of strengths." Anger by the "inward-looking nationalis of others, we can only develop enthusiasm for our own.

*From Taiwan
To the Bay of Pig*

Has anyone found America displa ing trust where there has been di harmony, or inspiring confiden where there has been suspicion, concerting policies and combini strengths where there has been div sion? From Suez to Skybolt, from t Taiwan Strait to the Bay of Pig we have inspired neither trust n confidence.

Where there might be new recon mendations, Washington utters on recriminations. It serves up bitter ness about de Gaulle's exclusion o Britain from the Common Marke and about his refusal to "let" the si

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

at members unite politically. It
against his embryonic nuclear
and his unwillingness to play
American version of *détente*.
it blames him for disrupting
) without ever asking what it
out the old organization that
or deserves to survive anyway.
l to the rest of Europe we com-
only the doctrine of the Empty
. If France will not come to the
mament conference in Geneva
he alliance has settled on a pur-
forget the purpose and leave a
for France. Now let us leave
er chair for her in NATO. And
y the rest of Europe could be
d into an allied nuclear navy,
without agreement on its pur-
and techniques, leave an empty
for France. Instead of treating
e's rude withdrawals as a symp-
f the general dispersion of na-
energies in the Western com-
y, we denounce her for being
shioned and press ahead with
naltered notions of modernity.
ious officials in Washington do
really believe, of course, that
ng has changed. But their frus-
n and silence encourages the
gandists to go right on peddling
d best-selling fiction.
e Western public is thus being
ed that it is Western policy to
nt the dissemination of nuclear
ons, when in fact the West is
ly divided on the issue and rati-
dissemination while it debates.
nations of Western Europe are
being told of the coming Atlantic
rership without any indication
hat influence and control they
ope to gain over American poli-
und assets. And the Soviet Union
Communist nations of Eastern
pe are being encouraged to go
oping for a postwar settlement
other benefits of coexistence
out being told that Washington
ot or will not lead its allies in
effort and cannot, in fact, decide
itself what it means when it
ks of "building bridges" to the
e trouble is that failures of
y and decision will in the end
failures unrecognized and un-
yzed. Already, an entire genera-
of Americans is growing old with
belief that there is a wondrous
tern alliance that has survived a
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that is rapidly evolving toward a new kind of supranational organization, and that is overcoming the passions that sent two earlier generations off to European war. And there is a glib tendency in official Washington to represent the visible strains and cracks in the alliance as merely temporary aberrations resulting from the brilliant postwar successes of American diplomacy.

It is true, of course, that the success of the United States in attaining some postwar objectives has been followed by failure in the larger objectives. The splendid economic recovery of the nations of Western Europe, underwritten if not caused by the United States, now supports the Europeans' commercial protectionism, political isolationism, and military separatism. But there is little evidence that suggests the Europeans would have been more malleable or virtuous in poverty; on the contrary, it could be argued that without prosperity they would not have come even this far in inventing some supranational institutions for themselves.

Similarly, the American success in "containing" communism on the Continent is now said to have dissipated the very fear that had held the Western alliance together. Actually we shall never really know whether the military exertions of the NATO alliance or the even more energetic military exertions of the Soviet Union contributed more to the balance of power that has given Europe a sense of security, if not yet stability. In any case, it is rash to assume that continued fear of the Soviet Union would have kept the allies united. The real and great fear of Communist China has provoked, not prevented, a divisive neutralism and anti-Americanism in Asia, and if fear were ever to produce a real German desire for nuclear weapons it would do more to divide Europe in a day than de Gaulle has done in a decade.

Western Europe is defying us as Eastern Europe is defying the Soviet Union because the two great powers that emerged from World War II demonstrated with their own behavior that self-serving nationalism and not the supranationalism that they both preached was their real interest in this world.

It is a little unsporting now for Washington to condemn de Gaulle for the kind of nationalism that was practiced not only by America but urged upon Yugoslavia, Poland, and even Albania. And it just as ill becomes Moscow to complain about Rumania's conduct when that is in fact patterned on Soviet conduct and on the kind of self-assertion that the Russians had always urged upon the West Germans, Belgians, and Norwegians.

De Gaulle's Fault?

When de Gaulle demands an absolute veto in the United Nations or unchecked control over some nuclear weapons, he is, after all, merely claiming the same symbols of sovereignty that Moscow and Washington had invented for themselves after World War II. De Gaulle the nationalist is a nuisance to Washington now, just as Tito has been to Moscow, but they might just as easily be said to have saved their respective alliances from even greater failure. Without de Gaulle, France might now be communist or fascist; without him, France almost certainly would not have regained the economic health that forged the common market that we now accuse him of wishing to destroy. Without Tito, communism might never have had the inspiration for political and economic reform that has enabled less imaginative dictators to combine communism with the new requirements of nationalism.

We rail at de Gaulle without bothering to recall that Britain's decisions to stand apart from Europe and above it, to try to disrupt the Common Market before trying to join it, and to remain a nuclear power in her own right all antedate de Gaulle's accession in 1958. So, for that matter, do France's decisions to become a nuclear power and to reject the formation of a unified European army.

Not de Gaulle's stubbornness, therefore, but a long chain of events and conflicting governmental policies—including our own—have caused the disarray. A candid Washington would long ago have admitted to itself that it could not impose unity upon Europe or the Atlantic community because it was never prepared to submit any portion of its life, fortune, or sacred honor to the

control and purposes of Europe would by now have admitted that United States, more than any nation is to blame for NATO's becoming an anachronism whose defensive or military purposes were long ago overtaken by technological change whose diplomatic purposes we have never managed to define or constr-

NATO was formed to guard against a Soviet ground assault upon Western Europe; it was drafted to World War II specifications so much for the military value of joint command as for the dual political purpose of warning the Soviet Union against such an attack and assuring the allies of an instantaneous American nuclear response. NATO was built in a day when the containment of the Soviet Union and creation of an Atlantic union could still be presented as elements of a single and coherent Western policy.

But as the Soviet Union began to approach the strategic military power of the United States and brought American cities within range of missiles, it was able to impose an unbearable strain upon this Western strategy. Preventing nuclear war such quite properly and understandably became in Washington a greater concern than defending Europe. The Kennedy Administration finally made this explicit when it began to look for a way to contrive a "flexible"—that is, not immediately nuclear—response to a possible Soviet attack. And though this has posed certain technical difficulties, the Johnson Administration has been unable to solve the understandable European uneasiness. Energetic assertions in Washington that the United States would rather fight World War III once than let a ground attack reach Hamburg or Strasbourg invariably raises as many European fears of our madness as it calms European fears of our timidity.

And if their own survival now depends not on the existence of an American nuclear force but upon the guarantee that it will be used for their defense, the nations of Europe can hardly be blamed for wanting a voice in the crisis management of that force and, that failing, a chance to start a nuclear war even when they know they could not finish it.

Not the selfishness or foolish arrogance of Britain or France, therefore

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

American policies designed to promote the unification of Germany, their traditional rival.

This ambiguity is growing greater with time and dividing the alliance more certainly than anything that Moscow might have dared to do. To the extent that Germany needs American power ever to win Soviet consent for reunification, she must remain Washington's most reliable European ally. But to the extent that she is developing an even greater fear of a Soviet-American deal at Germany's expense, she must rely more and more upon France to help frustrate East-West diplomacy.

The result is a marvelous confusion. Britain and France stand united in favor of a fragmented and only loosely coordinated Western Europe, but their rivalry prevents them from organizing just that. Germany and France stand together against Soviet-American domination of Europe, yet their rivalry has blocked the formation of a Europe strong enough to prevent just that.

Diplomacy, in short, remains the instrument of "old-fashioned nationalisms." This is not, after all, a new age of supranational endeavor. Even simple international cooperation has failed in the United Nations and in the Communist International, in the OAS of Latin America and the OAS of Africa, in the Arab League, the French Community, the British Commonwealth.

Nor could we have had it otherwise without behaving otherwise. We could hardly claim the right to undermine British and French action in the Middle East while insisting upon their blind support for American action in the Far East. We could hardly proclaim the equality of Europe by insisting upon the right to make every move in the defense of Berlin while readily risking all Berlin and all Europe in the unilateral defense of American interests in Cuba.

Détente or Union?

The final horror of our Grand Dilemma is neatly summarized in the debate in Washington about the now legendary but still imaginary multilateral nuclear force. This has been the sum total of United States policy for Europe in recent years and, though no longer pushed with mes-

sianic zeal, it remains on the table as the proposal to be improved upon by any European who still wishes to engage America in the affairs of the Continent.

The MLF was drawn to serve two wholly contradictory American objectives between which official Washington has simply been unable to choose. The first of these objectives is to keep on promoting the spirit of *détente* with the Soviet Union. The hope is that the mere discussion of agreements to curb the arms race and to halt the proliferation of national nuclear forces will preserve at least the status quo in Europe—perhaps a form of disengagement in central Europe—so that the Continent will become safe for diversity and a huge and prosperous no-man's-land between the big powers. The MLF peace-lovers are assured, will help stop the arms buildup and return an effective control over Western nuclear weapons to Washington.

The other objective is to keep alive the dreaded specter of communism in the hope that Western Europe cannot still be frightened and prodded into union. This would be a union armed with nuclear weapons and capable of exerting so much military and economic pressure that the Communist half of Europe will yield a favorable postwar settlement, including German reunification, and find itself in the permanent shadow of a new Continental power closely bound to the United States. The MLF, anti-Communists are assured, will be the instrument by which Europe ultimately acquires its own nuclear might and from which it will draw inspiration for political as well as military cohesion.

Unwilling to confess that it has reached an important fork in the road, Washington refuses to face up to a fateful choice: peace with Russia or union with the allies—two goals that are not mutually exclusive but neither of which can be attained without a sense of priority. What is more neither can be approached without vigorous attention to the problems of Europe and forceful American intervention in the politics of Europe. Thus far, Washington has demonstrated only that undue attachment to the dreams or even ideals of the 1940s is subversive of the problems of the 1960s.

The New Books

A Chronicle of Camelot

Thousand Days,
Hesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, \$9.

the serialization in *Life* of various sections of *A Thousand Days* has caused a controversy centering on the proper role of the political insider who is also a professional historian. Some of the complaints against Mr. Schlesinger have been founded on his devotion to hearsay evidence; others have attacked the specific hearsay evidence utilized at critical points in the narrative (e.g., Kennedy's decision to put Johnson on the 1960 ticket); while still others seem merely to resent the fact that Schlesinger exists at all—he is *simply too good* for this country. The apostolic succession from St. Paul Goodman, the millennial types of American liberalism.

Let me say at the outset that a careful reading of *A Thousand Days* indicates that most of the brouhaha has simply been irrelevant: Schlesinger is not given us a "history" of the Kennedy Administration, but rather a *ex parte* description of the Kennedy Presidency as seen from his vantage point. What his critics have failed to realize is that *A Thousand Days* is not formal history. It is rather the revival of an archaic art form—the monastic chronicle. And like the great monastic chronicles of the early Middle Ages, it has to be read as the raw material of history, not as historical commentary.

Camelot in the reign of King John
Harper's Magazine, December 1965

didactic charm, and one suspects that other brothers have their quills in hand. Yet, with all due respect to the talents of others, the *Chronicle of Brother Arthur* has a scope, a vitality, a pervasive and critical insight which must make it an invaluable primary source on the Presidency of John F. Kennedy.

To evaluate this book properly, one must understand the ground rules of the monastic chronicle. It is not a legal stipulation of true fact, but a composite of perceived truth based on firsthand observation, hearsay from trusted friends, and that variety of rumor which meshes with preconceived notions about the proper course of events. When Robert of Coggeshall, the thirteenth-century Cistercian, tells us that a witch under inquisition flew out the window, he reports the truth as he has heard it—and so have I. The chronicler knows that witches behave in this fashion. Thus Schlesinger recounts that Kennedy did not want Johnson to accept the Vice Presidential nomination at Los Angeles—the evidence is spectral, but the logic of the argument is ingeniously deductive; the John

racy in private and to a completely sympathetic ear. One of the functions of that monastic foundation we call the Executive Office of the President is, after all, to provide the harassed chief executive with therapy, with a personal staff wholly loyal to him which appreciates his human need to

The Development of Civil Liberty in Modern America and of "Shadow and Substance: Essays in the Theory and Structure of Politics."

verbalize frustration and realizes that comments made in the heat of confrontation with men or events are not definite historical judgments. (In my presence John Kennedy—then Senator—once referred to Congress as a “zoo.” No one who heard him thought that he was suggesting the national legislature be caged; he was just furious about the fate of his labor-reform bill.)

Now to say this is not to side with those who feel that Schlesinger should have skirted delicately around Kennedy's reactions to those figures (notably President Johnson and Secretary Rusk) who are still in public life. Schlesinger was not bound by the seal of the confessional, nor should he be so bound. To paraphrase Jimmy Walker (at the possible risk of sounding anti-intellectual), Lyndon Johnson and Dean Rusk are not going to be hurt by a book. (Furthermore, as an avid historical voyeur, I trust that some devoted brother is setting down for the future a chronicle of the Deeds and Sayings of King Lyndon the Mighty.) The task of the chronicler is to set down the truth as it mani-

fest itself to him. The job of the historian is to take the chronicle and fit it into a wide picture provided by other personal narratives, by critiques of these narratives written by those affronted (a flood of these can be anticipated), and by the objective documentary record whenever it is available.

Once we accept *A Thousand Days* for what it is—and stop assaulting it for what it is not—we must recognize a superlative achievement. Like any work of this sort, it is idiosyncratic: curiously in view of recent criticism, Schlesinger is overgenerous with praise, too many “brilliant” men flit in and out, and rarely is anyone castigated by name. The Cambridge junta, admittedly a talented lot, have not been neglected; one wonders occasionally why Kennedy did not go all the way and replace the eagle rampant with the seal of Harvard College.

Yet, when all is said and done, Schlesinger has avoided the particular trap of the inside chronicler; he has not written a disguised autobiography. Unlike, for example, Raymond

Moley—whose *After Seven* should have been titled *My and Roosevelt's Folly*—Schlesinger has written about John F. Kennedy. And because I am sentimental, perhaps even vulgarly so, I find *A Thousand Days* deeply moving. Mittedly, John Kennedy is Schlesinger's dead king (as mine), but dedication has not easily could have—resulted in obvious, jejune idolatry. There are quibbles about detail. The book undoubtedly will be controversial, who said what to whom, but such original considerations should detract from the central testimony of this book, that the *Thousand Days* brought a qualitative change in American political life. In his introduction Schlesinger states with crystal precision the ultimate justification of John F. Kennedy:

He reestablished the republic for the first generation of our leaders—young, brave, civilized, reasonable, gay, tough, questing, exultant in excitement and potentiality of history. He had transformed the American spirit—and the response of his people to his murder, the atmosphere of intolerance and hatred, was a monument to his memory. Above all, he gave the world for an imperishable moment the vision of a leader who greatly understood the terror and hope, the diversity and the possibility, of life on this planet and made people look beyond national race to the future of humanity.

To modernize the last line of *Song of Roland*—“Ci falt la geste d'Arthurus declinet.”

Rival to Cosa Nostra

by John Chamberlain

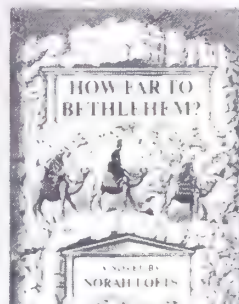
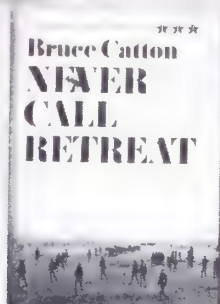
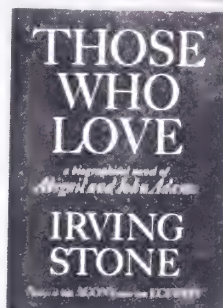
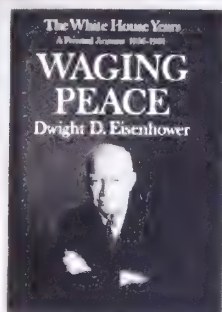
The Great Salad Oil Swindle, Norman C. Miller, Coward-McCann, \$4.95.

Norman C. Miller's story of Teodoro De Angelis, the incredible butch boy who swindled brokers, export companies, bankers, and warehousemen out of some \$175 million by pretending that his water-and-slud-

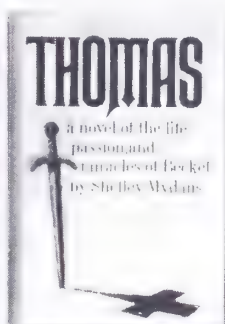
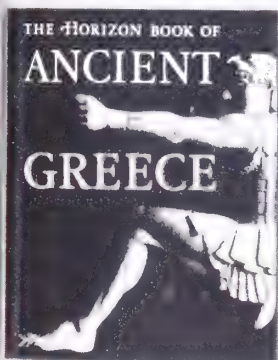


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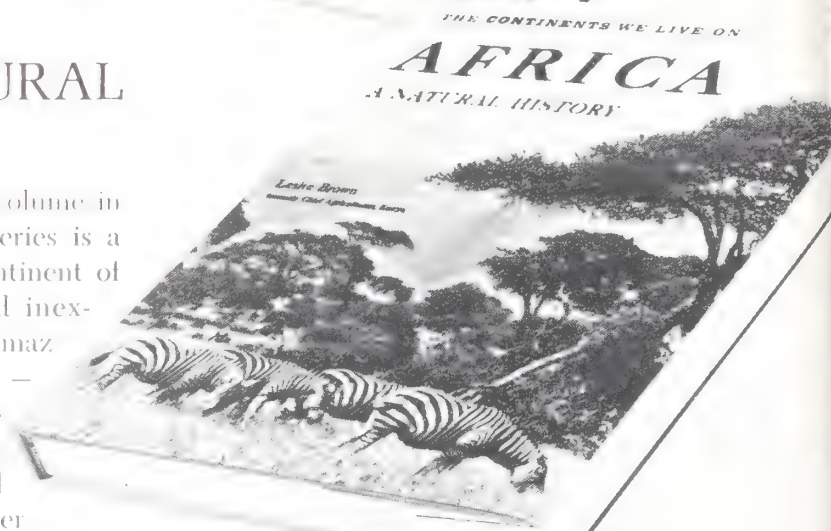
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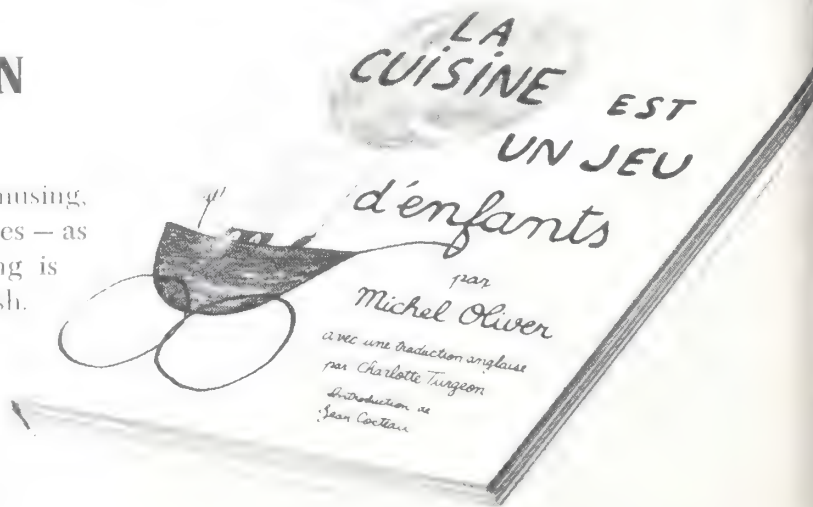
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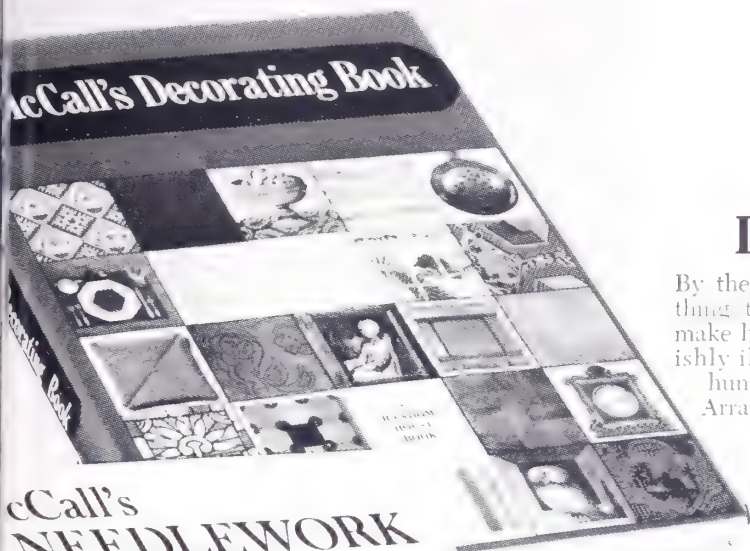
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Editor-at-Large



"Dear," his wife inquired, "would you like me better if I were more interesting?" As old married hands know, any reply to such a question is fraught with peril.

"Why do you ask?" he said, playing for time.

"Because I have made a resolution to be more interesting in 1966," she answered.

"You went to college," he ventured. "You're well read, a good conversationalist — I think you're pretty interesting right now."

"That's because you love me," she said. He paused to contemplate the irrefutability of her logic.

"Besides," she went on, "I've made up my mind. This year I'm going to concentrate on reading the interesting and provocative books our friends have missed."

"For a start, I've been going through the titles on that list of intellectual paperbacks Doubleday puts out." "Anchor Books?" he asked. "That's it—in fact, I bought one today."

"Brecht?" "No." "History?" "No." "Beethoven? Spinoza? Edmund Wilson?"

"Business," she said. She had never cared a jot for marginal revenue or capital gains. He was intrigued.

"It's called **THE CORPORATION TAKE-OVER**," she said. "It looks at American corporations—the wealth they have created and the political power they have attained since World War II. I've been reading the chapters by A. A. Berle, Jr., Gardiner Means, Solomon Barkin, and several others. It's fascinating and—unsettling. For instance," she continued, "who and how many control the wealth corporations create? To whom are the managers responsible? What kind of people hold corporation middle management jobs? The answers might surprise you."

"Keep going," he said, "you'll be a big hit at the next stockholders' meeting."

"At least I'll have some ammunition to deflate that noisy Harvey Spangler the next time he starts on 'creeping socialism' at a party."

"You are interesting," he said, taking no chances.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Corporation Take-Over, (\$1.25), edited by Andrew Hacker, is an Anchor Book, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York 10005.

THE NEW BOOKS

filled tanks in Bayonne, New Jersey, were running over with salable vegetable oil, is tops as a true detective story. But the interest of *The Great Salad Oil Swindle* does not lie in the apprehension of the crook. After all, the boastful De Angelis was one of the crudest of operators, a point which Mr. Miller, who won a Pulitzer Prize covering the swindle story for the *Wall Street Journal*, makes over and over again. The true fascination of the tale comes from watching the brokers, the bankers, the exporters and the warehouse men miss clue after obvious clue in a comedy that rivals anything produced by Mack Sennett. These were willfully accident-prone men who dealt with De Angelis.

And this, precisely, is the biggest moral of the tale. De Angelis offered fabulous profits to everybody; he lulled them, he crooned to them, he took them up to the mountain top and showed them the promised land. The head of the warehousing subsidiary of the American Express Company, who was supposed to guarantee the presence of oil in De Angelis' tanks, was so delighted at the size of the fees that his company was collecting for its supposed surveillance, that he neglected the first duty of his job, which was to take nothing for granted. And the produce exchanges, whose officers knew at one point that De Angelis was buying more oil futures with money borrowed on warehouse receipts than could pos-

sibly be sold without breaking market, were likewise willfully complaisant about what was going on. They could not know that Tin warehouse receipts were worthless but they should have shut down trading that only promised disaster.

Lest Mr. Miller be considered one-sided critic of business, it should be noted that he considers government one of the culprits in the fantasia. And here we come to the second moral. De Angelis made his biggest sales to foreign governments under the Food for Peace program. Since Washington's main interest was to get rid of vegetable-surpluses, it ran no good check on the private companies who undertook to carry out national policy for their own profit. Protecting the taxpayer was Federalia's last concern.

So it's a sorry world all around that we meet in Mr. Miller's fascinating pages. What is particularly amazing about the swindle is the loyalty that the chunky De Angelis commanded. He had a big organization which he paid well, but few of his men seemed even normally prone to gossip. The CIA could not have done better in maintaining security. Even the Cosa Nostra might have envied Mr. De Angelis.

Mr. Chamberlain, author of "The Enterprising Americans," writes a syndicated column, "These Days," five times a week for King Features.

Thick Paper, Wide Margins, Many Pictures, and Not Much Else

by Marvin Barrett

Archaeology of the Cinema, by C. W. Ceram. Harcourt, \$6.50.

Every year at this time a great flood of gift books rises to overwhelm the public. Big, handsome, with provocative titles and flashy jackets (in this instance a bare-chested man who might be King George V clearing a high hurdle), elegantly printed on fine paper, "profusely" illustrated,

they should, as they say, be a credit to anyone's coffee table.

Although they look appallingly durable and their prices are usually more appropriate to art objects than printed matter, they are actually the most evanescent and frivolous of books. The reader looks at the pictures, skims the text and leaves them with a vague sense of pointlessness and waste.

The Swivel Chair

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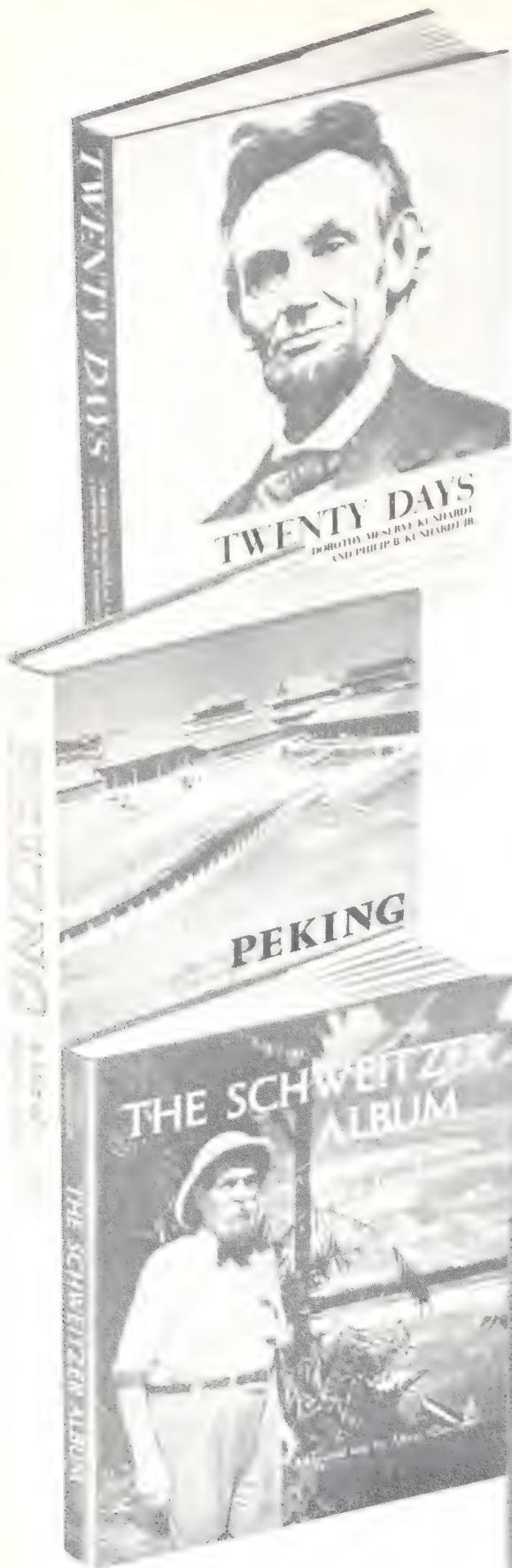
WILD HERITAGE Sally Carrighar Illus. \$5.95

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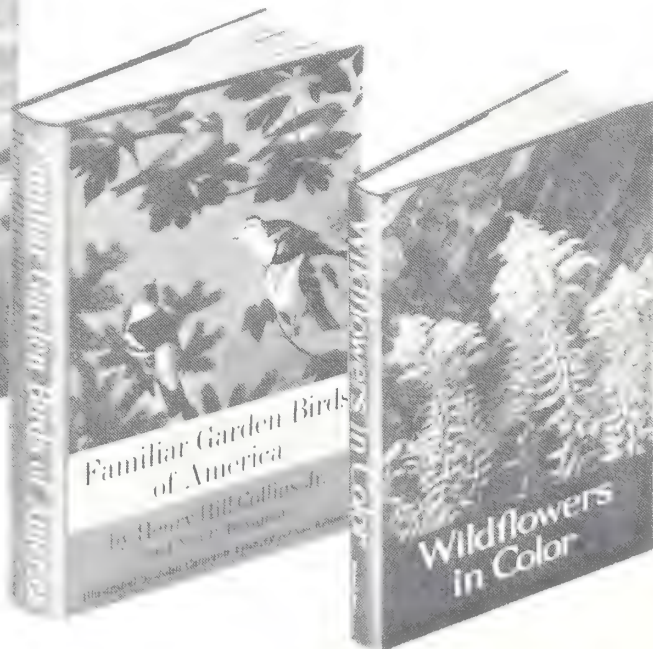
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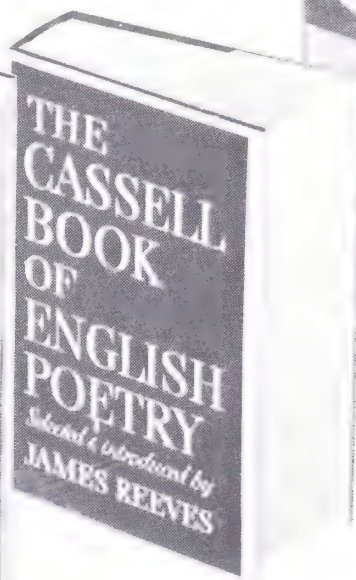
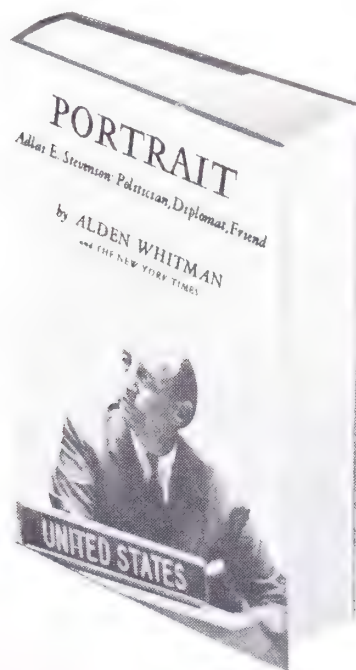
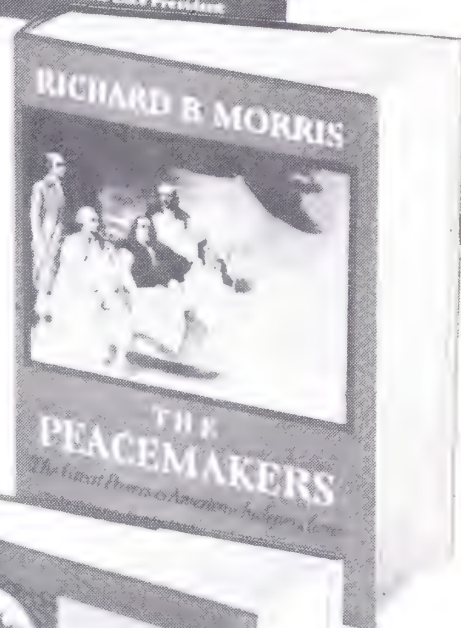
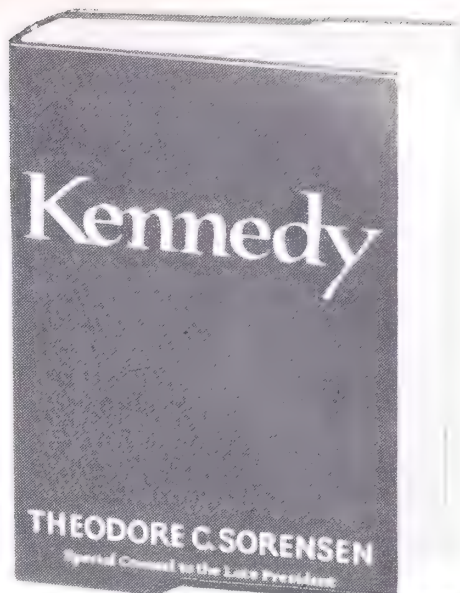
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THE NEW BOOKS

Occasionally among them, however, a respectable talent is employed on an interesting topic and the result is almost commensurate with the effort involved in the packaging. *Archaeology of the Cinema* seems to promise such a conjunction. The scheme—to apply to the most modern of the arts the techniques used in exploring and systematizing the most ancient—was a clever one. The author, C. W. Ceram, was a highly respected journalist who produced the readable and popular book on archaeology, *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*. He had a long-standing interest in his subject (his first writing on the origins of the cinema having been done, he tells us, thirty years ago) and his purpose in the current volume was worthy—"to make order out of a vast amount of material which has been accumulating for decades; to pre-history and early history of the cinema . . ."

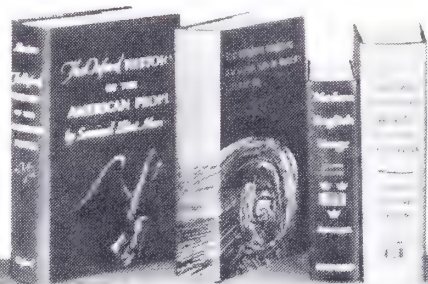
But that is about as far as it goes. The author is defeated, one feels, not much by the book designer's pretensions as by his own text's inadequacies. The impression of solidity dissolves as we penetrate the volume (a characteristic common to the species). Although it is fat, it is so only because the paper is thick, the margins are wide, and the picture many. The brief text (fifty heavily leaded pages), if anything, contrtributes to the confusion concerning the origins of cinematic techniques, raising questions without answering them, casting doubt on explanations given by other scholars without establishing alternatives of its own. One footnote commenting on the claims made for the English inventor Friese Greene over those of Thomas Alva Edison in connection with early experiments in sound film boldly suggests, "This is a question an industrious researcher would find it worth looking into." Other paths for exploration are pointed out and not taken. Certainly, it can't be for want of space. Although there is one page of notes to every two of text, the text itself, in the end, suggests more an assembling of notes for a larger work than a finished essay.

Even the pictures cheat. Nearly half illustrate aspects of the subject which Mr. Ceram clearly labels out of-bounds, and of the rest many seem chosen for reasons of intrinsic

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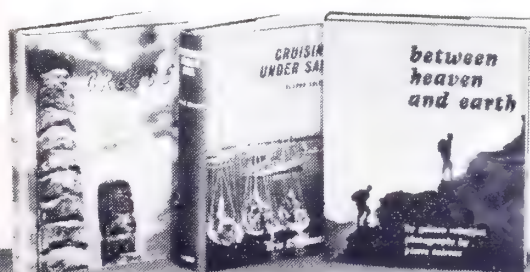


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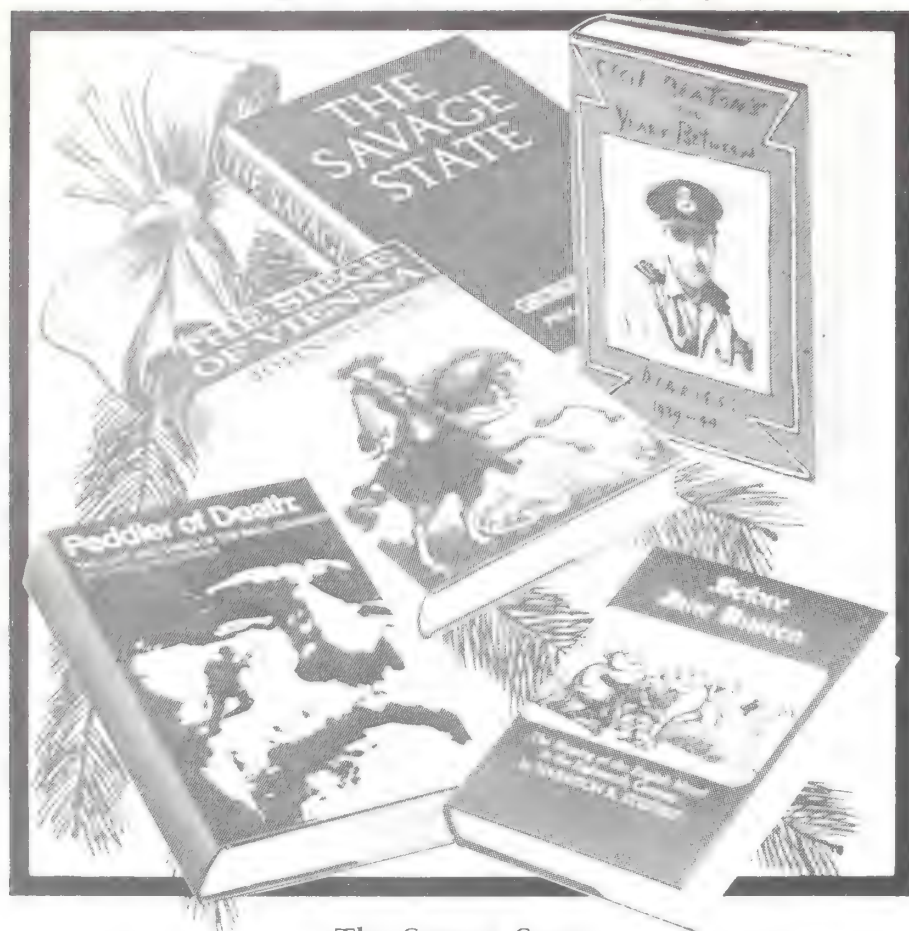
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interest and design rather than relevance to the text.

Disappointment probably makes one more critical of this book than it deserves. After all, it is just one of dozens, and not the most flagrant oversold and underdone, padded and gussied up, nor anywhere near the most expensive. One would almost be inclined to let the publishers get away with it if it weren't that it suggests another, even crasser form of editorial dishonesty, the "echo" book, obviously intended to raise the ghost of former success in the hope of future returns, and requiring in making as little thought and effort from the author as possible.

Mr. Ceram and his public both serve better.

Mr. Barrett, ex-editor of "Spectator" Magazine, is at present working on a novel.

Drama and Anguish in Africa

by *Edward R. F. Sheehy*

In a Province, by Laurens van der Post. Morrow, \$4.50.

South African Tragedy: The Life and Times of Jan Hofmeyr, by Al Paton. Scribners, \$10.

Africa Before They Came, by G. Braith Welch. Morrow, \$7.95.

Africa. A Natural History, by Les Brown. Random House-Chanticleer Press, \$20 (\$16.95 till Jan. 31, 1966).

Since the zenith of colonialism, the West has watched, with mixed emotions of fascination and guilt, the contortions of a confused flight—those of the African, almost in a day, from primeval culture to the new wretchedness of the technological age. For somehow one leg never quite made the leap: there stands the African still, with one foot in this century, the other mired in myth, magic, and ancestral longing. In due course this too no doubt will change, but there will be much anguish in Africa before it does. Meanwhile, the four volumes

each taking us further back-
s in time, do a great deal to il-
ne the drama and delicacy of
a's present transition.

a Province is a reissue of Colonel
ler Post's first novel, originally
shed in 1934 when he was twen-
ven. Though not a perfect novel
both brilliant and moving, and
d be read by anyone interested in
he racial upheaval of South Africa—
this country, for that matter.
heme and literary distinction it
enables Alan Paton's *Cry, the Be-*
Country. The descriptions are
elous.

ne light in the passage was dim, and
ar the stairs soft-footed black men-
rvants were moving about, jugs
water in their hands. . . . He tried
look in the direction of Bambuland,
t between him and it hung a world
mist. Somewhere, the commando
rds, those creatures whose eyes, not
rong enough for the full light of
y and not penetrating enough for
e night, condemn them forever to a
ilight existence, were beginning
raise their mournful cries.

ne story to a great degree turns
ne friendship of a compassionate
Afrikaner, Johan van Brede-
(Laurens van der Post?) for a
ve boy, Kenon Badiakgotla. Per-
out of personal reticence, the
or most of the time does not man-
to make his white protagonist
ly as interesting as the black boy
he Bambuxosa tribe, and the
t compelling pages of this book
ern the foredoomed Kenon. He
les out of his father's hut in the
ey of a Thousand Hills something
a demigod: "His sisters . . .
shed him climb up the far side of
valley, and saw every now and
the copper bangles round his
es flash in the sun, and their
its grew warm with pride and
with sorrow that so splendid a
her should leave them."

enon is hired as a menial servant
Port Benjamin, where he meets
Bredepoel. For a while his grace
good nature, and the simple but
eting code of his tribe, are buffer
ugh against the vicissitudes of
stern civilization. But soon the
corrupts him, soon his psyche is
ved in two. A swindler sells him
heap phonograph on usurious
ns; he mingles with bad compan-
s and diseased whores; he is sen-

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tenced to six months at hard labor for a crime he did not commit. Thus commences the tragedy of the archetypal "noble savage" who, having lost his bearings, yearns now for the rewards of the white man, now for the serenity of his tribal kraal, now for the heroism of his dark gods. His dark gods—and especially for Masakama, who will come back to his people on the clouds with many warriors, and will lead the Bambuxosa in driving the white man into the sea.

Van Bredepoel fails Kenon when he needs him most. The black boy vanishes into a life of vagrancy and destitution, only to return later on the clouds of hashish, reincarnated (so it seems to him) as the great god Masakama, raving at the head of a violent mob of Bambuxosa. The mob are themselves "possessed by a vivid racial memory" and they are rioting against their white masters. The mob charges the police. "Masakama!" Kenon, his face transfigured, his eyes wide and shining, his black skin aglitter, throws himself forward as the police open fire.

The machine-gun began to play lightly on the crowd, producing casualties as easily as a concertina notes. . . . Kenon [lay dead] like someone who had settled himself in his favorite position for sleep—a sleep in which he might easily have been dreaming of that summer's day many years before when, well-rubbed with lion fat and full of hope, he came out of his father's hut, and amid cries of admiration from his sisters turned into that blood-red footpath which leads through the valley, to the other side of the valley, to that wonderful, very wonderful Port Benjamin.

Colonel van der Post's ironical repetition of tribal legends in unfolding his tragedy is spellbinding, and he does equally well in conjuring up street riots and delirium. He is less successful when he succumbs to his indignant temptation to teach, and the social philosophizing in this first novel, together with its somewhat contrived ending, are unfortunate flaws. But they are minor flaws which the splendor of the whole work makes us only too willing to tolerate.

The social and historical background of *In a Province* is, of course, the tempestuous antagonism between the black and white populations of apartheid South Africa. Colonel van



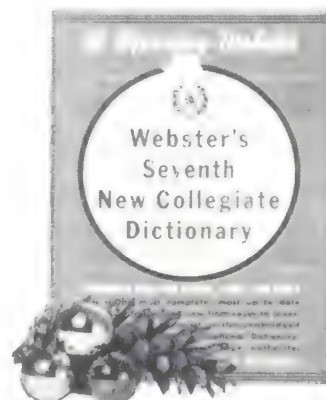
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Post's novel whets our appetite for Ian Paton's biography of Jan Hofmeyr, which further unravels the complexes of that sullen country. He is an affectionate and reverent heir, for when the statesman Hofmeyr died in 1948 South Africa lost its most effective foe of white supremacy.

Hofmeyr was a certifiable genius at the age of five, the recipient of Rhodes scholarship at fifteen. He had an incredible childhood; his mother kept him in a sailor suit long after his classmates were walking like dandies in their football blazers and flannel shirts. He grew up to be a dandy, rather ugly little man, delicately dressed, his eyes hidden behind milk-bottle spectacles. Hofmeyr stayed with his mother until the day she died. Paton observes whimsically that he never, in the language of the South, knew a woman, and one could hardly guess that he never, except in the most decorous fashion, kissed either. His mother—she was his mother—said General Smuts—would not have countenanced it.

What Hofmeyr lacked in emotional depth he made up for in intellectual courage. After a precocious start as an educator, he was brought to the government by Prime Minister Smuts at the age of twenty-nine as administrator of the Transvaal province. He soon ascended to the highest office, and, though never achieving the ultimate office which his brilliance seemed to assure, he did eventually rise to the rank of Deputy Prime Minister. Hofmeyr had always nursed enlightened ideas on color, but he became neither as a crusader nor a gadfly, rather his own convictions hardened over the years until at last he sounded as a voice crying in the wilderness against the *apartheid* system of Malan, Strijdom, and Verwoerd.

In 1932, he found himself leading opposition to a Native Service Contract Bill that smelled strongly of racism, and pitted himself more and more against the measures which systematically depriving non-whites of their natural rights. In 1948, he wrote mournfully to a friend: "I wish I could see myself leading people away from the Devil—but I can, at best, only foresee a more splendid failure." He was not inconsistent. At first he reject-

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ed the notions of white supremacy and racial equality alike, but painfully he moved closer and closer toward the concept of a common society. Not only did Dr. Malan and his Nationalist party disavow this vision; they openly espoused a Nazi victory during World War II since it would advance the goals of Afrikanerdom. When nazism was crushed, Malan shifted gears and identified Hofmeyr's liberalism with communism. "Hofmeyr," Johannes Strijdom added, "must be destroyed."

And so he was. His association with Smuts precipitated the defeat of their United party in May 1948 and the total victory of *apartheid*. A few months later, Hofmeyr died of a heart attack. Paton's portrait of Hofmeyr's character is extremely interesting, but we would have welcomed a deeper analysis of the psychological roots of the country's *apartheid* obsession, and a fuller explanation of what motivated Hofmeyr in the genesis and growth of his opposite convictions. Otherwise the book is much too long.

Africa Before They Came is a fascinating anthropological inquiry into the pilgrimage of the African psyche prior to the colonial period. It is a work of impressive research, but of necessity quite conjectural and certain to be controversial among scholars. "The religious appetite and consumption of Africa has been immense," Mrs. Welch informs us. Witness the animal-faced gods, phallic idols, moon-worship, animism, the importation of Christianity and Islam. Islam, like Christianity, was a civilizing influence but inevitably it became intermixed with magic and idolatry. So we retreat further into the past and deeper into the bush and the rain forest, where we encounter the big gods of the Bantu and the furry dwarf-god Thikoloshi of the Zulus, and Sapatan, god of smallpox, and Asom, god of syphilis. We learn of the girl who lived with gazelles and of the Tuareg boy who became a pet of the ostriches; we watch while virgins are devoured by crocodiles on the banks of the Zambezi and see the wives of princes interred alive with their dead husbands in Zandeland. And we wonder.

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at us; we wander over moun-
avanna, and steppe; we consort
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we hear van der Post's myopic
raising their melancholy cries.
ve know that nature was the
party, and that the land still
res the dark gods. And we re-
er the days when we were in
fr ourselves, and marvel why we
et out for our other kingdom of
electric toothbrush and instant
and potato.

heehan is a Bostonian, a novelist
journalist who has been in the
merican Foreign Service and has
ailed widely in Africa. His first
nt, "Kingdom of Illusion," was
ished a year ago.

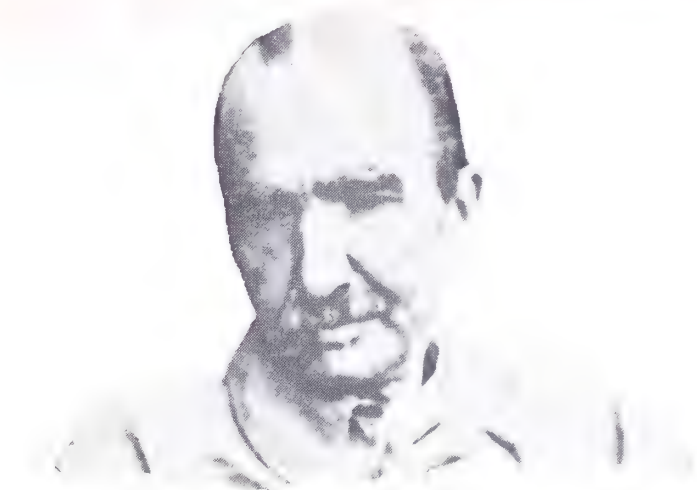
Books in Brief

Katherine Gauss Jackson

Novels for the Holidays

Tin Can Tree, by Anne Tyler. This novel records the effect of the life of a little girl on an assorted group of people (and especially her mother) who live all in one huge sprawling house in a small Southern town. But it is not a sad story. It is a surface simple yet its resolution has the intricacy and delicacy of a symphony. Though one occasionally catches echoes of Carson McCullers or Harper Lee or Truman Capote, Miss Tyler, the author of the novel *If Morning Ever Comes* and the story "I'm Not Going to Ask You to Stay" (in the September *Harper's*), has a style which in the end she makes emphatically her own, with its quiet distinction. And her people are as real as the neighbors next door. Knopf, \$4.95

Doorbell Rang, by Rex Stout. He always feels that Mr. Stout is having fun with his Nero Wolfe and Archie, but never has it been more apparent than in this complicated but easily followed tale. It's a



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—MARY RENAUlt in *The New York Times Book Review*

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—ALEXANDER ELIOT in *The New York Herald Tribune Book Week*

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story of sleuthing, harassment, murder, the FBI—very especially the FBI—and the police, with the usual delicious decor of orchids, fine foods, and happily unconventional and pungent dialogue. Almost everybody's role is unexpectedly askew and you don't see how they can all possibly get their deserts, but they do, convincingly and rather hilariously.

Viking, \$3.50

The Young Visitors, by John Wain.

A pleasant spoof about a group of young Party members from Moscow who are sent to London to learn firsthand about the weaknesses of the capitalist system. They all learn something, each according to his own weaknesses, and it's amusing and not too predictable, but somehow old hat—a lot of trouble for not very much. By the author of *Hurry on Down* (published here as *Born in Captivity*.)

Viking, \$4.50

The Schatten Affair, by Frederic Morton.

The author of several novels and the best-selling *The Rothschilds* writes a zany but gripping suspense tale of a Jewish-American publicity man's adventures setting up a spectacular opening of an American hotel in Berlin. In trying to get a real German Prince to be part of the Pageant he becomes involved in the seemingly quiet life of an old estate (part of West Berlin but geographically in East) and in an exotic love affair with a strange and beautiful woman who lives there. For me the story was slow in starting but once it gets going the pace is breathless. The writing throughout is a delight and the characterization—even of minor players—is superb.

Athenum, \$5

The Little Saint, by Georges Simenon.

The reviewer's problem with this novel is that the author has reviewed

Mrs. Jackson has written "Books in Brief" for many years. She also manages "The New Books" department of "Harper's" and is the magazine's fiction editor. She is on the board of Freedom House and was coeditor of "The Papers of Christian Gauss."

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been trying to exteriorize a cer-
ptimism that is in me, a delight
e immediate and simple com-
on with all that surrounds me,
o attain, in order to describe
a state, to some kind of serenity.
or the first time, I was able to
e, in *The Little Saint*, a perfectly
e character, in immediate con-
th nature and life. That is why,
ere allowed to keep only one of
y novels, I would choose this

little saint happens to be one
e six children of a woman who
ades over a vegetable cart in a
street in pre-1914 Paris and
nearly every night takes a new
into her bed in the one-bedroom
where they all live. Louis is the
le child, unlike them all, smaller
all, always by himself, picked on
hool, and always refusing to tell
eacher who beats him up. Hence
ame. From the earliest time he
remember he has been delighted
the feel, the look, the sense of
world around him, and M. Si-
on makes his pleasure real. The
cle of the book is not only its
ible serenity, but the way in
h the author makes of these seven
and mundane characters people
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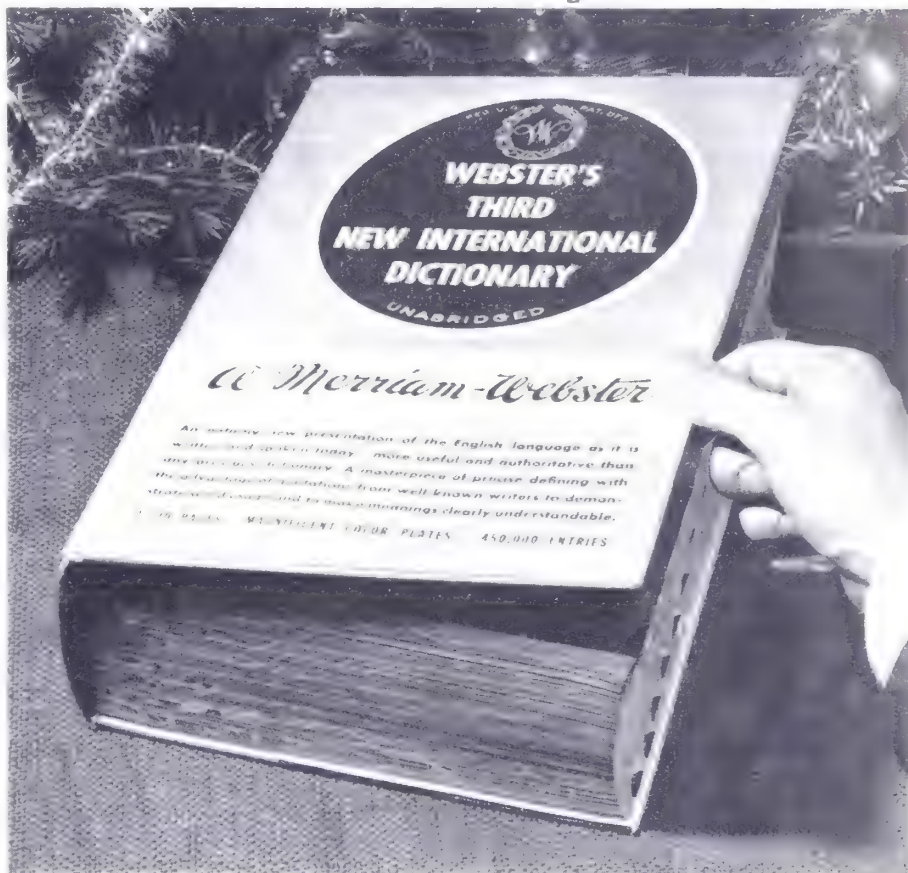
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(Continued on page 138)

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Music in the Round

by *Discus*

Too Popular to be Good?

Dvorak's music is so easy to listen to and so fully recorded that it needs—and deserves—a new critical estimate.

Last month, writing about Charles Ives, I classified him among the nationalist composers, and invoked the name of Antonin Dvorak as one who, like Ives, represented a kind of music that was completely saturated in a national heritage. As Ives was the greatest American nationalist, Dvorak (along with Smetana) was the great Czech nationalist. But there the resemblance ends. Ives was a natural experimentalist, Dvorak an instinctive conservative. Ives was emotionally a very complicated man, where Dvorak was essentially a simple, uncomplicated one.

In that, Dvorak was like Haydn. Perhaps the greatest charm of Dvorak's music is its bracing emotional health, its peasant-like vigor, its frank delight in the basics. It so happens that Dvorak was a fine technician and a great orchestrator, but that fact alone never made his music great. The conservatories are full of fine technicians and learned theorists. What distinguishes Dvorak is a certain kind of bracing vitality, coupled with an amazingly refined feeling for modulation (almost Schubertian in imagination) and an endless source of folk-inspired melody. There is no reason why Dvorak should not be ranked with the Czech Schubert.

Several recent Dvorak recordings only reinforce the point. Vox Records has been making a survey of Dvorak's music, and Volume III has just been issued (VBX 51, mono; VBX 551, stereo; both 3 discs). Included here are the well-known Piano Quintet, the less-known Quintet in G (Op. 77), and two virtually unknown

works—an early and until recently unpublished String Quartet in B flat, and the twelve *Cypresses* for string quartet. The Berkshire String Quartet is assisted by the pianist Gyorgy Sandor in the Piano Quintet and by Murray Grodner, double-bassist, in the String Quintet.

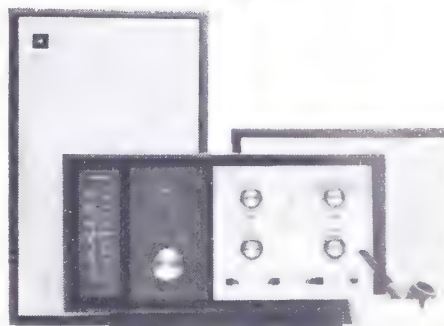
His Own Paths

The A major Piano Quintet is the sunniest, bounciest, most volatile quintet for piano and strings ever written. (Admittedly it does not have much competition. What have we? Piano Quintets by Schubert, Schumann, Franck, Bloch, and Shostakovich just about complete the repertory.) It is a constant joy in its freshness and springlike glow, and one never gets tired of listening to it. Thus the beauties of the G major String Quintet, written around the same time, should come as no surprise. Pervading the score (as it pervades the Piano Quintet) is the ever-present nationalism. That does not mean direct quotation of folk material. It means binding folklike elements into a highly personal means of expression.

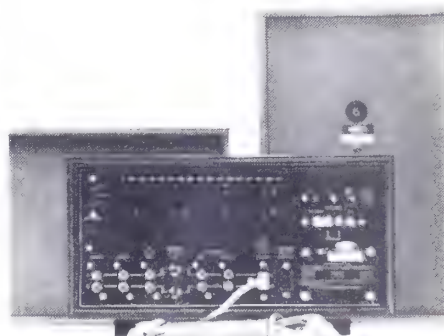
Cypresses was originally a cycle of eighteen songs. Dvorak later took twelve of them and made a transcription for string quartet. These are sweet, innocent, lyric effusions.

The early B flat Quartet, composed in 1869, is something different. Dvorak, like all composers of the day, came under the spell of Wagner. The spirit of *Tristan* and *Lohengrin* pervade the harmonies and melodies; and while the piece has some agreeable moments, it is not representative Dvorak. Obviously the composer knew so, and did not attempt to publish the score. To Dvorak-lovers, listening to it is an interesting experience, how-

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

ever. It shows how much Dvorak was able to shuck off, and how he refused to follow paths not his own.

Excellent performances and recording here. The Berkshire Quartet is an admirable ensemble, one of the best of its kind in America. It has had little representation on records despite a long career, and this album should alert listeners to its virtues. Sandor, a skillful, no-nonsense kind of pianist, collaborates well in the A major Quintet, and Grodnier fits beautifully into the String Quintet.

Not Performed in America

Has a Dvorak opera ever received a professional performance in America? One doubts it. Dvorak composed seven operas, of which three remain in the repertory of Czech opera houses—*The Jacobin*, *The Devil and Kate*, and *Rusalka*. Of these, *Rusalka* is by far the most famous, and there even used to be an old recording, sung in German and no longer available. Now comes a new one, sung in Czech by singers of the Prague National Theater conducted by Zdenek Chalabala (Artia ALPO 89, mono; ALPOS 89, stereo; both 4 discs).

None of these singers will be known in America; and, as it turns out, there is little chance that they will be. The Soviet bloc countries, which are flooding the international market with superior instrumentalists, are exceedingly weak in singers. The performances here are typical: shrill, wobbly, with the hard Slavic sound and forced production characteristic of most singers in that area. But the orchestra is good; and the singers, whatever their vocal deficiencies, know the style and go about their work with a great deal of spirit. And hearing the opera in its original language makes an extraordinary difference. Translated opera is always weaker than the original, for a language has its own music, its own quality of vowel sound, its own metrical quantities, that are indissoluble from the melodic line. (This is something the advocates of Opera-in-English fail to realize.)

Rusalka is a fairy-tale opera, based on the familiar folk legend of a water nymph who gives up her immortality to marry a human. In *Rusalka*, though, the girl does not get her man, and things end unhappily. The libretto

to is weak (all Dvorak's librettos said to be weak, and that is one reason his operas are seldom presented outside his homeland).

The libretto aside, *Rusalka* is one of one soaring melodic inspiration after another. Some veteran collectors will remember the aria to the moon which Dorothy Maynor recorded beautifully about twenty-five years ago. Dvorak knew how to write for voice, and he also knew how to write so that his rich-sounding orchestra never gets in the way of the singer. Some of the writing in *Rusalka* is highly nationalistic, and some of it also in the international style of the day; and here and there a few Verneisms creep in. But always Dvorak is present: the clear, emotionally simple man of forest and field. *Rusalka* is innocent, naive, and an utterly charming musical experience.

Dvorak has done very well on records. There are discs of *The Devil and Kate*, several of his major choral works (notably the Requiem), all his nine symphonies, the Slave Dances, most of his chamber music, the Cello Concerto (about ten available recordings of that alone), charming Piano Concerto, and a great deal of miscellaneous items. All of it worth looking into. Dvorak, by a large margin, has been a popular but underestimated composer. Because his music is so easy to listen to, so many musicians have spread the idea that he is agreeable but superficial: pure concert stuff. This is a canard. Dvorak was a professional thrower and through, a serious musician, a composer of integrity, and one of the most natural melodists the world has ever known. What I am trying to say is that he was a great composer.

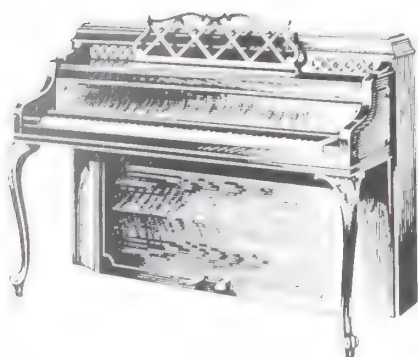




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SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP, Publishers, Los Angeles, Calif.

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

Strummi

Three recent records cover a considerable part of the possible spectrum of guitar-playing, at least the section of it which falls between the competently unexciting and the excellent.

Laurindo Almeida is an unexceptionable technician, and a lack of exceptions is what spoils his new album called *Sueños*. It is uninterrupted pleasant, as though the same desire to please (and exactly the same amount of it) had prompted each number. As a result, they all come out sounding alike, from the olé-olé "Malagueña" to the pure potted-pal of "Tea for Two."

Charlie Byrd is accompanied by an unwieldy amount of orchestra in his *Brazilian Byrd*, almost enough of to be disagreeable instead of just mildly annoying. The compositions are all by Antonio Carlos Jobim, who is now sufficiently famous to be overdressed-up arrangements with a lot of strings and brass. Byrd's guitar is thus "showcased," as they say in the trade, with what often amounts to mere noise; its only virtue is to make him look good—or, rather, make you glad that he is so good.

Joe Pass is a Californian whose tribute to the late Django Reinhardt comes perilously close to my ideal of how guitar should be played: lovely stuff, done to a turn, with affection for the repertoire and a nice sense of how it can sound. In a way this is Django up-to-date, accessible to current ears but still with a touch of the gypsy wilderness. And yet—is it too much to ask not only for wildness but for divine fire?

I keep coming back to Charlie Byrd, even while disliking his new record as such. Something about attack, sense of rhythm, phrasing and dynamics—the music is never merely there. He is always confronting it, saying something about it, tension flowing both ways. It does make you sit up and take notice, and it does wear well, a magic slow to fade. Something about the name of the game.

Sueños (Dreams). Laurindo Almeida. Capitol T 2345. **For Django.** Joe Pass. Pacific Jazz 85. **Brazilian Byrd.** Charlie Byrd. Columbia CS 9137.





